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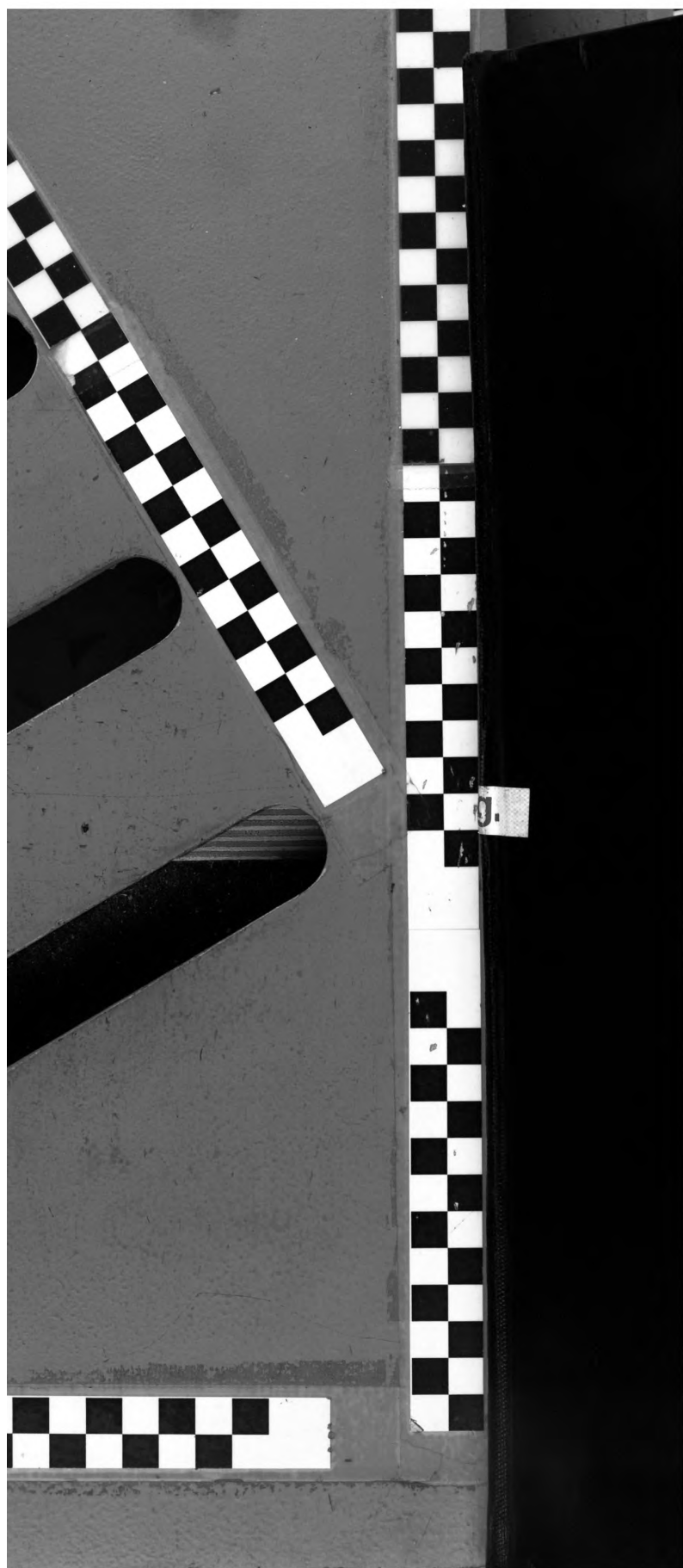
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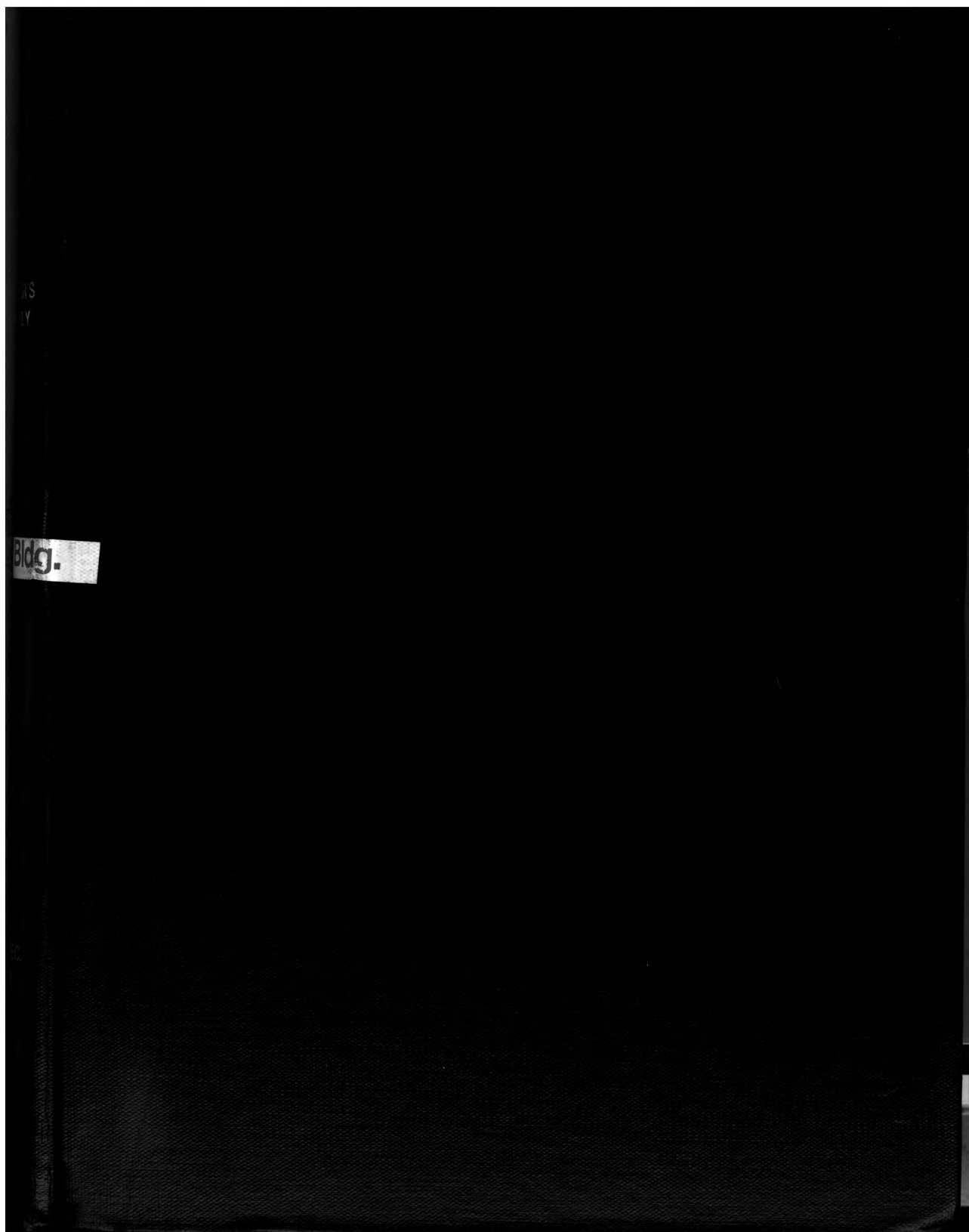
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1891.

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THE GRANT MONUMENT TO BE ERECTED IN CHICAGO.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 494.]

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LOW TIDE IN POLITICS.

MIDSUMMER marks the very lowest tide of national politics. It is now even thought worthy of mention that Mr. INGALLS may address a Farmers' Alliance meeting, and that Mr. HILL may probably count upon the West Virginia delegates in the National Convention of his party. The only important incident is the Republican nomination of Mr. MCKINLEY, and the most significant is the sudden re-appearance of Mr. FORAKER as the Republican leader in Ohio, and the apparent decline of party favor for Mr. SHERMAN. Simultaneously with the re-appearance of Mr. FORAKER, and the unhappy plight of Republican financial officers in Pennsylvania, the Philadelphia *Inquirer* gayly says "a mugwump could not exist in Pennsylvania." QUAY can, however, and DELAMATER, and BARDLEY; and Postmaster-General WANAMAKER has not yet announced to what purpose the four hundred thousand dollars alleged to have been given by him to QUAY was applied. But the *Inquirer* forgets that the mugwumps—Republican nominees—defeated QUAY in the polls, forced him to attempt to get elected in the Senate, elected a Democratic Governor, and did very much greater service to the Republican party than Mr. ROBERT T. LINCOLN and the whole body of regular Republican voters in the State, by showing that there were still Republican principle and pluck enough in Pennsylvania to spurn the leadership of QUAY.

Mr. HENRY C. LEA still exists, fortunately, in Pennsylvania, and Mr. HERBERT WELSH, and a goodly company of their associates, and although they do not accept the name of mugwump, their spirit and their voice are those which are known by that name. These gentlemen, we believe, hold that they have as good a right to speak for the principles and purpose of their party as Mr. QUAY or Mr. WANAMAKER, and that they can do their party no better service than in defeating unworthy candidates, however regularly nominated. Whatever may be said of their view of party relations, it is the view of patriots and honest men. If a man be a Republican because he regar-

it upon the whole as the party of honest men, how can he prove his Republicanism by voting for a candidate whom he believes to be dishonest? He does not help himself by saying that the other party is quite as bad, and its candidates as unworthy, because, whoever may be nominated, he can, if he chooses, always vote for an honest man. That is the act of a mugwump, and the *Inquirer* is very unjust to Pennsylvania, as the result last year proves, in saying that a mugwump cannot exist in that State.

We do not say that mugwumps are the only honest voters, but only that the honesty of voters often makes them mugwumps. The regular is very worth with the mugwump for not supporting the party candidate as the means of beating the other party. But if that be the condition of victory, the mugwump holds that it is often not worth the winning. The most stubborn "wheel-horse," until his brains are entirely out, will agree that even if the success of his party be better for the country than that of the other party, it cannot be better if success take the form of the election of dishonest or unfit men. If he says that it will, it is because his brains are gone. It may be accepted as an axiom that the more QUAYS and DUDLEYS and "other such" leaders appear in a party, the more mugwumps will exist in every State. Nothing in the history of the Republican party in Pennsylvania is more creditable to it than the Republican bolt that elected Governor PATTERSON, and nothing injures the Republican party in the country more than its toleration of Mr. MATTHEW QUAY as the chairman of its National Committee, and the significant change in the character of its most conspicuous and familiar leaders. It is because mugwumps can and do exist in Pennsylvania that there is political hope in the State.

RUSSIA AND CHRISTENDOM.

BARON HIRSCH was recently reported as saying that he doubted whether the cruelties of the exclusion of Jews from Russia were known to the Czar. The remark was designed probably not so much to express an actual doubt as a diplomatic doubt. He supposed, probably, that the Czar might be more disposed to co-operate with the Baron's scheme of removal if the Baron spoke of him with extreme courtesy. But whatever may have been the motive, there is no longer any doubt of the Czar's approval of the cruel policy of exclusion. He accepts the entire responsibility, saying that the Jews deserve it, as having been concerned in every nihilist plot and all revolutionary disturbance. The Haitian HIPPOLYTE and the Russian ALEXANDER are despots of the same kind. The treatment of the Jews in Russia, however, is not surprising, because the treatment of Russians who are not Jews is not less atrocious. Our diplomatic relations with the country and our trade intercourse lead to a certain international politeness which tends to conceal from us the monstrous system of the Russian government.

The situation of the country is such, and the oppression of the people so flagrant and brutal, that the public opinion of the world is gradually rising into indignant protest. Russian men and women are arbitrarily seized by the government, and are imprisoned and exiled without trial or other form of law than such as the government permits. A free press is unknown, free speech is suppressed, and the whole body of the people are crushed and helpless under the absolutely irresponsible will of an autocrat. Despotism tempered by assassination is still the truthful description of Russian rule, and nihilism is the natural result. Other nations of Christendom, including those recently released from the grasp of Turkey, have free constitutional governments, but in Russia there are no people in the political sense, no discussion, no representation, no agitation of any kind. The Russians are practically as much the slaves of the government as the horses in his stable are the property of the Czar.

A little more than a year ago the strong feeling in England upon the subject of this inhuman oppression in Russia led to the formation of a society, of which a paper called *Free Russia* is the organ, for the purpose of concentrating the expression of English opinion to affect the situation in Russia. Its central committee, composed of thirty-seven members, including some members of Parliament and other influential and respected citizens, shows the extent and force of this opinion. A similar society, under the auspices of eminent Americans, has been formed in this country to co-operate with the English society in apprising liberty-loving Russians of an immense public opinion favorable to them in other great countries. It is believed that the knowledge of such organized moral sympathy in the foremost nations of the world will necessarily encourage Russian patriotism and moderate the oppression of the government. The ultimate end to be attained is constitutional government in Russia; and while those who are the leaders in the movement in this country are fully aware of the acknowledged right of the Russians to manage their own affairs, and do not forget the friendship of the Russian government in other years, and do not approve, support, or countenance violence of any

kind, they do not feel that these are valid reasons for withholding any legitimate expression of sympathy with the victims of cruel oppression in any or for not lending moral aid to every oppressed people struggling for the rights for which our American fathers successfully contended.

NEW YORK IN '92.

THE question of the necessity of the electoral college of New York for the Democratic candidate next year is actively and widely discussed in the Democratic press. But whatever may be its necessity, its desirability will not be denied. If one nomination would probably lose that vote, and another probably secure it, the latter would certainly carry the Convention. It is a misfortune for the party, therefore, that the two candidates chiefly considered in connection with the nomination are both from New York, and that the division of sentiment is very pronounced. This fact would be unimportant if the difference should end with the nomination. But it is the serious doubt upon that point which is the real difficulty of the situation.

Governor HILL has made himself master of a strong and efficient machine, while the friends of Mr. CLEVELAND trust largely to the logic of the situation. They anticipate a contest upon the question of tariff revision, and they naturally hold that in such a contest Mr. CLEVELAND is the inevitable party leader. To put him aside would be a confession of doubt and an abandonment of the issue. They look, therefore, for Mr. CLEVELAND's nomination by acclamation. The dependence of the HILL contingent is of another kind. It aims to secure delegates, and appeals to the party tradition and spirit by representing Mr. CLEVELAND as the mugwump rather than the Democratic favorite. It will question his party popularity in his own State, and suggest party alienation in the Western States as the result of his positive financial views, and as a last stroke will probably say that under the peculiar circumstances the surest way of securing New York will be to take a Western candidate.

But the nomination should depend upon broad and general views, not upon local and detailed speculations. The Republicans, by nominating Mr. MCKINLEY in Ohio, have set a good example. They have shown their confidence and courage. They have presented what every election ought to present—a definite issue and a representative candidate. The decision will be unembarrassed by personal considerations. That is the situation which is desirable in next year's general election. If the Democrats propose to make the word "Democracy" the issue, and run in a fog, they should nominate a candidate who is not a representative of distinct policies. But if they mean to ask the country to approve certain intelligible and beneficent legislative measures, they should nominate a candidate whose name personifies them.

THE TERROR IN HAITI.

THE crimes of HIPPOLYTE in Haiti have aroused the attention of Europe, and the French government has resolved to call him to account for the murder of RIGAUD, who is claimed as a French subject. The explanation offered by HIPPOLYTE's agents is that RIGAUD was a conspirator against the life of the President of Haiti, and before shooting him, the President satisfied himself that he was not a French subject. But upon the seizure and assassination by HIPPOLYTE of a man who had taken refuge in the Mexican consulate, the body of foreign consuls waited upon him and protested against the bloody outrage upon the governments represented by them. The President took a high tone, and withdrew into a neighboring room to play the flute, and suddenly the whole scene of slaughter assumed the appearance of the ghastly acts of a madman. It would not be surprising if the powers whose citizens and subjects are exposed to HIPPOLYTE's ferocity should take prompt action for their protection.

Our own government is reported as cherishing "a strong belief" that the Haitians will be able to restore order without foreign interference. If this means that HIPPOLYTE may drown all opposition in blood, the view may be justified by sufficient slaughter. An intimation that the MONROE doctrine may require us to stand guard over the slaughter, however, is one that will not be generally approved by Americans. It is true that the government of Haiti is a savage travesty of a republic, and it may seem to be true that a régime of blood can alone keep order among the barbarians of tropical islands. But that is not a reason for gravely maintaining the forms of civilized diplomatic intercourse with them. The MONROE doctrine, in so far as it asserts the unwillingness of the United States to see any new political influence exerted by foreign states in this quarter of the world, is certainly not unreasonable. But the right and the duty of every power to prevent the wanton slaughter of its citizens in foreign countries are not affected by the MONROE doctrine.

The two republics are a grotesque parody of popular government, and should have shown the happy end of showing the great rep-

operate zone that republican govern- does not run" itself, and among an ignorant, brutalized people is no better than the irresponsible despotism of Russia. Let any one who has read the accounts of the murders of HIPOLYTE ask himself what is the value of an election in a country of which HIPOLYTE, with a ruthless mob of an army, is master. Even if he be mad, the other Haitian tyrants whom he resembles were not, unless the ferocious brutality of DESSALINES be considered madness. As we have already said, our minister, Mr. FREDERICK DOUGLASS, must be glad to withdraw from a country whose history seems to stigmatize men of the African race as incapable of orderly self-government. It is inconceivable that such a diplomatic appointment can be regarded as an honor, except as it may be supposed to show the respect and confidence of the administration. It is certainly a droll proof of respect for an American citizen to send him to Haiti.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

THE old-fashioned observance of the Fourth of July has wholly disappeared in New York. It is still a holiday, but there is no municipal celebration as such. The Mayor and Aldermen do not proceed under escort to hear the reading of the Declaration and the patriotic oration of the day. By a grotesque fate this form of the celebration, indeed, has fallen into the hands of Tammany Hall, a partisan body whose name is the synonym of political corruption. A Fourth of July celebration under the auspices of the TWEED ring was an edifying performance, and it is not less so under the present Tammany control.

It was never more desirable than now, however, to set forth under the highest sanction the American story of a hundred years ago, and the principles of the government then inaugurated. The story would have the charm of novelty to a large part of the following of Tammany, and the admonition of the narrative would be useful to the whole community. Party spirit was as rife then as now, and much of the evil that we know was not then unknown. A glance into Senator MACLAY'S *Journal* will reveal a familiar condition. But the difference is that evils are now largely organized, and are gravely defended as essential parts of the American system, or as inevitable because of poor human nature.

Yet he would be an incurable pessimist who, because the formal observance of the Fourth of July in New York is abandoned to Tammany Hall, should conclude that the hope which the great day commemorates and which JOHN ADAMS espoused has been wholly disappointed. Compare the world of 1791 with the world of 1891, and the independence bells of this year should ring with a more jubilant peal. GEORGE WASHINGTON, indeed, was then President of the United States, but LOUIS SIXTEENTH was brought back a prisoner to Paris, and the Terror was at hand. That free institutions now overspread Christendom is chiefly due to the United States. It is not, indeed, an automatic Republic. It depends wholly upon the intelligence and morality of its citizens, and they are not to relax a single effort or to lower the political standard. But on the Fourth of July we may surely take heart from the past, and renew our faith and vows for the future.

"SOME NOTES ON A BILL."

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING'S remarkable stories have justly made him one of the most popular of living writers, and whatever he may write secures attention, irrespective of its merit. The verses which appear in another part of this paper were offered to us by Mr. KIPLING'S London agent, and we publish them, not for their literary value, but to gratify the general curiosity to see what he writes, and as a side-light upon the character of a young and popular author. Whether designed as an invective or satire, or whatever may have been their purpose as against this country, their author, we hope, will soon come to see that, beyond the gratification of the momentary curiosity of American readers, such writing is important not for this country, but for himself.

THE UNVEILING OF THE BEECHER STATUE.

To this generation a great popular assemblage in Brooklyn without the living presence of HENRY WARD BEECHER would be strange. But the genius of the sculptor largely restored that presence to the greatest assembly in that city since his death, which greeted with deep feeling the unveiling of his statue. Mr. BEECHER was for so long a time the most conspicuous citizen of Brooklyn, overflowing with public spirit and energy and activity, a popular tribune rather than a preacher, that, despite all the comments as to the fitness of the site, there is a plain propriety in placing his statue in the very centre of municipal activities, as there was in selecting for the orator of the occasion President LOW, of Columbia College, who, when Mayor of Brooklyn, was nationally known as the especial representative of the highest civic impulse of the community. Yet had the statue been placed in Prospect Park, the propriety would have been no less obvious; for the active citizen and leader of the people was equally a lover of birds and trees and flowers, and the most touching and captivating illustrations of his eloquence were drawn from his observation of nature and his sympathy with the innocent citizens of the woods and fields. It was his quick, all-embracing, and generous sympathy, his sparkling and exuberant vitality, his persuasive humor, and his blithe and magnetic temperament which made him equally at home in the city and in the country.

Mr. BEECHER, upon the whole, was the most widely known and distinguished man who has lived in Brooklyn—the greatest American preacher of his time, one of the foremost of American orators, identified with all movements of humane progress and reform, and largely a representative

American. It is for his statue or monument that the visitor to Brooklyn would first naturally inquire, and the happy work of Mr. WARD is the result of the spontaneous tribute of Mr. BEECHER'S neighbors to his memory. The day of the unveiling was singularly beautiful, a brilliant June day, with a fresh breeze from the northwest, such a day as would have tempted the June-lover from his study into the street or the Park. Mr. LOW'S oration was an admirably broad and comprehensive survey of BEECHER'S character and career. It was the fitting word spoken in the right place and the right way, and it was all the more striking and touching from the differences of temperament between the two men. The gentlemen who have had chief charge of the execution of the enterprise are greatly to be congratulated upon the entire success of their affectionate devotion to the memory of Mr. BEECHER.

THE ACADEMIC MONTH.

JUNE is as much the month of college and school Commencements as of roses. The daily papers are full of the story of these happy occasions, and the public interest in higher or secondary education was never apparently greater than it is now. The college degree, indeed, is not of uniform value, and the variety of degrees is perplexing; but there is a constant and natural adjustment of their worth. The larger institutions are becoming more chary of the gift, and it is the certificate of such institutions which is especially sought and prized.

At the University Convocation in this State last year President HILL, of Rochester University, read a very timely and excellent paper on the subject of degrees, and there was a general feeling in the assembly, which represents the united collegiate and academic interest of the State, that all honorary degrees should be conferred only with great deliberation and in conformity to a high standard. Nothing cheapens the college more than the careless conferring of degrees. To degrade a degree into a mere personal compliment, without due regard to its essential propriety, is to wound education in the house of its friends.

This sensitiveness of the leaders of education to the subject of degrees is a sign of the deeper interest in the higher education. But it must not be forgotten that the phrase is not exact. There is no point at which primary education ends and higher education begins. Secondary education is only more education. The State of New York divides its care of the subject into two departments—the University and the Department of Public Instruction. They are both concerned with the same subject, and the addition which the State has just made to its educational interests—the scheme of University extension—contemplates voluntary local courses, mainly at local expense, to provide more education under trained supervision, and examination for those who otherwise could not obtain it.

A REPUBLICAN VIEW.

THE Philadelphia *Telegraph* is a Republican paper, but it does not therefore think that it is its duty to extol and defend every Republican man or measure. It does not hold that party loyalty or principle or policy requires it to shut its eyes or to hold its tongue when it discerns danger; and it says in a recent issue:

"FORAKER, a cheap political trickster, a demagogue of the baser sort, a peddler of offices for forged campaign documents—forged to defeat his opponent—sitting in the seat of JOHN SHERMAN, would be at once the most grotesque and the most shameful spectacle that politics could present. Should it be presented, not JOHN SHERMAN, but Ohio, the country, would suffer the ignominy of it."

If this kind of plain speech were general in party papers the excesses of party spirit would be greatly restrained.

AFTER-CLAPS.

A PRIVATE letter from England, from a gentleman who is strongly conservative in his views and not a Gladstonian, says, "The Prince of Wales has irreparably damaged himself and greatly injured the monarchy among the English people." Although immediate results of the late incidents are not to be expected, it would be very remarkable if "the non-conformist conscience" were not as good an indication of real British feeling as the talk of the "smartest" set in England. It was not in the *Œil de Boeuf* for the *Petit Trianon*, not in the Louvre or at Versailles, that the real condition of France was to be apprehended a century ago. It is not in London society, as we found in the civil war, that the voice of England is to be heard. In a country so modern in feeling and so intelligent as England, the monarchy is already an anachronism, and the form would not long survive frequent and general indignation or contempt.

THE CHICAGO FAIR.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Associated Press has inquired of the United States Consuls in France and elsewhere about the feeling in regard to the Fair, and does not make a very cheerful report. At St. Etienne no general opinion and very little knowledge are reported. At Rouen there are such interest in the McKinley tariff and observation of its effects that the Fair is not considered. At Nantes there is no enthusiasm, and only an occasional listless inquiry. At Lyons there is a fair degree of interest, which is confined to those who now do business with the United States.

From Portugal the statement is that there is positively no interest. The kingdom is too poor to permit state expenditure for the purpose, and there are very few interests that would be benefited. Turkey has some kindly and growing interest. The trade between the countries is not large, but the Turkish exhibit may be fair. In Germany the commissioner to the Fair is hard at work, but it is too early to report much upon the subject. He says, however, that the government is greatly interested, and he personally will do all that he can to secure a good representation.

This is not encouraging; but it is still early, and it is probably the general feeling that there is plenty of time to think of the matter. The spring of interest is, of course, not sentimental, but selfish. European manufacturers and merchants are not deeply interested in COLUMBUS, nor in the discovery of America. But they would send to a Chicago Fair as to the fair at Novgorod, if they saw a fair promise of advantage to their business. They will not be especially attracted, probably, to exhibit their wares to a country which says that it will not buy them if it can tax them high enough to stimulate their manufacture in America. The object of commercial fairs was to stimulate commercial intercourse, and we must look for the chief supply of our Chicago Fair to the states which encourage such intercourse among themselves.

PERSONAL.

MOUNTAIN-LAUREL from Sky Farm, up among the Berkshire hills, where Miss ELAINE GOODALE spent her girlhood, formed natural decorations at the reception which followed her marriage to Dr. CHARLES ALEXANDER EASTMAN, the Sioux, in this city the other day. A part of the honeymoon was spent in the same picturesque region of western Massachusetts, and soon Dr. EASTMAN and his bride will be back at their post in Pine Ridge working for the civilization of the red men.

—The great temperance lecturer, GORING, formed a taste for books in his early life while he was following the trade of a bookbinder, and years after, when fame and money had come to him, he gathered a valuable library at his house in Worcester, Massachusetts. Many of the books were artistically bound under his direction, with inserted illustrations, autographs, and other matter. Now the collection and house are to be sold, so that the property may be divided among the heirs of Mr. and Mrs. GORING.

—Colonel G. B. M. HARVEY, who has just been made managing editor of the New York *World*, is one of the youngest men in the country to hold so important a position. He is hardly thirty years old, and was born among the Green Mountains. While yet a rawboned youth he began work in daily journalism on the Springfield *Republican*, and since then he has gathered valuable newspaper experience on leading papers in Chicago and New York.

—RUDYARD KIPLING has made a short and quiet visit to this country for rest and change. His health is not very rugged, although he is not dying of consumption, as some recent reports have had it.

—W. H. WOODS, a lawyer of Huntington, has a clock which is said to have once been the property of JOHN KNOX, the reformer. It was made in Paisley, Scotland, in 1560, and was in the KNOX family for one hundred and fifty years. JOHN WITHERSPOON, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, brought it to this country in 1768.

—ALBERT COLEMAN, for twenty years prominently connected with J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., dropped dead recently while playing tennis with his daughter at his summer home in Swarthmore, a Philadelphia suburb. He had much to do with bringing out the fine-art books which the firm published.

—Prince BISMARCK rarely writes an autograph letter now, but contents himself with signing epistles which he dictates. If the communication is to some special admirer, he encloses his photograph.

—CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN, the war correspondent, still lives in Boston, and is alert to all errors that writers of the present day make in describing events of which he had a personal knowledge. He was at Richmond after the fall of the city, and witnessed the visit of President LINCOLN, who was accompanied by Admiral PORTER and others. Recently Mr. COFFIN has written a letter to the Boston *Journal* correcting an oft-repeated statement that Senator SUMNER was of the party.

—JOHN BURNS, the British socialist and labor agitator, was educated in the English public schools, and is a deep student of the questions in which he is interested. He is much in earnest, but his views are moderate and without anarchistic tendencies.

—With all his other vanities, the Emperor WILLIAM possesses that of having his picture painted. Three Berlin artists are now at work on seven different interpretations of his Majesty's proportions arrayed in various costumes. One of these, representing him in a hunting rig, will go to his grandmother, Queen VICTORIA, and is expected to adorn the walls of Windsor Castle.

—There was a noteworthy celebration at Vienna on June 9th of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the writing of the "Beautiful Blue Danube" by STRAUSS. A gigantic concert was given by five hundred players, the consolidation of eight military bands, led by STRAUSS himself. Of course the waltz was not neglected.

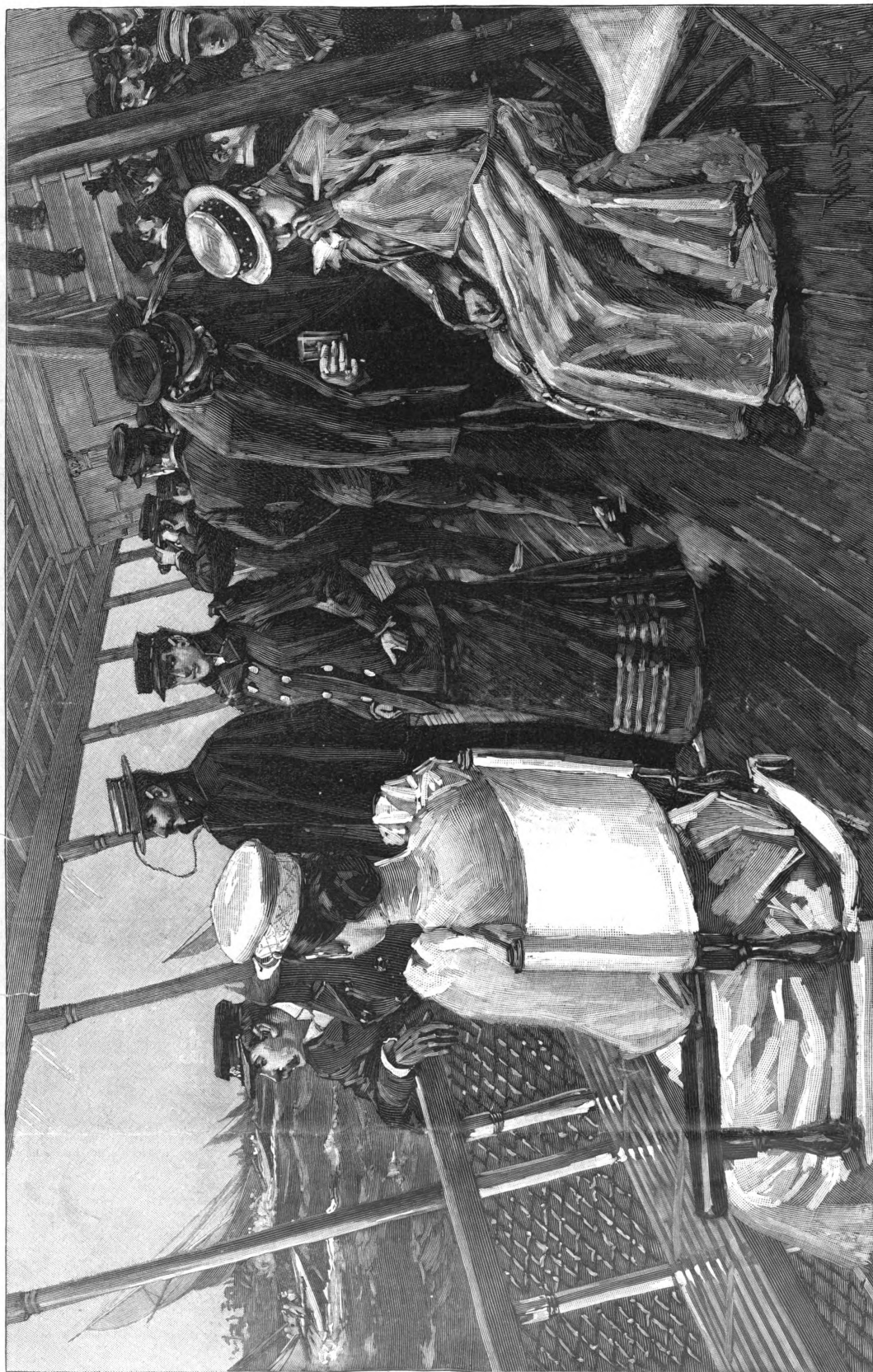
—GEORGE E. WOODBERRY, who has been appointed to a chair of English at Columbia College, is the author of *The North Shore Watch*, and *Other Poems*, and of a volume of critical essays. He was graduated at Harvard, and is thirty-seven years old.

—The Mexican government still pays pensions to descendants of MONTEZUMA II., some of whom live in Mexico, and others in Spain. The custom is three hundred and sixty-five years old.

—Fear of assassination is said to be one reason why the Czar of Russia wears a full beard and never permits himself to be shaved. The barber to the imperial family of ROMANOFF is, nevertheless, the grandson of MICHAEL GUELABOVSKI, who declined, although offered a princely consideration, to cut the throat of the Czar PAUL. This display of devotion obtained for the GUELABOVSKI family tonsorial distinction at court, although it has never won the entire confidence of the present Czar. The Czar has probably not heard what NAPOLEON said of the man who shaved himself.

—TSUDA SANGO, the Japanese policeman who attempted recently to assassinate the Czarowitz, has been sentenced to life imprisonment with hard labor. The two jirikishas men who came to the Czarowitz's rescue have, besides receiving decorations and pensions from their own government, been each given a gold medal, \$2500 in cash, and a life pension of \$1000 a year by Russia. They will not have to propel jirikishas for a living after this.

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VIEWING THE REGATTA OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB FROM THE CLUB BOAT—SCENE IN THE LOWER BAY.—DRAWN BY T. DE TUILSTROP.—[See Page 495.]

Pochahontas

By Eva Wilder McGlasson



HE had crushed his hand in coupling two freight cars—being new to the trade of brakeman—and though for half the day's journey he managed to hide his suffering, toward night he gave way, and in the midst of rather a sickly attempt at jesting over his misadventure with a fellow-laborer who chanced to be in the caboose, he fell back in his seat, blue about the lips, his nostrils clinging.

"I knew he was overdoin' the thing," asserted the witness of this collapse, bolstering the flaccid figure against the side of the car. "He needs lookin' after. Course that flask 'd be dry as a bone if— Wonder where we are? 'Bout ten mile or so from Somerset, I reckon. Aw, Bill!"

He gave a perturbed shout to a man in a blouse who was lurching about the doorway, the green lantern in his hand giving him a spectral air.

"Say, you! Go 'n' tell Cronk that Kincaid's lost his grip. May be dead, for all I know. Tell him to slow up down here at Bull's Crossing. There's a doctor there, I reckon. This fellow needs tendin' to. Might know that flask 'd be empty in case of need. Tell Cronk we'll carry him into Mrs. Holsinger's. Git a hold of his head, and let's lay him down. So."

The object of this solicitude lay against a begrimed and oily cushion, the hurt hand hanging at his side in an crimsoned heap of cotton. He was very young; the darkness on his lip was like a soft streak of down, scarcely matching the blackness of the damp lock on his pale brow. He was slight of build, insomuch that when they picked him up—the train having come to a lumbering stop, as if each car had transmitted a protest against halting—the men exchanged a kindly jest about his weight.

"Ought to have been a girl," said one. "Too pretty for a man."

"Reckon the girls don't think so," debated the engineer, fetching up at the steps of a little country store, in the single window of which a lamp burned dimly.

A small black boy answered their summons.

Mrs. Holsinger herself proved to be "up kentry," visiting her kinsfolk and acquaintances, but her daughter, upon being informed of the tragic retinue at her doors, came to the threshold, looked at the inanimate face of the injured man, and straightway bade them carry him in.

So it was that when Kincaid came to himself he observed, in a dreamy sort of fashion, that the smell of smoke and oil and the clangor of the cars were done away, and in the stead of these a shadowy quiet was round about him.

He had a vague conception of an old man who seemed to be measuring out a spoonful of dark liquor from a bottle, his underlip calculatingly pursed.

And then there was a taste in his mouth of something which stung a little, and yet was sweet; and as a delicious languor crept through him, it appeared as if some one drew a coverlet over him, and a girl's face took shape in his mind—a face not unlike his own.

It staid with him in the hours of the night, and he fancied it the features of a dream.

But when he had come fully awake, and lay staring at the white window-curtains, through which the sun was shining with a bride-like softness, he grew aware that a young woman was watching beside him; a very slender young woman, with a hollow chest which lent meaning to the vivid scarlet glow filling her cheeks.

She got up at once, fixing on him the gentle, half-awed speculation of great dark eyes, which burned in their deep sockets with a solemn lustre, like lamps swung in the doors of a tomb. As he began eagerly to question her, she straightened the bedclothes, answering him presently with a sort of motherly air.

"We'll take good keer of you," she said, softly; "the best we know how. I only wish maw was hyere; she's such a hand with any one that's ailin'. But me an' Jake an' the doctor, we'll take keer of you best we know how. Doctor he'll be in todes noon. Hed to go up the creek this mornin' to see a horse of Tom Clay's that's took an' run somethin' in his huff. They're feerd of larkjaw."

During the week which ensued she tended him with exceeding faithfulness, and he came to have for her that feeling of dependence which in a sick man is likely to display itself in a manner of petulant exaction.

"You were down stairs awful long talking to those people

in the store," he complained to her one day. "It's lone-some up here. No one to talk to. Even the doctor hasn't been here for three days."

"Doctor's laid up with rheumatism; got wet wadin' across the creek t'other day. You know he said I could bandage your hand as good as he could."

He looked at her gratefully.

"You do it better than him, Miss Eveline," he said.

She paled a little.

"Maw'll be home to-morrow," she burst out, as if to rid herself of the sense of embarrassment.

And as she spoke, her forehead knotted suddenly, as if with a spasm of pain.

"I hope she'll like me," said Kincaid.

He felt little doubt that she would like him when he saw Mrs. Holsinger, so kindly her ample face was in its setting of sleek gray hair.

He felt immediately aware that to commend one's self to Mrs. Holsinger one had only to be sick, or in some other sort wretched.

"How you comin' on?" demanded Mrs. Holsinger of him.

"Pooty comf'able, huuh?"

Kincaid said gratefully that he had been well taken care of, and as he spoke he was sensible of a wonder that Mrs. Holsinger's daughter so little resembled her mother.

"She's been awful good to me—your daughter las. Way she tied my hand up— Well, seemed like it was worth while gitting it mashed."

"She's rale handy if she wants to be," admitted Mrs. Holsinger, tempering natural pride with maternal reprobation.

"Fed you up pooty well, hez she? I never believe in starvin' a man jest 'tuz he's off his feet. How'd you like a pulled split down an' fried right brown?"

Kincaid murmured his appreciation of this suggestion. He had an air of diffidence at times which wrought effectually for him with people of a forceful turn, and Mrs. Holsinger's heart warmed to his youth and helplessness.

"I lost a boy ten year ago," she said, in the ordinary unemotional tone of one whose feelings have only a single medium of expression. Her eyes had clouded a very little, but her face still kept its lusty lines. "He'd of ben sixteen this gone May," she said.

"I am twenty," Kincaid murmured, not knowing how to express sympathy, and desiring to show his attentiveness.

And presently, as she went on staring out the window, her face fixed in that aspect of stolid resignation which marks a spirit only vaguely comforted with pious assurances of immortality, he added, rather hesitatingly, "She's older than he was, ain't she—your daughter?"

"Beg pardon?" said Mrs. Holsinger, bringing her wandering thoughts to book.

"I was sayin' I reckoned Miss Eveline's some older than your son was."

"Mass who?"

"Why, Miss Eveline."

Mrs. Holsinger's lips shut hard. "She ben tellin' you her name was Eveline?"

"Yes, m; but I never called her without the miss," he explained, wondering at her look. "I never meant any harm," he assured her. "Miss Holsinger seemed so distant, when she was doing for me like a sister, he I asked her what her name was, and she said I could call her Eveline if I wanted to. But I'll call her Miss Holsinger if you object to—"

"I don't keer what you call her," said Mrs. Holsinger, in a loud voice, her cheeks purple. She seemed to stiffen as she walked across the floor; and then, as if recalling herself, she paused on the threshold and cast him a frosty smile.

This absolving expression, however, was wholly blotted out from her face when she came into the lower room and approached her daughter. The girl was polishing the battered brass tray of the scales, and as she heard the footstep behind her she started a little and turned, a certain apprehension in her meeting brows.

"Pochahontas," said Mrs. Holsinger, almost fiercely, whereat the girl gave a sort of gasp and stood quite still, a grayness as of stone settling over her face, her hands shaking. Her mother drew something nearer, a curious twitching at her lip corners. "What you ben tellin' that young man upstears?" she demanded.

Her daughter recoiled like one that has been smitten over the lips.

"May—I—I—"

"You ben tellin' him a lie, Pochahontas Holsinger—you hussy you!"

"I unly—I—maw, I—unly—"

"Quit your shakin' that ways. I never strek you a lick in my life, an' I ain't goin' to start in now. Though if I did my juty, I'd take the strap to you for sham'in' the name your father give you. Serve you right if he turns the bus on you at the resurrection. He was the noblest man ever trod shoe-leather, John Holsinger was, an' high respected."

An' when you was born I took it mighty hard that you was a girl; I wanted only boys, an' I carried on high about it. An' your paw—Lord! I mind it as well!—he grannied me up, an' says he, 'Maggie, we'll give her a name as proud as ever a man bore,' says he. An' he named you arter the Injun girl thet saved Daniel Boone, or some of 'em, from bein' killed. It was good enough for her, but look like it won't do for you uns. Shame on you!" She paused, breathing hard, her eye upon the shrinking figure before her, its face hidden. "Look like you must think a heap of thet young Kincaid," she went on, pitilessly, "to trouble yourself to change your name to please him. I'd hev more pride. I'd never take the first step. If he wanted me, he'd hev to do the knucklin' down himself. A woman hez to do the kneelin' after marriage; it's only right the man should do the crawlin' before."

"Maw," broke in the girl, a sudden fierceness in her thin face, her cheeks blazing as if an angel's staff had touched them, "you no right speakin' to me so. I never stepped todes him. I don't keer nothin' for him—nothin' much, thet is. I—I— Oh, can't you see how 'twas? He ast me my name, an' I never jest how he'd look—sort o' smily an' disbelievin'—if I told him it was Pochahontas. Every person jokes me about it. The children used to make fun o' me when I was little. 'Poker!' they used to holler at me. When I went to school thet winter over to Goose Lick, I never will forgit the way the teacher sort o' choked up a-laughin' when I says my name was Pochahontas Holsinger. It don't sound none to you, 'cause you're used to it, but it's awful."

"Don't you talk to me!" cut in her mother, implacably.

"You walk yourself up them steers, an' tell thet man the truth, er I will. Your paw ain't goin' to be disgraced while I'm here to see the unliest child he's got livin' respects an' honors him. You hear me talkin'?"

Pochahontas stayed herself against the cracker show-case. Her eyes were dilated with fear.

"Maw," she panted, "you wouldn't—"

"I would, an' I will," vociferated Mrs. Holsinger. "You goin' up them steers, er shall I?"

There was an instance of silence. The color faded slowly from the girl's face, which gained a peculiar dignity from the succeeding pallor. Her arms hung straight and limp, the palms open.

"If you—tell him—what I done—he'll jedge I—think more—of him then I—do," she breathed.

Mrs. Holsinger's face twitched. "I got to do it," she said, firmly; "I wouldn't be fit to commune with holy people if—"

"If you do it," interpolated Pochahontas in a thin, high voice, her brow out, the pupils of her eyes spreading like bolts of ink, "you'll never see me no more. I'll go—"

There's them tracks outside. I won't be the first person hez laid across 'em. I'd ruther feel the wheels cut me in two then hev him know I love—I lied— I mean I'd ruther be dead then hear thet name again. I won't be called by it. I won't! I won't!"

A passionate outburst of weeping engulfed her words, and she choked upon her sobs, coughing sharply, her hand protected her face from the painful spasms of her bosom.

Mrs. Holsinger's face grew wan as she gave ear. She laid hold of the girl's shoulder, the slightness of which was emphasized to sudden meaning by the rasping cough.

"Pochahontas," she muttered, thickly, "don't you—don't you take on so, Pochahontas. I won't tell on you. He'll be gone soon. I won't name you before him—unly quit thet name. Go, I take a mouthful of honey for you. You need it, I'm goin' to see the doctor about you if you don't git red o' thet barkin'."

Having conceded this, Mrs. Holsinger held stoutly to her agreement. "I reckon I ain't fit to live." She reviled herself for her part in the deception, feeling as if the eternal sunshine of the spotless mind would never be hers again.

But somehow I just couldn't stand it to hear her talk an' carry on the way she done. I just couldn't! Pore little soul! Pochahontas Holsinger is a mighty soundin' name. It's a hull team with a dog under the wagon. I reckon I might git able to call her Eveline in time, if she's so sot on it. Kincaid's a right nice young man, but I never would take no peace hevin' him railroadin' if I was Pochahontas. Too risky."

She glanced through the window, her mind forming a pleasant picture of the happiness in store for her daughter, and as she stared at the low gray sky, smoked with the dusky top twigs of April trees, it suddenly struck upon her, even through her moment of reverie, that a spring storm was coming on. "Wonder if them attic winders are down?" she rapidly considered, as a few spoon-shaped rain-drops struck against the mottled pane before her. "Them quilted got ahin'— Wonder where Pochahontas is? Pochahontas! Aw, Pochahontas!" She called the name loudly, giving ear for a reply.

Pochahontas had herself been watching the coming of the rain through the open window of the upper room in which she and Kincaid were sitting. She had a piece of sewing pinned to her knee, and as they talked she looked up now and then from the work of muslin, a brooding sort of contentment in her expression. "You'll git the use of it in time," she said, in a tone of encouragement, as he expressed a fear that the injured hand would always be stiff.

"It's been four weeks since the thing happened," he remarked, rather gloomily, eying the sling about his wrist.

"I'd of been gone away two weeks ago, only I haven't any new kin from no special home anywhere." He sighed.

"Sometimes I'm afraid I won't be fit for railroadin' again."

Pochahontas's eyes were set on a wedge-shaped cloud

in their attention to rescuing the audience. one was hurt, but when the play was ended, and Dorchien appeared from the shelves and explained the joke, it fell rather

The repertoire of this gifted company is too good to be mentioned in detail. Several of the dramas were written for their benefit, and even so important a work as his *higenia* was entrusted to their hands rather than to professional interpreters. Goethe himself played Orestes, Prince Constantine is Pylades, and Corona Schröter Iphigenia. Hufeland writes, after witnessing the performance: "Never shall I forget the impression Goethe made as Orestes, in his Gre-

cian costumes; one might have fancied him Apollo. Never before had there been seen such union of physical and intellectual beauty in our man."

Probably no man ever had a saner view of the function of the drama as a civilizing influence than Goethe, and certainly if he considered this sylvan form of it as a fitting pastime for his royal patrons and himself, it ought to encourage us in our attempt to revive it. What other form of entertainment appeals so strongly to our imagination, or calls into play so many faculties? It brings us into touch with that earlier and simpler life, and makes us feel the grace that was part of it.



MRS. CHARLES STEWART PARNELL.

THE MARRIAGE OF MR. PARNELL.

THE minor prophets who are engaged as foreign correspondents are busied just now in writing "I told you so." This exultation on their part may be pardoned when one reflects that their prophecies are on a par, as a rule, with the Weather Bureau prognostications. For some months they have been predicting the marriage of Charles Stewart Parnell with Mrs. O'Shea, alternating the prediction with the "war cloud" rumor and the other stock prophecies regarding the state of Europe which are continually on hand. On June 25th the marriage actually took place, at the Registrar's office at Steyning, in Sussex; hence the exultation on the part of the foreign correspondents. It was only a civil ceremony, absolutely private, the only witnesses being two servants from the hotel where Mr. Parnell has had his residence. The marriage was performed under a special license obtained two days before, and the greatest efforts were made to keep the fact a secret. Mr. Parnell and Mrs. O'Shea started early in the morning from Brighton, and, taking a roundabout way, reached the town of Steyning, eleven miles distant, by nine o'clock. An hour later, on the opening of the Registrar's office, Charles Stewart Parnell, bachelor, member of Parliament, aged forty-four years, was married according to the civil rites to Katherine O'Shea, formerly Wood, divorced wife of Henry O'Shea, acknowledged to be of full age. They then returned to Brighton. The minor prophets

are now announcing that a religious ceremony will shortly take place.

The case of Mr. Parnell, which brought the Irish party into disrepute, is still fresh, and the party is also unreconciled. Last November Captain O'Shea, a member of Parliament and a follower of Parnell, entered a suit for absolute divorce against his wife. Mr. Parnell was named in the suit, but he allowed the matter to go by default, and the divorce was duly granted. Then the afore-mentioned prophecies began, but the Irish leader was too busy with his political complications to attend to much else at that time. There was a beautiful upheaval in the Irish party, which promptly divided itself into two parts, and entered upon an internecine conflict. At North Kilkenny, where the two factions fought for a seat, the interesting fable of the cats was repeated, and the cause of the party was forgotten in the riot. Then affairs cooled down somewhat, but sporadic outbreaks have occurred, in which recrimination has followed upon accusation. There has been a lull in the storm of late, and Mr. Parnell has taken advantage of it to fulfil the oft-spoken prophecies. Mrs. Parnell is the daughter of the late Sir Page Wood, Baronet, of Essex. She is said to be intellectual and refined. Mr. Parnell has been steadily losing ground, and whether his marriage with the woman who has caused all the trouble will mend matters in any way remains to be seen.

INTERNATIONAL TELEGRAMS.

BY EDWARD ANTHONY BRADFORD.

If the gentlemen charged with the duty of telegraphing public intelligence between the United States and Europe do not take themselves seriously, who will or should? If they find themselves retrograding in public esteem, and if they feel their office to be losing any portion of whatever worth or dignity it once possessed, whom have they to blame but themselves? And if newspaper readers are rather indignant than amused at the sort of stuff thought fit to be furnished for their perusal, what resource have they but to make public protest of their grievance, with specifications to prove its reality?

Here, for instance, in the last days of May, is a long telegram from the United States describing to English readers how a negro cooked and served her baby for a meal for a party of dancers. Americans, it is safe to say, first learned the important intelligence through protests against its publication. But if they had been in London, they would have seen it printed among news from European capitals, and with every evidence of equal editorial esteem. Did nothing happen in America that day beyond the eating of that baby? And if so, was it necessary or even worth while to telegraph it to foreign journals, whose readers are often dull enough, and still more often malicious enough, to regard such statements as narratives of char-

acteristic racial facts evidencing the national genius rather than as feats of fancy?

Americans need not flatter themselves that such fables are deemed fit only for obtuse foreigners. An almost contemporaneous story which telegrapher and editor alike esteemed worthy to place before Americans related how M. Künckel d'Herculais, while searching for insect specimens in Algeria, was bitten and smothered to death by a flight of locusts, even though he vigorously defended himself by lighting large fires. Although scarcely strictly important, it was a curious occurrence, and possibly worth recording if true. But when it is known that the story was merely a jest by a Parisian paragrapher, it does seem that the men who send and the men who print such paltry fables as serious information trifle with their readers.

It is all very well to say let the readers look out for themselves. How are they to do so, even supposing they possess that somewhat rare faculty of disregarding the authority of print? Take an instance of a more serious sort. American journals printed within the last week of May a telegram asserting that the American war ship *Vermont* had been sunk by a collision in Chinese waters. No details were given. Every relative of every soul aboard was left to imagine any-

thing. To those in the telegraphing trade—really it is increasingly difficult to call it a profession—the unravelling of the truth was simple. The *Vermont*, of course, had not been in Chinese waters for half a century, and had the fact bulked for many years since its decaying bones from the protecting mud at the Brooklyn Navy yard. There the tide did cause an almost harmless collision some months ago. This fact had travelled around the world, had returned across the Pacific to San Francisco in a Chinese print, and was there born again into a fresh statement of fact. Now is it fair to ask newspaper readers to protect themselves against believing such canards? Was it not rather the duty of the telegrapher and the editor not to mislead their readers? And if they rashly set such misinformation afloat, are they not responsible for a share of the disesteem which their craft is receiving?

It is so far from the purpose to deal harshly with the perplexities of the telegraphers' art, or business, or trade, or whatever it may be called, that an instance or two may usefully be given of errors of which it is difficult to allege undue fault. Possibly New-Yorkers who twice read the story of the sinking of the *Blanco Encalada* with all on board by the insurgents' torpedo, may wonder how the story came to be twice printed in New York in nearly identical words. The incident, being very important in a naval as well as human sense, was telegraphed around the world briefly, and was known almost simultaneously in New York and London, but in rather greater detail in London. When the mails brought the full story to New York, the question for the telegrapher from New York to London was how much was known in London, for in the telegraphers' copious lexicon of faults there is none to compare with staleness and duplication. The comparison of routes and times led to the conclusion that all was not known in England. Accordingly it was once more telegraphed to London, and being duly published there, once more came to the United States, where it was again printed as original news. Unless newspaper men are to be omniscient, it is difficult to allege improper waste of tolls and newspaper space and readers' attention in this case.

One other and most important instance of the art with which it is necessary to read every item of telegraphic news—minutely analyzing its source and route and phrasing, and even its punctuation, if the intelligence be worth the trouble—will suffice. How many persons know that the lid of the Argentine troubles which now convulse the financial world was first lifted by a telegraphic mischance? On the 1st of last July the London *Times* announced that the Argentine National Bank had suspended payment. It had done something very different, as a matter of fact; but before the correction could be made, it was telegraphed around the world, carrying everywhere anxiety and ruin. Of course the telegram did

no result, and the confusion of time-reckoning should be obviated by the adoption everywhere of the same name for the same instant of time. Monday here is not Monday in the antipodes. Even between countries so neighborly as England and the United States there is ample room for puzzling and blundering between P.M. of Monday and A.M. of Tuesday. Every one who has telegraphed much has pondered long and seriously over the mysterious symbols at the top of the blank form to make out exactly when the telegram was started and received. It would only be necessary to agree upon a universal day, with hours numbered consecutively to 24, instead of in a duplicate series of 12. But it is more to the purpose of this paper to urge telegraphers to respect themselves, their profession, and their readers. They should avoid telegraphing with their tongues in their checks as they would avoid any other dishonest or ungentlemanly or unpatriotic act. Here is an example of what is meant: Harold Frederic, the well-known American, who telegraphs from London to the United States, remonstrates with the vivacious gentleman who is responsible for any impression abroad that cannibalism is customary among American negroes. In no way abashed, he replied:

We have what we call a Sunday crime, which is sent each week in *extenso* to American papers, they not caring to have more than one in a week; but we have also what is known in the office as a daily crime, which the English editor desires to receive six times a week from America."

To the writer this seems an epitome of all that is bad in journalistic telegraphing. It casts undue reproach upon the editors and readers of two nations, and tends to degrade their serious journals to the level of the Parisian boulevard. "Tis true, 'tis pity. And pity 'tis, 'tis true." The question is, is such telegraphing a sporadic fault, or is it a symptom of the universal degeneration of the era of cheap journalism?



SARA BERNHARDT'S TOMB.

MADAME BERNHARDT'S MORTUARY PREPARATIONS.

AMID the applause of the theatre-going world and the glare of the foot-lights, the triumphs of art and the satisfaction of success, Madame Bernhardt has always seemed to have a morbid turn of mind. It may be that the splendor of living suggests the inevitable by force of contrast; it may be that the unpoetical region behind the stage, so associated with the glitter of the boards, has turned the thought of the actress toward the general hollowness and vacuity of this mundane existence. Perhaps, after all, philosophical reflection has had nothing to do with it, and Madame Bernhardt may have been impelled by motives of eccentricity; or again there may have been no philosophy or motive in it all. Whatever the cause, which each one may determine to his own satisfaction, it is now a matter of sober history that a large tomb (empty) stands in the cemetery of Père Lachaise bearing the name of

"Bernhardt." The tomb is dignified and classical in its simplicity, and here the flowers passed over the foot-lights by the Parisian admirers of the actress find a resting-place. There is an ideal artlessness about the thought—the wreaths of triumph may go to seek the tomb of Art, and the triumphant artist can do the decoration herself. So long as she may live, Madame Bernhardt can see that her grave is kept green. The tomb is out of the beaten paths of the cemetery, but one can picture the actress as she lies thither in the early morning, her carriage laden with the triumphs of the night before. With tearful eye and reverent mien the baskets and wreaths are placed upon the empty sarcophagus, while the veiled lady reads her own name upon the marble tomb, and wonders whether life is not all a dream. It is a happy way as well to dispose of garlands that must be a great nuisance to an actress.



A SNOW-STORM IN JULY.



THE ENGINE-ROOM IN THE COLD STORAGE WAREHOUSE.

FOOD-PRESERVATION—COLD STORAGE.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 508.]

er things being equal, against that which has been taught at Yale the past six years continuously, and at Harvard the past two. However, on Friday I did see at least two men in the Yale boat bending their arms immediately the power was put on, and after the two miles the crew seemed to put no power at all in the first half of the stroke.

HARVARD, ON THE OTHER HAND, did put the power on immediately the blade went into the water, and the power staid on to the end, when the blade was taken out clean, and the hands went forward to the full reach. There were no rounded backs, nor did I see one man bend his arms when the power was put on his oar. Harvard won the race because her crew rowed cleaner, steadier, and stronger than Yale, and because she has profited by the example of her New Haven rival. The Yale crew labored over its work Friday. What little advantage the men had in handling their oars was lost by the wretched way in which they swung their heads. From the start they were not able to hold their crimson rivals. There was a perceptible hang at the full reach, and the oars did not grab the water with that viciousness which I had expected after watching them at practice. In fact, they did not grab it at all; they fell into it; there was no power put on, no lifting of the boat. It worked its listless way through the water, carrying plenty of good beef that ought to have been able to drive it.

BUT THAT IS NOT ALL. I am inclined to criticize Yale more severely, first, for the way in which they rowed the race, and second, for the failure to display that stuff that grit, which grinds its teeth, and holds on until it drops exhausted. That quality was lacking which the Yale foot-ball eleven showed to such a high degree last fall at Springfield in the last ten minutes of the game with Harvard; that high courage which sent the Light Brigade into the jaws of death, and which nerved Fred Brokaw to the sacrifice of his life a few days ago, and has given us our heroes. That's what wins games and races in our college days, and gives us strength later for the weary climb of the ladder in this work-a-day world.

GOULD SHOULD NEVER have permitted the Harvard boat to get so much water between them; he should have taken up that gap earlier, or killed his men in the attempt. Starting into the last half of the second mile 16 seconds behind, he allowed Harvard to quicken their stroke from 34 up to 38, while he hung at 33, and permitted the Harvard boat to gain 7 seconds more in that half-mile. Now, as a matter of fact, it is just that half-mile, when they are reaching the middle-distance flag, in which the leading crew breaks the heart of the losers. Yale knew enough to do it last year, and should have had it in mind this year. In a mile and a half last year Yale broke through to just puke the nose of her boat ahead of Harvard. One second was all the lead she had, and then Phil Allen called upon his men because he knew that then was the time to break the nerve of those oars which had clung to his for nearly half the race. In that half-mile he added 6 seconds to his lead, and won the race. In the next two miles 4 seconds was all he could pull away from them.

WHILE THERE WAS NO QUESTION but that Harvard would have beaten Yale, the place to have found out whether Yale had a chance was in that half-mile. How much of the 13 seconds Yale lost in the wash of the steamers in the last half of the fourth is only a matter of speculation, but the 7 seconds lost in the last half of the second were lost by not meeting Harvard's spurt when there was beef in the boat with which to do it. It does not take a very careful reading of the following figures to show the truth of these statements:

In 1890 Yale gained on Harvard in the	In 1891 Harvard gained on Yale in the
1st half-mile.....0 sec.	1st half-mile.....6 sec.
2d " " " " " " " " " " " "	2d " " " " " " " " " " " "
3d " " " " " " " " " " " "	3d " " " " " " " " " " " "
4th " " " " " " " " " " " "	4th " " " " " " " " " " " "
5th " " " " " " " " " " " "	5th " " " " " " " " " " " "
6th " " " " " " " " " " " "	6th " " " " " " " " " " " "
7th " " " " " " " " " " " "	7th " " " " " " " " " " " "
8th " " " " " " " " " " " "	8th " " " " " " " " " " " "

THERE IS NO DOUBT but what the presence of so many steamers following seriously hampered the speed of the Yale boat, but this is the lot of the crew which falls to the rear. If Yale had been able to lead Harvard, she could have avoided it. From another point of view, large Sound steamboats and ocean tugs on the course during the race is a matter for the serious consideration of the two universities. Some day a very serious accident will occur.

HARVARD AND YALE formed their four-mile compact in 1876; since that time the record is:

June 30, '76	Yale.....22.02	Harvard.....22.51
June 30, '77	Harvard.....24.36	Yale.....24.43
June 28, '78	Harvard.....20.44	Yale.....21.29
June 27, '79	Harvard.....24.27	Yale.....25.46
July 1, '80	Yale.....22.18	Harvard.....22.19
June 30, '82	Harvard.....20.47	Yale.....20.56
June 28, '83	Harvard.....25.46	Yale.....26.49
June 26, '84	Yale.....20.31	Harvard.....20.48
June 26, '85	Harvard.....25.15	Yale.....26.30
July 2, '86	Yale.....20.41	Harvard.....20.58
July 1, '87	Yale.....22.56	Harvard.....23.05
June 29, '88	Yale.....21.16	Harvard.....21.24
June 28, '89	Yale.....21.39	Harvard.....21.55
June 27, '90	Yale.....21.29	Harvard.....21.40
June 26, '91	Harvard.....21.25	Yale.....21.57

YALE HAS THUS WON nine races to Harvard's seven, and has made the fastest time, 20.10 in '88 and 20.31 in '84. In '76 and '77 the race was rowed at Springfield; in '78 it went to New London, and has remained there. The coaching record, as summarized last year by Francis Peabody, Jun., of Harvard, shows that in '76 Yale, with Cook at stroke, won. In '78 and '79 Harvard, coached by Watson, beat Yale trying experiments. In '80 Yale beat Harvard, coached by Bancroft, both rowing about the same stroke. In '81 Yale, coached by Cook, beat Harvard, coached by Watson. In '82 and '83 Harvard, coached by Bancroft, beat Yale, coached by the professional Davis and others. In '84 Yale, coached by Cook, beat Harvard, coached by Bancroft. In '85 Harvard, coached in the rudiments by Bancroft, and finished by Faulkner, a professional, beat Yale, coached by Tom, Dick, and Harry. In '86 Yale, coached by Cook, beat the Harvard crew, which contained the same men, with one exception, as the year before, and was coached entirely by Faulkner and Storror. In '87 Yale, coached by Cook, beat Harvard, coached by Faulkner and others of his school. In '88 Yale, coached by Cook, easily defeated Harvard, coached by Watson and others. In '89 Yale, coached by Cook, easily defeated Harvard, coached by Storror. In '90 Yale, coached by Cook, easily defeated Harvard, coached by Keyes and Storror. In '91 Harvard, coached by Keyes and Adams, defeated Yale, coached by Cook.

THE ATLANTIC SPECIAL RACE on the 23d merely emphasizes the verdict of the spring regatta, and seems definitely to place the boats as predicted in these columns two weeks since. The weather was light and fluky. Once or twice *Sayonara*, ably handled, appeared to close in on *Gloriana*, but they finished ultimately in the accepted order: *Gloriana* (the creation of genius, contending with the limitations of the rule of measurement), first; *Sayonara* (the most moderate of the Burgess boats), second; *Minola*, with her topmast over her bows (by hard sailing), ahead of *Jessica* (built for the English twenty-rater class), and which, through her small rig, won from *Nautilus* on time allowance.

IN THE TWENTY-FIVE-FOOT sailing class *Smuggler* seems a decided success over her sister boat, *Nomeles*, having beaten her now several times. It remains to be seen how *Needle* (the third boat in the class), now about hoisting her flag for the first time, will do. The three meet for the first time at Oyster Bay and Yarmouth on the 2d and 3d of July, and there should be seconds and not minutes between them.

THE CORINTHIAN CLUB'S RACE on Monday was of interest for two reasons: first, the boats were classed together by their real sizes, and not merely by one of the elements which enters into the measurement. The result was that *Clara* was scheduled to start with the "46's." The respective sizes of the boats, under the measurements now in use throughout this country, being: *Clara*, 55.12; *Gloriana*, 54.17; *Sayonara* (not measured, but estimated to be), 54.00; and *Jessica*, 50.29. *Clara* declines the contest, perhaps not wisely, nor should she be fouled with for so doing. Progress has undoubtedly been made in designing, constructing, and canvassing boats; and the ever-successful veteran was spared the possible humiliation of defeat by a boat which while measuring within a foot of her in size, according to the present system, has at least the advantages to be gained from the experiments and experience of seven years of yacht-racing. Still, one may regret that she did not start, if only to illustrate the progress which has been made. Of the race it need only be said that in a fair whole sail breeze, with big flukes, and at all points of sailing *Gloriana* repeated emphatically her former successes, defeating *Sayonara* (whose first race it was) by about 12 minutes elapsed time.

Ueira ALSO SAILED in the Corinthian race; her first race in these waters, being classified as she should be according to size. She started with the "40's." In fact, the 40's being really larger boats, had to give her time. *Liris* this year measures 48.88; *Mariquita*, 48.09; and *Ueira* is something under 48. Here the old story of science against brute force was repeated. *Ueira* got over the line, handicapped 2 minutes 22 seconds as to *Liris*, and 4 minutes 3 seconds as to *Mariquita*, but on elapsed time and without her allowance being taken into consideration defeated *Liris* 3 minutes 54 seconds, and *Mariquita* by 8 minutes 25 seconds. *Ueira* being a last year's Fife, Jun. boat, and built for a Half-Mast owner, is probably a better prototype of *Barbara* than *Jessica*. So that something may be expected in the way of performance when *Barbara* comes to the line. However, it was demonstrated that *Ueira* is "not in it" with the "46-footers," the 3 feet of water-line length which she has to give them is too great a handicap. Comparing the actual time made over the course, *Gloriana* beat her 21 minutes 34 seconds; *Sayonara*, 10 minutes 43 seconds; *Jessica*, 7 minutes 52 seconds.

THE BOSTON BOATS—*Aborak*, *Barbara*, *Oceane*, and *Beatrice*—may race on Monday, the 29th, in the Eastern Yacht Club's regatta. It is to be hoped that they will, and

we shall see whether any surprising superiority develops in favor of some of them over *Oceane* (the latter being practically the same as, or, rather, midway between *Sayonara* and *Minola*), which may lead to the hope that *Gloriana* has not definitely killed the racing in the class for this year.

For it is hardly to be supposed that *Oceane* can represent any possibility of speed which will not be found in *Sayonara* or *Minola*. It may be presumed that unless *Aborak* or *Barbara* can hold *Gloriana*, the problem for the year has been solved.

CURIOSITY ENOUGH THERE was a little *Gloriana* also in the Corinthian Club race sailing her maiden race that day. She was called the *Chippeway*. She had all the additional ugliness which could be imparted by a widening out of *Gloriana's* lines into a centre-board drawing 14 inches of water, with 25 feet of water-line length, and 7 feet of beam. She had the coach-house top of a gondola; her bows appeared to be a derelict arm. A single flat board, trimmed away at the ends, did duty as top-sides. She was sailed by her designer, T. C. Clapham. Her bows were, as has been said above, *Gloriana's* bows widened out, and in her class she repeated *Gloriana's* success. The little Burgess cutter *Beth*, which was her competitor, and which is, in her way, workman-like of build and business-like of look, was simply "out of it." The course for these boats was nineteen nautical miles, i.e., to and around the Southwest Spit buoy; thence to and around Buoy No. 1, off Point Comfort; thence back to the starting line at Buoy 11. It embraced pretty nearly all points of sailing, and (for such little boats), the wind, while in nowise over-powering, was amply sufficient to try their speed.

TO THE ASTONISHMENT of every one, the "Pumpkin Seed," "Machine," "Scow," or "Clam boat," as she has since been called in the newspapers, beat *Beth* 12 minutes 21 seconds. She was designed by Burgess, and built in '86 by Dinsmore, and yet this centre-board *Gloriana*, this skimming-dish, this floating hearse, actually obliterated her from view. As the *Tribune* said the day after the race of *Chippeway*, "She has no draught, she is not a yacht, she is not a boat.... The extraordinary ingenuity of such a boat as this, and the utter impossibility of such a type, making any headway, or living in a seaway, perfectly justified the owner, who, at considerable expense, had her built, in immediately sending off word to sell her, at any price, immediately after her victory." It is to be hoped that he will reconsider. Many a sailor, however, has been told for an old time as a yearling, and certainly *Chippeway* deserves a fair trial against *Smuggler*, *Nomeles*, and *Needle*, before she is to be treated as a cast-off.

A NEW CHAMPION AT LAWN-TENNIS was discovered last week at Chestnut Hill, the great suburb of Philadelphia. After all the discussion last year as to the relative merits of Miss E. C. Roosevelt and Miss Mabel Cahill, it was natural that their meeting for the championship should have attracted unusual attention. As was stated last week in this column, it was quite generally conceded that Miss Cahill would win the tournament, and there was some surprise at the magnificent stand made in the final round by Miss G. W. Roosevelt, the younger and less skilful of the two sisters. Miss Cahill defeated her in two straight sets, it is true, but both were close, and many of the volleys were prolonged and exciting. In the championship round Miss E. C. Roosevelt succeeded in taking only one set, the third, and after that the score stood four games to one against her. After this plucky rally, her friends, who were familiar with the strength and staying powers of the plucky little woman, once more had great hopes; but it seems that Miss Cahill has kept well in mind her physical failing of last year, and this time was in perfect condition for the fray. She excelled Miss Roosevelt in only one important particular, and that was the speed of her drives from the back of the court. In volleying and lobbing the contestants were about equal, and it was the superior power of Miss Cahill's strokes that gained her the victory.

I THINK, TOO, that both of the Misses Roosevelt were somewhat handicapped by their evidently intense eagerness to escape defeat at Miss Cahill's hands. Over-anxiety to win has often been a cause of losing. It causes a constant taking chances in order to win a single point, when more would be gained by waiting patiently for a better opportunity. There is little else to be said of the tournament last week. Miss Adelaide Clarkson, of whom much was expected, justified these expectations in the beginning by winning in brilliant style. Mrs. Fallowes succeeded, but afterwards went all to pieces in her match with Miss Grace Roosevelt, taking only one game in two sets. Mrs. Morgan did not quite do herself justice in the singles, but in the doubles, for which she had Miss Cahill as a partner, her volleying was superb. Here, again, the Misses Roosevelt were somewhat unfortunate, for if they could have secured

but a single point on two second sets of the final match, they would have retained the championship. Miss Cahill showed excellent judgment, nerve at critical moments, and finally secured the match and the championship in doubles for 1891.

THE MIDDLE STATES CHAMPIONSHIP was decided once more last week on the grounds of the St. George Cricket Club. In 1890 this contest, by the courtesy or permission of the St. George Club, was transferred to Rochester, and Mr. A. E. Wright, the only entry from eastern New York, had no difficulty in winning the tournament, but was compelled to yield to Mr. H. A. Taylor for the championship. Last week's playing was better than is usually seen in the spring tournaments, and the contest was interesting because the result was so doubtful. At the outset Mr. E. L. Hall was perhaps the favorite, but he suffered his first defeat of the season at the hands of Mr. C. E. Sands. The latter was in grand form, showing one of his characteristic streaks of brilliant play, and defeating young Hall with ease in three straight sets. The exhibition given by Mr. V. G. Hall simply confirmed the statement made in this column last week that that player had sadly deteriorated since last year. Not that it was a disgrace to be beaten by Richard Stevens, for Mr. Stevens has been doing wonderfully well in practice, and is thoroughly at home on the St. George courts, where there are comparatively few spectators to bother him. But I can see a decided falling off in Mr. Hall's skill, and unless he soon shows great improvement, not even Mr. Hobart's assistance will enable him to retain the championship in doubles this year.

MR. SANDS won the final match, after a hard fight, from Mr. Stevens, and thus became the Middle States champion of 1891, for Mr. H. A. Taylor did not attempt to defend the title which he has held for the past two years. It seems to be the general idea that Mr. Taylor did not defend his title because he was out of practice, and therefore in poor form. This is a mistake. I understand that Mr. Taylor desires it to be understood that want of practice would not have prevented his appearance, and that ill health is the sole cause of his default. This Middle States Cup seems to be the most difficult of all championship cups to win. It has been played for since 1886, and now still another champion appears.

THE HUDSON RIVER ASSOCIATION's bad luck is becoming proverbial. It was decided to play the tournament during the latter part of last week, but there were no entries in some of the events, which were therefore again postponed until September next. There was an attempt to play the men's singles, and Mr. Taylor made a very good fight against Mr. E. L. Hall. Another old contest was expected between the latter and Mr. C. E. Sands, but Mr. Sands added to the general gloom of the occasion by defaulting. At this writing Mr. E. L. Hall and Mr. V. G. Elting are left to contest for first prize, and the winner will play Mr. V. G. Hall for the Hudson River Championship. Miss Frances Fraser or Miss Larkin will play Miss Cahill for the ladies' championship—when, nobody seems to know.

POLO WEEK at Essex brought out some hard playing. On Tuesday Philadelphia beat Essex, and was outplayed from the start. H. C. Groome was suffering from an injured knee, but did very well, considering his condition. H. P. McKean was decidedly the best of his team; the others were new men, and of little use in a fast, hard-hitting game. The Essex men all showed to good advantage, owing to the weak opponents. On Thursday Middletown played Westchester, with a high handicap. W. K. Thorne, just arrived from abroad, was obliged to play on new ponies, which had been purchased in his absence, and never played. Thorne made two brilliant runs; Nicoll and Lord did good work, but Westchester was too much for them, and could easily beat them at even game, instead of which they allowed four goals by the handicap. On the same day far and away the best game of the season was that in which three men, of Rockaway, first team—Coddin, Cheever, and Keene—gave the full Essex team three goals and a beating; the play was exceedingly fast and brilliant. The grounds were crowded with spectators, who kept up a constant round of cheers. Robinson and Farr played a strong game.

SATURDAY BROUGHT OUT a still larger crowd. Rockaway put on R. Y. Francke, 0 goal, in place of Rutherford, which reduced the contest to a draw; and they gave Westchester 10 goals instead of 16. Westchester looked the winners until the end of the second period, when they went to pieces, and the Rockaways rolled up 11 goals in the last period, winning by a score of 18 to 13. Coddin and Keene played a great game, though the latter was certainly in a cranky mood, judging from his attempts to bully the other players. The Association cups and Clarke cups at Cedarhurst this week should bring about some close contests.

The Freshman and triangular races are crowded out; will be handled next week. CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

NOTES ON A BILL.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

peruse a Simple Story—read a parable detached
From the vice of vending pullets ere the
little beasts are hatched;
A weird bilingual prophecy with flying
foot-notes shored,
On the means of slipping sideways from
the world's je-joggle board.¹

'Twas the Broncho² among Nations—a se-
verely cultured race—
Though their mode of spelling centre proved
them clearly off their base,³
Passed a Bill of three Dimensions—two of
which concerned the trade—
And one, but this was fiction, books the
British Author made.

Softly sang the British Author, for a dream
was in his brain
Of Lundaas from Longacre and of houses
in Park Lane,
But ere he went to Tattersall's, or changed
his modest dwelling,
He explained, per Western Union, his ob-
jections to their spelling.

"Oh, my Largest Reading Public," thus the
coded cable came,
"You drop one (h)ell in 'travelling' and
—get there just the same.⁴
If to Webster and to Worcester, and your
sauce at large, I grovel,
It will vulgarize Our Fiction—taint the
Holy British Novel.⁵

"Yet I'll vitiate the spelling of the children
of my friends
If you pay me something extra for my
labor." *Message ends.*
And it filled that author's system with se-
vere electric shocks
When his Largest Reading Public cabled
back: "You're on the box.⁶

"The fact of being Shouted for a dime
along the cars
Does not fix you for a planet among Lit-
erary Stars,
Nor is it a safe assumption you can teeter
continents
When our high-toned Mister H-r-pr-r sews
you up for fifty cents.

"British parsons make us tired; British
Dukes, our daughters doubt 'em;
Cuss words of the British Army, we can
mosey on without 'em.
Take a walk and get your hair cut," sit
on Mister Mudie's shelves;
If we've got to pay for reading, guess we'll
read about ourselves."

So they read by free selection on a prin-
ciple their own—
'Twas the most exhaustive weeding that
an ink-stained earth had known—
And the palpitating cable sizzled madly
under-*sea*.
"Honor without 'u' I'll stomach. What
is Honor without me?"

No, the fame the newsboys give you when
they board the C. B. Q.
Does not predicate your kiting into honor
without "u."
If you cannot bang the big drum, you
must twang the Harp of Tara,⁷

With McGinty¹⁰ and O'Grady¹¹ and the
man that struck O'Hara.¹²

It was good for Zenas Mather, Indepen-
dence Psickafos,
Ada Isaacs Menken Shuswap, Janet Thack-
eray Van Dewze—
They stood pat as home-grown produce,
with some seven thousand more;
They were paid at full face-value—they
came in on the ground-floor.¹³

¹⁰ Famous for his exploration of the depths of the
ocean.

¹¹ He was owed ten dollars—presumably on account
of American royalties; for the money was never paid.

¹² The remains of this gentleman would not furnish
a biography.

¹³ I. e. There was no necessity in their case for
abatement.

For they wove their country's fiction, triple-
ply, of many shades,
From the big blue bergs at Sitka to the
rotting Everglades;
And never since the Pilgrims furled the
Maryflower's sea-worn sail
Had the Bounder among Nations seen her-
self done out to scale.

It was woolly—wild and woolly—it was
more than three feet wide,
For it ran from Maine to Oregon and out
the other side.
With one nasal Hallelujah, like a giant
Jews-harp drone,
The Bounder among Nations claimed a
bookcase of her own.¹⁴

¹⁴ They abandoned watered Herrick, and Elizabethan
echoes;

They were not stuck on Browning like a horde of
homeless geckos;

* * * * *
Now they're running ninety Shakespeares
—all with Variegated dictions;
They have put the growth of Miltons un-
der Inter-State restrictions;
They brake the C. P. freight cars with the
Laureates of the West,
And a vigilance committee is sub-editing
the rest.

They are writing of Proportion and Re-
serve, and Racial Feeling,
Like an introspective sneak-thief who has
just abandoned stealing;
And we can't attend to Baby, and we can't
lie down at night,
For those queer self-conscious school-boys
howl—"Git up and see us write!"

But they're learning not to "wiggle" when
you photograph their manners;
They are guessing at a medium 'twixt "you
skunk!" and mad Hosannas,
And the men who know 'em fancy—if the
measure they have made lasts—
That some day they'll be a Public—not a
girls' school swapping "Trade-lasts."¹⁵

Ends my lurid, lucid legend, halts my par-
able divorced
From the blame of hunting Navajos be-
fore your scouts are horsed.
Oh, the author's in the *purée*,¹⁶ and the
deuce is in the Bill,
But the Holy British Novel—yes—it's whol-
ly British still.

—[SEE PAGE 491.]

'Twas a second Boston bust-up, but it cost us more
than Tes,
For the alphabet of authors they discarded—a to
zee.

¹⁵ Saldie tells Maimie that Hattie's new frock is
pretty. Maimie repeats the compliment to Hattie,
who tells Maimie that Saldie is "just too Sweet to
live." This is a trade-lust. It is also called Criticism.

¹⁶ This is the position formerly occupied by the
Oyster.

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Is not strained," neither is the relief afforded by that
incomparable medicine, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters.
Its prime attribute is thoroughness. Very conspic-
uous is this quality when it is used for malaria. The
poison of that malady in the system it entirely ex-
pels. Equally effective is it in dyspepsia, constipation,
bilious and kidney trouble, and rheumatism.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over fifty years by millions of
mothers for their children while teething, with perfect
success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays
all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for
diarrhea. Sold by druggists in every part of the
world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,
"THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER," cures
Crampe, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cts. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS
DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c.
—[*Adv.*]

DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER.
Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

CRAB-APPLE BLOSSOMS.—"It is the daintiest and
most delicious of perfumes."—*Argonaut*.—[*Adv.*]

ANGOSTURA BITTERS make health, and health makes
bright, rosy cheeks and happiness.—[*Adv.*]

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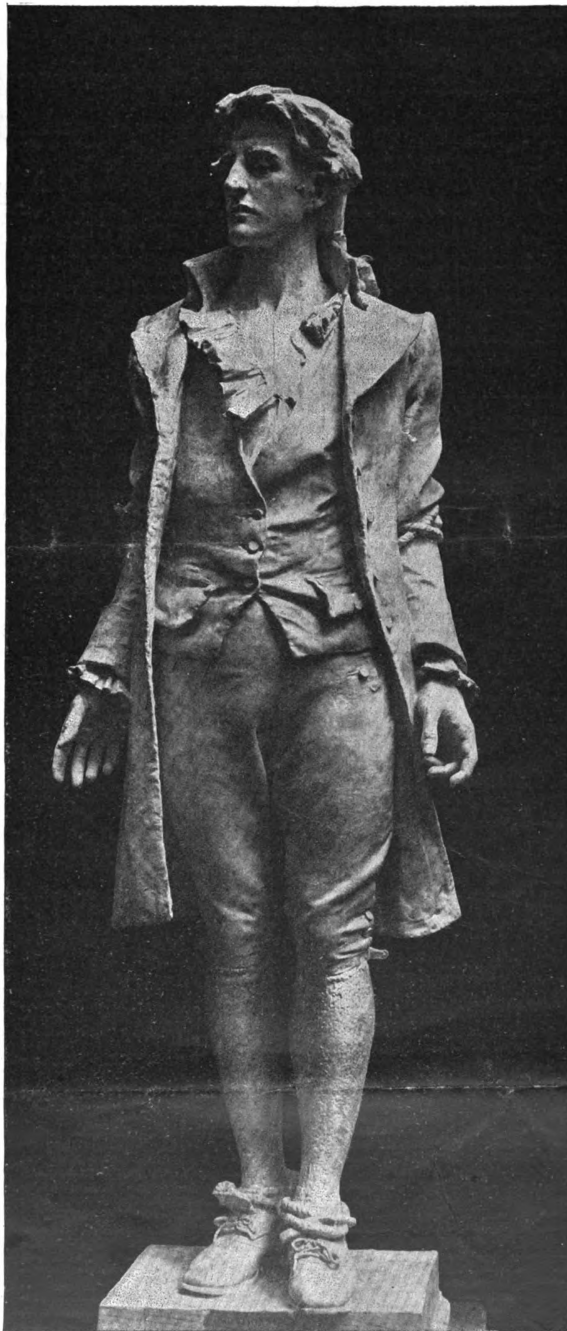
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NATHAN HALE

THE STATUE TO BE ERECTED BY THE NEW YORK SOCIETY OF THE SONS OF THE REVOLUTION.—[SEE PAGE 494.]
FREDERICK MACMONNIES, Sculptor.

myriad of these flitting about at night is like looking at a festival of lanterns. In places Paris is brilliantly lighted by masses of lights, always gas-lights; but in the open places, like parts of the Champs Elysées, where the foliage flings dense shadows, the lamps of the cabs produce a beautiful effect. Buses are plenty, but lest the driver should fail to make the necessary amount of noise with his whip and voice, he is re-enforced by the use of a horn fixed beneath his foot-board, and worked by a sort of bellows process. An expert driver is therefore able to make three sorts of noises at once. In Paris the public vehicles are too few and too slow. Paris is as far behind London in means of public conveyance as London is behind New York.

They have an extraordinary way of bothering the public at the fixed stands of the cars and buses. There numbered tickets are distributed to those who wait. When a bus or horse-car comes, an official stands in its doorway, and calls out the numbers following those of the passengers in the preceding conveyance. My companion, the Major, never could familiarize himself with the sounds of French numerals, and on the only two occasions that I knew him to ride in a bus, he discovered late in the performance that, though he was entitled to an early choice of a seat, half a load had gotten on ahead of him. The result of his displaying his ticket then can better be imagined than described.

As a rule, the wheeled vehicles of Paris are very different from those we use here. It is a common thing to see men, and even women, dragging little carts by means of a sort of harness of straps. The most gaudy and impressive wagons in Paris are the coal carts, which are somewhat like the great modern enclosed furniture vans we see in New York. They are gaudily painted and lettered in gold. The buses and cars are two-storied, of course, and we see them practically as they are there in the new patterns of the Fifth Avenue stages.

In a hundred features the scenes are peculiar. The little iron kiosks along the curbs of the main avenues, used for the sale of newspapers or flowers; the howling dog-sellers dragging motley herds of canines, each by a separate strap; the workmen in blue blouses advertising their worldly condition in their pushing; the men pulling lengths of hose about on tiny little wheels to freshen the grass and flowers; the policemen standing about in the uniform of soldiers;



FISHING ON THE BANKS OF THE SEINE.—DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.

the soldiers in their ridiculous baggy breeches, and seeming in the main to be rude and clumsy peasant youths, undersized and stupid-looking; the news-vendors going about with their papers displayed upon poles, and forbidden to call the news lest they excite the populace or become the mouth-pieces of revolutionists; the public conveniences that are so practical as to startle some visitors, while shocking others—these are a few of the notable oddities to a stranger of the scenes in the Paris streets.

The cartoons and pictures in the weekly papers are pub-

like our own, particularly in summer, when the days are very intensely hot and the nights are cool. The city is naturally a New-Yorker's paradise, and every New-Yorker feels very much at home there. It is not that it is possible to compare the two cities, and yet the points of resemblance are not few. There are tiny bits of New York, like Madison Square, that are extremely Parisian. So it came that one New-Yorker over there said to me, "I don't know how to explain it, but the only thing here that seems foreign is the language."

lily posted on the kiosks, and are such as to shock even a calloused American sensibility. The legends and dialogues beneath these pictures are apt to be tenfold more disreputable. This is but one revelation of a state of public morals that is unworthy a great nation, if not impossible of coexistence with greatness. But there are too many other symptoms of this same disease, and even if my readers did not already know what they are, their enumeration is neither profitable nor proper.

For all that has made Paris beloved and famous, there is nothing that has not been said to the point of tiresomeness. It is indeed a majestic and a magnificent city—a city of almost theatrical beauty, of noble streets, of palaces, of lovely parks littered with fountains and statuary, of extraordinary public comforts. The great pleasure-ground through the heart of the town, the seats along the boulevards, the marvellous taste in public ornamentation and display, the perfect public cleanliness—all these points of her superiority to any city we know in America are frankly acknowledged. The Seine embankments and the beautiful bridges across the river have never received the praise they deserve. On the Seine I noted what I had never read of—the long lines of floating baths side by side with laundries for the poor. I noticed also the constant signs, *Ustensiles de Pêche*, and the people fishing from the banks. Never anywhere did I see a more fascinating urban picture than that which is witnessable every night in summer on such thoroughfares as the Boulevard des Italiens and the Boulevard Capucines, where the patrons of the brilliantly lighted cafés are seated around their little iron tables three or four rows deep, along the sidewalks in the open air. Such confidence in the weather as finds testimony in the general habit of dining and drinking out-of-doors is as marvellous to an American as the pictures the habit creates are fascinating. The climate and skies are very

NEW DESIGNS FOR UNITED STATES COINS.

AS is not apt to happen with indefinitely suspended action in national schemes, the arrested course in securing new designs for the United States coinage has directed to this subject a much more lively and general consideration than it has received at any previous time. A season of thinking and a comparative study of thought has been naturally determined, which, no one doubts, will be attended by advantage before anything further in the case is attempted.

As will be remembered, the circular letter of invitation to compete in preparing designs for coins, issued by the government through the Bureau of the Mint on April 4th, was received by eleven New York artists. These are Augustus St. Gaudens, J. Q. A. Ward, Daniel C. French, Olin Warner, Herbert Adams, Charles H. Niehaus, Frederick MacMonnies, Kenyon Cox, Will H. Low, H. S. Mowbray, and Miss Louise Lawson. The objections of the artists named to the conditions of the competition were signified in united action. In a letter addressed to the Director of the Mint, to which were attached their several signatures, the reasons for dissatisfaction were explicitly stated. The conditions required that the designs shall be presented in the form of models or medallions in plaster, with separate designs for the obverse and reverse of the silver dollar, and separate designs for the obverse only of the half-dollar, quarter-dollar, and dime. The time, limited to June 1st, when each of the models was required complete was considered insufficient for any possibility of good result, and the award, not to exceed \$500 for any accepted design, too insignificant, while competent judgment in making the awards was not assured. The fact was then unknown to these artists that about two thousand copies of the circular were sent out, to all artists, sculptors, engravers, and relief-designers in the United States whose addresses could be obtained by the Bureau of the Mint. Under these conditions nearly three hundred designs were submitted, among which the commission appointed to examine this work found nothing which could be properly accepted. A new plan for obtaining the designs, made necessary by this result, is yet undetermined. The interval is found suitable for the cultivation of intelligent ideas on the subject, which can be best aided by men familiar with such traditions and knowledge of principles as should influ-

ence the designing of an artistic currency, and some of whose ideas are given further on.

The well-founded report that Mr. St. Gaudens recently gave his positive decision to the Director of the Mint that he would be unable to engage in any manner in the preparation of the contemplated models or sketches for coins has been heard with general regret. The hope of some possible future change of this self-excluding plan is nevertheless entertained among artists, especially in view of the government being considerably delayed in any new course of action. The attention of this artist to the subject of designs for the proposed new silver coinage is that of a non-participant, in which position a glimpse of his views is more than ordinarily of interest.

"In this case," he considers, "a limited competition might be a better plan than that of depending on any single artist. From the fact that some artists have ideas which they are unable to carry out, it might be well to ask several to send in designs. Some of the designers who cannot model might contribute good ideas to be put in the hands of others. Under this arrangement only sketch designs would be required. The competitors in a selection of this kind should be well paid. An ample remuneration would prevent an artist from feeling that if unsuccessful his time is to be completely lost. In no other way can the services of men of any standing and prominence be secured.

"The making of the several designs should not be hurried. In the beginning the work might be limited to a single coin. This would be simply tentative, while also the design of only some one of the minor pieces.

"The coinage should be certainly in the hands of an artist capable of doing the work well, and the only means of getting such a one is through the offer of proper reward. Every possible concession should be made, and no effort spared to reduce to a minimum the sacrificing of the artistic side of the work to the mechanical necessities and technical requirements. The system of issues as well as the handling with facility of large sums of money in coins, as in the banks of the nation, must be considered. A certain quality of relief, for example, may in some appreciable degree affect the exceeding rapidity with which coins are struck,

and which is of importance. None of the modern technical requirements can be disregarded, even the most remarkable—like that of the uniformity by which, I have understood, the banker is able to estimate vast amounts by the trick of running the thumb-nail alongside a pile of coins. In both sides some concessions will be necessary. This makes the problem an interesting one for the artist to struggle with. Some of the French have struggled with it most successfully. In the present effort to secure models of artistic beauty for our coinage the government is deserving of praise rather than blame. An altogether wisely directed action is in progress under difficulties not fairly appreciated. As much as it may appear otherwise, a decidedly good step has been taken. The intelligence and the proper spirit of the Director of the Mint would be acknowledged by any person knowing his views on this subject.

"The coinage, as must be admitted, is something of an indication of the condition of art and of the artistic character of a people. Ineptness of design is what makes our coinage the worst in the world. The work shows the inferior artist, and is without character. There is no question that a good coin can be made from the existing elements—the figure of Liberty, the eagle, etc.—limiting the subject in the present device. But broadening the field would greatly increase the chances of obtaining new, original, and forcible work."

As Mr. Will H. Low concludes: "The first qualification of an artist for such a task is a capacity to conceive a design at once appropriate in subject and meeting the requirements of a design for coinage. Next is the capacity of execution; and modern coinage, with its excessive lowness of relief, which, in order to facilitate the piling of coins one upon another, must everywhere be less than the height of the milled edge, presents difficulties requiring the greatest exactitude and nicety of execution to overcome—the power to express by a simple and severe silhouette the entire intention of the design, irrespective of light and shade possible in works of greater projection. A knowledge of antique coins and medals is also exceedingly desirable, for in the multitude of these which are preserved we have examples of nearly every possible composition within a circle,

some of which might very legitimately suggest in form or subject a design which, impressed with the personality of the modern artist, could be adapted to modern use.

"I would not favor the idea of commemorating in the coinage the events of our history, in the Roman fashion. They are to a certain extent local, and the character of a country can be better expressed in the typical manner. The coinage represents the civilization of a people, and sometimes has provided the most valuable relics of races which have lived. Everywhere

"The bust outlasts the throne—
The coin, *Tiberius*."

and with the far-reaching distribution the coins of a nation should be among other means of refining popular taste.

"One of the absurdities in our coinage is the mixture of Latin and English mottoes. Some doubt exists as to the comparative recent addition, 'In God we trust,' being even strictly authorized. It is peculiarly unfortunate to have asked in the new designs for the smaller coins only the reverse, leaving the present obverse, which, not good in itself, would be greatly out of harmony with a design by another hand.

"Our paper currency, with its excess of mechanical ornament, appears with the presumable extension of throwing difficulties in the way of the enterprising counterfeiter. The Bank of France contents itself with a simple design by Paul Baudry, engraved on wood and printed in blue ink on white paper. This is very simple and beautiful, and I should imagine, forms a sufficient protection against forgery. At any rate it must be more lowering to the counterfeiter's moral sense to copy the designs of our national currency than the beautiful ones by Baudry.

"A distinctive characteristic of the sculpture of St. Gaudens is the decorative sense, which has been strongly influenced by the study of old medals. No one is better qualified than he for the proposed task, and I regret to understand that he will deliberately exclude himself from the competition. In any case, the competition should be extremely limited. The tendency of our art is toward the skillful representation of existing objects, while these designs are to be works of imagination conventionally represented. Hence we have few men capable of such work; the issuing of two thousand invitations in the last competition may be therefore considered excessive. The preparation of these designs is far more than an ordinary commission, and I am disposed to think that the suggestions of the mint would be better qualified to enter into the last competition in regard to remuneration were extremely reasonable. Special legislation will probably be necessary before another competition is invited, and it would then be wise to remove the restrictions which limit designers to a repetition of the present specified emblems, although if such a reference is advisable, a dignified artistic coin might be produced within these limitations. There is an evident desire on the part of the Director of the Mint to do the best thing possible, and legislation may help him to give us a coinage of which we may be proud.

In another glance over the situation Mr. Kenyon Cox adds these points: "The eleven chosen in this city for the last competition were, I believe, suggested by St. Gaudens. A different principle of selection must have been adopted elsewhere throughout the country to swell the number to two thousand. I think it is a good idea that such a committee who examined the submitted designs to signify what artists may be next invited. One of these commissioners, Mr. Barber, the engraver of the Mint, would have useful ideas on the practical side."

"One way to get at a good result," as the Senator Daniel Hoar of Massachusetts, got a bill to have the service of a committee of experts. An effort certainly has been made to secure a bill for the appointment of a commission of men qualified to judge of works of art for the country, all of which should be submitted to them. In the spring of 1886 Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, got a bill of this nature through the Senate, but not through the House. When money is appropriated for any national work of art, a committee of this character by all means should be the counselors."

Before the conditions of the recent competition had been announced from the Bureau of the Mint, Mr. Charles H. Niehaus was encouraged to begin the preparation of designs for coins, considering the friendly relations established with the government through his first commission, which was for the Garfield statue in the Rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, and which Secretary Foster secured for him. The design for the coin was dropped when, with other New York artists, Mr. Niehaus signed the much-discussed letter declining to join in the competition.

"I have been having a great struggle with the Trinity doors," the artist states, in explanation of his lack of time for work unremunerated and on a plan entirely unacceptable. "I would like," he continues, "to see the thing go to St. Gaudens. He is head and shoulders above all of them; he is remarkably original. I have known him to make twenty or thirty sketches for a single thing. A man to do such work must be serious. I say freely that there is no man existing who can make a relief like St. Gaudens. If they want a competition, they should pay about half a dozen of the best artists, but should not go beyond that limit."

TO I.—

BY ANNIE BRONSON KING.

I SHALL not know what name they call thee
When thou art set to gather milk-white
bells,
In fields celestial, of the asphodels,
Or sent to softly still some child's hurt
cry.

Who longs upon his mother's lap to lie.
Ah, thou wilt care with tender gleaming
eyes
For the unmothered babes in danger!
But most, I think, thou'lt love to linger nigh
Those old gray poets whom we loved so
here.

Persistence thou wilt be set to pluck all fair
White rose of heaven for the Tuscan seer;
Primrose and cowslips to make glad the air
For English eyes. And I would have thee,
dear,
A sweet-voiced handmaid to the poets
there.

Tears are the playthings of a child. To
set
Against the shadow baby's in the glass
His lips; to thrust into the lusty grass
His dimpled fist, and clutch a violet;
To stretch his fingers to the tangled net
Of stars, and pluck the moon's pale crescent
down—

For things like these he cries. We too
drown
Our light sorrows with a tear. Our eyes
are wet
Because some pleasure's missed. It rained
the day.

We wished it should be fair, or some one
said
Hard woods that hurt us. Perchance one
may
Weep bitterly when youth and hope are
fled;

But, oh, approve me, ye who know for aye,
There are no tears for the beloved dead!

FOOD PRESERVATION IN NEW YORK.

It is one of the paradoxes of modern progress that food, after it has been gathered in quantities, cooked, and put away in packages, and kept for a longer or shorter time, is cheaper to the consumer than the fresh food of the same grade gathered in the same way and served at once. Of course the economy in price comes from the difference in the expense of handling it in the different forms. The fact that this margin of saving is sufficient to have built up the enormous industries that have been established all over the world in the line of food preservation, is one of the chiefest marvels of commerce. It is a familiar fact that millions almost beyond computation are invested in the great workshops where foods of all descriptions, from the forests, the fields, the rivers and seas, are handled and prepared for long keeping. It is not, however, generally known that New York city is one of the great centres for such work, and that on Manhattan Island are some of the largest and most elaborate establishments in which these industries are carried on in some form.

Most foods are perishable speedily unless they are subjected to some one of the many processes that are now employed. Meats, fish, fruits, and many vegetables in the olden days had to be consumed as they were procured, or they became unfit for use. To-day there is hardly a variety that can be named which may not be kept for an indefinite time, with little or no loss of its value, and in some cases without appreciable loss of flavor. From the great salmon-canning centers of the Pacific coast to the humble garret in the New England farm-house, where strings of apples are hung up to dry, there are countless varieties of workshops, and scores of methods are employed to save food from the deterioration and loss that come in the course of nature.

The latest method of preserving foods, and one that bids fair to grow to even larger proportions than the canning industry, is refrigeration. The idea is not new in any regard. As far back as the days of the Roman Empire the famous epicures of that period were wont to bury fish and meat in snow and ice, and transport them in this condition from land to land upon the backs of swift runners, until they were delivered in the kitchens of the palaces of the Tiber. The use of ice for the same purpose has been familiar to the Anglo-Saxon race for at least a century. Ice, however, is cumbersome and inefficient. It will not reduce the temperature of surrounding objects below its own melting point, and fills the adjacent air with moisture, and the neighborhood with the resulting water.

It occurred to some French scientists that better results could be obtained by chilling the air around perishable objects. The idea was scoffed at when first promulgated. It was tried, however, and proved a wonderful success. The opposition died away, and refrigeration by ice-machines became a universal fact. The process is exceedingly simple. Ammonia, sulphuric ether, or sulphurous oxide, are driven into a coil by a powerful forcing-pump, and condensed into liquid form. The operation throws out a vast amount of latent heat, which is carried away by a constant stream of cold water which flows or trickles over the coil. The liquidized vapor is then allowed to escape into

large pipes, where its sudden change to gaseous form absorbs the heat of everything in its neighborhood, and reduces the temperature to a desired point. At this point the cold pipes pass into vats of brine, which is immediately chilled to about zero. The cold brine is then pumped through coils or lines of pipe. This cools the air of any room in which the pipes are located, the extent of the refrigeration depending upon the number and size of the pipes in any particular case. To those who are accustomed to see huge blocks of ice in refrigerators, the power of these pipes is simply wonderful. A half-dozen suspended from the ceiling around the sides, a well-built room lower the temperature close down toward the freezing point. As the cold increases, curious results occur. The atmospheric moisture slowly precipitates in the form of snow. At first it attaches itself to the pipes, which are soon covered to a depth of six or eight inches.

It is not uniform upon the ceiling and walls, but in a way never seen in nature. Some of the particles are snow, others are frost crystals, such as are produced upon the window-panes in long winter nights, while still others are of an ice so brittle and unsoftened as to break at the slightest touch of the hand. The distribution of this frozen wall is irregular to the extreme. At some points it forms long and brilliant stalactites; at others it builds long jagged lines, which look all the while like the crystal teeth of some mythical monster; at others, again, it becomes a thin frost of translucent white, and at still others it builds up uncouth balls and mounds of congelation.

As this moisture is frozen and precipitated in this manner, the air grows strangely dry. A wet handkerchief hung up in the room is first frozen solid; then the water begins to be absorbed, and finally the tissue hangs as limp as if it had been treated in a warm oven.

The cold and dryness together are utterly destructive to all living organisms. The few moths, flies, and gnats that enter these rooms are benumbed in a few moments, and in a half-hour are dead. No spider ever spins a web, and no mould or fungus ever builds its delicate filaments upon wall or ceiling, for the room in its entirety gives a strangely accurate idea of what Lowell calls "those long low wastes that whiten round the pole."

No visitor ever cares to remain long in these refrigerated rooms. The moment the sensation of novelty and surprise passes away, there is a feeling of desolation, loneliness, and death that words fail to describe. Even the employes who work in these places, and who presumably become accustomed to its character, share this feeling, and when, as has at times occurred, they have been temporarily fastened in, through some inadvertence or neglect, have in a short time become frantic with the desire to escape, and have even displayed an incipient madness similar to that which has been reported in regard to arctic voyagers lost in the ice.

In these cold rooms food may be preserved for an indefinite period. Poultry, game, fish, meats, eggs, and fruit may be kept for years, for years. Man in this case simply imitates nature, which preserved the corpse of a mammoth in a Russian glacier for untold centuries so well, that when it became uncovered by the melting of the ice at the terminal moraine, the flesh was sweet and wholesome enough to make a hearty meal for the men and dogs who discovered the great quadruped.

In the refrigeration, or cold storage, of foods, as it is more commonly called, the United States leads the world, and in our land New York city holds the first place, with Chicago a close second. Nearly every city has one or more of these establishments, but outside of the two great trade centres named, they are devoted to the preservation of meats, and not to a multitude of purposes.

The largest establishment in this country, and probably upon the globe, is situated in this city on the site of St. John's Park, and comprises nearly all the vast building once used by the New York Central Railroad as its chief freight depot. The edifice is "ceiled" at every point, and is divided into sections, or vast compartments, by non-conducting walls of either terra-cotta or of double wood partitions filled with sawdust and charcoal. The floors are terra-cotta, and, like the walls and ceilings, are carefully boarded with kiln-dried lumber. The windows are double, and each room is singly or doubly vestibuled.

Experience has shown that every article has its own best temperature for perfect preservation. The secret is so carefully guarded by the proprietors that it is almost impossible to the public. A few, however, may be of interest. Woollens and fine dress goods keep best at about 50° Fahr., furs and pelts at about 45°, tobacco of the better grades at 42°, eggs at just above the freezing point, and fish just below it. In most cases, however, Philadelphia chickens and capons, Boston ducks, New York turkeys, and venison are best when kept at a temperature of between 15° and 20° above zero. Each room is devoted to one class of goods, and is kept at one temperature. Near every door is a thermometer, which is inspected four times in every twenty-four hours, and from each room telegraphic wires convey to the engineer's office the fluctuations in the cold, ringing a

bell whenever it passes beyond the limits of temperature required.

In the 15° rooms the sight is more than picturesque. The visitor passes from a dark corridor into a vestibule where the only light had come from the lantern of the guide. The heavy outer door closes, and then is opened another door of Titanic size and weight into a second vestibule as dark and dismal as the first. From here a third door allows entrance into the room. It is a vast place, almost filled with hundreds upon hundreds of great cases of poultry and game. Around the walls close to the ceiling runs a series of refrigerating pipes, so covered with ice and snow as to cover all the metal, and give the impression of a gigantic white bolster, which, in defiance of gravitation, is endeavoring to escape through the roof. From the ceiling hang long rows of icicles and snow stalactites. A little light falls from a narrow window which is doubly shaded. As the visitor talks, snow-flakes begin to fall from ceilings and walls. A loud hullo changes the flutter into a snow-storm, which covers everything from view until the vibrations of sound have faded into silence.

One box, which has been opened by its owner, displays a handsome assortment of game. The color and appearance are natural, but a single touch of the hand will tell that they are frozen as hard as the wood that contains them. A knife driven by a strong arm scarcely more than penetrates the skin. Ere five minutes have passed, the visitor begins to feel benumbed, and is only too glad to make his escape. It is a happy illustration of modern science, when a New Yorker can have a snow-storm and indulge in a snowball fight during the dog-days upon Manhattan Island.

There are many other cold storages in the city worthy of mention, and more especially the one which utilizes a large part of the space under the arches of the Brooklyn bridge. Here the huge brick walls and ponderous flooring of that viaduct afford natural advantages such as are possessed by no ordinary edifice.

The underlying principles of refrigeration as a preservative of food articles are extremely simple. The dryness and low temperature of the air prevent all decay, and kill germs, whether animal or vegetable, which may have obtained lodgment in an edible body. Besides this, they preserve to a remarkable extent its flavor and other characteristics, and in some instances increase the delicacy and digestibility of the original tissues. With the exception of game, the cold stored "is far more delicious and wholesome than what has been 'hung.'"

The rapidly growing application of cold storage to our daily food promises a peaceful revolution in every kitchen. Eggs which cost a cent apiece in the New York markets in May, and five or six in the middle of June, cost about the same the year through. Lamb and spring chickens will be obtainable at any time of the twelfth month. The season for berries, fresh fruits, and vegetables will be prolonged from weeks into months. The game season, so far as the table is concerned, will never close. In connection with the refrigerator car and boat, the system now being used will enable the average man to enjoy the delicacies of every land on each and every day of the year. While the cost of refrigeration is not excessive, being at present about one cent a pound per month, it promises to grow less and less. The decreasing value of manual labor, the increasing economy and efficiency in machinery and labor-saving appliances, the diminution in interest upon invested capital, and the simplification in the handling of goods and the other mechanisms of trade, promise to reduce this cost at least one-half within the coming decade. It is distinctly one of the people of very small incomes will be able to enjoy a bill of fare such as the richest man was unable to procure within the memory of the reader.

The latest elaboration of the refrigeration process is a new thing entirely. A plant has just been established near Washington Market, from which there is to be supplied a current of cold that will chill all the refrigerators in the stalls of the market—over three hundred in number. The system of piping is worth a word of description. As one of the men who have worked for some years to perfect the scheme has said, "The company proposes to do what the great steam-distributing companies are doing—with a difference. What they are doing is to distribute and sell plus units of heat. What we are doing is to distribute and sell minus units of heat."

The only sense in which this is new is that it is done on a larger scale than ever before. It is like applying the principles of the telephone to the long distance telephone. As has been already explained, the idea of refrigerating an ice box or a house is not new. The idea of doing it from a central plant, and supplying minus heat or positive cold through pipes, is new. It does away with the handling of ice at each box owned by a customer, and enables the butchers and other dealers in the market to keep their wares longer and as well as if they were packed in ice. In one uptown hotel where the plan has been put in operation for nearly two years, the saving has been found to be over seventy-five per cent. of the former cost. It is distinctly one of the great steps forward in modern progress, though the principles involved differ in no way from those employed in the cold-storage warehouses described above.



WITH one hundred words of French a man may, if he is weak enough, produce a prodigious impression in a young ladies' boarding-school, but in Paris that amount of French is just sufficient to tempt him into a thousand dilemmas from which he can extricate himself only with a little violence and more humiliation. I went to Paris with a native East Indian, an officer in the British army. He would have considered himself perfectly at home if he had known half a hundred French words, but, as it was, he did the best he could with twenty. A good fellow, honest, straightforward, and very self-reliant, he rattled his score of mispronunciations in the giant pod of Paris with such marvellous results that perhaps if I had gone with some one else my impressions of the French capital would have been very different.

No one who has not experienced it can form an idea of what a man can do in Paris under such circumstances, and what Paris can do with him in return. To me the recollection of the figure he cut there makes him seem a more striking object than the Eiffel Tower. Unless the excitability of the Parisian is a mere pretence, there are men and women he encountered there who, in telling their adventures to children yet unborn, will dwell longer on the amazing peculiarities of foreign visitors to the Exposition than upon anything they saw in the grand display itself.

The average Englishman calculates to make himself understood by foreigners if only his lungs will hold out, and the more dense their ignorance of English, the louder he bawls it at them. With the Major it was different. He purchased in London a number of sixpenny books with such titles as *What to Say in Paris* and *First Steps in France*. He applied himself to one after another of these with a profoundly grave air, and very pertinaciously read every word on the left-hand side of every page—the left-hand side being that which was devoted to such English phrases as "A ticket to Versailles, if you please," and, "Do not starch my shirts too stiffly." Whenever his eye fell on the column of French equivalents, it began to wander, and he devoted himself to a renewed study of the English side with a determination that never flagged until he had read every English word in the books. Then he announced that he would have to "get his accent in Paris."

He acquired his accent and satisfied his wildest linguistic hopes in twenty-four hours after reaching Paris. He could not even make a feint at pronouncing any except the twenty words he knew before he went there, but he conceived the idea that the secret and art of the Gallic tongue lay entirely outside it, and consisted in a certain extraordinary form of pantomime. With this he experimented upon me until he felt, as actors say, "letter perfect," and fit for an indefinite and familiar intercourse with the Parisians. His plan was to elevate his shoulders, to throw his hands forward, palms out, with his elbows against his ribs, and to make extraordinary faces, always with a broad grin as their basis. When you know that his complexion was of the hue of very old oak, and that his teeth and eyeballs were snow-white, you will readily understand that a sight of him thus prepared for conversing in French would have thrown a nervous child into hysterics.

"That is all there is to it," said the Major. I could not discover that he felt the slightest contempt for a language that could be mastered so easily. On the contrary, he grew enthusiastic, and fell to talking to me as he did to all others in Paris, with the same shrug and grimace, and his never-ending "wee, wee," and "zher comprong."

It worked both well and ill. Sometimes I marvelled at what he did, as when, in order to celebrate a feast-day of our own that fell into our street there, he went out from his chambers in the Avenue Montaigne at night, and returned with a bottle of Scotch whiskey and a siphon of seltzer, which he said he "had charged," as he found he had no money when he reached the wine shop. Scotch whiskey is as difficult to get in Paris as credit is hard to obtain for any

man who is a new-comer and absolute stranger in any city, but the Major accomplished both in ten minutes. However, his successes were few. On another occasion, when we had drifted along the Seine in one of the little steamers that weave across and across and up and down the river, we landed at a bowery semi-suburban spot, where open-air restaurants, music gardens, and cheap theatres were the only institutions in sight. There the man who waited on us with our breakfast was beguiled into an effort to converse with the Major, who greatly desired to know what language was dominant in Berne, Switzerland. It was the Major's boldest, most audacious effort with the French tongue, but it was his distinguishing peculiarity that he departed as far as possible from the ordinary foreigner's habit of asking for simple necessities and common objects. He could summon only the words "quel langage" and "parle" and "en Suisse," and he bridged the grand reaches between these words with his most wonderful and fearful facial and physical contortions. The poor Parisian waiter took him solemnly, and tried hard to comprehend what had befallen him. The Major stretched his mouth and rolled his eyes as never before, and I walked away and pretended to examine the premises, lest I should burst a blood-vessel by suppressing my laughter. When it was safe to do so, I returned, and found the Major alone. "Well," I said, "how did you get on?"

his shoulders elevated to his ears, and their whips or arms brandished above their heads, while the very air of the neighborhood pulsed with the frantic and strenuous clamor of excited speech. Of course there was loss of temper on their side, and in that lies the main point of what an Anglo-Saxon notices about Paris and the Parisians. In no English, German, or American city would it be possible for a foreigner to upset the equilibrium of a whole block by simply asking a question in no matter what jargon. I am very much inclined to suspect that no other man who went there last year compared with the Major in disturbing the delicate poise of that mercurial temperament. He spoke just sufficient French to gain the attention of each Frenchman, and to make himself half understood, but he failed always at some word or phrase which gave the key to what he was after. Then, again, where most travellers would confine themselves to simple inquiries for localities or public places, the Major never hesitated to appeal to the people upon any matter whatsoever that was in dispute in his own mind or between himself and me, as upon the pension system, or the different duties of the police and the soldiery in the streets.

With imperturbable good nature he addressed himself to each task or this sort, smiling all the while and putting his hopeless questions anew to each new-comer who swelled the



LING WITH THE FRENCH LANGUAGE.—DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.

"I do not understand it at all," said the Major. "With beaucoup difficulty I got the garçon to comprong me. He said so. His intelligence came suddenly. 'Ah!' said he, with a triumphant tone. 'Wee, wee; zher comprong!' and then, instead of telling me quel langage they speak in Berne, he shot off and disappeared."

Before we had finished our meal, the waiter reappeared, beaming. He brought a great bowl, and placed it in the middle of the table. It contained a salad of lettuce, beans, and potatoes.

"There," said he, in French. "Monsieur must pardon me. I did not at first understand, but there you have your wish fulfilled."

"What is it?" I inquired. "The Swiss salad for your friend," he replied.

The Major could have gotten some slight assistance from me, yet that trifle he declined. He said that as he was to make a long stay in Paris, it was essential that he should devote himself persistently to the language, in order that when I had parted with him he could get along by himself. The consequence was, to say the least, exciting. The effect he had upon the people was as if he were a flintlock and they were dry powder. Again and again, forty times in eight days, I would come out of some shop or other place where an errand had called me, while he waited on the pavement, and would find him the centre of something very like a small riot, in the heart of a group of cabmen, women, or citizens of all sorts, with

rapidly increasing crowd around him. Somehow—I suspect it is part of the Parisian habit—his audiences quickly fell to disputing with one another, and when he had them all by the ears, the Major withdrew, still serene and grinning, to go his placid way and leave the tumult behind him.

"I am the discoverer of a name for Paris that once applied may cling to it forever," he often said on such occasions. "It is 'The Crazy Capital.' I wish I knew how to put that in my diary in French, but I dare not ask any one; there would be a riot."

It may be merely an individual experience, but to me the trip through a small part of France to Paris was needed to enable me to make those comparisons which gave me a clearer idea of the broad characteristics of England and the English than I could have gotten had I returned here directly from Great Britain. For instance, on landing at Dieppe and noticing the wooden freight-sheds and other appurtenances of that terminus of the Chemin de Fer de l'Ouest, the fact was emphasized on my mind that I had not seen in England any such to us common use of wood; that there all the railway buildings and other structures of every sort were either of stone or brick or iron. The presence around me in Dieppe of great lumber-yards such as we see on the outskirts of every city at home, but were not seen by me in England, further emphasized the same important peculiarity of English building. Then, again, we were no sooner on our way across the country in the cars than I realized to the uttermost the wonderful freshness and opulence of English country scenery and verdure. France was like America. The sun lung bare and blazing in a clear sky, and the country was hot and parched. The grass was thin and brown, the trees were poor, with skimpy foliage, and their branches were to be seen through thin leafage as at home. Then I knew the full glory of England's greenery. I remembered how the sun lung like a dull ball in an atmosphere of smoke and moisture; how rich and graceful were the trees (like balls or clouds of leafage in which the skeletons of branches and boughs were deeply hidden); how thick and opulent was the grass; how rich and gaudy were the gardens! And before I had been in Paris an hour I was able to judge of English women and English soldiers by comparing them with the magnificent women of Paris and their bent-backed, undersized, hanging-jawed defenders—the soldiers seen about the streets. In a thousand ways I learned in France how better to estimate England, because I had changed my point of view and rid myself of all confusing influences. So much may be done for eight dollars in eight hours, the fare and distance in time between Paris and London.

I had no business in Paris and took only a few notes, so that what I write of the visit will be largely a record of impressions. But the observations and experiences are those that I made and underwent, and will not be lightly set down. What I say of a railroad journey, or of a hotel or a house I lived in, or of a scene I witnessed, may be peculiar to some specific railroad, house, hotel, or locality, but of that I know nothing; only I shall record nothing that I do not know of actual knowledge. It is but fair to preface all that follows with the candid statement that Paris made me sick at heart. It saddened me. In all the forms a nation has of giving public expression to its habits, tastes, and principles, I observed so much of perverted morals, of degenerate tastes, of energy thrown away on folly, of greatness seedling, and grandeur put to shame, that I was depressed. Perhaps I overestimated that which was superficial and

overlooked great qualities that were beneath the surface. Be that as it may, I felt as if I had come to see a god and had found him drunken; to study a glorious future, and to find, instead, a tale of suicide.

The first railroad journey, that from Dieppe to Paris, was intensely funny. It was very early in the morning that we took the cars, which were not unlike one of our open horse-cars. The arrangement of the seats was precisely the same; but the sides of the car were enclosed, and a foot-board ran along each side past the doors to the various compartments, as is the case with all European cars. Whereas I had noticed that a locomotive whistle was next to never heard in England, now it seemed as if a maniac had hold of the whistle cord. Shriek, shriek, shriek, sounded seven-tenths of the time ahead of us a miserable penny-whistle kind of noise, as aggravating as and a thousand times more contemptible than our own locomotive whistles. At each house we passed the whistle blew; at the workers in the fields, at sight of a station, at the station or leaving the station, at every crossing, shriek, shriek, went the fiendish whistle. Every now and then we passed a man or a woman standing in the saluting position of a soldier while the train passed by. Anything more whimsical and silly-looking, considered as part of the serious work of managing a railroad, it would be hard to imagine. These were track-tenders, crossing guards, and other employees of the road, and they had orders to salute the trains with a pole or a flag wound round a staff held at "present arms." To see the old women at this task was altogether funny.

In the mean time the French passengers, particularly the young men, leaned out of the door windows and yelled at the people in the fields near the track, at the passengers on the station platforms, at the ticket-inspectors, and at everybody. It may have been a mere coincidence, but when I rode afterward to Versailles, and again in a very elegant carriage to Trouville, this singular inclination on the part of the young men again manifested itself, and drove monotony from the journey.

Arrived in Paris, we began those tumultuous experiences which were to continue to the end. We had been directed to a quiet English boarding-house in a certain street, and we easily reached the place in a cab. But our directions were at fault; no one knew the place we sought. Such excitement, such wrangling, such a crowd, as attended our effort to find that nonexistent pension, no one who has not been to Paris can imagine. Fortunately in the middle of it a man who looked like a New-Yorker (the brand is indelible and striking) stepped out of a doorway near at hand. Was he a New Yorker? Yes. Heaven be praised! Would he send us to some reputable hotel? With pleasure. And off we went, to be shown into a hallway terminating in a beautiful garden of trees and flowers, with a fountain plashing above a checker-work of colored flagging, and gay awnings flapping their scalloped edges in a cooling breeze. In half an hour I was asleep in a room whose furniture was all inlaid in brass, and in which, in one place or another, were 175



FRESHENING THE GRASS AND FLOWERS.—DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.

candles, set in single sticks, a chandelier, and in clusters on the walls.

We spent only a day there—a day of perfect service, delicious food, and complete rest. Then we went into lodgings in the Avenue Montaigne, midway between the popular entrance to the Exposition grounds and the Champs Élysées. This was done because the Major is economical, and meant to stay several months. For me it was best to have it happen so, since I thus got a taste of something besides life in hotels which is measurably the same all over the world. When I look back on our cozy quarters, on a delicious breakfast brought in every morning by an old deaf woman—too deaf to hear the Major, and too old to concern herself over such a trifle as a mere Englishman—it seems like rank ingratitude to write an unpleasant truth about Paris.

We self-satisfied Americans boast of our great buildings, and think nothing approaches them, or any other feature of our modern development. Yet the first thing that impresses an American in Paris is apt to be the great size of the buildings in the residence portions of the city. The people live in flats, to be sure, and these great tall half blocks and whole blocks faced with yellow stucco harbor the populations of villages, but how tiny our New York dwellings are beside them! How small most of our apartment houses appear by contrast! In the great honeycomb in which I tenanted one cell, I got an idea of how this mode of living is ordered. I entered the building by a carriage-way that led into a great court. There was a side entrance to the court, which for some reason was in use after eight o'clock at night. On either side of either portal were stairs leading to the upper stories—the ground floor being taken up with stores opening on two streets. Exactly opposite the main entrance was the office or headquarters of the concierge, commanding a view of the court and of both entrances. I saw an old woman there always, and she made my acquaintance for the purpose of asking me to call out the name of the family with whom I had taken lodgings whenever I came in after night, fall. I wish now that I had once failed to shout my landlord's name, in order that I might know what would have happened in that event. I saw few finer-looking or larger establishments than this, and yet I will not say that it was typical. Speaking for it and no other, I will simply say that grand as its exterior was, and clean and tidy as it looked from the street and from the court, it was none the less a perfect trap for sewer gas and a mine of untidiness. The condition of the closets on every floor was execrable. I can never be brought to believe that I should have escaped typhus-fever if I had not kept my windows wide open all the time I was in-doors. The stairs were rude, narrow, uncarpeted, dark, and dirty, and the odors of neglect and carelessness weighted the atmosphere in the public parts of the house. Let those who have been in other Latin countries say whether this is a general condition in them. I have been in Cuba and in France only, and every breath I drew in-doors in Paris reminded me of my tour through Cuba. It was the same in the hotels as in the houses in both countries.

The noise of the streets in Paris would cause any American to fancy himself at home on the Fourth of July. The average Parisian is no more to be trusted with a whip than he is with a locomotive whistle. From dawn till dawn the cracking of cabmen's whips makes the air tremulous with resonant agitation. Every man who drives a horse carries a long whip-lash, and cracks it incessantly. Crack, spat, spatter, crack, crack, crack, go the whips in a never-ending chorus all around you wherever you walk, and apparently in your apartment when you try to sleep. If you want to imagine what it sounds like, just fancy every third or fifth mar in New York going about firing giant torpedoes all day and night. These terrible inflictions, the drivers, are quite picturesque. They wear red waistcoats as a rule, and invariably sport tall hats of some shiny material that looks like patent-leather. Their hat-bands are often of metal silvered or gilded. They are a pestiferous lot, as noisy with their mouths as with their whip-lashes, and though I had no quarrel with any, I heard of or saw quarrels between them and their fares on all sides. They have no silly scruples against a battle of tongues with a woman, and the American ladies in Paris were often quite terrorized by these noisy malcontents.

There are few, if any, hansom in Paris, the small open barouche being the favored public conveyance. To see a



AN INTERNATIONAL DIFFICULTY.—DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.

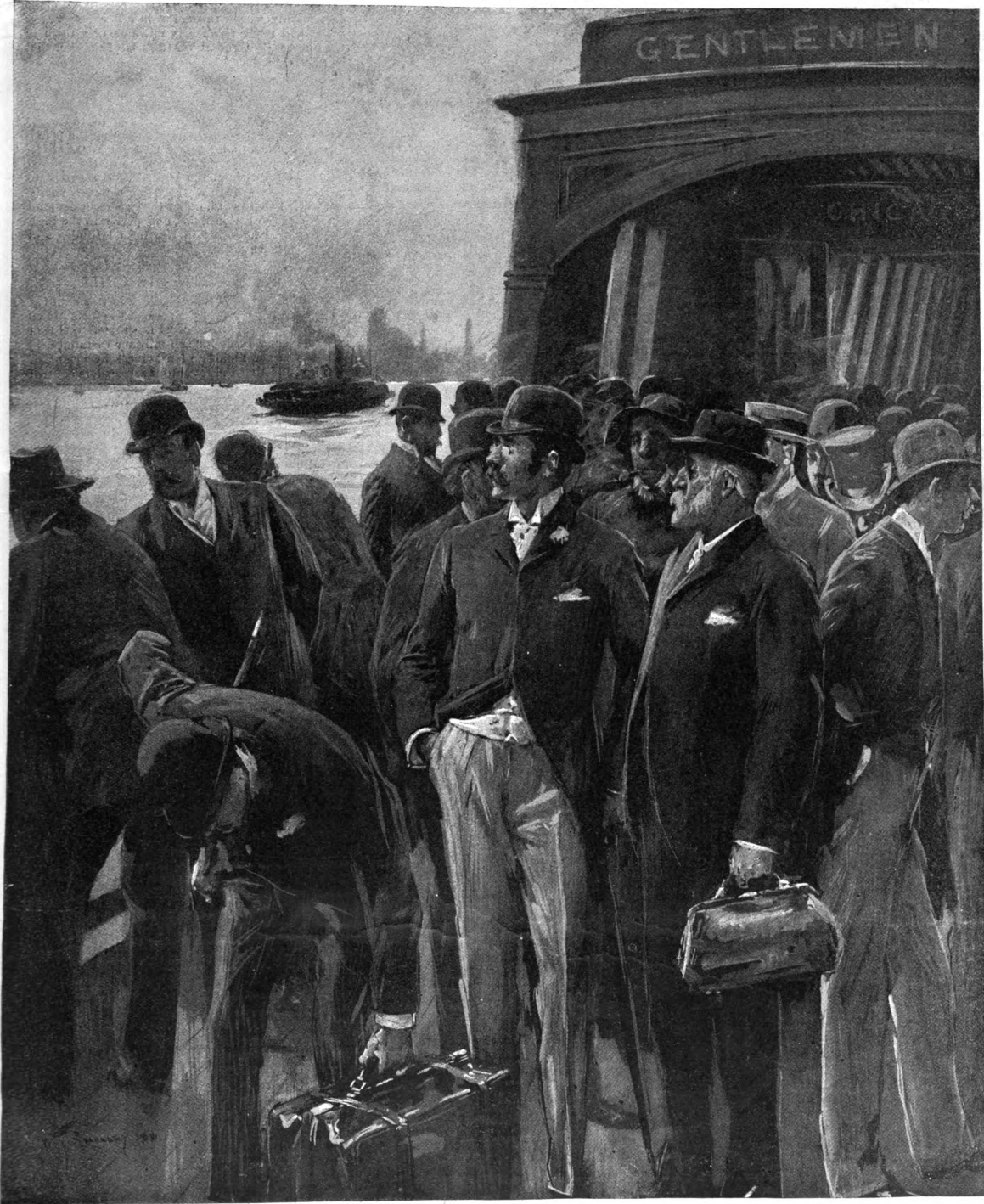
HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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RETURNING FROM THE COUNTRY—CROSSING THE NORTH RIVER.—DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY.

NOTICE.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have been informed that certain persons are falsely representing themselves as special agents for their firm, and are visiting different cities and towns, ostensibly for the purpose of "writing up" such places for publication in one of Harper's periodicals, and at the same time asking money in advance for such articles, as agents of Harper & Brothers.

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No. 1808.

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SOME PENNSYLVANIA REPUBLICANS.

THE way to secure reform within a party is to defeat its unworthy candidates and measures. If men like TWEED and QUAY, for instance, get control of a party and dictate its nominations and its policy, how can there be reform so long as the party acquiesces in their control, electing their candidates, and enforcing their measures? Will a party dismiss leaders under whom it is successful? Last autumn a large body of Pennsylvania Republicans answered this question in the negative, and took care to secure reform within the party by defeating its obnoxious candidates. If defeat did not prevent the continued control of the obnoxious leaders or baffle the wrong policy, it was because reform was not possible, at least until after more defeat. Apparently this is the present situation in Pennsylvania, and even the Philadelphia Press, which last year supported the obnoxious rule which it now agrees brought disaster to the party, now says, also, that the leadership must be changed or the party will be defeated continuously.

It is the purpose of certain citizens of Philadelphia who have always until last autumn voted for the Republican candidates to vote against them again this year if in themselves, or as the agents of others, they are unfit for the public service. If a party can be reformed, that is the only way to reform it. But the condition even of the chance of reform is the certainty of defeat. In 1884 it was urged upon the mugwumps that if they were Republicans they ought to nominate a third candidate, who should be a Republican. Their reply was that their object would be gained not by a nomination, but by a defeat, and that they should therefore take the obvious way to secure a defeat. This also was the course adopted by the anti-QUAY Republicans last year in Pennsylvania. They voted for Mr. CAMPBELL, and he was elected. As we said last week, they did not become Democrats, nor did they call themselves mugwumps. But essentially they were mugwumps. For mugwump is the name of a voter who selects his candidate not by a party label, but by his own judgment. He votes, as thousands did in New York, for a Democratic President and a Republican Governor. It is useless to say that if the Democratic party can be trusted in Washington, it can be trusted in Albany or Harrisburg, because State questions are not necessarily national questions. A man or a party may favor both revenue reform and free liquor, or they may simultaneously favor extreme protection and civil service reform.

The value of the action in Pennsylvania lies in its political independence. It is a common saying that we must support measures, not men. But what does it mean? May a prohibitionist support a toper if he should receive the regular nomination? Such apothegms are foolish except when they are reasonably interpreted. Intelligent Republicans in Pennsylvania did not agree that the objects which they sought as Republicans required them to vote for QUAY's man. They are still of that opinion. So long as they hold it, and are required to prove their Republicanism by supporting QUAY, directly or indirectly, they will decline to give the proof, and so long, according to the Philadelphia Press, the Republican party will be beaten. The Pennsylvania Republicans who have signed the recent appeal to refuse to acknowledge the leadership of QUAY, or to vote for candidates nominated by his influence or friendly to his methods, and rather than to do this to vote for Democratic candidates, have the instinct and spirit of original Republicans.

PUBLIC AND PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS.

AT this season, when public attention is generally turned to the question of education, a recent letter of the Roman Catholic Bishop DOYLE, of New South Wales, in Australia, is very timely as an illustration of the different views held in that Church of the desirability of opposing the American public-school system by the Catholic parochial schools. There is great difference of opinion upon the subject within the Roman communion, as is clearly shown in a recent article by the Hon. JOHN JAY, who has made a careful study of the facts. It is worthy of remark that during what may be called the general controversy the public-school system has not become more sectarian, as might have been anticipated, but even less so. That is to say, the determination that no religious denomination should have just cause of complaint of a sectarian tendency in the schools is more pronounced than ever. The grounds on which the schools are maintained are so reasonable, and their hold upon the public mind is so assured, that attention may be wisely directed exclusively to the improvement of their details.

The letter of Bishop DOYLE was addressed to the editor of the *Freeman's Journal*, and was written on the steamship *Alaska* on the 4th of June, 1891. Its purpose was to correct some statements in regard to the Bishop's general view of the parochial schools in this country, which were wholly misrepresented. Bishop DOYLE speaks very plainly and pointedly. The parochial-school buildings throughout the country he finds admirable, and a signal illustration of the generosity and lively faith of the people. But while there is so much of the go-as-you-please system in the school work it is impossible to produce good results. No schools, he says, can be called even good, still less excellent, without a standard of proficiency for the teachers' guidance, a system of inspection by competent examiners, and a test of efficiency for the teachers. These are wanting in the parochial schools, and the Bishop candidly confesses his disappointment in their method and organization, saying that whatever standards of proficiency are in use, they will be found invariably lower than that used in the Australian schools.

The Bishop adds a word upon immigration. Instead of establishing separate schools and distinct churches for them, they should be induced to attend churches where English is spoken, and to send their children to American Catholic schools. They would thus soon become familiar with the English language and the institutions of the country, and the Bishop says that were he an American citizen he should hold very decided opinions on this point both on patriotic and religious grounds. These are views with which Americans generally will cordially concur, except that the public school would be preferred by them as an introductory institution. The Bishop's strictures upon the parochial schools are absolutely disinterested, and may be accepted as generally correct. We do not know that any impartial observer has held that as schools they are superior to the public schools. It is not easy to ascertain statistics in regard to them, for the go-as-you-please system which the Bishop mentions prevents any general and official statement such as is contained in the annual report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction.

INCREASE OF THE COLORED POPULATION.

GENERAL FRANCIS A. WALKER contributes an interesting article to the *Forum* on the census and the colored race, pointing to the conclusion, contrary to the general impression, that the colored population shows but a relatively slight rate of increase by means of a very high birth rate, just a little in excess of a very high death rate. The colored race was brought to this country by force, and except for the slave-trade between 1620 and 1808 there would not be 75,000 Africans in the United States, instead of 7,500,000, who are substantially descended from the 700,000 African women who were here in 1810. Naturally the race would not have been diffused widely in the country, but the interests of the master class and the effort of the slave for freedom have carried the colored people into regions naturally alien or hostile to them. By the first census, in 1790, they are estimated at 757,208. By that of 1890, partly estimated, they are 7,500,000. The increase per cent. in thirty years varies from 133.97 in 1820 to 68.85 in 1890. In ten years the increase per cent. varies from 37.5 in 1810 to 13.9 in 1890. The total population during the century has increased sixteenfold, but the colored element only tenfold. In 1790 it was one-fifth of the population, in 1890 less than one-eighth; and by thirty-year periods its decline has been continuous from the beginning.

General WALKER finds that these figures establish a strong probability that the reduction of the relative importance of this element in the population will continue. Comparative study of the census taken at different periods—and there is no more competent student than General WALKER—shows a disposition on the part of the colored people to abandon the higher, colder, and drier lands, to which they were carried by

the will of the master class. Dividing the old slave States into two groups, the middle southern belt, in which slavery was maintained as a political and social, quite as much as an economic, institution, and the more southern group, the increase in the first during the last decade has been but five and a half per cent., while in the other it has approximated 19 per cent. Still further, within the second group the tendency is marked to a concentration of the colored element upon the lower lands. In Georgia in 1880, 48.43 per cent. of the colored population lived less than 500 feet above the sea. In 1890 the ratio had increased to 51.87.

The general conclusion drawn from such observations is that the vast increase of the colored race here, which has been anticipated by political seers, is wholly improbable. The natural field for the colored race is circumscribed by climate and industrial conditions, and a race which is limited in its range becomes by that fact subject to important restrictions upon its capabilities of sustained increase within that range. "If the growth of the colored race is hereafter to take place mainly within the cotton belt, it is safe to say that it will never reach fifty millions, or a third of that number." General WALKER is of opinion that the natural tendency of the colored race is toward the hot regions bordering on the Gulf of Mexico. In the Northern States, in the high lands of the old slave States, and even in the upland cultivation of the cotton crop, the greater vigor and ability of the white race will assert themselves; and assuming the proximate correctness of his views, General WALKER attributes the probable relative decline of the colored population throughout the United States partly to the more rapid growth of the white element, partly to migration southward, under the imperious demand for labor in the cotton fields, and partly to the high rate of colored mortality in Northern latitudes, and even in Southern cities.

THE REVOLUTION IN CHILI.

THERE is as yet no public opinion in this country upon the revolution in Chili, because the facts are so imperfectly known. In general it is understood that BALMACEDA has made himself military dictator, and holds the larger number of provinces by means of the army, and that the revolutionary leaders control the navy and certain ports. The latter suffer from the want of arms, and the surrender of the *Itata* with the munitions of war is a costly proof of their desire not to alienate the sympathy of this country. BALMACEDA commands the ear of other governments through his accredited agents, and his efforts are now directed to produce the impression that the revolution is stayed, although the insurgents have not formally surrendered. The action of other countries must depend upon their knowledge of the actual situation, and it is an exigency in which the United States require a minister of public experience, knowledge, sagacity, and ability. That Mr. EGAN is possessed of these qualifications, or of any qualifications for dealing with a most important public crisis other than those which every American citizen may possess, the country is not informed.

SEÑOR PEDRO MONTT has been sent to this country as the agent of the Congressional party. But it is given out from Washington that he will not be received, in accordance with a settled policy to adhere to an established government so long as it can maintain itself in power. But that is a fact of which every government is the judge. Señor MONTT denies the reports of BALMACEDA's agents that the revolution makes no progress, that provisions are scarce, and that the insurgent army is discontented. The occupation of the Lobos Islands by the *Esmeralda*, an insurgent vessel of war, shows the progressive activity of the revolution. The army, composed of volunteers, is not discontented, nor is its payment in arrears. Two agents of the revolution have stated to Mr. REID in Paris that Bolivia and the Argentine Republic had acknowledged the belligerency of the insurgents, and this recognition of neighbors who are in a position to observe the course of events they held to be worthy of the attention of the United States. These agents also requested Mr. REID to state to the authorities at Washington that the insurgents held that they were entitled to the arms upon the *Itata* because she had not taken them on board at any United States port, and Mr. REID consented to transmit their representations to Washington, with the distinct understanding that such transmission did not imply any "recognition" whatever of the insurgents.

There are undoubtedly commercial considerations involved in the situation. The statement is made that BALMACEDA was interested in nitrate schemes, and desired the election as his successor of a President whom he could control. But, unable to make sure of that result, he assumed the direction of affairs under the usual declaration of regard for law, order, and the public welfare. The executive officer of a republic who does this with the aid of the army places himself at once on the defensive. He must be suspected from that moment. BALMACEDA's term has expired, and any election held under his authority, and with the support of the army, cannot be re-

garded as a lawful expression of the public will. The general assumption is sound that when an executive chief, after the expiration of his term, retains his office by the aid of the army under the plea of public order, his acts cannot be held to have the national legal sanction. This is the position of BALMACEDA, and his assumption, so far, is denied and resisted by a force competent to prevent his successful assertion of his alleged authority.

THE PARNELL LEADERSHIP.

MR. PARNELL is said to believe that his marriage with Mrs. O'SHEA will restore him to the leadership of the Irish party. It would seem to be impossible that a party whose chief members retain their self-respect would select him for a leader, but everything is possible in Irish politics. His restoration would be probably out of the question if he had been succeeded by a man especially qualified for the position. But Mr. MCCARTHY, with all his admirable qualities, is not of the temperament for the place, and his health also is not vigorous.

The dissenting conscience is supposed to be pacified by Mr. PARNELL's marriage, which, under such circumstances, is held to be the utmost reparation possible, and to remove the objection which was felt to his remaining the leader. This might be a sound view if Mr. PARNELL, notwithstanding the events of the last few months, had retained his old hold of the Irish feeling. But there has been a great change. To a very large body of Irishmen, and to the world at large, he has shown himself to be a mere self-seeker. He has not hesitated to sacrifice the Irish cause to himself, and he could never again arouse the unquestioning trust and enthusiasm of the last dozen years.

Moreover, his course has shaken English faith in the sincerity of Irish professions and purposes. It is natural, although not just, to judge a movement by its universally accredited leader. If the Irish people were so completely befuddled by a selfish demagogue, says this English feeling, what kind of government would there be in the adjoining island? If Ireland were a thousand miles from England, this would not be an English question. But as Ireland is on the English coast, it is a question not to be avoided. It is undeniable, however, that the situation is not altogether unfavorable to an unscrupulous and ambitious political gamester of great experience and fertile in resources.

MR. GLADSTONE.

MR. GLADSTONE's age makes a serious illness important, and the statement that his health requires absolute rest naturally causes deep anxiety. There are many Englishmen who still speak of the treachery of Sir ROBERT PEEL, and who regard his repeal of the Corn Laws as a betrayal of political trust. There is, perhaps, a still larger body which formerly felt that Mr. GLADSTONE was the greatest, and even the "grandest," man in England who now denounce him as a political renegade and turncoat.

They acknowledge his extraordinary ability and accomplishment, his unalloyed personal character, and his great public service. They concede that he had filled the highest place in England with a distinction recalling that of the most famous ministers, and that his mere ambition must have been amply gratified. But they think that he threw away his great renown, and exchanged the admiration even of his opponents for the contempt of his friends, that his fall is unprecedented and his loss irretrievable, and when they are asked for what was it done, what explains so astounding and pitiful a tragedy, the sole answer they offer is that he wanted to be Prime Minister once more.

Such an explanation for such an alleged moral suicide is wholly inadequate. In such a situation, when there are other explanations, common-sense adopts the most reasonable and probable. The reasonable explanation is not that Mr. GLADSTONE changed his views in regard to Irish policy because he wished to be Prime Minister again, but because he saw that another policy was the wiser policy for both countries. No man could know better than he knew the political risk for himself involved in his course. Either he was not the great man and sagacious leader that his present opponents concede him to have been, or his motive was not what they allege. It is idle to call Sir ROBERT PEEL a traitor. The roll of English worthies shows no truer patriot than he, and history will record that Mr. GLADSTONE merits his name of Grand Old Man by nothing more than by his endeavor to attach Ireland peacefully and amicably to the British Empire.

THE SILVA OF NORTH AMERICA.

THE second volume of one of the finest works issued in this country is published, and its periodical appearance is an event worthy of public attention. The work is *The Silva of North America: A Description of the Trees which grow naturally in North America, exclusive of Mexico*. By Charles Sprague Sargent, Director of the Arnold Arboretum of Harvard University. Illustrated with Figures and Analyses, drawn from Nature by Charles Edward Faxon, and engraved by Philibert and Eugene Picard. (HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN, & Co.)

This is the full title of this superb work, which, however, has not a holiday or album air. It is a noble illustration of typography, and Professor SARGENT pays generous tribute to the skill of Mr. FAXON, and the French engravers who work under the general direction of Monsieur A. RIODEUX, the most distinguished European botanical artists. The preface contains a brief and lucid summary of all the works of the same kind that have been published, and the text consists of ample and detailed descriptions of every plant represented, giving the precise information which is desired, with complete references to all other works and authorities.

The illustrations are exquisite, and represent completely every detail of the blossom and the plant. They are not colored, but the structure and form are perfectly given. The whole work has the satisfactory air of accuracy and thoroughness of which the name of the author is the assurance. It is a work indeed indispensable to every important American library, and of which every American may be proud.

COUNT VON MÜNSTER'S STORY.

THE *World* publishes an interesting interview with Count von Münster by M. BLOWITZ, the Paris correspondent of the *London Times*. The Count says that he arrived in Berlin on the day after BISMARCK's resignation, but knew nothing of it until BISMARCK informed him. The Count was greatly impressed by the tranquil dignity of the Chancellor, who had the air of a man who, after great public services, was about to withdraw into the well-earned repose of private life.

But while BISMARCK was speaking, Count von Münster says that he recalled two conversations of the old Emperor—one in which he said substantially that BISMARCK was becoming too headstrong, and that if he were removed his place would be filled by General CAPRIVI; and the other in which, commenting upon the rapid promotion of BISMARCK's son HERBERT, the Emperor called it the greatest act of nepotism in the record of politics, and said that nevertheless he could not yet part with BISMARCK. Count von Münster said that the recollection of these two conversations prevented his astonishment at the dismissal of BISMARCK. He was about to leave to go to the Chambers, when BISMARCK said that he would accompany him, and stepped into an adjoining room, where the Count heard him for some time in loud and animated conversation with the Princess BISMARCK.

BISMARCK then re-entered the room, pale and agitated, holding a large letter in his hand, and told the Count that he could not accompany him, that he had just "received a letter from that young man, in which he informs me that he has conferred upon me the title of Duke of Lauenberg. This plainly indicates that my resignation is definitive and my disgrace complete. I cannot accept this mocking dismissal. He will soon see that a BISMARCK is not to be dismissed in this style." He walked up and down the room, angrily inveighing against his enemies—a man vociferating against his fall who had been incited to violent resolutions by his wife and son. His tranquil dignity the Count then ascribed to his belief that he would be recalled, and within the brief time of his visit the man had strangely altered in his eyes. This is Count von Münster's story as reported by BLOWITZ.

THE NEW COPYRIGHT LAW.

THE President has issued his proclamation announcing that the copyright law, which went into effect on the 1st of July, applies to citizens and subjects of Great Britain, France, Belgium, and Switzerland. These countries only have thus far complied with the requirements of the law. Others will doubtless comply as the scope and effect of the law are more clearly understood. Meanwhile it is the interest of British authors which is most largely concerned, and the great result of the law is that unauthorized republication of English copyright works is now forbidden.

The precise consequences of the law cannot be foreseen, except that the more popular authors, for whose works there is a positive demand, will secure an American copyright. The satisfaction in the passage of the law is largely ethical. It is a triumph of fair play. Exceptions could be easily taken to certain provisions, as we have said during the progress of the discussion. But the satisfaction is that nothing which has been gained will be now abandoned, while imperfections in the operation of the law can be remedied, and the law itself modified advantageously, as experience may suggest.

AMERICAN PUBLISHERS IN LONDON.

THE new American publishing house in London, Messrs. J. R. OSOOND, McILVAINE, & Co., seem to have made a very happy impression by their first publications. *The Star* says that "all the nice things" apparently come from the new house. "They have been wise in their selection both of names and books, and the get-up of their volumes alone testifies to taste at the head of their affairs." *The Publishers' Circular* looks upon the establishment of the house in London as a most hopeful sign of "the growing commerce and good will between England and her eldest and so long estranged daughter," and it pays a similar tribute to that of *The Star* to the quality of the works issued by the house, and their artistic typographical attractiveness.

The *Circular* thinks that American publishers in England may do one very great service to the British public in making it better acquainted with the younger masters in American literature. There is no doubt that this service could not be in better hands than those of the new house, and those who know the singular fitness of Mr. OSOOND and Mr. McILVAINE for the work which they have begun in London will not be surprised by the success of their start or by the warm greetings of English critics.

PERSONAL.

THE signs of the public's appreciation of FREDERICK BROKAW's act of heroism continue to be very numerous. *The Recorder* has turned over the sum of money it raised for a memorial to the committee of Princeton students and money came from ardent girls, to which class the women whose lives BROKAW tried to save belonged. The students propose converting the ten-acre field south of the President's house at Princeton into an athletic field, and erecting on it

a memorial gate and tablet. HENRY M. ALEXANDER, Jun., '90, is president of this committee; C. C. DANA, treasurer, to whom subscriptions should be sent at the Alpine, Thirty-third Street and Broadway. Perhaps the most significant act of recognition of BROKAW's usefulness was shown at Long Branch, where prayers for the resting of his son were offered in the Roman Catholic Church, to which denomination BROKAW did not belong.

—IRA WARD and his wife, who were born up in Vermont during the fading years of the last century, while the Indians and bears and wolves were still in a large majority in the State, are preparing to celebrate their diamond wedding at their house near New Haven, on the west side of the Green Mountains.

—Professor LE BARRON RUSSELL BRIGGS, the new dean of Harvard College, is an ardent lover of base-ball, and plays whenever he can get a chance. His fondness for other athletic sports is also well known.

—Lord TENNYSON has returned from a yachting trip along the southern coast of England, much improved in health.

—The late ALBERT GALLATIN BROWNE, of Boston, figured in the antislavery agitation before the war, although he was a very young man at the time. For joining in the historic attempt to rescue the fugitive slave ANTHONY BURNS, he was confined in Charles Street jail, hauled out to the negro. Mr. BROWNE was President ELIOT's classmate at Harvard, and during the war held a confidential place under Governor ANDREWS. He was afterwards the Governor's law partner, and later, at different times, was associated with the elder SAMUEL BOWLES and WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT in journalistic work.

—JAMES M. BARRIE, the young Scotchman whose stories have attracted much attention, is thirty years old. He was born at Kirriemuir, and graduated at Edinburgh University, where he distinguished himself in English literature.

—Assistant Naval Constructors JOHN G. TAWHESSEY and WILLIAM VANSANT, who stood second and first respectively in the classes of '85 and '88 at Annapolis, have just been graduated at the Royal Naval Academy in Greenwich, England, where VANSANT led his class, and TAWHESSEY stood fifth. The class at Greenwich numbered fifty officers, representing the pick of Europe.

—Professor WILLIAM S. TYLOR, of Amherst College, has been instructor of Greek there for fifty-five years. He is eighty-one years old.

—Duke CARL THEODOR, of Bavaria, is a remarkably successful optician. He uses his skill in treating patients free of charge, and his cures have been so wonderful that the peasants believe he has a magical healing power.

—An old Venetian custom was recently revived by Admiral CANEVARO in launching an Austrian war vessel at Venice. Instead of having a bottle of champagne broken over her bows, a gilt ring was attached to her prow in such a way that as the vessel rushed down to the water, the ring first touched the waves, and the "wedding of the sea" was fulfilled.

—The remains of the late Count LEWENHAFT, who died at Wilmington, Delaware, so suddenly shortly after his marriage to ex-Secretary BAYARD's daughter, have been removed to Stockholm, Sweden, for burial. According to an old custom of the BAYARD family, a sprig of ivy plucked from the ancient church in Wilmington was placed in the coffin.

—JOHN HAMILTON BROWN, of Greenville, New Jersey, the inventor of the segmental wire-wound cannon, for the trial of which Congress appropriated \$10,000, has invented a number of arms that have attracted attention. He was a member of the American rifle team that went to England in 1883, and made the best one-thousand-yard score at Wimbledon with a standard military rifle of his own.

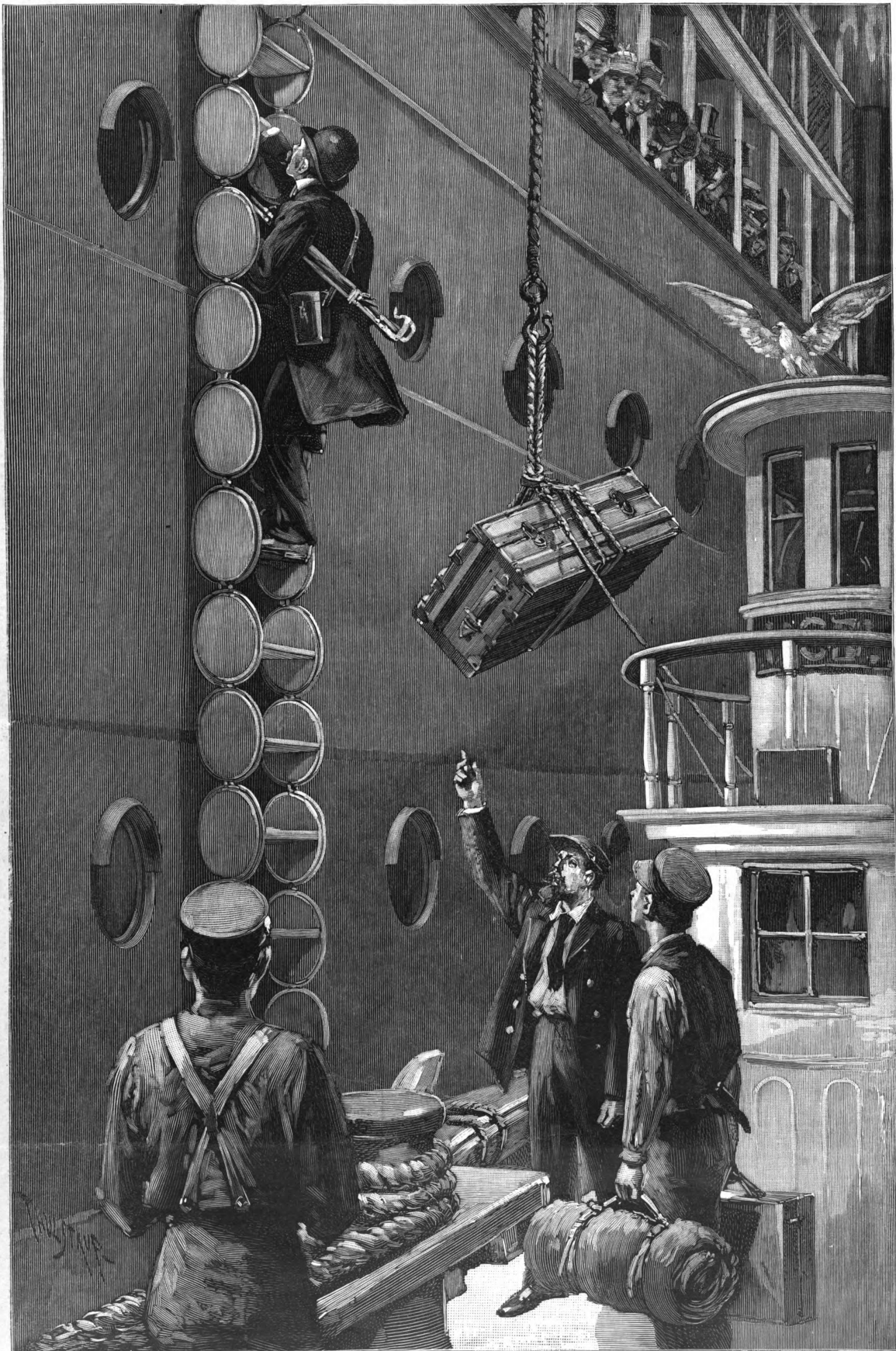
—Ex-King MILAN lives an easy life in Paris on the handsome annuity with which his former subjects bought his absence from Serbia. He divides his time between his club and the social circles to which he is admitted, and objects to any reference in his presence to his past station, preferring to be known and treated simply as Count de Takovo. There is little that is kingly in his manners, which are pronounced loud, while in appearance he is rather fleshy, with a thin black mustache, and a dark brown skin. Baccarat and poker are said to be his favorite diversions.

—R. M. FIELD, manager of the Boston Museum (the oldest stock theatre in America) for the past twenty-seven years, was the first American theatrical manager to purchase English and French plays in manuscript. His first trip across the Atlantic for this purpose was made in 1870. The Boston Museum has recently celebrated its fiftieth anniversary, and in a review of this half-century of its existence it is noted that EDWIN BOOTH's first appearance on any stage was made there in 1849.

—The late JENIUS S. MORGAN left \$25,000 to found an E. J. Phelps Professorship at the Yale Law School, and now his son, J. PIERPONT MORGAN, has given a similar sum to endow another professorship in the school.

—Lord SACKVILLE, formerly British Minister at Washington, has a great park at Kent, England, which he is stocking with wild-boars for the benefit of his sport-loving friends.

—Colonel JAMES PATRICK O'GORMAN MAHON, who died recently in England, was one of the most unique characters that the Emerald Isle has ever produced. He was born near the opening of the century, although he himself did not know the exact date of his birth, and entered the House of Commons first in 1830. Since then he has served at different times in that body, of which he was a member at the time of his death, and the intervals were filled up with periods of adventure in different parts of the world. He fought in twenty-two duels, being the challenger in each case, and participated in many wars in Europe, Asia, Africa, and South America. At one time he was an Admiral in the Peruvian navy. Restless and aggressive, he was a firebrand in his own country, and actively fought for home-rule till the time of his death. It was "The O'GORMAN MAHON" who introduced PARNELL to the O'SHEA household, and when the Irish leader abused his confidence, he wanted to fight a duel with him.



A BELATED PASSENGER.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 514.]



HE who travels Westward until the shadow of the range falls athwart his path is saddened by an oppressive sense of the immutability of nature. Immovable, unchangeable, the mountains tower in crag and peak; the sombre pines that climb their summits are like unaffected by heat of summer or chill of winter; and far below, the mighty plains forever stretch away in limitless lines, until earth and sky melt into a gray nebula.

Dumb, impassive, always the same, the monotonous plain and misty peak! Tears of laughter, sorrow or song, they are voiceless! Nothing breaks their brooding silence—only the river as it hurries down the cañon, foaming and sending afar fine clouds of spray where its way is narrow; quiet, save for the low lapping of its waters against its shores, where the cañon broadens, but always hurrying. Many things these Colorado rivers could tell, but they hurry so. And the story the first wave carries is drowned by the eager voice of the second, and the second is hurried by all the tide behind, until there comes to the listening ear only a confused murmur—a memory, maybe a regret. Vain it is to wait for more, for the waves are far on to the sea, and their voices are forever lost.

The cañon that leads into the mountains from a certain foot-hill town in Colorado is very narrow. Beside the river there is barely room for the road, and though covered the year around with wild grasses, the slopes that rise from either side are precipitous. But after many miles have been traversed, the rocky pines widen, the scenery is less rugged, the peaks are not so lofty, and the whole landscape changes. The country gradually becomes free and open, and instead of the narrow strip of blue above, as in the cañon, there is a wide expanse of sky; the mountains—barring the glaring line of white in the west—are only low hills, green with the tender growth of young pines, and in place of rock and crag are peaceful swards starred with low-growing mountain-daisies. The road is a dusty ribbon, lost in groves of young cotton-woods; and the river—the river is far away, murmuring close to the mountains, its waters stopping here and there to reflect the passing shadow of tree and cloud.

It is beautiful to be here if one can banish thoughts of the weird cañon lying between himself and the world. What it is in the winter-time, with the awful storms from the range so near at hand, we may not know, for it was only one summer that Dorrance spent here—a brief time indeed, where the summers are short.

There had once been a little town here in the early days when excitement over gold ran high. Rows of log houses had been hastily put up, a cemetery inaugurated, and a milliner and a French dancing-master had lent prestige in a general way. One man looked into the future with making any allowance for the deceptive qualities of the mountain atmosphere, and he built a large wooden hotel. But there came a day when the magic gold failed to be found; the milliner and the dancing-master disappeared as mysteriously as they had come; the fickle people followed; and the town became only a deserted mining camp, with a few souvenirs of past glory in the shape of some artificial flowers, a journal containing references to Professor Bourret's *soirée*, and a row of empty houses. There were other evidences less obtrusive, for on the little slope marked by a gaunt lonely tree were three graves.

Twenty years after, the hotel still standing, and a few drifting families having taken possession of those houses remaining, the government gave the place a post-office, under the name of Phoenix. It had hardly yet risen from the dead self, but the Tin Cup Hydraulic Mining and Milling Company proposed to have it do so in time. The company owned extensive "washings" just beyond, and it was in their interests that Kenneth Dorrance, civil engineer, came out to make various maps and reports on the surrounding country. Dorrance took his time about it. He had his pony with him—a lithe-limbed creature—and he might be

seen many a morning in early dawn speeding high on the cross-road that led to the lake, the reins twisted around the pommel of his high Mexican saddle, his wide sombrero well back on his head. He was slight of figure, but supple and well built, and his long brown hands that rested so lightly on the pommel were full of strength like that of steel. He had a slender face; dark, rather indolent-looking eyes, opening slowly and dilating when he was roused to interest, which was not often; and his dark hair was closely cut to a well-shaped head, only the longer locks over the forehead showing its fineness and color. Around his mouth were one or two faint lines. And altogether, though his whole air was one of extreme quiet, it was the quiet of intensity.

He had no relatives; he did not care very much for any one; and while he viewed life as rather an unsatisfactory experience, he knew his was not so from any defeated desire or frustrated plan. The world had used him well, but his natural tendency to silence and reserve had stood in the way of his forming any intimate friendships, and driven within himself, he became introspective, dealing in subtle analyses. Himself isolated, and not unhappy beyond a slow vague sadness, he came in time to believe in the futility of any other condition. He had one deep love—for music—and if he could satisfy any craving of soul by a thought running through a melody, it was to himself only he was answerable.

He was accustomed to divide his life into epochs, and mark the epochs by dates; and this summer a new epoch had opened up for him, in which, he felt, was involved his only chance for the attainment of that hitherto impossible, intangible state which men called happiness. The date had been one morning in June. The sun, though shining full upon the summits, had hardly burst upon the valley yet, and the long meadow-grass was still dark with a tender shadow. The banks were faintly lured by the columbine and wild rose, and willows and clambering vines were stirred uncertainly by an early breeze.

Dorrance had galloped across the valley, and was ascending the cross-road. Below him the river showed between its willow fringe in silvery flashes, and above him the dreaming pines stretched in many a long vista. He took off his hat, and, bareheaded, rode lazily into the forest. Between the trees he could catch glimpses of a distant, steep slope, where cattle moved slowly, cropping the short bunch-grass. He came presently in sight of a large white house. It was at that point where a smaller road, leaving the main one, winds eastward by the lake, and on through a gulch to the cañon. It is a lonely, untraveled road, known as the "Gulch Road," used mostly by cowboys taking herds over the range, or miners seeking a short-cut to the cañon. The house was a substantial two-story frame, with green shutters, and faced the west. It properly belonged to a New England landscape, and Dorrance thought it rather at variance with the intense blue sky, shimmering air, and far-away line of mountains of Colorado. It was owned by Mr. Foster, who lived there with his wife and young children. A man of education, he had lived shut in by the mountains for ten years. Dorrance often wondered if no longing ever came over him to leave the lake and the cañon and return to the world; but he seemed content to farm his mountain ranch, satisfied with its yield of hay and potatoes.

Dorrance plodded on to the lake, his head bent, and his sombrero now well down over his face, to keep the glare of the morning sun from his eyes. He did not see that he was approaching two people, and he was rather startled when he heard a girl's voice asking some question about the lake. It pleased him to believe he knew a great deal about a voice, and he liked the quality of this one at once. It was not a Phoenix voice, nor was it in any way a mountain voice; it sounded as if it had talked to many people; it was exquisitely clear and low-toned, and there were some tired notes in it, and very much indifference, as if its owner did not care for an answer, or even expect one.

All this was the impression of a second with him. As a matter of fact, he quickly raised his head, and seeing a young girl, and with her Mr. Foster, took off his hat.

"Well met," said Mr. Foster. "I hardly knew you with that hat over your face. This is Miss Page, who has come to stay the summer with us. We have been getting some fish for breakfast," and he held up a fine string.

Dorrance bowed again, and dismounted. The girl was tall and slender, and the delicate poise of her head, together with her fine dark, slightly imperious eyebrows, gave her something of an air of laughtiness. In the morning sunlight her brown hair took on yellowish tones; and when smiling at him faintly, she opened wide her eyes, narrowed by the heat and the light, he saw they were gray, clear, and unfathomable.

Mr. Foster hurried on to the house, leaving Dorrance and the girl to follow, and it seemed to Dorrance after that that they had never been strangers. Elinor Page's life had not been a happy one. She had almost the same philosophy that Dorrance had, and, strangely enough, he sought to take it from her. She awoke within him a great wave of tenderness, as might some delicate child whom he ought to make happy in some way. At times she was even gay, and the amount of youth she drew from him then surprised him; and she was yet so sympathetic, so old, it seemed to him, he was absolutely without reserve with her. She was all that he was not, and she went farther in her coldness, and was more open in her warmth; she pulsated with life and a magnetism that drew from him every corner of his affection. She satisfied an unsuspected longing in him for fellowship, and he took her—always with the Foster children—to explore new roads. On early mornings they had all followed the course of the river, so early that the trout were boldly leaping in their waters. They had read together in pine woods on warm days, or, shut up in the house during the rainy season, she played for him, as some women love to play, little bits from Chopin, or odd exquisite bars and measures strung together in one flowing melody. And they had talked until there seemed to be nothing in the life of one that the other did not know. But by the river, or on the slope, or listening to the old piano, through all, like a running thread, had been the strong consciousness of youth and sympathy, and to Dorrance their lives seemed interwoven.

The maps and reports grew apace, and the summer drifted on. One day late in August Dorrance rode over to Foster's. The sun shone fiercely on the white house, dazzling the eyes with its glare. Mrs. Foster came to the door as Dorrance was about to dismount. She was a pretty woman, with light hair and a fair skin well set off by a gown of some blue material.

"Elinor is not here," she said, anticipating him. "She has taken the boys and gone over to the ridge."

He thanked her, made some remark about the heat, and rode away. Down by the lake he went, as he had gone on the day before. There was a pleasant humming, and this—an it pleased Fate—would not be the ending, but merely another beginning.

To his right a grove of young cotton-woods stretched away, and on the other side, so near that its pebbly shore encroached on the road, lay the lake. A great mass of tangled weed filled it for the first five or six feet, but beyond, the waters reflected faintly the shrub and distant line of mountains. Dorrance left the main road, and ascended the gentle slope they called the ridge. From it one could look down both on gulch and cañon, and see where the two joined; and he knew just what Elinor would be doing there; she would be face downward against a convenient ledge of rocks, a book open before her, which she would not be reading. She would be supporting herself on her elbows, her face in the hollows of her hands, her eyes two long slanting lines of light, and her thoughts far away.

He rode under the pines, and saw her so in the distance. The boys were not in sight, but he could hear their voices from the other side of the slope.

Elinor looked up at the sound of the horse's hoof against the rocks, and lazily watched his approach. He dismounted, and slipped the reins around a broken branch of a tree.

"It is dreamful here," she said, without moving.

"My soul to-day
So far away—"

He took off his hat, and sat down near her in the shade.

"I have been thinking," she said, "how beautiful is all this," and she glanced to the country spread out before her. "And yet what is it all for? What is its purpose?"

He laughed. "Do not peer so into everything," he said. "What do you care for purposes if you have results and effects?"

"But there must surely be a purpose in everything," she said. "Or is everything futile?"

"Nothing is futile," he said, positively.

"I am," she said.

"You?"

"Yes. What am I living for? I don't do anything to justify me in it."

"You must not talk like that," he said, gravely. "I don't like to hear you do so. Your existence as a woman is justification in itself."

"That's narrow," she said, cynically, "and eminently mas-

culine. Existence to me as a woman is no more to me than existence to you as a man. I look sometimes at women. They seem to me—nine-tenths of them—to be either stupid or dreaming; and since I don't like stupid women, I will call them dreaming.

"What do they dream?" he asked.
"Oh, they dream they are contented."
"Then why wake them?" he interrupted.
"I don't believe they go as far as happiness," she continued.

"Don't you believe in happiness?" he asked.

"She sat up on the rocks. 'Certainly not,' she said, calmly. 'I have never even been contented, which is negative, and why should I hope for happiness, which is active?'"

He looked up suddenly. "You make it very hard for me to say something to you. I especially came here to say." He paused. "Will you tell me just what this summer has been to you?" he asked, finally.

She looked into him in surprise, and something in his look made her flush hotly. She did not answer.

"Well, I will tell you what it has been to me," he said. "It has been so much to me that I think of you all the time; you are with me always; my life is irrefragably interwoven with yours, for—I love you."

She paled a little, for—she loved him.
"And how is it with you?" he said. "What do you think of me?"

There was no answer for a long time, and then she said, slowly, "I like you."

"I don't believe it," he said, looking full at her. "You love me."

"What is love?" she asked, evasively.

"It is the same old thing," he said; "there is no improvement on it; and I believe you love me. Am I not more to you than any other man?"

"If you are, that means nothing," she said. "It does, because it is mutual."

"Well, what then?" he said.

It was his turn to flush. "Why, we'll marry," he answered.

She raised her eyebrows slightly. "What then?"

"We'll be together."

"What's the use?"

He jumped up angrily. "You force me into an unpleasant attitude," he said. "What's the matter with you? You don't know how this sounds. What do people usually marry for?"

"I don't know what men marry for," she said. "Women marry for different things—almost everything."

He caught her by the hands. "I have never known you like this before."

"And I have never known you like this before," she said. "You are different to me now. I have cared so much for our friendship that I have never thought of this."

She moved away from him.

"That is right," he said; "be frank with me. Why won't you marry me?"

"I am afraid to," she answered, looking away from him in sudden shyness. Then she said, in low tones, "I will be frank with you, Kenneth: you are surely my best friend."

She looked up at him. "All my life I have tried in the most childish and persistent manner to make myself believe in everything, but all the time there has been within me the lurking knowledge that I have been tricking myself. I seem to be two people—an older person deceiving a child. Even in my religion, you know, I shut my eyes tight, and said, 'Now you mustn't ask questions.' It may be all right; it probably is if you will only accept authority; but I won't permit myself to wonder."

"I am emotional, high-strung, and I have always felt that there is only one chance out of ten for happiness for me. And, oh, I hope I shall be happy. I do want to be happy. I never have been yet."

She stopped, carried away by her own thoughts, and brooded some minutes.

"And what is that one chance out of ten?" he asked, at last.

She started, and a burning color dyed her face. Then she raised her head and looked him bravely in the eyes, and said, "To marry a man whom I deeply and passionately love—which nearly all women miss."

"Dearest," he said, in low tones, "you will do that."

"Unless," she went on, "I merely marry the man who loves me—which nearly all women do. You find such men often enough."

There was a silence.

"Will you marry me?" he said again, gently.

"How am I to know that you are the tenth man?" she replied, evasively. "You are not labelled."

"I have been ever since I met you," he answered.

"I am afraid," she said. "Marriage is the one state where I cannot tell myself that I am happy. I could not even attempt any disillusion. I could only sit down, bury my head in my lap and say: 'I am not happy; I am not happy!'"

"What should I do then?"

"You dear child!" he said.

"No; that is the trouble," she answered. "I am not a child. I have always been old."

"I need not tell you all that you are to me, and I believe I am even that to you, but you do not know it," he said, smiling.

"It is no use," she said, wearily. "I am tired talking about it; besides, I am going away next week, back to my married sisters, where I live."

He looked away, far over to the river, and marked its course down the cañon, to the

lonely gulch, the narrow winding road, a cabin; then he looked at the girl before him.

"And I," he said, "am going away to-night."

"To-night!" she echoed.

"To-night," he said, calmly. "I shall certainly start about seven o'clock down that cañon on this pony. I will stay all night at some ranch down here, so I will have an early start to catch the early train at the nearest railroad point for Denver. My traps are always ready to be moved at a moment's notice, and they can be sent after me."

She sat down. "You are really going?" she said. She looked pale.

"Yes," he answered. "I am through with everything here. I intended to talk to you this afternoon, but I thought the ending would have been different. There is no reason now why I should remain here. I cannot remain here and have you leave."

He looked at his watch. "It is now four o'clock, and I will have to be leaving you; there are a few things to get together, you know."

"You are really going?" she said again.

"Yes," he replied. "Your ideas are so fixed. I have been foolish to attempt to change them, and there is no use in continuing with you a friendship that has no object. I am not fond of air-planes; I am only a man." He took the reins of his horse.

"Good-by, dear; we have been friends this summer, and I shall have the memory of it anyway. And I shall never be quite alone in the world, for I shall know that my soul once recognized another; nothing can take that from me."

He held her hand against his face. "You will not ask me to stay?"

She shook her head, and he mounted his horse and rode away. She sat in something like a stupor where he had left her. He was not gone; and yet he was descending the slope, and she could see only his shoulders, his head, then nothing of him at all. In

fright she called to him, but her voice was faint, and she scarcely heard herself. It was all so sudden. She still seemed to hear the tones of his voice in the air around, then she did hear the cries of the children, and she knew he was gone. Well, he could go. She called the boys, and went home, laughing and talking with them, but her brain was busy with another story. Everything was quiet in the house. Mrs. Foster was sewing, and nobody seemed to have been there to say good-by. She felt restless and sat down at the piano, but she seemed to hear him talking, and the chords she struck seemed so old; so she tried to read. But her mind refused to be tied down to the book, and when she found herself reading over one sentence for the third time, she put it aside with a flush of anger, and went out in the yard where the children were playing. How recklessly the boys ran! He was probably putting together some books and clothes. She wished he had not gone so suddenly. She pulled up her thoughts sharply; then she sat down in one corner of the wide porch, and put her hands over her face.

"Oh, what's the use," she said, "of all this subterfuge? I shall have to face it. I am sorry he has gone, and I am going to give myself up to it." And she went up to her room, and spent a wretched hour. All that he had ever said to her seemed to come back to her.

She went down stairs. Supper was on the table, and Mr. Foster, who had been over for the mail, had just come in.

"I heard something about young Dorrance leaving," he said. "If it is true, it is something very sudden. I saw him this morning, and he didn't say anything of it."

"Why, he was over here only this afternoon," said Mrs. Foster. "and went over to the ridge to see Elinor." She looked sharply at the girl, and then at her husband.

"Well, he was a very fine young man," Mr. Foster could not help saying.

Supper was over, and Elinor threw a light shawl around her, and slipped out of the house, going down by the lake. How still everything was, and how lonely! She looked up at the ridge; it did not seem possible that they had been there only that afternoon. She remembered so much she wished she had said to him. If she could only talk with him again! She might even see him now if she would go over the cross roads. But how ridiculous! Of course she would not do that. She passed the lake, and strolled aimlessly down the Gulch Road. They had always been so friendly, so sympathetic! It might be that she would never again meet any one who would be to her exactly what he had been. He had never obtruded his masculinity upon her in any way. She liked that in him. She must see him, but it was too late to go over the cross roads now, for he had started by this time. If she would go through the gulch—She could not do it—the narrow, lonely gulch—so she would never see him again. Then she drew a long breath, and started to run. She went on with long, swinging steps, her lips tightly closed, and she was running down the Gulch Road.

Dorrance was riding down the cañon road. His horse was walking with gentle, easy motion, and he himself was lost in thought. He seemed to be in a dream. His traps were ready, and he was leaving without a single farewell visit. He had no intention of going away when he went on the ridge that afternoon, but when Elinor had said so calmly that she was going away so soon, it had seemed to him the only thing for him to do. He had hoped that she would

not let him go without one word to stay him. He did not want to go, but he wanted less to stay after what he had said. It was the only alternative. Perhaps it was better so. Then he thought of what she was to him, and all the youth he might not have. Why, to think of her made his blood run faster! But she was not for him, and only the old silent life awaited him. He shut his mouth until two lines deepened around his lips.

It was dusk, and the air was sweet with late summer odors from the mountains, from the pine woods that rose darkly on either side, from the clematis which made patches of white in the gloom as it trailed its fragrant starry blossoms over rock and log, and even from early fall weeds. The river had a rhythmic swish in its roar, and as he swayed with his horse it was now loud, now low. He remembered when a boy how he had loved to close his eyes and move his head slowly forward and backward when he was without hearing of running water. He tried it now, but his horse stumbled. He must have been mistaken, after all. She could not have cared for him as he did for her, or she would never have let him go. Then he told himself he ought not to have put her to the test. A woman's feelings were not so strong as a man's.

It seemed dark and lonely, but the cañon was widening a little now, the Gulch Road was near. He could see where it entered, and it was certainly forbidding. Some wild hawthorn bushes by the road-side rustled, and his horse shied violently. Something came out and toward him. It was a woman.

"Kenneth!" she called, with a little sobbing cry.

"Elinor!" He jumped off his horse, and as he felt her tender shape pressed against him, her arms around his neck, and her wet cheek against his, it seemed to him he had nothing more to ask for. "This is the only way," he said.

There was no light or sound save from the stars and the river. Once she raised her head and would have spoken. "Oh," she said, "I was all wrong—nothing was true."

"Never mind," he said. "This is—"

But the river drowned his voice. It roared and eddied and foamed, and even seemed to pause in its mad hurry and leap into the air that it might see and carry another story on its way.

In the happy rush of her life since, Mrs. Kenneth Dorrance has hardly had time to analyze herself out of the ranks of the many women who dream. On the contrary, she thinks tremblingly of the very narrow thread on which her tenth chance hung, and she will never know how she got through the gulch, past the ghostly willows and the deserted cabins, through the little meadow with the sound of water running where she could not see, and around the curve and into the cañon. If she had stopped to think, she could never have done it. But if she speaks about it to her husband, he only says, simply, "It was the only way."

A BELATED PASSENGER.

BY FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

As he stood before the cigar stand he no longer debated whether he should buy a fifteen or twenty cent cigar—he simply took three for a quarter. But cigars of this texture palled upon him before long, and he sought relief in a pipe. He was always dropping in on some friend about lunch-time, and he kept an account of those who treated him to a meal. Strange to say, he avoided such friends there.

After, and was careful to put himself into no position to retaliate in like manner, while he haunted the offices of those who were like him.

He liked to ask him. He told that look of tailor-made neatness that had distinguished him on the street, and actually wore clothes that were new the year before.

Rumor began to be busy regarding him, and the recent losses in the N. G. mining stock were attributed to be his. But his spirit underwent no change for the worse; on the contrary, he fairly bubbled over with happiness, and made new friends every day by his very light-heartedness, which friends he speedily utilized in the luncheon way.

No one knew his secret, nor imagined that a demon held him in its thrall; but to his clutching pocket and around his check-book were the long skinny fingers of the Demon of Economy. He did not

fully realize the spell that bound him until he fell back upon a pipe for the sake of the few cents that he might save; and when the realization of what he had done came to him, he only smiled. In truth, he was marked as the demon's own.

"Jack must be thinking of matrimony," remarked one of the men at the club. "He's as close-fisted as a miser now. He declined to go on a little racket last week because it cost too much. Just think of it! Why, a year ago Jack would have borrowed the money on the spot from me if he didn't have it. Who is the girl, I wonder?"

No one knew; but on the strength of this, rumor promptly engaged him to several eligible maidens, and fond wives used him as a text, and read several homilies on economy to their rather extravagant husbands.

And the demon who had him in thrall smiled broadly when he heard the news, while Jack's face reflected the gloom. Then the secret burst upon the wondering world. He was going to Europe on a trip, and for that reason had taken the economical fiend in tow. The money saved was for a future pleasure, when his dream of foreign travel would be realized, and he might—well, he might do almost anything. Aided by the fiend, the hoard grew, the passage was bought, and once more he blossomed out as the Jack of yore, and went around to bid adieu to all his friends. Under these affecting circumstances Jack was not expected to lay out any of the funds that he had amassed. The steamer was to sail on Saturday morning at nine o'clock, and on Friday evening he returned from the country, where he had been to bestow a hurried embrace upon his family, and put up at the hotel where he was well known.

He was not a nervous man. If he had been, he would not have slept at all that night; but being utterly devoid of nerves, he slumbered babe-like and peaceful, and failed to wake when the porter called him at seven o'clock. Half an hour later he did open his eyes, and after consulting his watch, spent twenty minutes in calling down anathemas upon the head of the derelict porter, his ancestors, and his family through all futurity. During this oblongation he was busily dressing, but it was a few minutes after eight when he took his seat in the cab.

"Yes," answered the charioteer, as Jack endeavored to impress him with the importance of haste, "but this baste can do it in thirty minutes, aisy."

So the beast went off, and Jack risked decapitation from passing trucks as he thrust his head out of the window every block and besought the driver to hurry.

"Yer can't hurry down Broadway," remarked the ruler on the box; and there was something true if not trite in the remark. Fifteen minutes passed away, and the cab crawled. Suddenly the steed seemed to be made aware of the necessity of haste, for he unlimbered his long legs and sped away. Then came the river front—so full of incident, so devoid of interest, redolent with odors of a thousand varieties, and lacking the least approach to the picturesque. The cab-horse showed an insane desire to ride over truck and horse and man that impeded him, but that was out of the question. The steamer pier was two blocks away, the hour was fifteen minutes distant, when the cab came to a sudden stand-still. Four trucks in front wanted to go in four different directions at once, but the physical laws made such a course impossible, and a policeman emphasized the fact. The cab was hemmed in on all sides, so Jack had to wait. He be-



"FORTY-SIX FOOTERS."

"Why do they call them forty-six footers on the water-line, Augustus?"
"I think it's because they carry forty men, all six feet."
"But I can only count twelve on that one."
"H'm! They keep the other thirty-four below the water-line—er—in reserve, I believe."

guled the monotony by extemporizing maledictions in reference to everything, until finally the line got started again, the tug crashed down to the pier, and Jack saw the steamer in mid-stream, casting off from the tugs.

The pier suddenly resolved itself into a top, and began spinning; but amid its revolutions Jack saw a man in a peaked cap, like some kind of official.

"Twenty-five dollars, sir," he said, touching his hat.

"All right," Jack answered, and it wasn't three minutes before he was on a tug, puffing after the steamer. The steamer seemed to be going very slowly, and the tug fairly groaned in its haste, but the big ship was half way down the bay before Jack caught her. Then she slowed up still more, let down the steps, and Jack scrambled on board, while his baggage was being hoisted up the side. It was a terrible climb—about a mile, according to his computation—and all the while a hundred faces were staring at him over the rail.

"There was two gentlemen waiting for you," said the steward, bringing in Jack's baggage to the cabin, "and they each had a box of cigars. But they didn't leave 'em, 'cause they thought you wasn't coming."

"All right," replied Jack, cheerfully; "I don't believe I'll need them"; and then he began to figure how many cigars were lost in the money he paid the tug captain to catch the steamer.

THE UPRISING IN CHILI.

BY CLARENCE PULLEN.

Among the republics of South America, Chili for more than half a century has been practically free from revolution. Her people, compared with other peoples of the southern continent, are unusually independent and stable of character, and they possess a strong national spirit. The political executive power is lodged in the hands of a President, chosen by an electoral college for a five-years' term, who, under the constitution, is ineligible for re-election. The legislative power is vested in a national Congress composed of a Senate, whose members are chosen for a term of six years, and a Chamber of Deputies thrice as great in number, chosen for three years. The members of both Houses are elected directly by the people under a system of restricted suffrage.

The great land-owners of the country mostly live in Valparaiso and Santiago, and, composed of a few wealthy families, have practically controlled the government for the last thirty years, and have invariably chosen the chief executive. The President, whose ministers are responsible to Parliament, controls the nomination of all the higher officers—military, civil, and ecclesiastical—is commander-in-chief of the army and navy, and appoints the local and provincial administrative authorities. The war with Peru and Bolivia, which popularized and strengthened the government, caused an increase in the regular army. After the war the tendency of the young men of the leading families to seek high civil rather than military appointments opened chances for promotion in the army and navy to men who had not before been able to obtain military commissions. This circumstance brought the army and navy into a closer sympathy with the people, which is an important element in the contest now waging between the President and Congress.

The present uprising is a popular protest against the President's arrogation of unconstitutional powers. The President, José Manuel Balmaceda, now fifty-one years of age, is an educated man of reserve, a fluent speaker, and an experienced politician. After serving as Deputy in five legislatures, he became Minister of the Interior in 1882. He was one of the founders of the Reform Club in 1868, and in 1874 was an advocate of the separation of church and state; and as Prime Minister in 1884 he introduced civil marriage and other liberal laws. He was inaugurated President, September 18, 1886, for a term which expires September 18, 1891.

In the beginning of President Balmaceda's administration he fulfilled in a measure the liberal tenets of his early career. The public revenues were increased and the cause of popular education advanced. But soon his policy changed, and he showed a disposition to go to unexampled lengths in centralizing the power of the government, controlling legislation, and in manipulating the entire electoral system so as to dictate and control the Presidential success. These reactions of his proceedings roused the active opposition of the whole reform party of Chili. Protests were loud against his usurpation of power, his failure to introduce municipal reform, his opposition to a free ballot, and his appointment of unpopular ministers.

The conservative and modern Liberals shut out from political preferment, as were the radicals and Montt-Varistas, worked in opposition to him wholly by constitutional means. Balmaceda was so unpopular, and his effort to place a man of his own selection in a position to succeed him was so marked and open, that the Liberals joined to the Conservatives at the last session of Congress were so decisively in the majority that with their allies they had seventy-five votes against twenty-nine in the Chamber of Deputies, and thirty votes against four in the Senate. The strength of the constitutional party once determined, Congress declared for salu-

measures of election reform.

Early in the session the Senate passed a bill calling for a constitutional amendment by which Congress could be convoked by committees of the two Houses, without the President's consent, and demanded that nominations to office should be submitted for the Senate's approval. Congress, also, by resolution, asked the Minister to resign, and the President to appoint a cabinet acceptable to both Chambers, their request being backed by their lawful control of the budget and the power of making laws for taxation for the new fiscal year. Balmaceda tried to head off and anticipate the effect of their action by recommending certain reforms, which concessions, however, were insufficient to avert the conflict.

Under the pressure of Congress, the President was forced to form a cabinet composed of the best men of all parties, with the Liberal leader Belisario-Prats at the head. But he refused the electoral reforms demanded, and after the Chambers had approved the proposal for the revenues, he formed a new cabinet; and when both Houses then refused to grant the appropriation, they were dissolved. The President proclaimed himself Dictator on the 1st of January last, declaring that he would govern without the laws. He reconstructed his cabinet, filling it largely with military men, assigned army officers to the government of provinces and departments, retired many others from the army, and changed the commanding officers of various regiments to secure them in his favor. He suspended the right of public meetings in the streets, and disregarded the protest of the Consultative Parliament Committee on his unconstitutional conduct in interfering with public assembly.

Balmaceda's action was followed by a general protest, expressed in the newspapers and in indignation meetings. On the afternoon of January 6th, the presidents of the House and Senate left Santiago, after calling on the country in a formal appeal to resist "the tyrant," and placed themselves under the protection of the navy at Valparaiso. The Director-General of the Treasury refused to honor Balmaceda's orders for money; the Chili navy, except several vessels in foreign waters, unanimously declared against the government, and active hostilities soon began.

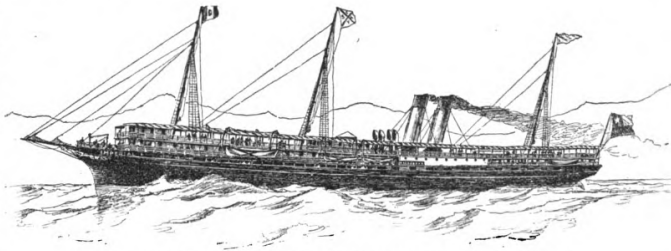
The navy, the main reliance of the Congress party, has always been Liberal in political tendency, and its officers are men of progressive ideas. It is to the army, to which he has always shown preference, that Balmaceda chiefly looks for support. The navy, which is a remarkably strong one for the size of the country, consists of three iron-clad, one deck-protected cruiser, ten first-class and two second-class torpedo-boats, two corvettes, four gunboats, two despatch boats, two transports, and four sailing vessels. The Chili navy regular land forces siding as a body with the government have a total strength of 3610 men and officers. The National Guard, divided in uncertain proportions between the two parties, comprises 46,641 infantry and 8200 cavalry. The Chili government controls most of the telegraph lines, and exercises a strict censorship of despatches.

The Congress party have blockaded the most important seaports and straits, and on land have been successful in several small battles. On the part of the government forces, wherever they have control, there has been the action usual in South-American revolutions—the declaration of martial law, the torturing and shooting of political offenders, and other severe measures of intimidation and suppression. The situation now launched is sustained by invincible determination on both sides. It must be fought out to the death, and the end will come only with the exhaustion of resources of one party. Balmaceda has a trained and disciplined army, which thus far has generally remained loyal to him; and he has the machinery of government and his position at the capital—advantages which are offset by the possession by the Congress party of the navy and nitrate beds of northern Chili. The country in respect to area is about evenly divided between the two parties, the government holding possession at the south, and the Congressists at the north. There is little doubt that, secretly or openly, a great majority of the people favor the Congress party.

At an election held on June 27th last in the provinces of southern Chili, under the President's control, Balmaceda's candidate, Señor Vicuña, was elected President. The insurgent fleet are in rendezvous at Caldera, with a probable purpose to attack Coquimbo, where Balmaceda has concentrated troops, and it is probable that some decisive fighting will soon take place there or near there.

The Chili navy is a factor of great importance, as, owing to the conformation of the country, with its long coast and the position of its cities, it controls the avenues of communication, many towns being almost inaccessible by land.

A leading feature in the policy of the Congress party is effectually to protect their nitrate ports, on which they depend for the sinews of war. The absence of arms for the equipment of its land forces has been a sad



THE CHILIAN GOVERNMENT'S ARMED TRANSPORT THE "IMPERIAL."

drawback, as there is a force of 7000 or 8000 men in readiness, but for this lack, to invade the south. The city of Iquique is the Congressional capital, and the Bolivian government has recognized the insurgents as belligerents. It is claimed by the Congress party that the Chili Congress, in the exercise of its constitutional function, is now the government. The Supreme Court has decided the acts of the Dictator to be illegal, and the courts are closed. There are many issues involved in this contest, which make the situation difficult for people unacquainted with the country and people to correctly understand. The *prima facie* case is with the Congress party, which, in the effort to secure free and fair elections, has taken up arms for the maintenance of the constitutional rights of the representative body against the unlawful assumption by the President of dictatorial authority.

THE BATTLE OF THE SHIP OF WAR AND THE TORPEDO-BOAT.

BY LIEUTENANT E. W. STURDY, U. S. N.

Since the 7th of January last, when the entire navy of Chili revolted against the government as represented by Balmaceda, and accompanied by the Vice-President of the Senate and the President of the Chamber of Deputies, left their anchorage at Valparaiso, the struggle between the two factions known as the *gubernistas* and the *oposidores* has been a fitful one.

Of the successes and reverses of either party the world at large has been made cognizant through the press in but a general and uncertain way, for the limits of control, in so far as are concerned the mail and telegraph, are well marked and closely guarded by both parties alike.

Chilian soil, from Arica to Huasco, which includes the province of Tarapacá and its nitrate beds, is in possession of the *oposidores*, while from Coquimbo to the southward and inland to the Argentine the *gubernistas* retain their sway.

From the northward telegrams go to Europe *via* Galveston; from the southward, to the United States *via* Buenos Ayres and Europe. Between Coquimbo and Huasco the lines are cut.

Steamers from Panama are stopped, overhauled, and delayed at any of the northern ports; those from the Magellan Strait are subjected to similar treatment at Valparaiso. Mails are freely opened by both parties, and passengers themselves are rigorously searched on the slightest suspicion of carrying letters. Under such conditions it is almost impossible to acquire any information other than that pertaining to the movements of those with whose lines one is residing, and even there to arrive at the truth is strangely difficult.

Rumors are made and false reports circulated with such startling rapidity that nothing is credited until confirmed by the most authentic testimony. Of the seven actions on land that have thus far taken place between the opposing forces, the details are not even yet satisfactorily known, since the so-called official accounts rendered are by no means reconcilable.

In the mean time Chili is divided against itself; it has lost in battle some of its best men; its trade is practically paralyzed, since the income from the industries of the two sections is insufficient for the sinews of this fratricidal war. The unhappiness of the people, their unavoidable misery, the excesses committed on either side, the loss of lives and property—all apparently failed to produce a sense of their suicidal action, until the strongest vessel on the Chili navy list was destroyed by the torpedo-boats *Almirante Condell* and *Almirante Lynch*, on the 23d of April last.

The fearfully destructive power of these two small vessels, and the possibility of a more recent worse at Caldera, the opportunity of using them, have taught Chili a lesson, and perhaps the military world as well. For, despite all the theories advanced, all the peaceful experiments heretofore made, all the claims for and against the torpedo and the huge war vessel, the fact remains that the practical success of the automobile torpedo under conditions of actual warfare was first demonstrated by the sinking of the *Blanco Encalada*, with the loss of more than two hundred lives. The effect of this incident of warfare is already shown here in the attitude of those to whom is confided the direction of affairs.

Following the action at Caldera, party feel-

ing naturally increased in intensity. Valparaiso elated, flushed, and jubilant, faced Valparaiso dejected, sad, and depressed; for here, at the very seat of government, the opposition finds apparently nothing but sympathy, outside of army and other official circles.

Again, at Iquique, the revolutionists themselves, smarting under their loss, hailed with delight and ardor an order from Admiral Montt to the effect that the whole fleet should be ready in three days to capture Valparaiso. Nothing short of speedy and complete revenge could satisfy the spirit of the moment. Then came the reaction of deliberation, strengthened by outside counsel, followed by apparent inaction, with redoubled vigilance.

To-day (May 6th) there is sitting in Santiago a secret conference, presided over by the ministers of the United States, France, and Brazil, to whom the Balmaceda government and the opposition are submitting their respective claims, the opposition being represented by certain of its prominent leaders who have been in hiding, but whose personal safety is assured by the government. While it is hoped, it is yet hardly believed, that this conference will succeed in bringing about a re-establishment of peace in the country.

When the torpedo-boats *Condell* and *Lynch* arrived at Valparaiso, and were safely handed over to the Chili government, they practically constituted the naval strength of the loyal party. The half-dozen other but smaller torpedo-boats could hardly be classed as sea going, nor could the armed transport *Imperial* be deemed an efficient fighting machine.

In the hands of the insurgents were the *Blanco Encalada*, the *Cochrane*, the *Huascar*, the *Esmeralda*, the *O'Higgins*, and the *Abtao*, together with the transports *Magallanes*, *Aconcagua*, *Bio-Bio*, and *Cachapual*.

Every effort was made to prepare the *Condell* and *Lynch* for immediate service. Aside from the many details which always require special attention, the steel boiler tubes were to be replaced by copper ones, to supply which some were taken from locomotives on shore. The battery was to be overhauled, the torpedo mechanism tested, and the crew drilled. To Commander Carlos Moraga, as senior, was assigned the *Condell*; to Commander Alberto Fuenzalida, the *Lynch*. Both these officers possessed in a high degree the confidence of the government, and enjoyed a reputation for skill, courage, and dash.

On the 18th of April these two vessels, together with the armed transport *Imperial*, left Valparaiso, under the command of Moraga. Each torpedo cruiser had as armament three 14-pounder Hotchkiss rapid firing guns, four 3-pounder Hotchkiss rapid firing guns, two Gatlings, and two 37-inch revolving cannon. In addition to a torpedo tube in the stern, each carried four Canet torpedo guns amidships, and was supplied with nine White-head torpedoes, whose explosive charge was of fifty kilograms.

The crew of each vessel consisted of 155 souls, a large proportion being soldiers furnished for the occasion by the garrison on shore.

Two sets of triple-expansion engines, supplied with steam from four locomotive boilers, developing an indicated horse-power of 4500, and propelling an estimated speed of twenty-one knots to these smart little cruisers, gave their commanders increased confidence in the success of their undertaking.

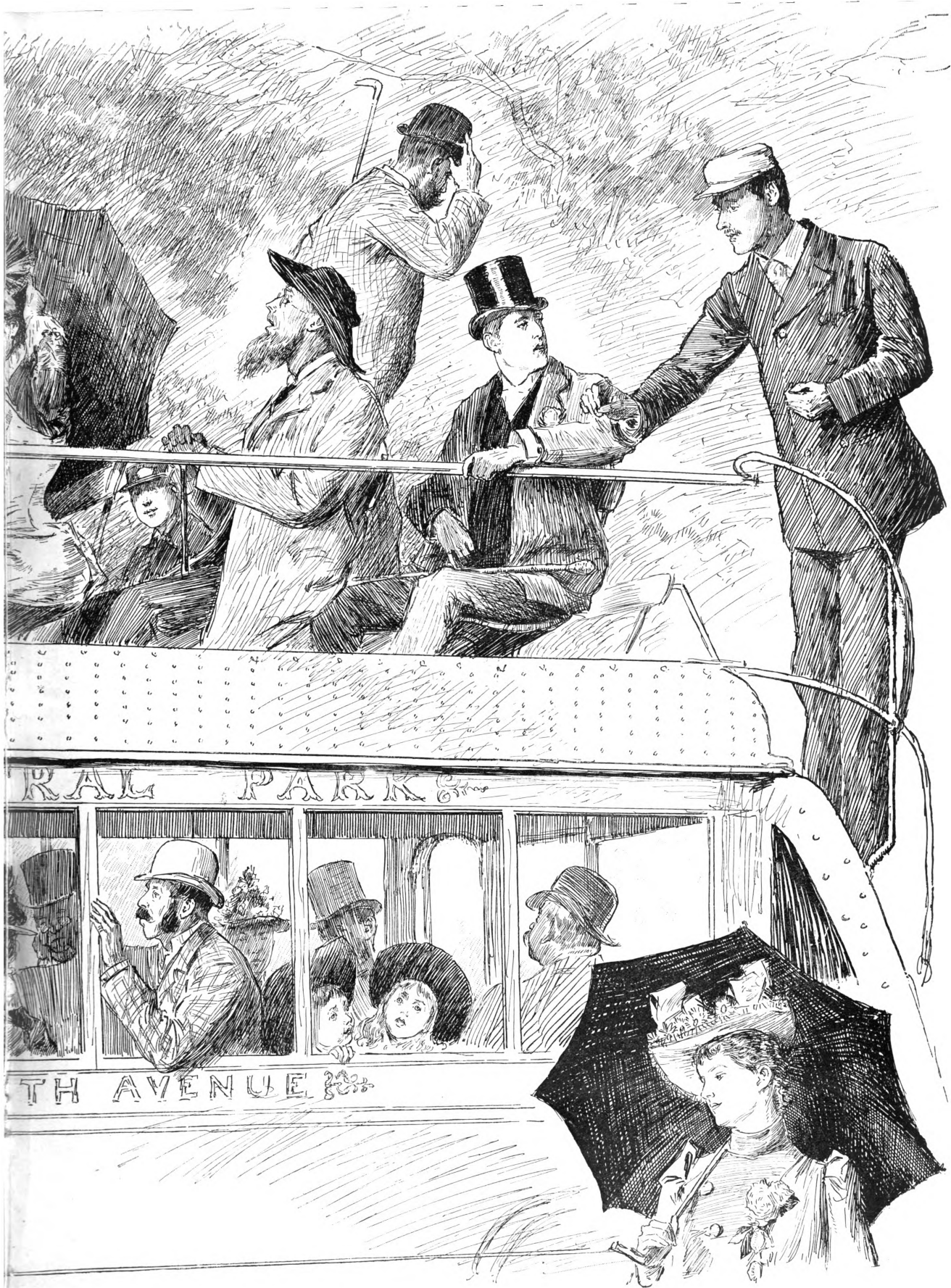
There was no attempt on the part of the government to conceal their mission, which was avowedly to attack the revolted squadron. Owing to the difficulty of obtaining news from the enemy's side, and the frequent change of position of their squadron, in part or in whole, its whereabouts was not definitely known.

From Huasco, however, at that time in possession of the government, Captain Moraga received word that the ships were nearly all at Caldera, and it was therefore in the full possibility of encountering a large force that he determined upon his attack. Moreover, it was well known that the squadron was aware of the preparations being made at Valparaiso, and it was but natural to assume that a careful lookout would be maintained. As a matter of fact, this had been done on board the ill-fated *Blanco Encalada* up to the night of her loss, and it appears that her commander, Gohi, was the only one who had exercised the vigilance necessary under the circumstances. He had no torpedo nets, as in the hurried abandonment of the anchorage

(Continued on page 523.)



A FIFTH AVENUE 'BUS.—DR



BY C. S. REINHART.—[SEE PAGE 522.]

ON THE ROLL OF HONOR.

ENLISTED MEN WHOSE NAMES APPEAR IN
GENERAL ORDERS.

BY BARNET PHILLIPS.

WITH rattle of musket and clash of sabre ran the dread machine which coined that French saying, "Every soldier carries a marshal's baton in his knapsack," for it bears the mill stamp of Marengo, Wagram, Austerlitz. Fighting, then, to conquer or to die is a soldier's business. But cannot he show gallantry in another guise?

In the life of every man in the service of the United States there comes once in a while the chance of earning distinction other than by giving or taking hard knocks. The much-desired commission does not depend on valor alone. For the obtaining of it there must be a sound basis of education. Because Chiron coached Achilles in things other than handling the bow, that hero rose from the ranks; but Ajax, fighter, bruiser, who could not spell, never wore chevrons.

Courage, in many shadings, has been wearisomely discussed. Obedience—utter, absolute obedience—the basis of military duty, gives that opportunity for a display of courage which is true heroism. During the civil war, on both sides, because it was a hard military necessity, regiments were put, had to be thrown, in position as are breakwaters in the sea. It was the business of these men to block the way. They helped to check defeat, to gain victory. Asking no reasons for their self-immolation, they stood ready to be killed. In the wild flurry of the charge there are no cravens. The poorest-spirited man keeps abreast with the onward rush. But for men to stand sullen, dogged, to take and never to give, to be ridden, torn to shreds, to face dull death, for duty's sake, that, that, indeed, is sublime!

Recompenses for gallantry vary with nationalities. Once on a time there was an undersized man with a sallow face and eyes that drove right through you. He was clad in a gray coat, and wore a cocked hat. He was a later-day Caesar, that was all, who made and unmade kings. It was his wont after some hard-fought battle, before the wheel furrows of the artillery had been smoothed away, the ground still scarred with shells, and the dead, friend and foe, not yet returned to earth—it was his wont to call some bronzed grenadier from the ranks and to simply pull his ears, and that touch of an emperor, that tweaking, was a consecration, and gave something akin to immortality. That soldier must have been the bravest of the brave, otherwise Napoleon would never have been familiar with him. Then the masterful man would detach a small crowd from his person, pin it with his own hands on the breast of the smoke-begrimed soldier, and now the fighting legions would howl like wolves that hoarse cry. "We will die for the Emperor!" And it was no vaporing, for to gain that cross a half million of men stood ready to bite the dust. Somehow the traditions of a cross thus acquired live on and on. A poor lone woman in a wretched quarter of New York was dying. With halting voice she said to the curé who stood by her bedside: "It is by your charity I shall find shroud, coffin, Christian burial. I had a father who was not kind, a son who did not love me. Forgive a perishing soul! But, my good curé, here, under my pillow, is the cross my grandfather won—the cross the Emperor put on his breast. I have starved, as my mother did before me, and we never pawned this cross. Let it stay under my head. When I am dead, wait not a moment, take it. I have a grandson in France—you will find his name written on the paper—and I charge you transmit the cross to him. If he be married to a good woman, give it to his wife for safe-keeping, and say I will rise from my grave and curse them should they by a single dishonorable act tarnish that poor cross!"

"My son," said to me afterward that kindly priest, "what that woman told was true. It shows—excuse my homily—the vicissitudes of life. We buried her at the cost of the Church, not that that makes any difference, thank God! for the rest of her soul, but that woman's grandfather was a general of cavalry—rose from the ranks—and during the fine days of the Empire he was of Murat's staff, and yesterday transmitted to France the cross. It was sacred. Though the woman's family had gone to wreck and ruin, she, poor soul, was honest—I may say, a God-fearing woman. The cross of the Legion of Honor saved her. Why should such a material thing have had such a lasting effect? It was a case of *noblesse oblige*."

You tackle a completely new subject when you try to show how you may best make some tangible thing which will signalize a man's act of bravery. M. Taine labors hard to make us believe that Napoleon was only the condottiere of a modern political Renaissance, but the man of Corsica was republican and democratic about certain things. "Why should there be," he asked, "fleets of gold, orders of the garter, crosses of the Holy Ghost, of Saint Louis, thrown to those who are the mere accidents of an accident?" The idea of the Legion of Honor may have had its first germ at Montenotte. When Napoleon cleared the bridge over the Adda at Lodi he bled, he bled, he bled, he bled, he bled, hence its red hueed ribbon.

Man will never quite emancipate himself

from some kind of tangible symbol which indicates personal distinction. The lad wins the medal at school, and grows to be the man, fights for a similar award. There is the Victoria Cross, a military decoration given in our own day in England. If ever you see that trinket dangling on an Englishman's breast, you may be positive that he won it in defence of his country—that the man did some act of signal bravery, risked his life when there were all the chances against him. "Baubles for teething ambition to bite on," some one has called these portable honors. Well, then, we may say that in the matter-of-fact personage is rarely found the clay out of which a hero can be fashioned.

Some month or more ago Major-General Schofield issued two general orders, publishing the names of officers and enlisted men who during the years 1888 and 1889 had distinguished themselves by specially meritorious conduct. In particularizing the character of these special acts, Major-General Schofield added that the honors bestowed "are not strictly in the line of military duty, but include all acts worthy of special mention."

Addressing the Adjutant-General for information as to precedents and the custom of publishing "in orders" the names and deeds of officers and soldiers who have distinguished themselves in the service of their country, Adjutant-General Kelton's reply was that "it was of very long standing in this and other countries." General Scott published such an order after the conclusion of the Mexican war. General Sherman, while commanding the army, issued similar orders in particular cases, but no effort was made in our service to do this systematically until the issue of the general orders of 1888. It has been considered that such orders furnish to the army object-lessons of great value as showing what has been and can be done by officers and soldiers in the service of their country, and that such service is appreciated by the government.

The order designated as "No. 109" was issued by command of Major-General Schofield, December 10, 1888, and as promulgated by the Adjutant-General, R. C. Drum, is as follows:

"Announcement is made to the army that it is in contemplation to publish annually hereafter, at the close of each year, commencing with 1889, an order making mention of the acts of 'skill, fortitude, courage, or conduct in service, on the part of either commissioned officers or enlisted men of the army, and containing the names of those who have received medals of honor and certificates of merit."

"It is therefore directed that whenever any officer or soldier shall have distinguished himself in any way by service conspicuous for the skill, fortitude, courage, or gallantry displayed, a full report of the facts be at once made by an officer cognizant of the same, through the military channel, to the Adjutant-General, for the information of the Major-General commanding the army."

In the endeavor made in this article to present the acts of "skill, fortitude, courage, gallantry," performed, only those special to the soldiers are noticed, and for reasons readily explainable. The admirable conduct of our officers is too well known to be commented upon. The *célar* they receive for distinguished gallantry is more generally brought to the attention of the public than are similar acts credited to the rank and file.

In procuring the necessary information, the task was by no means an easy one. The salient trait of a brave man is his modesty. It became, then, difficult to get those whose names had been published in "orders" to tell their own stories. In most of the cases it was the officers themselves, witnesses of the acts, who were only too well pleased to testify to the gallantry of the men. Everybody, from the commander-in-chief to the youngest officer, seems to have taken the subject to heart, indicative of the true *esprit de corps*. They all wanted justice done. From one officer of distinction I have received a letter so much to the point that it needs but publish a portion of it, though it is only a sample of many others. This officer writes: "Soldiers have so few opportunities to distinguish themselves, and so little encouragement from society and the press, that I am glad to do what I can in their favor. . . . I will say that while we have a few worthless characters in the ranks we have many very fine and reliable men, and I believe far above the social level of the communities in which we serve on the frontier. Yet they are ostracized, and even in the East looked down upon. . . . It should be an honor to our proud American youth to wear the uniform of our army, instead of its being considered as the badge of a degraded and inferior class. . . . The position is as honorable as that of the officer, and many fill it creditably, but certainly under discouragement and mortifying circumstances."

Without further preamble I begin. I need not pick or choose. From a voluminous bundle of papers sent up from all the far and distant outposts of the country, I select one at random. It is sure to be of interest.

How would you like to plunge your hand into a basin of boiling water to get a ring, say, slipped off the finger of your ladylove? Even as a gallant man you would want to wait until the water cooled. Private John Coyle, of the Hospital Corps of the United States army, who was stationed at Yellow-

JOHN COYLE, OF THE HOSPITAL CORPS OF
THE UNITED STATES ARMY.

stone Park, is a *preux chevalier*—nothing short of an Amadis—for he risked his life for a lady. "Lady she may have been, fair perhaps, but silly certainly. The fact is that that young person's conduct was idiotic. Private John Coyle, who was Irish born, never for an instant took the time to think how stupid the woman had been. When she fell into the geyser 'Old Faithful,' Coyle gave that sea of scalding water no more consideration than he would a bath in the refreshing surf of a warm July day. He would have jumped into the seething lava of Mount Etna's crater if a woman had tumbled in. The post surgeon at Fort Keogh, Montana, sends this account:

"Private Coyle, then a member of Company B, Twenty-second Infantry, was on duty, with a mixed command, in camp near the 'Old Faithful' geyser, Yellowstone Park, in August, 1888. The specific duty of this body of troops was to prevent acts of vandalism by irresponsible persons, and preserve as fully as possible the natural features of the park. On the 9th of February Coyle observed a lady climbing the crater of the geyser, and warned her that she was in danger, explaining to her that a gust of wind was liable to blow the hot steam and suffocating gases in her face, and produce unpleasant, not dangerous results to her. This warning was not heeded, the lady asserting that she knew what she was doing, and was not afraid. She had succeeded in making the ascent, when Coyle's prediction was verified, and the venturesome lady, becoming panic-stricken, jumped or fell into the hot water surrounding the opening of the geyser. Thoroughly frightened, she now began to struggle violently to escape from her perilous position, and would have plunged into the chasm of the geyser, had not Coyle at once sprung, with generous impulse, into the pool, and, at the cost of much suffering to himself, lifted her out of the water into a place of safety. He states that he was unable to walk afterward for a period of four weeks, owing to severe scalds he received from the hot water. For this courageous act he was complimented in orders from the Colonel of his regiment, was awarded a silver medal by the Treasury Department, and mentioned by General Schofield in general orders of February 16, 1891."

There is nothing roundabout when an officer gives in words the facts relative to a man's actions. They have sharp military brevity. When Private John Coyle did that fine thing he was just twenty-one years old. It seems hard at that age to take chances of death by a slow parboiling process. The silver medal the man wears was given for life-saving, and few save lives in boiling water.

Here is the story of a plucky act, and the man who is not afraid is known as Hugh Tobin. When it happened he was a private in the Fifth Artillery, stationed at Fort Schuyler. He was the leader, apparently, and infused his spirit into two comrades, Louis Habel and Chatman, a musician. We all know the story of the man whose dray-horse, tumbling off the wharf, fell into the river; and the by-standers, seeing the animal drowning, were immensely sympathetic, all repeating in chorus, "What a pity!" Philadelphia annals record that Stephen Girard was present, and in his matter-of-fact way said: "Yes, you pity him? You pity him 'ow much? I pity him twenty-five dollar, and here is de money."

Tobin was in quarters inside Fort Schuyler, and heard some of the soldiers giving vent to exclamations such as: "Isn't it dreadful! Terrible! What a pity! It's too bad that we can't do anything!" Private Tobin's ears were sharp, but not sharper than his sympathies, but he did not give voice to any lachrymose expressions. It was not talking, but action, he thought of. What was the matter? Out on the Sound it was blowing great guns. A northeaster was picking up the water and spraying it over the sea-walk on the parade-ground. Away off, struggling for life, two men were drowning. They could not have stood five minutes more the

impact of the heavy seas. Their capsize boat, drifting away, was beyond their reach. Writes a fellow-soldier, who heard all about it afterward, "Tobin may have made a few choice remarks, 'more pertinent than elegant perhaps, of the kind probably in use in Flanders, or, as the comrade writes, in consonance with the proverbial 'trooper.' His allocution must have been eloquence itself, for he called for volunteers, and the two men Habel and Chatman stepped out. He was to lead; they to follow. They got a crazy flat-bottomed skiff, leaky as a sieve. There was the stump of an oar, on the beach a bit of plank, and so all three pushed out into the stormy sea."

I take now Corporal Hugh Tobin's account, which has been somehow or other wrung out of him, and I may remark that with all the refinements and niceties of literary art, with all your starching and ironing, you never can turn out such simple and straightforward unadorned English.

"As near as I can remember, it was on a Sunday morning. I was cleaning up for inspection, when I heard some one on the porch exclaiming: 'What a pity! or something similar. Coming out, I saw two young men in the water, quite a distance from the shore. It was blowing pretty hard, and the sea was beating over the sea-wall. Indignant at the action of the other men, I gave them a piece of my mind, and called for some one to go with me and help them. Private Habel, although a married man, and Musician Chatman responded to the call, and we ran to the beach. We had some trouble in launching a leaky skiff, and had only two pieces of boards and a broken oar for paddles. We had a rather hard time to keep the flat-bottomed thing upright. It was half full of sand, and it was filling rapidly when we reached the boy and got him into the skiff. Then we could not turn, but had to back ashore and drag the poor fellow through the surf. A sloop had stood in from the middle of the Sound and picked up the other man before we could reach him. I never paid any attention to this, and never thought that there should be so much said about it. To the contrary, I forgot all about it, and even the names of the men and the date on which it happened, until reminded of its occurrence by the general order from the War Department."

Hugh Tobin was born in 1860 in Boston, Massachusetts, and of a father who served for fifteen years in the regular service. Habel is also from Boston, and was discharged after ten years' service. Chatman, the musician, is a native of Savannah, Georgia. Tobin is to-day corporal of Battery M, Fifth Artillery, stationed at Fort Mason, California; and he must be a good steady man, or he would not be a corporal in a crack artillery regiment. Because Tobin "gave a piece of his mind," two other men behaved gallantly, and a life was saved.

Obedience to orders, meritorious conduct joined with good judgment, never fail meeting with their proper recognition. The prime factor, as has been before stated, in military life is absolute obedience; but that does not run counter to a display of hard common sense. Men who are trusted have to depend on their own wits at times to surmount un-

HUGH TOBIN, OF BATTERY M, FIFTH
ARTILLERY.

foreseen difficulties. No officer, no matter how clever he is, can give all the points to his second.

In 1889 Corporal Michael S. Murray, of Troop A, with Private Gustave Meyer (since deceased), of Troop F, Fifth Cavalry, and Private Alexander Duncan, had their names read out in orders, for distinguished service, because of an arduous pursuit and the capture of a deserter; for they caught their rascal, though they rode hard for him over 150 miles in three days in Indian Territory. One hundred and fifty miles straight in three days, to those who know anything about cavalry service, is a unique performance. The escaped prisoner was a villain, had committed various crimes. Under no circumstances can efforts to arrest a deserter be relinquished. Bad enough is to have a criminal get off in the East; in the far West

it is worse. He must gravitate to be a robber, a horse-thief, and a murderer. There is nothing to be done but to stop him in his career. Military law may be apparently hard, primitive, special, but is a necessity, and all good men in the service know that much.

Corporal Murray tells me that when the start was made, anything like "scouring the plains" was not thought of. There was no provision for a long journey—"no money, rations, or bedding." The occasional food the party had, when they got any, was picked up on the run at ranches. The corporal found out somehow or other that a pedestrian answering the description of the man had passed the day previous, heading for "No Man's Land," and it is supposable that when a man steers for "No Man's Land" he wants to be in "Nowheres." Then the little squad saddled up, and pushing on, skirted No Man's Land. They were sharp-set, these troopers, and so they pooled their scanty purses, and had just enough to buy, at "a boarding-house," a cup of milk and a piece of bread. It was bitter cold next day, but the horses had a four or there men, and the thing to eat. But the fellow they were looking for had left no trace. The only chance was that the deserter had made for some out-of-the-way railroad station, and so hoped to catch a train, and get clear by express. It would never do to give it up. A sulky was chartered, a bronco hitched up, and when nearing a ford of the Cimarron marsh, the foot-prints on the sand. Pedestrians are not as common near fords in Indian Territory as on Broadway pavements. There was a "Way-side Inn," and here a government blanket bearing the initials of the escaped prisoner was found. The trace was red-hot now. Then it was discovered that the deserter had gone too, into a buggy, and just as was expected was making for the railroad. It was necessary to be sharp now. If the deserter had friends about, what the corporal was to do next was to keep shady. He changed his horse—got a fresh one—and armed with a quirt, rode full tilt, never drawing bridle, nor sparing his man's, and a bronco with a smart man on him is game. Getting to the station—Englewood—and procuring the assistance of a marshal, the two went to the depot, to find that the train had gone, the bird flown. It was 3 P.M., and at 5 the train would be at Spivvy, Kansas. The corporal at once telegraphed on to the Cimarron marsh, and the deserter was arrested, and brought back by a man sent on that duty. The deserter had to give up, because he was certain of ultimate capture. The party were now out of Indian Territory and in Kansas, and so the Justice of the Peace, *de la Rudini*, wanted to make an international matter out of it, and decided to give up the prisoner if he were to be taken out of the sacred realm of Kansas. "I warned the marshal to turn over the prisoner on arrival," but at the same time the corporal, believing "possession to be nine-tenths of the law," did something else. To use his own discreet language, "At the same time I engaged a buggy to convey prisoner." And so that deserter was started under convoy, and was landed finally in Fort Supply, and it was a drear drive and ride through a long night, "the silence broken only by the howl of wolf and coyote." When the Nine Mile Hill was reached, and Fort Supply not far, then there was delight. "We had ridden over 150 miles in three days." The commanding officer commended the party very highly for their successful trip; and certainly all hands deserved it.

I want to be modest. I cannot be expected to extol our own particular brigades. I do not take any special pride in their nationality. All I venture to remark is that as banditti the Corsican, Sicilian, Neapolitan, Albanian, Bedouin samples are of the *opéra-comique* variety, entirely wanting in that audacity and pluck peculiar to those special robbers who infest the extreme West. They are, or were, the choice flowers of murder, the pick-over of scenery, the two of the tire continents. Comprehending that much, the character of the battle waged between a small party of United States soldiers and a very much larger one of robbers, the latter quite as well armed as the soldiers, and having all the advantages of choice of position, may now be presented.

On May 11, 1889, Major Wham, paymaster of the United States army, left Fort Grant, Arizona, to pay off troops at certain other forts. He had \$28,345 in the boot of an ambulance. Major Wham knew what he was about, and had with him an escort of two non-commissioned officers and nine privates—and that was two more than the usual number. All the soldiers were of the Twenty-fourth Infantry and Tenth Cavalry, and were colored men. Everything went pleasantly until, about twenty-six miles from Fort Grant, down the rugged road a peculiar obstruction was seen. It was an uncommonly large boulder in the middle of the cañon. Had it rolled down the mountain-side of its own volition, or had somebody put it there? It had to be removed, no matter how it got there. There is nothing that ought to stop a paymaster. Off got the sergeant and the men, and began laboring with that big boulder, when crack went a rifle from the rocks above, followed by a volley of shots; an enemy ensconced in a natural fortress was pumping lead on the soldiers. Then came a pretty fight—that is "pretty" in an Irish sense; but the Committee on Military Affairs, who sifted out the whole thing, state that Major Wham and his

party "made a stubborn and efficient resistance." The men in blue showed no fear, and they rallied and stuck to their arms until eight of them were wounded. Major Wham and his escort did not seem to care about the risks they were running. The case of a paymaster with government funds in his keeping is a peculiar one. It carries with it great responsibilities. He must not lose the money, or the accounting for its disappearance is a state affair, rightly examined. Major Wham rallied his men, and fought them to a standstill; all were wounded excepting the officer and one man. The corporal, who was not touched, told how impossible it was to fight any more. "He did not think it plausible"; that was his testimony. At last Major Wham, with his wounded, had to retire behind some mesquite brush. The rascals kept up a desultory fire for about an hour afterward, sweeping the place of action. They understood their business. Then they got to the ambulance, broke open the treasure-box, and looted it. The money was lost, to the last penny, but not a shred of the honor of that plucky major and his gallant colored escort. Rightly examined, the carefully looked over afterward by military experts it was seen that the robbers knew exactly what to do, and had arranged their plans long before. They could throw in a galling fire whenever they pleased. It was believed that there were from thirteen to twenty bandits, with all the advantages of a surprise. "The robber chief"—so testified an infantry officer—"had evidently foreseen that if the soldiers resisted they would retreat to the particular position which they did occupy, and he had therefore placed part of the outlaws to the right and rear of the rock to flank them." For that good fight with robbers, for gallant and meritorious conduct, medals of honor



JAMES SETTLERS, OF TROOP E, NINTH CAVALRY.

were given to Sergeant Benjamin Brown, Company C; Corporal Isaiah Mays, Company B; and certificates of merit to Privates George Arrington, Benjamin Burge, Julius Harrison, Hamilton Lewis, Squire Williams, James Young, Thornton Hams, and James Wheeler.

Here is the pleasant face of another colored man of the Private James Settlers, of Troop E, Ninth Cavalry, and a soldierly like young man is he. The army roll of honor is brief about James Settlers, but tells the whole story. He was distinguished for special meritorious conduct, "saving, at the risk of his own life, his commanding officer from drowning while crossing Wind River, Wyoming." Having, through correspondence relative to Private James Settlers, made at least an epistolary acquaintance with the officer who is indebted to his soldier for existence, Lieutenant-Colonel Burt's reply to me was properly brief, as it spoke volumes: "I have to say that as to Private James Settlers, it was my life he saved. I do not know how to give you a statement of the affair without dragging myself into it, which would appear more like how I was drowned than how gallant Private Settlers, my orderly was. Moreover, it has become one of my stock stories, and I don't know how I could write out of that groove. At best it doesn't work into much of an incident, except as far as it gives the lie to the popular belief that there is unkindly feeling between the enlisted man and his officers. . . . Men do not trisk their lives unhesitatingly for those who oppress them." Certainly Colonel Burt, of the Seventh Infantry, has the good of the service at heart, and true pride in his calling, and the liveliest interest in the welfare of those who, through his own brilliant services, he has been called on to command.

Private Ozias D. Hogue, of Troop K, First Cavalry, is an Indiana-born man, who left the service last year, at the expiration of his term of service. He did a handsome thing, and stands, as he deserves, among those who have earned distinction. It was the saving of life Private Hogue was after, and he showed such determination about it that he was drowning himself when rescued. In the Little Big Horn River, not far from Fort

Custer, a dozen men of Troop K were swimming. Christ Ramuson, who could not swim a stroke, got into deep water, and his cries attracted Hogue; but before Hogue could reach Ramuson, the latter had disappeared. This is what Lieutenant Byram writes: "While Hogue was swimming around, awaiting for Ramuson to reappear, Hogue was seized by the legs by Ramuson and pulled under water." "No one but he who has felt it knows what is the grip of a drowning man." Hogue succeeded in freeing himself and catching his comrade by the hair, but was unable to hold him. But Hogue would not give it up. He sought under the water again for the drowning man, and then there was another terrible struggle, in which Hogue was within an ace of his death from sheer exhaustion. Fortunately the lads on shore had their wits about them, and so they joined hands and formed a line, and so, utterly used up, having done his very best, Hogue himself was rescued; but, after all, Ramuson was drowned. Though Ramuson's life was not saved, it was not for want of the help which Hogue gave. As to the gallant man himself, the trial he had gone through was so severe that he spent many days in the hospital. It was for his pluck, grit, his humanity, that Hogue's name is inscribed on the roll of honor.

Sergeant Carl Rieck, of Troop A, Third Cavalry, is Prussian-born, and that is a good reason for his being a capital soldier. He enlisted in 1888, and it was hard for him to speak English; but, as his commanding officer says, being a man "of superior intelligence and energy and great ambition, he soon learned the duties of the American soldier, which may not be quite so exacting as in the German service, but require a much higher order of intelligence and individuality in the enlisted man."

Recruit Rieck was quietly seated in a chair, while being shaved by the troop barber, when he heard the silence of the camp disturbed by two shots. Whether his face was lathered or not is not known, but he took in the situation at once. A desperate prisoner, held in confinement for burglary, had taken the opportunity to escape; in fact, there were two jail-birds on the wing. "Rieck, though a recruit, and not a member of the guard, saw there must be no delay, or the fleeing prisoners would reach the Mil-road bridge, and then a few bounds more would land them in the hands of New Mexico, and the chief rascal would be safe. Rieck showed himself a sprinter of the first water. Being a man of great physical strength and endurance, after a hard race he caught his man, and handed him over to the sentinel. Last year something similar happened. A general prisoner, known to be the highest class in the guard-house, and the chief rascal, and Rieck saw him working his way through a window, the iron bar of which had been removed. Though not a member of the guard, Rieck no more hesitated than he had done before. Here was a wicked fellow, confined for good reason, who was breaking bounds. Rieck, in the opinion of his superior, might not reach the lines of New Mexico. This was a fair three-quarter race, with the culprit in the lead—a big start, in fact. Rieck neared him, both men on the full run. Within a few yards of the line a desperate fight took place, but Rieck's superior strength and coolness got the better of the desperado, and he returned to his man to prison. Both cases were evidences on the part of Rieck of the most absolute devotion to duty, and hence, on the recommendation of his commander, his name is found as distinguished for meritorious conduct."

In the rank and file, as often as not, there are men who have special talents, and officers are only too glad to give such soldiers special opportunities to distinguish themselves. There is Private Gustave Kipper, of the artillery. He showed that he was a good theoretical and practical electrician. He devised and set up an electrical apparatus for the artillery school, and invented a candle and breaker for use in ballistic firing, and it did the work capitally, and so Kipper is mentioned, as he deserved, for specially meritorious acts or conduct in service. Pray remember that one William Herschel, one of England's glories, began life as a German soldier in a military band.

It is not amusing to get lost in the mountain passes of Utah, for the chances are many that you will keep lost. Two officers went astray under such conditions, and it was a toss-up whether they would not have left their bones on a bleak mountain-side. First Sergeant Frederick Stearns and Corporal James McAney (McAney was a Scotchman, and whole-souled made up their minds that these officers must be found, and so they went for them, and they stuck to the trail, and kept to it, and they suffered from hunger and thirst, and walked the feet off of themselves, and it looked as if there would be altogether four men for the coyotes instead of two. When the two soldiers could scarce crawl, what did they do but light on their lost ones, and brought them back to camp; and one wonders if under such circumstances there is not a little relaxing of military formalities, and whether stern men do not get quite "broke up," and become soft-hearted, emotional, impulsive, as the young women. Well, soldiers must be reticent. All I have to say is that Stearns and McAney have honorable mention; and who would gainsay their merits?

It is no pleasant thing for four men, with their two officers, to be put in a boat and have to thread an unknown river under such



OZIAS D. HOGUE, OF TROOP K, FIRST CAVALRY.

conditions as to have nothing to eat, yet plenty to drink—that is, river water. You can understand that no rations worth the mentioning for twenty-four hours is discomforting, more especially when it is accompanied by hard work—such as of tracking the boat and getting wet. It is an ugly job to stand hunger for forty-eight hours; but here were these six in a boat, descending the rapids of Green River, with the best chances of being drowned—for, with its many shoals and its swift reaches, it is a wild, ugly stream—and all that without any food to speak of, not enough to put on your thumb-nail, much less than to grease it. And that kind of pinching famine kept up for nine days right straight along; and those four men—Sergeant Harry E. Beaver, Corporal William Wallace, Robert Wilson, and John Vorges—took it all in a pleasant and cheerful manner, and showed extreme courage, endurance, and skill, and so you may find their names mentioned for meritorious conduct in general orders.

It is a gallant thing to save one life, but here is Sergeant Thomas Henry, who did the business in a wholesale way, for he rescued from drowning four men near Fort Pickens, in Florida. That action, besides bringing about the mention of his name, ought to make Sergeant Henry worthy of the medal.

Last, and by no means least, there is the pluck displayed by Private Dennis F. Fox, of the Fifth Cavalry. When Oklahoma was the promised land, numberless hard people swarmed there, and there was a general grab for all the desirable ground. Private Fox was instructed by his officer to keep watch and ward over a certain line of territory quite a distance from headquarters, and to warn off intruders. "What! one soldier, and we are fourteen?" howled a mob of land-grabbers. "We will make short work of him. Now see that sger scuttle!" And thereupon the crowd bade Fox surrender and clear out, and being armed with rifles, levelled their arms at the single man, and threatened to let daylight into him. But Fox just stood to his post, and did not "skeer worth a cent," and conscious of his duties, and in obedience to orders, told them that he was there to hold the place, and that he was going to die right there. The gang wanted him to give up his arms, but his reply was, "Never!" So Fox held the post, and showed so gallant a front, with such courage, coolness, and determination, that the fourteen made up their minds that they had a particularly hard nut to crack, and gave it up. And so this man's name was read out in general orders for distinguished service.



CARL RIECK, OF TROOP A, THIRD CAVALRY.

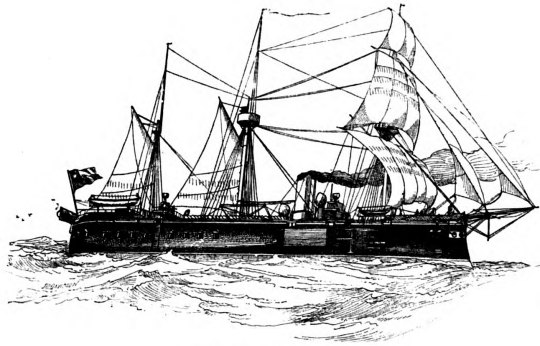


ON THE ROLL OF HONOR.—DRAWN BY R.F. ZIEGLER.—[SEE PAGE 518.]

1. Sergeant Rieck and the Deserter. 2. Private Fox and the Oklahoma Boomers. 3. Corporal Tobin and two comrades rescuing a Boy from drowning. 4. The Attack on Major Wiam's Escort.



CAPTAIN ALBERTO FUENTES, COMMANDER OF THE "ALMIRANTE LYNCH."



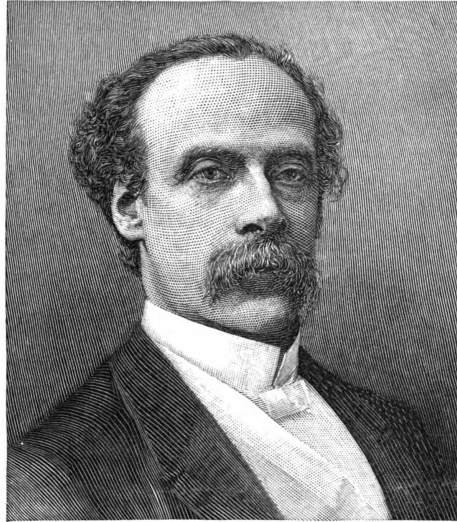
THE "BLANCO ENCALADA."



CAPTAIN CARLOS MORAGA, COMMANDER OF THE "ALMIRANTE CONDELL"



VICE-ADMIRAL VIEL, INTENDENTE OF VALPARAISO.



EX-PRESIDENT BALMACEA.



GENERAL VALASQUEZ, GOVERNMENT MILITARY LEADER.



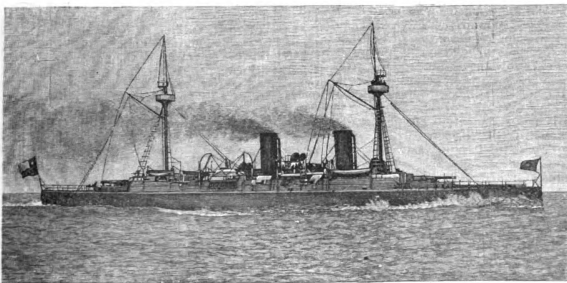
COMMANDER LOUIS GONI, OF THE "BLANCO ENCALADA."



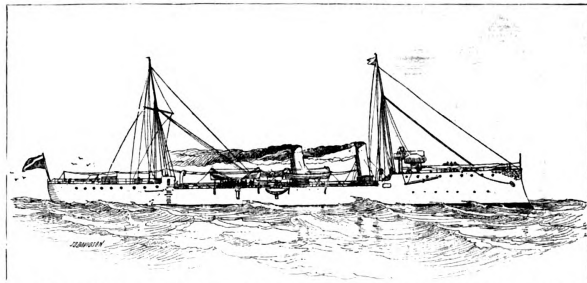
COLONEL CANTO, MILITARY LEADER OF THE REVOLUTIONISTS.



ADMIRAL GEORGE MONTT, OF THE REVOLUTIONARY SQUADRON.



THE "ESMERALDA."



THE TORPEDO-BOAT "ALMIRANTE LYNCH," THAT SANK THE "BLANCO ENCALADA."

THE REBELLION IN CHILI.—[SEE PAGE 515.]

THE UPRISING IN CHILI.

(Continued from page 515.)

at Valparaiso these had been left on shore; but every night he had had picket boats out and search-lights going. He was experienced to a greater degree than the others in practical torpedo warfare, having received his lessons in the war with Peru. And yet in an unfortunate moment he suffered his brother commanders to ridicule him into a relaxation of what they called his excessive and unnecessary night-watch.

At Caldera, on the night of the attack, there was a banquet on shore, at which was present nearly every officer of the *Blanco* and *Bio-Bio*, the only two vessels in port that night. Fortunately Captain Goffi remained on board his vessel, but there was neither a picket boat nor a search-light at work.

At about 4 A.M., April 23d, the two torpedo cruisers, coming from Cabeza de Vaca, and leaving the *Imperial* outside, stood quietly into Port Caldera, closely hugging the northern shore. The night was moonlit, but hazy and somewhat obscure along the coast.

Moraga, distinguishing the *Blanco* about midway between Point Caleta and the railway pier, with the *Bio-Bio* on her port quarter, took the lead. Following the shore line, he ran without discovery to within 100 metres of the *Blanco's* starboard quarter. From this position he fired his stem torpedo, which passed astern of the *Blanco* and just ahead of the *Bio-Bio*. Then porting his helm and going ahead at full speed, he fired, at a range of about 60 metres, from each of the port Canet guns. Of these, the first, as determined by divers afterwards, struck the *Blanco* forward of the starboard beam and exploded; the last, passing ahead, went on to the shore, where it was afterwards found.

The *Blanco* was taken completely by surprise; but, once alarmed, the behavior of all on board seems to have been admirable. The rapid-fire guns were manned, and the engineer's force went at once to their stations.

The *Lynch* in the mean time had made a less wide detour, and having crossed undetected the track of the *Condell*, discharged her stern torpedo, at a distance of 50 metres. Owing to some failure of the mechanism, this torpedo sank at once upon leaving the tube. Fuentes then in turn ported his helm, and successfully launched his port bow torpedo, which gave the fatal blow.

The *Blanco* heeled over and sank in six fathoms of water, in a time varying estimated at from five to seven minutes from the beginning of the attack, and within two minutes from the discharge of the last torpedo. Out of her complement of 285 souls, Captain Goffi and forty-four others alone were saved, by swimming on shore. The entire engineer force were lost. In passing the fire of the *Blanco*, which was very hot for a moment, both the *Condell* and *Lynch* escaped unhurt.

The cruisers continued their course to the entrance of the harbor; then, under fire of Fort Arturo Prat, returned to ascertain the amount of damage they had inflicted. Upon nearing the wreck, what seemed to be five masts appeared above the water, which led to the error in Moraga's first report that he had sunk two vessels, the *Blanco* and what he believed to be the *Huascar*.

Again leaving the harbor, the cruisers started down the coast, and encountered the rebel transport *Aconagua* off the Caldereta Peninsula at about 7 A.M. On perceiving them, the transport starboarded her helm as if to run to the southeast, but then she directly changed her tactics, and headed for the shelter of Caldera. At all events, she held to a northerly course during the engagement that followed.

The *Condell* manoeuvred for a position on the *Aconagua's* port quarter, while the *Lynch* passed her to starboard, crossed her stern, and again engaged her at close quarters in the position marked D on the chart.

By that time a vessel, presumed by the cruisers to be the *Esmeralda*, appeared on the northern horizon, steering a course which would have hemmed them in the light between Zorro Point and Point Caldera.

Not wishing to engage the *Esmeralda*, the cruisers ran to the westward, until discovering that the stranger had but one mast, and recognizing in her the British man-of-war *Warwick*, they turned to continue their attack on the transport. The *Aconagua*, however, had taken instant advantage of the incident, and safely reached the protection of Fort Arturo Prat. Captain Moraga then sent the *Lynch* to join the *Imperial*, and he himself steamed away in the *Condell* for Valparaiso.

During the entire action of that morning the *Condell* received no injury whatever from the enemy's guns; but owing to leaky boiler tubes, one fire-room was filled with steam, which reduced her speed materially.

The *Lynch* was less fortunate. Two shells went through her cabin and three penetrated her bows. Several men were wounded. Major Pacheco lost a leg, and Captain Infante had shot through the stomach, and the torpedoists Helice had a hand torn away.

Of the losses on board the *Aconagua* it is impossible to speak with accuracy. Captain Jarpa, in his official report to Admiral Montt, states that he had but four men wounded, and that but seven projectiles struck his vessel. He adds, furthermore, that he fired 190 rapid shots, seven 13's, and many Hotchkiss.

It is also impossible to give as yet absolute

information as to the effect of the torpedoes on the *Blanco Encalada*. From the reports of divers thus far received, it is learned that amidships on the starboard side there is a hole 24 feet by 4 feet, and forward on the same side another 19 feet by 3 feet; but a closer examination may change these figures somewhat.

In drawing conclusions from this last—if it be not really the first—demonstration of torpedo warfare, many discussions will naturally arise among naval men. The fact that the personnel of the *Blanco Encalada* were wholly unaware of their impending danger will be used as a basis upon which to build many an argument by those who depreciate the torpedo-boat. Against them will be ranged others who will assert that a surprise is one of the essential elements entering into such warfare, and that to the watchful and alert the opportunity comes.

All arguments founded on this action cannot, however, wander from this truth—that a well-armed, well-manned ironclad, costing over a million of dollars, has been destroyed by two torpedo-cruisers, which even now lie in the enemy's waters awaiting the moment to strike once more.

THE PEOPLE'S FOUR-IN-HAND.

BY MARY GAY HUMPHREYS.

THE coach of the people runs the length of Fifth Avenue to the Marble Arch, by the fine homes, the stately churches, and under the overarching elms that border the Park. It has three horses abreast, and carries the same sort of human nature, but in greater and consequently more interesting variety, as its aristocratic kinsman the four-in-hand.

The man who carries his dinner in a tin pail will go out of his way to swing his legs up to the seat behind the driver. It is he that catches the cream of the morning, the odor of the syringas, and the white branches of the privet in the Park, while the dew is yet on, and the fragrant exhalations of the trees and grass yet unclogged by the day's dust. Further down they see the entertaining spectacle of a great city rubbing open its eyes and making its morning toilet.

At half past seven the "Jumbo stages," as, in the language of the stable, they are called, start out. They have not thus formulated their intention, but what they do is to give the girls who are going to stand all day in the nervous atmosphere of the shops a beautiful morning drive. The girls flutter up the stage steps and fill the seats. Nor is a fresh looking young clerk amiss among them. They are in the same shop, or they know one another from frequent meetings, and the conversation is as lively, and the sense of motion and good company as much enjoyed as it might be on the top of a coach in a coaching party.

At half past two the large stages start out again for their afternoon trips. The school-girls are waiting for them on corners downtown, and now a covey of boarding-school girls trip up the steps. They are all in blue, polka-dotted, silk-shirred, set off with trim and manly coats and four-in-hand ties; they are dressed with blue head-pieces, blue ribbons lift up like antennae, and blue veils flutter in the wind. But from the sidewalk all these details vanish, and the battle-worn business men walking the Avenue look up with a new light in their eyes, as they might at the passing of a flock of bluebirds or gauzy blue butterflies over the noisy, stony street.

But Fifth Avenue sees no prettier sight than the children returning from Central Park. After the fashion of the day, they wear broad flapping hats, covered with flowers, so that the top of the stage looks like an animated flower bed, with the little boys as flowerless stalks, and an occasional duenna as a protecting stick for some little weak plant to lean against. Down Murray Hill, swaying from side to side, the stage comes, the flowers nodding and moving as if blown by passing winds. Later, the stages carry back the returning shoppers and the sight-seers, who find in the stages' height and leisurely swing a vantage-ground for seeing Fifth Avenue which the mercenary hackman, who always goes fast at the wrong place, does not give.

At six o'clock the iron shutters of the big shops are rolled down, and the back doors open to let loose their hosts. Groups halt on the corners, waiting for the stages with seats on top. The animation and sparkle of the morning are gone. The girls slip into their seats, and sit with scarcely the interchange of a word. Almost each one has an evening paper, but the paper lies idly on the lap. There is quiet refreshment in the evening air, the swinging movement of the stage is soothing to tired nerves, and even the sense of being lifted above the foot-sole streets is restful. After nightfall the three horses abreast are no longer beasts of burden and the driver a common carrier; he wears the same old coat, but he drives a triumphal chariot, laden with youth, hope, love, and things as dear to older people, but which do not sound so fine. Solitary men climb up to enjoy their cigars, and men and women, too, to find that peace and quiet which are still possible amid the clatter of horses' feet and the laughter and chatter of the parties of young people that crowd the stages at this hour.

They are very young; they pair off like

turtle-doves, two by two; but the communion is general, and their confidences are open if any one chooses to listen to them. It is sometimes worth while to get a chance at such unaffected good nature. The laughter is a trifle loud, and the quality of the humor is not of the first sort. One might also wish that the young men would sit more erect, and not make such strenuous efforts to clasp around to the side rail; but this is perhaps hypercritical, if the young ladies do not object. At least it is all hearty, genuine, and human.

As interesting in his way as these is the young man who is in town buying wet goods or dry goods, and whose social instincts announce themselves by humming to himself, clucking at the horses, and then by facetious remarks to the conductor, but really intended for two responsive-looking milliner's apprentices near by. They show a conscious interest over their shoulders, and laugh immoderately at inoffensive remarks they make to one another. The young man urges the driver to more speed.

"I suppose, as the 400 seem to be out of town, you don't think it worth while to drive fast for ordinary people."

The driver is quite out of ear-shot, but the young women laugh, and he is satisfied. He continues to comment on the evening and the incidents in passing, now with a note of interrogation in his voice, and the nearest young woman thinks it polite to answer. The stage stops, and two silent women climb down.

"What are you going to quit us?" he asks, good-naturedly.

The two women stalk on without answering. It would be impertinent in a city man, but in the freedom and friendliness of this young man, who has evidently mounted the stage for society and means to have it, there is too much naïveté to give offence, if he need not be encouraged.

Two men enter into the women's places. One points out the churches, the clubs, and the distinguished private houses of the rich. In the face of these the marble spires of the Cathedral, never so impressive as now, are unseen by them; the other man listens attentively, then speaks:

"If I was Cornelius Vanderbilt I'd have the biggest race-track in the world, and I'd never look at a horse. I'd just sit in a box and sell tickets to the grand stand."

From which it seemed that he had spent the afternoon at Sheephead Bay, and was impressed with its value as a business. A frail-looking man draws back and gazes sorrowfully at the sky, and two stolid youths sit silently, and seem to feel in a dumb sort of way the enjoyment of the hour and the romantic beauty of the night. There is no moon, the light clouds in the sky have a glow of fire in them from the city's lights, but there is a glimmer of light on the way to the shore.

"Pare, please?" The conductor taps the shoulder of an expatriated countrywoman, who has just come over on a visit. Her pocket-book is filled with English and French coins, which she fingers despairingly in the darkness. Men rally to her with matches that go out in spite of the defences they make with their hands. "Mon Dieu! this conductor makes me nervous; drive him away, she implores. The patient conductor tries to efface himself. Somebody suggests getting a bill changed. She dives into the remote regions of her pocket, and brings forth a wad of brown paper. More matches are scratched, and in their brief flash a half-dozen eyes try to read their denominations. The woman, in anguish, seizes a five-dollar bill and hands it to the conductor, who now, with almost tears in his eyes, implores her for something smaller. The reinforcements return with matches and hands, and an eagle eye discerns the familiar back of a dollar bill, which it extracts and gives to the conductor. The woman wraps up her wealth in the brown again, and restores it to its secluded place, and everybody sinks back relieved but exhausted.

Occasionally a dejected-looking couple from the side streets upturn halt the stage. Their sophisticated clothes show that it is not because they have no parlors of their own, like the denizens of far uptown and the region below Madison Square who keep company on the top of the stage. They may have a dining-room, but they are too rich in brothers and sisters or are overburdened with relatives, so they compromise with what they feel they owe to conventionality by seeking solitude in the publicity which can only be found combined on the Fifth Avenue stages. It was an admirable provision that arranged the seats to hold barely two, and placed them in rows instead of initiating the arrangement of a Paris tram. Isolation is further provided for in the clatter over the stones, which effectually drowns conversation, yet is not sufficient to overcome the faintest well-directed whisper.

Where else could happiness, companionship, and that *solitude à deux* that lovers prize, be procured for one hour and thirty-two minutes, the time it takes to make a round trip—at so modest a cost? Or, if in a reckless mood, for forty cents—the price of four trips up and down—this bliss may be prolonged for three hours and four minutes. But after half past ten the last lingering couple must prepare to be set down. Then the horses turn homeward, the stage is turned in to await the next day, and the driver goes nodding off home satisfied, as he ought to be as whip of the coach of the people.



FOR THE PRESENT an expectant world must still breathlessly await the coming of the Boston 46 footers, save only *Sagoyana*, which is here, and has had a race or two; neither *Barbara*, *Oreene*, nor *Alborak* has yet put in an appearance. By the way, in the Eastern N. Y. C.'s sweepstakes races, on the 19th instant, not one of last year's boats in this class (*Alga*, *Milreite*, and *Thelma*) seized the opportunity to win a race in the absence of their presumably fleeing and certainly younger competitors. The past week has kept yachtsmen busy figuring on the prospects of the 46 footers. It has been a week of surprises, but filled with good sport nevertheless. *Gloriana* has been lying off Newport in the mean time awaiting developments. In Eastern waters *Beatrice* has been beaten by *Gosson*, and *Oreene* has, as predicted, in these columns, beaten *Alborak*. But these races amount to little. A curious fact may be noted—both *Alborak* and *Oreene* (with their "high-powered" conditions) came to the line for their first race, and each smashed something before they could start, while *Beatrice* and *Gosson* found no difficulty in going over the course. There seems a moral somewhere in all this "smashing things" by the "immoderate" boats. *Beatrice*, of course, is the better able to carry her canvas from the extra wind afforded by her c-b. model, and the opportunity thereby given to stay her mast at a better angle.

A RACE, BY THE WAY, should be arranged and inducements held out whereby these older boats may be brought into the competition, that some comparison may be had and some knowledge of the actual practical gain—to compensate for trouble, ingenuity, and money expended in developing the class—arrived at. It is certainly matter for consideration that the ten new 46's represent to-day an expenditure of probably \$150,000, and the very which remains still to be solved is as to the actual gain. If *Gloriana* develops as she has begun, something has undoubtedly been learned and an advance made. If, on the other hand, her present success is merely ephemeral, it is more than doubtful if progress to-day be not in a wrong direction.

IN OUR OWN WATERS the contests between the new boats of the 46 foot class have been highly instructive. In the Seawanhaka Corinthian races off Oyster Bay, in a light breeze on the 2nd, *Minerva* won from *Sagoyana*, showing how greatly different conditions affect results. The Sound is very different in winds and waters from any of the other prominent racing grounds, and it is doubtful if conditions there existed would tend to produce a desirable class of boats. In this same race *Jessica* was only 31 seconds behind *Minerva*. On this day also the 25-rater *Nameless* at last won from *Smuggler*, which has beaten her several times, by 2 minutes 19 seconds. On Saturday, at the Larchmont Club Handicap Regatta, in a stiff breeze, the ten new 46's were turned. *Sagoyana* 10 minutes 10 seconds; *Neutria*, 10 minutes 57 seconds; *Minerva* beat *Sagoyana* 29 seconds; and *Navitula*, 1 minute 16 seconds. *Sagoyana* beat *Navitula* 47 seconds. *Smuggler* beat *Nameless* 4 minutes 59 seconds, both on even terms. In the 46-foot class *Sagoyana* allowed *Minerva* 30 seconds, *Navitula* 5 minutes 30 seconds, and *Jessica* 8 minutes. While we are on the press (Monday) these boats are racing for the American Yacht Club's special \$250 cup. In the light of recent events the winner is decidedly an unknown quantity.

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF 40-FOOTERS from off the face of the earth, so far as racing is concerned, is remarkable, and the history of the class merits attention. They began with *Pyppose* (36 feet l.w.l.); *Banakee*, *Nymph*, *Xara*, and *Baboon* followed rapidly—all these by Burgess; and then *Gorilla*, by Cary-Smith; *Liria*, by Gardner; *Helen* and *Altee*, by McVey; *Alea*, *Loluarana*, *Mariquita*, *Chiquita*, *Choctaw*, *Chiqua*, *Tonahawk*, *Verena*, *Yentura*, and *Morocain*, all by Burgess, rounded out the class. They would have afforded probably many races, and have established a permanent class for many years to come, had it not been for a moderate boat with a moderate plan sail (*Minerva*), which so utterly defeated them in all weathers and under all circumstances that the class became thereupon practically extinct.

"GOSSON," MR. BURGESS'S LATEST EFFORT, was produced to beat *Minerva*. She sailed last season (unless I am in error) ten races with *Minerva*, of which each won five. Of lighter construction than and strong resemblance to *Minerva*, she is to-day probably somewhat the better boat. The following table of principal dimensions indicates *Gosson's* departure from the ideas which dominated the class, and her successful approach to *Minerva*:

NAME	L.O.A.	L.W.L.	BEAM	DRAUGHT	S.A.
Mariquita	51.15	39.95	13.75	9.00	2328 feet
Liria	55.50	39.70	13.10	9.5	3093 "
Average	53.325	39.875	13.425	9.425	3432 "
Gosson	53.00	39.50	12.00	9.00	3154 "
Minerva	54.00	39.57	10.05	9.00	2625 "

In other words, *Gosson's* dimensions are approximately midway between the two

types, though these figures do not show the marked resemblance of design, and in gear and rigging. The question may arise, however, why was it that after this unexampled activity in one racing class, that class should have been so instantly and wholly abandoned as a racing class? Ordinarily one would expect that, *Minerva* having killed the racing in the class until *Gosnon* indicated in what direction improvement should be made in order to successfully contend with her, the then twenty odd boats constituting the class would be relegated to the uses of cruising, and a half-dozen boats be constructed as racers, varying in dimension and model all the way between *Gosnon* and *Minerva*, and that the contests in the class would have been keener than ever. But nothing of the kind occurred. So far as known, not a single 40 was constructed last winter; and except for the Corinthian race on the 22d, which brought out *Liria* and *Marquitta* to sail against *Jessica*, not a single race for this class has filled this season.

THE REASON FOR THIS state of affairs may possibly be found in the suggestions contained in a letter I recall to the *Spirit* of the *Times* of June 28, 1890, which, now that a year has demonstrated the accuracy of the views then advanced, is not uninteresting reading. The writer says:

"This 40 class of the past three years has been our great educational class. We have never had so many boats built for racing, all practically of a size, competing together, under varying conditions of wind and weather, over different courses along our coasts before. Certainly everything should be done to keep the class up for a year or two for the sake of its educational influence, although it is to be regretted that the class should be of just the particular size which it is, for a 40 is really neither 40, 30, 50, nor good for anything. It is too small for accommodation, and too large to be cheaply handled."

Take, for instance, a little boat, *Yama*, which has just been finished by Wittington on some lines of Fifte, Jun, 3, and which I regret extremely to go to the Lakes instead of staying here. She is 16 feet 6 inches corrected racing length—30 to 40 class—being 36 feet on the water-line, while her square root of sail area is 44, say sail area 1900 feet. She has no much accommodation as a 40—that is, she has a little stateroom, or ladies' cabin, and a small fore-cabin, and a wash-basin aft; a main cabin 6 feet 6 inches by 8 feet, with a bunk on either side; a dressing-room and a pantry, the passageway forward leading into the fore-cabin, and the galley and fore-cabin (which has room for three men); and a roomy sail locker aft. No 40 has more than this, though they have perhaps a couple of feet more in the fore-cabin—of length. She can be managed, with her small rig, by a limited crew, and in all probability would make a decided spectacle of even fast 40s (who would be her competitor in these waters on any classification by corrected length), as *Kathleen* figures out in the 30 to 40 class.

Now when you consider that in a 40 (even *Minerva*) for racing purposes you cannot get along with a crew of less than six all day, including helmsman, while eight is by no means too many; that for *Liria*, the extreme boat of the class, you need from nine to eleven men to handle her in the race (she carries 12 men usually about twelve); and that, for all practical purposes, neither *Minerva* nor *Liria* has any advantage in accommodation over the new boat that I have just described—it seems as though from one point of view the 40s were too large.

"On the other hand, take a boat somewhat larger than the 40s, say, for instance, one that would figure out at or near the head of the 50 to 60 foot (corrected length) class, and you can handle her with a crew of number of men as a modern 40; your accommodation is vastly increased; as 40s are big enough to go anywhere in with comfort. Therefore it would seem that the 40s are not a very desirable class. Indeed, it is probable that after a year or so they will come to exist, their owners promoting themselves (as fishermen always tend toward larger boats) to the class above, and the new-comers in the yachting field preferring the class below. An indication in this direction you will notice, is that the class below (which unfortunately we have nothing but *Shore* here to sail against *Kathleen*) is receiving more attention than the 40 class, and *Shore* coming to the re-enforcement of *Saracen* this year."

IN THE SAME LETTER *Uvira* (which sailed her first race in these waters, as above noted, in the C. Y. C. race of the 22d) is referred to, and in view of the complete way in which this boat disposed of *Marquitta* and *Liria* in that race, the predictions of the writer concerning her are interesting. He speaks of

"the arrival at Halifax a day or two since of *Uvira*, eighteen days out from Southampton. She is the new Fifte Jun, boat, 45 feet on the water-line, and with her small sail area would figure very easily into the Larchmont 47 to 54 foot C. Y. class; and there is very little doubt, I fancy, but that if Mr. Frazer, of Halifax, her owner, should be inclined to send her down here to compete at Larchmont, the owners of the 40s would find their boats useless lumber on their hands so far as racing purposes at Larchmont are concerned. With two feet of extra water-line, she has a possibility of the figure 66 for the square root of her sail area in order to come within the 64-foot corrected length class. That is, she could have a sail area of 4366 feet!! If *Minerva* has only 3700 feet sail area, and *Uvira* has a square root of considerably less than 66 (57, unless I am in error), it is apparent that *Uvira* need not exhaust her entire permissible capacity in the line of sail area in order to afford her all the motive power which she is capable of utilizing to advantage, so that she would not be obliged to give the present top of the Larchmont class, *Liria*, which figures out, say, an even 60 feet C. Y., so much time but that she could sail it over her."

As a matter of fact, *Uvira* figures out smaller than *Liria*. Here, then, is to be found reason "enough and to spare" why the 40s should have disappeared. The question now is, are the present 40s much better? It is doubtful.

THE COLUMBIA, YALE, AND HARVARD Freshman race at New London, June 24th, was a good illustration of what gripe can do for a crew. Before the race it was generally conceded that Harvard would win, but if ever a crew showed a lamentable lack of pluck and head-work, it was this same Harvard Freshman eight. At the start their shell jumped to the front, and soon had a slight lead, but only for an instant. Then the Columbia *Uvira*, in spite of the fact that they were catching "crabs," soon passed them, and had the race well in hand. Yale, not to be outdone, followed, leaving Harvard well in the rear.

To make matters worse, Harvard's coxswain took his crew well over to the Groton side of the course, and kept it there, crossing the line in 9:56. Harvard kept her stroke at 88 and 40, while Columbia and Yale were pulling away at a 44 clip.

Of the Columbia crew I have only words of praise; the steady way in which they kept at their work, in the face of accidents, which would have appalled any ordinary set of boys, drew out the highest admiration. They crossed the line in 9:41, breaking the old record 8:43. Yale, time 9:53, was outclassed in speed, but so far as skill was concerned the two crews were about evenly matched. The old record of 9:43 was made by Columbia in '84; the same year Harvard's was 8:54. In '90 Yale's time was 11:25, Columbia's 11:29, and Cornell's 11:24. In the Cornell-Columbia Freshman race this year—June 30th—the time of the former was 10:32, and the latter, 10:50.

THE THREE-CORNERED RACE on June 25th, between Cornell, Columbia, and the University of Pennsylvania varsity crews, was notable chiefly for the ease with which Cornell, notwithstanding her crew lay over the eelgrass, won, and the pluck that characterized Columbia. Pennsylvania pulled strong, but the pace set by the leaders was too hot, and, starting at 40 to the minute, the stroke was gradually dropped to 36. She had the best water, and at the start jumped away, leading Cornell in length at the half-mile flag. For a time Cornell and Columbia were rowing on even terms, but the moment the former got out of the eel-grass they went ahead easily, and at the two-mile flag was leading Pennsylvania two lengths, while Columbia was about four behind the Quakers. Cornell's coxswain steered beautifully, more than can be said for Pennsylvania's, and the crew crossed the line a winner by four lengths, in the world's record time of 14 minutes 27 seconds; Pennsylvania, 14:45; Columbia, 15:03. The previous record for this distance was 14:43, made by Cornell in '90, while the record for the previous record 48 seconds. Cornell also holds the record for 15 miles—6:40, made at Philadelphia, July 5, '89. Cornell and Pennsylvania rowed well and strong throughout, the latter finishing almost too strong for a defeated crew. If Columbia had had strength equal to her pluck, she would not have been last.

IT IS RATHER A GOOD JOKE on Yale that the very year when the negotiations their boating management has been pushing since 1888 seemed most likely to result in a meeting between the Yale and Oxford crews, should be the one in which, after five successive defeats, Harvard should beat them in the boating honors. That what practically amounted to a challenge had been sent, there is every reason to believe, and also that the majority of the Yale crew knew nothing of it. The letter which the president of the Yale Navy sent to the Oxford Boat Club expressed the desire to test by a race the question as to how far the stroke copied by Mr. Cook from the English had deviated from the original, and whether the deviation had improved it.

IF ONE MAY JUDGE from the cable received from the Oxford Boat, we are much nearer an international boat race than we have been since the Harvard crew went over in the sixties. The lack of formal consideration of the matter may prevent the Harvard crew from accepting the implied invitation to take the place of Yale this year, but should they again prove victorious next year, they would have ample time to consider the probability of such a race. As to sending the Harvard crew this year, there would be all the support desired forth-coming immediately if they would consent to go. I am emphatically of the opinion that it is about time England sent a crew over here. We have already sent several abroad, and in return but one has come to our shores. England don't seem to pine for competition with us nowadays. When we were just learning polo and cricket she sent over a team which had a very pleasant playful time with our novices. Now that we have become formidable in both games, there appears no care on the other side of the water for international contests. They tried for a long time to capture the *America's* Cup, but repeated failure seems to have dampened British ardor in even that direction. Our rifle teams, our athletes, our cricketers, have gone abroad and won honors; isn't it about time we remained at home and did some international fighting?

THE EASTERN CHAMPIONSHIP MEETING for Doubles, held last week on the grounds of the Staten Island Cricket and Base-ball Club, cannot be set down as a complete failure, but it was so nearly deserving of the name that the National Association evidently must adopt radical measures in order to avert such a sad fate for this important event in future years. Think of it! Only five pairs entered in a tournament for the championship of the East! At Newport some five years ago it was not uncommon for fifteen or twenty teams to struggle for supremacy, but since that time the number has been gradually decreasing, notwithstanding the constantly increasing number of skillful players. I have heard many suggestions for the future advanced by leading players, some of them feasible, and some not. Any plan which in-

volves a return of the doubles to Newport would undoubtedly result in failure, for many a good player is unable to endure the strain of the matches in singles alone, and would probably refuse to enter the doubles if held the same week; while if another week should be chosen, many of the contestants would be unable to remain so long in an expensive place; and still more important, I think, the Newport people would have too much tennis, and cease to be so enthusiastic.

THE SCHEME WHICH, in my opinion, should most commend itself to the members of the Association is one proposed by Mr. Clark, the chief officer of that body. Mr. Clark suggests a combination of the Eastern Championship Meeting for men's doubles, and the National Championship for women. The latter event was this year more successful than ever before, attracting larger crowds, and exciting general interest among Philadelphia people. The location of this combination tournament would, of course, have some bearing upon its success or failure, and that question would have to be carefully considered. At first blush, Philadelphia would seem to be the proper place, for entries from the South could easily be attracted to that city. Still another suggestion worth consideration is that a championship for ladies' and gentlemen's pairs should be added to the programme. This event has in late years been included in the list of English championships, and is said to be very successful.

NOTWITHSTANDING THE LACK OF quantity, the quality of the pairs entered was good enough to save last week's tournament from utter failure. Counting out Campbell and Huntington, who were easy winners, the remaining pairs were very evenly matched. A. W. Post and Deane Stevens might have made a better fight against Campbell and Huntington in the preliminary round had it not been for Stevens's fatal weakness in "volleying." It seemed impossible for him to "kill," even when the easiest chances were offered. His strokes from the back of the court, on the other hand, were unusually accurate and effective, and it is quite certain that the pair would have done better work if they had played the old-fashioned game—one man at the net and the other in the back court. As it was, whenever Stevens approached the net, both Huntington and Campbell made him the target for their hardest volleys, and scored many points by his failures.

THE BEST MATCH, or perhaps I should say the most interesting, of the first day, because the most uncertain, was that between H. W. Slocum, Jun., and J. S. Clark on the one side, and E. Post and Deane Stevens on the other. Slocum was in poor practice, not having played since last summer, and there was but little to choose between the two teams. It was, perhaps, the superior steadiness of the veterans at critical moments, a natural result of their long experience, which finally enabled them to win three sets out of four. The right to meet Huntington and Campbell in the final round, that pair having in the mean time easily disposed of the representatives of the New York Tennis Club, Messrs. Perkins and Millett, the latter a most promising player. The final match was decidedly tame, for the younger players played in their best form, and hardly gave the veterans a chance. Campbell was known to be in good form, but I think that few expected to see Huntington put up such a strong game. His volleying was about as sharp and accurate as his partner's, and his service—of great importance in the double game—was far stronger. I dislike to make predictions so far ahead, but if Campbell and Huntington can retain their present form, it is difficult to see how they can lose the championship at Newport.

THE FIRST OF THE TWO WEEKS' play at Cedarhurst, beginning July 1st, for the Polo Association cups, made the poorest showing of the season. Rockaway, second (13 goals), and Morristown (16 goals) opened the meeting with a game that was not especially interesting, except possibly to show the mettle of the ponies. Both teams played very loosely, riding over the ball, missing very many shots, and bunching badly. Stevens did the best for the Rockaways, though once or twice Rene La Montagne made a play that reminded me of his old-time form. Neither of the Franceses did so well as in some other games I have noted recently. For Morristown Nicoll, and particularly Lord, did well. I have seen day in better form, while Thorn is coming around in a sliver. Individually this team is much stronger than it is collectively. The men require more concerted action; as it was, however, they played well enough to beat the second Rockaways by one goal. It was by no means a good display of polo. Though the ponies were ridden hard, the game was a very slow one.

THE TEAMS THAT WERE to have played on Thursday—Essex, Philadelphia, Country Club of Westchester, and Meadow Brook—failed to turn up, though the latter was ready to play if their opponents put in an appearance. The cause of non-appearance was the playing of an astonishingly expensive when the fact is taken into consideration that these games are for the championship cup of the Association. On Saturday

Rockaway, first team (28 goals), and Morristown (16 goals) came together. The former showed the most brilliant play of the season, making the unprecedented score of 14 goals in the first period, and finishing with a total of 23; for the game. Keene and Cowdru were in great form. The former showed one of his brilliant streaks of play, and carried the ball apparently wherever he wished, reaching it backhand, under his horse's neck, between his feet, and in every other difficult position, making 15 goals. Cowdru was everywhere, and invariably on hand at a critical moment. He is not such a brilliant worker, but is one of the most effective players in this country, if indeed not the most. Morristown was outplayed at all points. Every one of the team showed his best game, but they were not in it, and, moreover, lost many opportunities by being fairly bluffed off the ball by Rockaway's desperate riding. As we are on the press, the best game of the season is being played between first Rockaway and Meadow Brook for the final of the Association championship cups. The balance of the week will be devoted to the contest for the Clark Cups.

THE SHOWING OF OUR ATHLETES abroad has been entirely satisfactory, while the performances of Luther Cary alone have been brilliant enough to shed lustre on some of the less fortunate of the party. In the English Championship meeting, on a miserable track, he was beaten by 4 yards in 101 seconds. House, who has a 101 record, won a heat in the 120 yards in 124, and finished 2 feet behind the final winner in 111; he won the 200 yards easily in the same meeting. In Paris, on Saturday, on the grounds of the Racing Club of France, he won his heat in the 110 metres or 111 yards easily in 11 seconds, and in the final ran in just second place. Mortimer Remington has also covered himself with glory. He won the English Championship quarter-mile easily in 51 seconds, and in Paris the same distance in 50 seconds. H. L. Dadmun won a handicap quarter at Huddersfield, June 20th; at the Championship at Manchester, a week later, the heavy track wore him out, and he did nothing. At Paris he took the half-mile in 2 minutes 5 seconds. Roddy was not in good form when he reached England, and his best performance until last Saturday was a dead heat for second place in a quarter-mile trial in the English Championships. In Paris, however, he ran 1645 yards in 4 minutes 30 seconds, winning by 4 yards from the French champion.

HATLOCK WAS NOT IN FORM until the Paris meeting, when he cleared the bar at 5 feet 11 inches, and very nearly got over 6 feet. Queckbenner won the English 100 yard 16th hammer with a throw of 129 feet 10 inches, and at Paris gave an excellent exhibition of the hammer, shot, and 56 lb. weight. It is really gratifying to know that those of the team who have won are American born, the two transplanted athletes, George and Young, having made no showing at all, and started for home. Malcolm Fox must have been badly out of form, for his showing has been very ordinary. In the English Championship he jumped 20 feet 4 inches in the running broad, and was tied by Bulger; while at Paris he did only 19 feet 5 inches, taking second to Victor Mages, who did 22 feet 5 inches. There is no question that were the men to remain abroad a little longer, and until they were thoroughly acclimated, they would make a few records at least that would remain a mark for European athletes for some time to come. As it is, they have sustained American athletic prowess nobly.

ONE NIGHT LAST WEEK a member of the West Side Athletic Club fought and defeated in four rounds a member of the Manhattan Athletic Club. The men fought for a "one-hundred-dollar gold watch," and the referee, a member of the New York Athletic Club, in a "short speech" declared "that the fight would be conducted strictly in accordance with A. A. U. rules." Indeed! And what has become, pray, of that amendment passed by the A. A. U. in March restricting prizes to medals, and limiting their value to fifty dollars? And what, also, has become of that proposed investigation into the Manhattan Athletic Club's last boxing tournament, when gold watches were given? Pending the investigation the M. A. C. has declared that it had misinterpreted the ruling, or at least its captain had, and that it was not its desire to be an offender, either in the present or future. What is the difference in point of principle in holding a tournament and giving gold watches, and allowing a member of the club to fight for one? Again, the New York Athletic Club was the first to institute the crusade against these masquerading professional boxers. Its resolutions and expressions were highly commendable and wise. Is it quite the proper thing for this club to countenance, by permitting one of its members to act as referee, and another as judge, a meeting that is an absolute transgression of the laws it has helped to make and is supposed to sustain. If the M. A. C. is wise, it will go slow on its encouragement of a slumber membership in its club. Give the professional boxers a chance to earn a living in a calling in which at least they do not pose for what they are not.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.



CLAUDIO VICENS, who was ELECTED BY THE GOVERNMENT PARTY LAST WEEK TO SUCCEED BALMADEA.—[See Page 515.]

ELECTRIC LAMPS FED FROM SPACE, AND FLAMES THAT DO NOT CONSUME.

BY JOSEPH WETZLER, M. E.

THE honors in electrical discovery and invention have hitherto been pretty evenly divided among the nations, but of late America has bid fair to leave little for the rest of the world to own or cultivate in this wonderful new domain of the arts and sciences. The modern telegraph is largely American. The telephone is wholly so. The great successful systems of electric light and power bear American names, and now American methods of operating electric railroads have begun to go around the globe, conquering and to conquer.

Columbia College a few weeks ago gave a remarkable exemplification of this significant state of affairs when, in the presence of an enthusiastic gathering of the foremost electrical talent of the country, a modest young Ilian, Nikola Tesla by name, delivered a lecture in English on his discoveries of results with alternating currents of high frequency. At one bound he placed himself abreast of such men as Edison, Brush, Elihu Thomson, and Alexander Graham Bell. Yet only four or five years ago, after a period of struggle in France, this strapping, from the dim mountain borderland of Austro-Hungary landed on our shores, entirely unknown, and poor in everything save genius and training, and courage inherited from many a chieftain who shed his blood in the ceaseless warfare with the unspeakable Turk. Work and recognition came slowly, but they came; and it needed simply that he should fall in the way of Mr. George Westinghouse, Jun., to have some of his earliest inventions here appreciated. Those inventions, dealing as they do with the difficult problems of the utilization of alternating currents for motive power, are in themselves fundamental and far-reaching; but Mr. Tesla has now utterly eclipsed them by his experiments and methods for obtaining the electric light electrostatically. In a word, his lecture at Columbia—which merely as a rhetorical performance touched on the marvellous, as coming from a foreigner, by its lucid explanations in pure, nervous English of subtle ideas and obscure phenomena—showed two things very clearly. It showed not only that he had gone far beyond the two distinguished European scientists Dr. Lodge and Professor Hertz in grasp of the electro-magnetic theory of light, but that he had actually made apparatus by which electrostatic waves or "thrusters" would give light for ordinary every-day uses.

On the occasion of this memorable lecture Mr. Tesla held his audience in complete captivity of attention and admiration for over three hours. Since that time the mere report of the nature of his experiments has aroused the intensest curiosity in Europe, and the full text of his lecture, of which this article affords but suggestive outline, is awaited there

most anxiously. It is felt by all who are conversant with the subject that the point of new departure in all our work for introducing electricity universally as a means of interior illumination must be taken from the revelations at Columbia. There is given us, moreover, many a fascinating glimpse of facts and truths still in the background.

The transition from the tallow dip to the candle and the oil lamp marked one stage in the march of improvement, which, passing on to the introduction of gas, has, in our day, reached the high form of development exhibited in the little incandescent lamp of 16-candle-power, and the powerful arc lamp ranging up to 100,000-candle-power and more, and sending its beams from the light-house, in some instances, as far taken 60 miles. We have characterized the present electrical methods as highly developed forms of illumination, and so they are, compared with those which have gone before; but Mr. Tesla's discoveries leave no room for doubt that before long we shall see further improvements, which cannot fail to

have a marked influence on the methods which will be adopted in the future. The faint glow exhibited in the glass tube, which has for a long time constituted one of the stock experiments of every lecturer on physics, has frequently been suggested as one of the methods by which we could

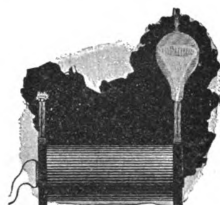


FIG. 2.—INCANDESCENT FILAMENT SPINNING IN EXHAUSTED GLOBE.

obtain the ideal form of illumination—light without heat. Experiments in this direction had, however, led to very little, and even the remarkable experiments of Professor Crookes on radiant matter, which will be fresh in the minds of many, and which were first brought out nearly twenty years ago, led us no nearer the desired goal. More recent experimenters, among them Dr. Hertz and Dr. Lodge, had struck out in a line which promised good results; but it has remained for Mr. Tesla to crystallize and define the methods and the apparatus by which, in all probability, the difficult problem will be solved.



FIG. 3.—LAMP WITH BUTTON OF REFRACTORY MATERIAL.

Before entering into a description of Mr. Tesla's methods it will be well to explain in brief the steps which have led to the results which we are now about to consider. He began by taking what is known as an induction or spark coil, capable of generating electric sparks similar to those which we are all familiar with in connection with the static frictional electric machine, and which is described in every school-book on physics. These spark coils have heretofore been operated by means of currents which were periodically interrupted only a few times per second, or by what are called alternating currents, such as those largely used in our present forms of electric lighting, and which vibrate or alternate from 100 to 200 times a second.

Mr. Tesla reasoned that if we could increase the number of vibrations or alternations in the current far above the number just mentioned, we would obtain greatly increased effects, and for this purpose he constructed a machine which gave him no less than

20,000 alternations per second. A few experiments convinced him that his theory was correct. The character of the spark or electrical discharge between the knobs connected to the coil operated with currents of this nature exhibited qualities quite different from those heretofore observed. In fact, as the alternations are increased, no less than five distinct kinds of discharge may be noticed, beginning with a thin thread-like discharge, until finally the character of the discharge is changed to that of a hot flame issuing from the discharge knob.

In the course of these experiments Mr. Tesla observed a large number of interesting phenomena. One of these is illustrated in the accompanying engraving Fig. 1. By attaching a wire to one of the terminals of such a coil, streams of light issue not only from the end, but from all sides, showing the intense nature of the action which is going on. Another experiment is illustrated in Fig. 2.

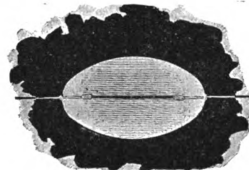


FIG. 5.—AN APPARENT PARADOX—ILLUMINATED GLOBE WITH DARK FILAMENT.

Here a very fine platinum wire is placed in a glass bulb. The intense action of the current sets the fine thread of platinum spinning around in the bulb, forming a veritable funnel of light. These experiments led Mr. Tesla later to a practical form of lamp, and one of these is shown in the engraving Fig. 3. This consists merely of a glass bulb from which the air has been exhausted, and which contains a simple button of some refractory material, from which a single wire leads to the outside of the bulb. Such a lamp attached merely to one wire glows brightly, and at one stroke obviates the necessity of having two wires connected to each lamp. He also demonstrated that such a lamp could be made to glow without leading the wire through the glass.

But Mr. Tesla was not satisfied with these results, brilliant as they were. He had set himself no less a task than to create a lamp which, without any external connection to wires or conductors of any sort, should glow brightly when placed anywhere in an apartment.

As illustrating the manner in which he carried out such a system in practice, the engraving Fig. 4 shows the arrangement of apparatus. Here A represents the primary electric generator, which would be placed at the central station, with wires leading, as usual, to the place where the light is required. At this point there is inserted in the circuit what is technically called a condenser, C, an apparatus similar in principle to that of the Leyden-jar. Close to it is an induction coil,

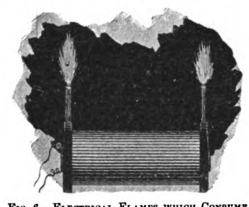


FIG. 6.—ELECTRICAL FLAMES WHICH CONSUME NOTHING.

B, which converts the currents of low potential coming from the machine to those of the very high potential required in the new method. The room into which the wires from the coil B are led has two metallic sheets placed within its opposite walls, or a metallic wall-paper may be used for the same purpose. With such an arrangement glass tubes properly exhausted glow brightly, and can be freely moved anywhere in the apartment, just like hand or oil lamps. The electric impulses thrown out from the metallic disks create within the entire room an electrical field which exerts its influence on everything within it, and which becomes manifest in a medium specially adapted to the

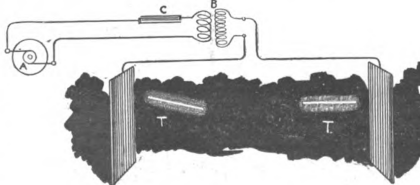


FIG. 4.—IDEAL WAY OF LIGHTING A ROOM.

A. Dynamo. B. Induction Coil. C. Condenser. T. T. Illuminated Tubes without Wires.

exhibition of its forces, such as tubes exhausted of air.

By a further close course of reasoning he became convinced that such a system could be still further improved by using a far higher number of alternations of the current than he was able to obtain with his machines, although some of them gave as high as 35,000 reversals of current per second. How, then, was the desired result to be accomplished? It has long been known that the spark discharged from a static frictional machine or a Leyden-jar, and also that of the lightning, is one which vibrates many million times per second, and it is this phenomenon which Mr. Tesla has availed himself of in order to obtain the high rate of vibrations upon which his latest results are based.

It would lead me too far to enter into the details of the apparatus employed by Mr. Tesla, simple as it is; but suffice it to say that by interposing in an electric circuit an apparatus by which a spark discharge is continually maintained between a pair of knobs, the current in the wires is thrown into the enormously high rate of vibration necessary to obtain the desired results.

The possibilities of such a method of illumination need hardly be dwelt upon; suffice it to say that with our wires or pipes of any kind to hamper the artist or decorator, effects may be produced which will bring fairy-land within our homes.

The question will naturally be asked: What effect will this new method, when perfected, have upon our existing methods of electric lighting? Will it make useless all our machines and the wires which now form an indispensable part of our methods of electrical distribution? In answer to this, it may be said that such a result is hardly to be expected immediately. The immediate change which will be wrought when the system devised by Mr. Tesla is brought to practical perfection will probably be one required within the buildings to be illuminated. Wires from the station to the building will still be necessary, and much of the machinery at present in use will still be available with the new method.

In order to show the difference in character between the currents of the low number of vibrations heretofore used, as compared with those employed by Mr. Tesla, we need cite only one experiment, which presents the apparent paradox seen in the illustration Fig. 5. It will be noticed that a lamp having a carbon conductor similar to that employed in the usual electric lamp, remains perfectly dark while the entire interior of the bulb becomes brightly illuminated. Mr. Tesla's experiments, however, while marking a distinct epoch in the history of electric illumination, have a most important bearing in many other directions. It was mentioned before that the discharge obtained from the coil assumed the form of a hot flame, as illustrated in Fig. 6, and this at once reveals a method of producing a flame without consuming any material, not even the oxygen of the atmosphere, which is the main element in the combustion of all fuels. The currents employed by Mr. Tesla are also of great value in the production of ozone, one of the most powerful disinfectants known; and it is fair to assume that the introduction of such currents into our houses will go far towards increasing their sanitary condition.

We might speculate at length upon the possibilities which lie before us, but enough has been said to convince the reader that we have discerned the shores of discoveries in electricity which will go far towards the realization of results that the most advanced prophet of the Bellamy school has not yet ventured to predict.

SCOURGED TO THEIR GRAVES.

So subtle and tenacious is the poison of malaria, that many persons afflicted with it never, through life, get rid of the venom in their systems. Such people are not to be found among those who use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which completely eradicates it. Most benign of anti-malarial specifics, it is also a sovereign remedy for biliousness, kidney troubles, costiveness, and dyspepsia.—[Advt.]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[Advt.]

The celebrated Lanoline Salve is a scientific cooling ointment for household and toilet purposes. It cures all cutaneous diseases or any surface ailment. Softens and beautifies the skin. Endorsed by eminent European authorities, and now introduced into the U. S., where its popularity will soon be firmly established.—[Advt.]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became a Woman, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[Advt.]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA, "THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER," cures Croup, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cts. a bottle.—[Advt.]

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LADIES are greatly benefited by the use of Angostura Bitters, the South American tonic.—[Advt.]

THE CROWN LAVENDER SALTS—A new revelation of health, comfort, and refreshment.—[Advt.]

THE BEST Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[Advt.]



FIG. 1.—WIRE STREAMING OUT LIGHT.

WILD ANIMALS UNDER TREATMENT.

BY BARNET PHILLIPS.—ILLUSTRATED BY F. S. CHURCH.

THE forth-coming census will give us the sum total of horses and cattle in the country, but how many lions and tigers are there? Such a particular count is not difficult. Messrs. Barnum & Bailey, in reply to an inquiry, tell me that there are in all the circuses and travelling menageries in the United States 50 lions and 44 tigers. Mr. W. A. Conklin, familiar with our zoological collections, supplements Messrs. Barnum & Bailey's figures with 27 lions and 15 tigers; and so, adding the animals in dealers' hands, we have a fairly imposing ravening mass of 83 lions and 62 tigers.



ARGUING WITH A LION.

Towards the lesser carnivores I directed no inquiries, but I made a serious attempt to figure out the monkeys in the United States (our relatives in captivity, I beg to state), and I found them very much more numerous than I should have imagined. Every Brazilian steamer brings us from 30 to 50 monkeys. This large number is due to their comparative cheapness, their popularity; but at the same time it must be borne in mind that in an exhibition, organ-grinding, or mercantile sense monkeys are the most perishable of commodities, and an ample stock must be kept in order to supply losses by death. "When a monkey begins to cough," said to me the most experienced of animal-keepers, "he is a goner."

The preservation of wild animals—the methods employed to cure their ills, to heal their wounds—is a fairly curious subject. It occurred to Mr. Church years ago as an interesting topic, and its conception was, I fancy, due to that artist having in his possession the claw of a tiger.

"You see," said Mr. Church, exhibiting a hook of horn that looked as if made for laceration, "a tiger had this lancet-looking thing growing into the pad of his foot. I was present at Central Park when the pulling out took place. Since then I have been noticing the ailments of animals in captivity, with doctoring processes. Those poor monkeys! They always are suffering from lung troubles."

"Then the Koch lymph has been discovered none too soon," I ventured to remark. Then I told Mr. Church that I had seen a touching sight but yesterday at the monkey-house at Central Park. Mr. Jacob Cook, the keeper, was nursing a spider monkey. The monkey, gasping for breath, wasting away with rapid consumption, had one long arm thrown round Cook's neck. The keeper was crooning over him as if he were a sick child, saying: "Poor old chappie! you haven't got long to live. I am so sorry for you," and Cook was rocking the spider monkey to and fro in his arms, and holding him to his breast, trying to warm him.

"Yes," said Mr. Church, "that is very pitiable"; and then, the art instinct coming to the front, he added: "As the monkey must be dead by this time, I will have to go to the Park and take a sketch of him. You can give physic to a monkey—that is, if you know how—but there are animals more or less troublesome when you dose them."

"Some bipeds are that way."

"Arctinsall, one of the oldest hands, with an elephant specialty, told me how one of these brutes astonished him. The elephant had been on exhibition in a malarious district. Possibly malarious regions in the United States differ in quality from such pestiferousness as is peculiar to Ceylon, India, or Africa. Anyhow, Arctinsall's elephant had the shakes. Fancy an elephant with the ague, and you have an earthquake. Calculating the solid area of the shivering patient, a proportionate dose of febrifuge was determined upon. The result was a monster bolus of quinine. The elephant was told to open his mouth, and requested to swallow the eighty-grain pill."

"And?" I asked.

"The first thing the elephant doctor knew he was describing a curve through the air, and turning many double-somersaults. He landed finally on a big roll of tent canvas, thirty feet distant; otherwise his neck would have been broken. The elephant declined taking quinine in quantity, and emphasized his disgust by using his trunk."

When, with Mr. Church, Mr. Darling at Niblo's gave us the A B C of lion-training, we had naturally asked what he did "when kings of beasts were feeling poorly." His reply was that methods of treatment were few. "We give quinine as a tonic, and when their appetites are delicate we let them have many gallons of beef tea. For certain diges-

tive disorders we feed liver to them. Scars from scratches and bites we heal with carbolic salve. It is difficult to persuade a lion to take medicine. I remember once in Brussels arguing it out with a young lion, who had a nice disposition. I made him sit on a stool. I took another, facing him, and I talked to him for two hours. I explained to him how he ought not to take to heart how bitter the dose was, but should consider how it was all done for his own good. The lion listened with marked attention, and would occasionally blink. He really did seem touched, though disgusted."

"But did he take his dose?" was asked.

"I am sorry to say he did not."

"Perhaps his education had not gone far enough?"

"I had to smuggle in the quinine, hidden between two slices of horse. I am afraid the persuasive method was time lost. Still, he was a nice, thoughtful, and companionable lion."

As far as I can make out, the veterinary art, as practised on wild animals in captivity, follows no exact rules.

Mr. W. A. Conklin, the director of the zoological department at Central Park, who has devoted many years to the study of animals, is to be credited with what has been intelligently done in this direction. His method of treatment, the medicines he uses, have been more or less followed by others having wild animals in their keeping. The London Zoo is not a whit wiser than the New York one. Little if anything can be found in the books as to the treatment of a rheumatic lion or a crippled giraffe. Some twenty years ago a learned and ingenious German doctor commenced a book of comparative anatomy, and entitled it *Krankheiten der Affen*, roughly translated "monkey maladies," but the doctor died before his book was concluded. In the time to come there can be no question but that a careful study of the monkey will be made, and naturalists await a second book as thorough as is St. George's *The Cat*. The subject of treatment of wild animals must remain a difficult one, because conditions in menageries are not normal. We all know that of the felidae the lions best resist changes of climate and confinement. As to the first condition, indifference to climate, we have evidence that the range of the lion in former periods was fairly extended, and that he was a sturdy creature. We know too that lions are prolific in captivity: for a lioness in Dublin was the mother of fifty-four cubs, of which fifty lived. One curious defect which has been occasionally noted in regard to lion cubs born in captivity is that their palatal bones do not meet, and so the suction power of these leonine infants being diminished, they died of inanition.

The exact powers wild animals in freedom possess of resisting disease, we can but vaguely surmise. The survival of the fittest explains why only the most vigorous creatures arrive at maturity. The scions are then of the strongest stock, best adapted to their surroundings. Speculative zoology, though pretty, I do not appreciate. I do not believe that certain creatures are endowed with discriminating powers, which tell them to eat of a particular grass or weed as a curative for a passing complaint. Man alone is a cooking animal, and something not so frequently cited is this, that he is the only nostrum-taking one.

Thinking over this curious subject—the survival of the fittest—as far as the lower animal creation goes, it has its tragic side. I cannot but help presenting a monkey trait. Is a monkey really bad at heart? Or shall I say a good word for him, and consider that he may be intent on doing what he believes is a kindness to a sickening mate when he is actually harming him. Prince Krapotkine, who is a nihilistic sentimentalist, in an article entitled "Mutual Aid among Animals," tells of the assistance chimpanzees, sajous, sakis, mandrills, and baboons give one another. I can cite, as an eye-witness, how one big monkey will take charge of a smaller one, protect him against the bullies in the cage, and act as a horse for his minor friend to mount. But I never saw the bigger zodiac bite of apple with the lesser monkey. I yield to no one in my respect for the dog, but I have yet to note how Ranger brings a bone with his compliments to Nero. I have often given two dogs their food in the same trencher, but the greedier invariably bolted the larger share, just as would have done the vulgar pigs. I have ridden the best-tempered of horses, kind to man and his mates, but a tiger when he was fed, that is towards his own kind, for, when in rough campaigning, measures of corn on the ear were thrown on the ground, it was his habit with fore and hind feet and with open jaw to drive off every other horse until he was satisfied. There is a sick monkey in a cage. At once a careful keeper removes the ill one, or the contagion spreads. If the invalid is not taken away, the other healthy monkeys will crowd the sick one to death. There may be this explanation about it. As the temperature of the ill monkey diminishes—

that is, if he has no fever—the other monkeys may press around him closely so as to keep him warm. Anyhow, by getting on top of him, they smother him and hasten his end. If I were speculative and forgiving to monkeys, I might say that nature had no use for an ailing monkey, and wanted to get rid of him as expeditiously as possible, and that hence came this curious instinct to the well-to-do monkeys. What truth there may be in the stories told by ranchmen of the speedy death of the crippled steer, despatched by the herd, I do not vouch for. This whole subject is deserving of greater study. As to monkeys, men who have them in charge say, "This crowding of a sick monkey is done through pure cussedness."

Taking the horse as a domesticated animal, his condition is in a measure an artificial one. For many thousands of years we have accustomed him to dry feed and stable life. Notwithstanding all our care, his powers of resisting disease in a general way are not strong, and I am pretty certain that pampered stock is the more prone to equine maladies. I have been often surprised to notice how little it took to kill a horse, especially when he was the least run down from overwork or under-feeding. A surface wound which was apparently insignificant ended speedily in a dead horse, and a slight perforation from a bullet gave the animal his quietus.

Messrs. Barnum & Bailey having given Mr. Church and the writer admittance to their establishment at Bridgeport, Connecticut, the various comparisons of animals belonging to them could be fairly studied. We had an open sesame letter, but all the animal-keepers knew Mr. Church, appreciative of his art; and as for that, I was inclined to believe that some of the wild beasts had a kind of growing acquaintance with their painter. At once an ostrich, an inquisitive bird, poked his head over the top of his box; and on the other side of the big hall, through a closet window eighteen feet from the ground, a giraffe took a stare at us. I looked at the ostrich, and wondered why a body so big was joined to a head so small; and while I was pondering over that problem, Mr. Church showed me his sketch-book, where he had drawn in a twinkling three different posings of the ostrich's head; but he was seemingly depressed, for he said, "I never caught the exquisite soft languor of that bird's eyes." The keeper, another Mr. Conklin, at once answered my special questions, for he was head physician of the great showmen's animal dispensary.

"That bird? He is a Cape ostrich, three years old. Every now and then he suffers from a kink in his neck—probably a muscular trouble. He gets his head down, and can't bend his neck. Has been bothered that way many times. Can't eat, and when any wild animal or bird can't eat, it must die. His medicine? Here it is." The keeper then exhibited a capacious tin pail half full of some liquid of a brick-red color. "That is ostrich tonic. It is made of rum."

"Best Medford?" I asked.

"None of the real old kind to be had now. It is West India rum, flavoured with cayenne-pepper. It acts as a stimulant. It is not so easy to give to him. It takes two men to hold him while I pour it down. He can kick, mind,



OSTRICH WITH BROKEN LEG IN A SLING.

I tell you. After his dose I work the outside of his neck with grease, that limbers him. But the main thing is to have him eat. We stuff him like a Strasburg goose. We open his mouth, and put into him the yolks of a dozen eggs. Some people believe an ostrich will eat everything, but it's not so with birds on exhibition. I have had ostriches much more dainty than women-folk. There was one, a fine bird, that was given up. He wouldn't peck at anything. He was perishing. I tried all kinds of niceties. By accident I set a mess of dandelion roots and leaves before him. He gobbled them up like a pig. Then, bless me! that was a job, finding dandelions out of season sufficient to satisfy an ostrich, and me going late and early into the pastures grubbing for them. He was getting pert and cocky! I couldn't keep up with him in dandelions. Then I put in a few turnip-tops, and he ate them, and I kept on substituting turnip-tops until he took to them, and by-and-by I weaned him. He began feeding natural; but dandelion saved him. This bird is uncommon fond of lettuce, and I will give him a mess."

Thereupon a big basket of fresh green lettuce leaves was dumped to the ostrich, and he ate them as would a Frenchman salad. As the month was December, and I knew that lettuce in Connecticut did not flourish in the open fields, but was of hot-house growth, I came to the conclusion that nothing was too good for a Barnum & Bailey ostrich.

"Pounded oyster-shells an ostrich always must have, and a certain quantity of green food. Water-cresses they are specially fond of. The cassowary is a troublesome bird, requiring a great deal of care. Cold weather stiffens him up. We had our bird down when we left New Orleans. In London he was paralyzed five times. The ostrich tonic fetched him round."

"The ostrich in a cage is rather awkward, and loses his balance at times—gets leg-tired—does he not?"

"That's so; and occasionally he breaks his leg. I had one that wanted mending. It was a long job. He slipped, and down he came, and it was a case of fracture. We had a canvas bag made, and hitched him in it, and suspended him, having first put his thigh in splints, and made a casing of plaster of Paris. We got him well over it, and he was on exhibition for a number of years. There was no use for crutches. This ostrich here was down three times on our return trip from London. By the spring he will have improved a great deal."

While the keeper was telling me of ostrich surgery, the big room was pervaded with an odor of onions, and I sniffed for information.

"That's monkey dinner. We make up a mess of potatoes, carrots, onions, and boil them all together."

"No pepper, salt, or condiments?"

"Not a mite. Monkeys relish that kind of food very much. One day we gave them boiled rice and apples and bananas, and try and vary the food. Bread they get in quantity, and waste it. In fact, they are a very careless kind of folks. What hurts a monkey is confinement. It preys on his feelings. He is forced to get into mischief in order to save himself. There is our star monkey, ever so brave a little fellow. He is a hippodrome monkey. He isn't exactly chipper, because, almost at the last performance, his tching broke, he was flung off his horse, and cut his head. But what did he do, sir? He just charged after his mount, got on again, and won the race, like a first-class equestrian."



AN ELEPHANT TAKING A DOSE OF OIL.

Nature, when she wanted to be grotesque, exhausted her capacities when she patented a mandrill. This baboon has a muzzle such as would be manufactured by an artistic upholsterer who has pleaded together pretty folds of blue and light purplish pick stuffs. Although his head decoration is so *distingué*, his beauty is but skin-deep, for he enjoys the reputation of being an exceedingly wicked baboon—"Real mean," said the keeper. The singularity of his head-colors makes the mandrill a popular show animal. He is an expensive brute, requiring great care. The difficulty in captivity is to get him over his second year, for the older he is, the more conspicuous is that painted face of his, which would make any self-respecting ghost-dancing Indian jealous.

"This mandrill, now in his third year, is getting along very well. We watch his condition carefully. We give him raw eggs every day, and he shall have some now."

The mandrill clutched a couple of eggs offered him, was careful to hide the one he did not hold, and commenced nibbling the shell of one. Now he flung the white into his mouth, not spilling a drop, and then put the whole shell in his maw. Next he tilted back his head, and so took down the yolk.

"He enjoys that very much. I give him rum, a regular milk punch, every day, and he puts it down as if he liked it."

"But temperance people always point to the moral that perverted man is the only creature who indulges in spirits."

"Well, it may not be natural to that mandrill in Africa to get his toddy, but he couldn't manage without it now. It's medicine, of course, and there's many that takes their'n under the same proviso," said the keeper, reflectively.

I did not care to inquire too particularly into the significance of "their'n."

"Now come and look at our giraffe. He is in splendid condition. The trouble about such a big beast in confinement is that he is forced to stand in one position too long. Everything depends on having a dry bed for him. The least damp about his feet,

and he would get cold, and that would soon end him. As you see, the weight comes on his cleft forefeet, and one of them has spread a good deal, and we will have to clip it. He eats crushed oats, the best clover hay, apples, carrots, and has his quart of milk with his water every day. We use more milk in this establishment per head than in a foundling hospital."

The giraffe, knowing his master, bent down his prolongation of a neck, wanting his head patted by the keeper. Such beautiful eyes no other animal possesses. As to his nose and its peculiar hue, I think the nearest approach to that soft brown is the nicely baked side of a buckwheat cake.

"Now you shall see our lions and tigers. Here we have a brace of fairly lively lion whelps and two young tigers. It is not exactly a happy family, but in time they will get used to one another. Oh, those spots don't amount to anything. You see the trouble about those tigers? Isn't it a pity?"

I did look, and—distracting sight!—the tigers' tails were scarcely a foot long, and a bolted tiger no more looks natural than does a Manx cat.

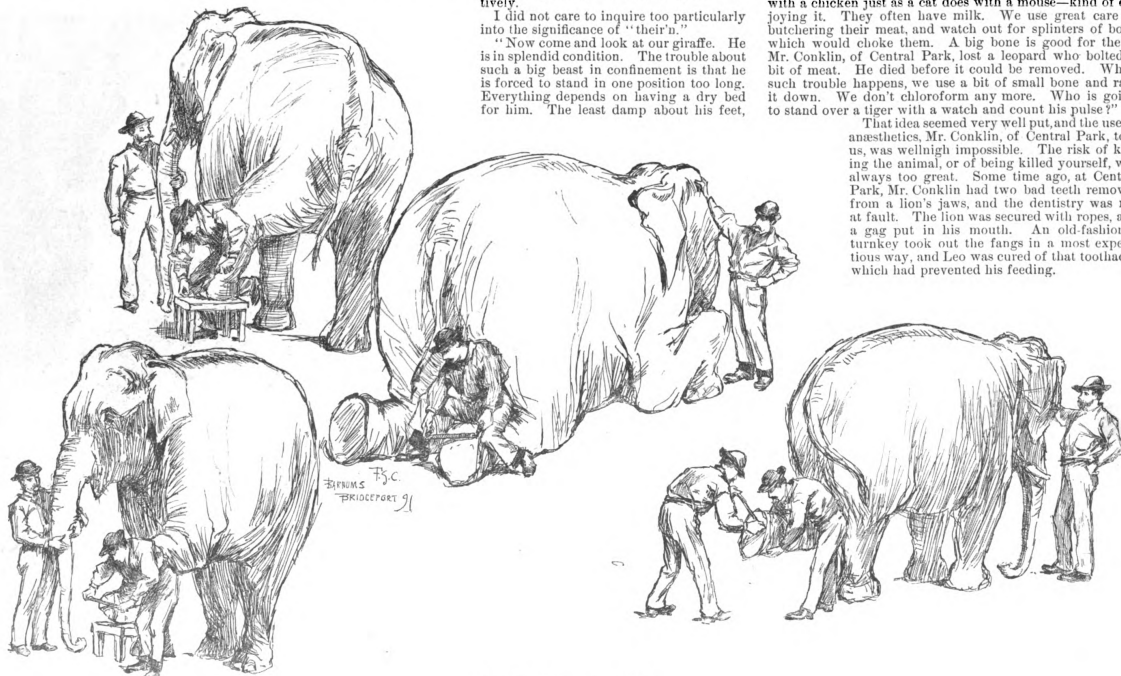
"That was one of our great misfortunes, and just one of those things that can't be always guarded against. One night, after exhibiting, we had to strike tents and move off in double-quick time. Somebody, in the dark, wheeled the van with these two sweet tigers near those dratted hyenas. The tigers flinched their tails. That was exactly what the hyenas were looking for. Just a couple of snaps, and the job was done, and the value of these tigers diminished 85 per cent."

"They can't lash themselves into a rage any more," said Mr. Church, in search of the picturesque.

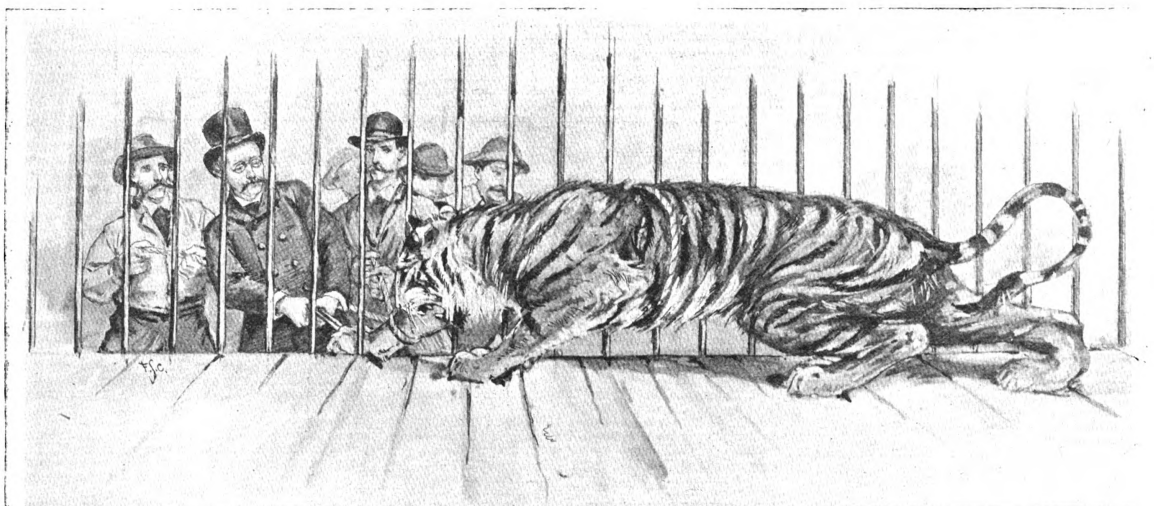
"Oh yes, they can! and they have been naturally crosser since their bereavement," said the keeper, very feelingly; "and you had better not stand too close. All these animals have a mighty long reach, and they can give you a clip before you know it. There really is more danger outside of the cage than in it. There are few things sharper than a tiger's claws. See." Thereupon the keeper drew out of his pocket a small handful of claw points. The edges were as sharp as steel, with fish-hook curves.

"We have to cut their claws quite often. Whenever we introduce a new lion, tiger, leopard, or panther to its mates in a cage, we leave to the new-comer all his powers of defence so far as claws go, and lessen the offensiveness of the rest of them by clipping their claws. It never fails that the animals in the cage at once go for the stranger. They don't bite him, but go in for clawing him. When they find after a while that he can claw too, and better than they, they let him severely alone. If we didn't do that, the new beast would have his hide all cut. It's not an easy thing to do, to clip a lion's or a tiger's claws, or to perform an operation on them as drawing out a claw or pulling a tooth. It takes a fall and tackle, a half-dozen strong ropes, and as many men. The most troublesome rope is the one to be put around the neck. The brute would choke himself if not for the precaution we take to secure one foreleg with his shoulder in the noose. Other ropes are attached to his foreleg and hind ones, and he is stretched on his side, and is as helpless as a log. The ropes have an arrangement when the operation is over which at once loosens them. Then it is just as if you had coiled up a thousand horse-power steel spring, and let it go sudden. The van just vibrates. Lions suffer from lung troubles and rheumatism. We give them milk, quinine, rum. Sometimes, when off their feed, a live chicken will tempt a lion or a tiger. The tiger will play with a chicken just as a cat does with a mouse—kind of enjoying it. They often have milk. We use great care in butchering their meat, and watch out for splinters of bone which would choke them. A big bone is good for them. Mr. Conklin, of Central Park, lost a leopard who bolted a bit of meat. He died before it could be removed. When such trouble happens, we use a bit of small bone and ram it down. We don't chloroform any more. Who is going to stand over a tiger with a watch and count his pulse?"

That idea seemed very well put, and the use of anesthetics Mr. Conklin, of Central Park, told us, was well-nigh impossible. The risk of killing the animal, or of being killed yourself, was always too great. Some time ago, at Central Park, Mr. Conklin had two bad teeth removed from a lion's jaws, and the dentistry was not at fault. The lion was secured with ropes, and a gag put in his mouth. An old-fashioned turnkey took out the fangs in a most expeditious way, and Leo was cured of that toothache which had prevented his feeding.



AN ELEPHANT CHIROPODIST.



EXTRACTING A CLAW FROM A TIGER.

The antelope family seem to do well in captivity, and are none the worse for knocking round when kept in boxes. I thought much of their timidity had left them, but, as the keeper said to us, "you had to watch out for their horns." A number of them wore metal balls on the ends of their horns, to prevent their hurting visitors. Nothing could be fatter or slicker than these African creatures.

Mr. William Newton, of the Barnum & Bailey establishment, could, we think, give points, as far as the care of elephants goes, to the head querry of the King of Oude. We know now that the elephant ranges over a wide area, and thrives in fairly elevated lands near the snow-levels. In this country, and in all zoological collections, he attains a fair old age. Their trouble, Mr. Newton told us, was a tendency to chills. "You had to be careful how you watered them." If the water was too cold, they were taken with a colic; generally a good stiff drink of rum brings them round.

"And what might you call a stiff drink?" I asked.

"Oh, a gallon."

"Show any signs of jollity?"

"Not a bit. As sober as judges. I have had to blanket serious cases of cramps. I take as many blankets as I can get, and steep them in hot water, and bind them round the elephant; and when he's swaddled up that way he looks huge. An elephant will take a gallon of oil, or the same measure of linseed-oil. He may be a sensible animal in some respects, but not in all. If he picks up a nail in his foot, which happens pretty often, he will stop right away and show you his trouble, and let you take it out for him, and seem sort of grateful, but he doesn't hanker after medicine. The way we work him is to make him open his mouth. The

oil we put in a galvanized iron bottle, and we place that on his tongue, force his head backwards, and down goes the oil. No harm ever is done him with the prods. It takes four or five hands to make an elephant take his medicine."

I have always remembered a very clever book of Charles Reade's, *Jack of All Trades*, which gave a rather sinister view of an elephant, and I recall too a great deal of nonsense written about the cruelty of elephant prods. It would be absurd to try and manage an animal of such prodigious powers—the strongest we know of—with a riding-switch, and prods are necessities. An elephant knows his keeper and obeys him, may show a kind of respect with some little affection for his master, but he has no liking for strangers. If I were left alone with any show elephant, the keeper being absent, I should at once want to beat a hasty retreat. Never through curiosity or carelessness get yourself between an elephant and a wall, or you may have the life crushed out of you. The upshot of which is that Oriental mahoots or American keepers must have prods; and it is also fortunate for man that elephants have sensitive ears.

Quarrelling among elephants is not common, but we are careful not to put the males together. Their tempers differ; the females, however, are rarely cross. In certain seasons we watch the males very carefully, for they become dangerous. There is an elephant we cured of a broken leg. It was a long job. We slung him, and used splints and plaster. Elephants run down in flesh in summer, because we work them, and they are a good deal knocked about, but in winter they pick up. The tusks of the female, which are short, have ragged ends, and inflict ugly wounds. When they are scared, we use carbolic salve. When they stand for a

long time, we have to cut their toes and the soles of their feet. We use a rasp and a chisel, and do not have any trouble."

When at Central Park, Mr. Conklin asked me to guess the circumference of an elephant's foot. I was ten inches out of the way. Taking the fine brute Tom in the menagerie, the keeper passed a cord round one of the forefeet, and its circumference was 4 feet 8 inches. "That," said the superintendent, "ought to represent, when multiplied by two, Tom's greatest elevation." Thereupon a second measure was taken, and Tom's height was 9 feet 4 inches. I have had a circle with this circumference drawn in chalk on the floor, and it occupies about the room of an ordinary *tête-à-tête* tea table. The greatest diameter is only obtainable when the elephant is on his feet; then there is expansion of the massive toes. The books give the foot circumference as one of the rough ways used in India to get at the height of an elephant.

Mr. Church's sketches were made on the spot, and a picture of his, entitled "Peace," is introduced as a conclusion to this topic. Some years ago there was a very touching subject painted by a French artist, with a sentiment tag to it. The story might be constructed about this way. There was an aged broken-down lion belonging to a zoological garden in France, believed to be at his last gasp, and offered for a small sum, so as to get rid of him. A poor showman bought him, and the man, his wife, and children took such good care of the animal that his health improved. For a long time every son they earned went for the purchase of tidbits for the lion. The turning-point was reached, and it looked as if some harvest would come to the showman. The lion was getting lively, with some returns to his days of cubhood.



"PEACE."

But then one morning, when they came to the cage to feed him, the lion was dead. The clever thing was to paint show-man, his wife, and little ones crying over a dead lion. The real hard truth of the picture was that the artist had taken for a model a dead lion, a carcass coming from a regular Paris menagerie, and had cleverly conceived (to his credit, may it be said) sympathetic surroundings. In Mr. Church's picture no make-believe is necessary. It is only a dead monkey.

TWO DEBTS.

BY GEORGE I. PUTNAM.

WHEN Ashbel Dean died, and his earthly debts and credits were looked into, it was discovered that the credit page was nearly as spotless as the sheet that had covered Ashbel's still form, while mortgages for the full value of the farm were recorded on the other side. Ashbel had been considered forehanded. His neighbors said he "speculated West," and were astonished when his death revealed the fact that he had sacrificed all in an endeavor to save some shreds of his financial reputation.

None were more surprised than his own family. This included the widow, and Amanda and Israel, twins, twenty years old. They were crushed. They slunk from him as from the presence of the dead—the first one—in the family. For days they dared not speak of it, but it was always in their thoughts. At last the widow roused her energies, and summoned her children.

"We can save the farm," she said. "Manda, you can keep the district school; Israel and I will carry on the farm. We must all stand together."

For twenty years they were possessed of that one thought, urged by that one motive—to pay the debt.

They stood together twenty years, and at the end of that time they owed no man anything.

The mother looked scarcely a day older. The work of directing had kept her faculties fresh and vigorous. But son and daughter had passed from anticipative youth into dull middle age. The debt, unscrupulous and avicious, had left them no enjoyment. It had robbed them of life's most desirable part.

When Amanda was twenty she was called pretty. Gatherings had been incomplete without her. After that, she never attended another. The attentions of young men, which came unsolicited, were refused. Now she had become thin and sallow. She knew she could hope for no return of love's pleasures. If a thought of marriage crowded itself upon her, she shook it off as unwelcome. She could give up her school now, and devote her time to home, to her mother and brother.

And Israel was free. He took a long breath and stood up straight, easing his galled shoulders of the burden they had just cast off. Life looked pleasant suddenly. He would make some needed improvements on the place. The house should have a coat of paint. He stood in the sunshine, and, looking up through the June foliage of the maples, thought the seed-pods looked like the legs of so many elfin painters dangling there painting the sky. Then he laughed at himself, and said he must be getting young and frisky.

When he was twenty he had thought to be married. Now, at forty, he thought of it again. When he stopped his visits to Harriet Downer, she understood why. She had had no "company," he told himself since then, and his heart gave a great bound at the thought. Why should he not?

One day he came to his mother and sister, and said, bluntly, "I am going to be married to Harriet Downer."

There was silence for a long moment; then his mother said coldly, "We know it."

By the tone and attitude, Israel understood that his mother and sister would not welcome the woman he meant to marry. He understood that they thought the tie of constant effort of the past twenty years as binding as wedlock, and did not wish it broken.

But once after that Israel spoke of his marriage: "I am to marry Harriet to-morrow. Shall you be there?" And his mother answered, "No."

But Israel would keep his vow to Harriet. The twenty years' struggle had cultivated in him the dogged resolution inherited from his mother.

He married Harriet, and after a week brought her home. No one appeared to greet them.

"Mother," he called, as he went through the house. In two remote rooms he found his mother and sister.

Harriet is out there," said he. "And we are here; we shall stay here," said his mother. Israel looked at them. He remembered afterwards that he saw a stove, with pots and pans and dishes, and in the other room a bed, a table, and chairs. The two women had made all preparations for living by themselves.

And this was the bride's home-coming.

Yet the married two lived a happy life together. Israel felt keenly the mental misery his wife must endure, and strove to alleviate it by every kindly attention in his power, and she understood his motive, and resolutely hid all traces of pain. Life for each was as the other made it.

There was no communication between the two parts of the house, and no messages passed, no visits were exchanged. Thus for two years, when a baby was born. Then one day Harriet said to Israel, "Take the baby, and go to your mother." He understood, and taking the child in his arms, went and knocked at the door.

"Who is it?" said his mother's voice.

"Your son and grandson," he replied.

There was a slight noise and a pause within. Then Amanda said, "We are too busy to see you."

He returned, and laid the baby by his wife. She did not need to question him by word or eye.

Two years more went by. One morning Israel called his wife to come down into the garden. He had some vegetable wonder to show her.

"But I can't take the baby out in the dew," she objected. "Leave him where he is. He'll do no harm for five minutes."

Then toddle, toddle away—the little feet knew the path that was forbidden them—straight on through the unused passageway to the door at the end. He pushed and shuffled badly against it.

"What's that queer noise at the door, 'Manda'?"

"Sounds like a dog," said Amanda.

But when the door opened, in tottered a baby, triumphant, happy, eager. Every line of his baby face, every curl, had been graven in the widow's heart for forty years, and it suddenly opened to show her the likeness.

"It's Israel over again!" she cried. And in a moment she was on the floor caressing, kissing, the little one.

Blighted Amanda leaned on her broom bewildered, looking at this strange happening. And Israel and Harriet, has-

tening after the child, stood in the doorway witnessing the first step in a reconciliation.

"Come to mamma, Israel," said Harriet to the child. He looked at her, laughing, over his grandmother's shoulder.

"Run to mamma," he repeated, taking a step and pulling at her finger.

The widow hesitated but a moment between mother's love and hard, selfish pride. "I will," said she, firmly. "And, 'Manda, put down your broom and come too."

Then, led by the little truant, she came toward Israel and Harriet.

"My children!" she cried.

THE STAFF OF THE BRIGGSVILLE "BUGLE."

BY WILLIAM EARLE BALDWIN.

MR. BERNARD BERGEIS was startled. He jumped visibly, and nearly dropped a handful of type he was taking from a galley to the form on the imposing stone. It was incompatible with the dignity of the foreman of the mechanical department of the Briggsville Bugle to lose his self-control in this way, and he looked around uneasily as a fluffy-haired girl at a case near by sniggered and made a whispered remark to another compositor; then they looked at him and laughed.

What made the foreman jump was a whistle from the speaking-tube not far from his ear. He did not immediately obey the summons, and another whistle more pronounced and longer than the first made him glue his mouth to the tube and bawl back, "Hello!"

"Come into my room at once. Don't you understand?"

Mr. Bernard Bergeis thought he understood, and taking off his apron, went into the hallway. From an adjoining room he heard the clicking of a type-writer, at intervals with a steady "plunk," and then with brief intermissions of silence. He hesitated before knocking at the closed door; for when the "old man" used his knuckle that way it was an omen that he was in a bad temper.

And the "old man" was in a bad temper when Mr. Bernard Bergeis mustered up enough courage to face him. His eyes gleamed through a pair of gold-bowed spectacles, and his hair, which was turning gray, was rumpled over his forehead. He gave the tardy foreman a reprimand for his slowness, and then said, in a rather quiet voice, "Send everybody home."

"I don't think I quite understand, sir," faltered the foreman. "It is but a little after four o'clock."

"That makes no difference. Can't you hear? Send everybody one way from here except my office-boy. That's plain enough, isn't it?"

Every now and then the "old man" would absently strike a key with his finger, and then look up and jerk out a few words.

"But there are five columns to set—" began the bewildered foreman.

"Come earlier in the morning, then. I don't want anybody around now. How can a man write with those presses out there making such an everlasting noise, and you people in the composing-room giggling and making the devil of a racket? Why don't you have better discipline out there?"

Mr. Bernard Bergeis had no answer ready. He was quite nonplussed. Never before in the course of his professional career had he received such an order as this. "Send everybody home!" Was the "old man" going insane? Did he not know that to-morrow was publication day?

"There are five columns—" he began again.

"Send your five columns to the deuce!" interrupted the other, furiously. "I don't care whether there are five columns or fifty, so long as every one of you gets out of here. Send me my office-boy!"

Now the office-boy, who, by-the-way, was named Cox, but who was known to his intimate friends as "Swipesey," was much more pleased with the orders he had received than the worthy foreman. He went down into the lower office and sat in an easy-chair, with his feet on the desk in front of him, and watched the other employees file out with a lordly air.

"Hope you have a very pleasant time," he said, politely, to the fluffy-haired compositor. "We can run this office alone this afternoon, we can. I write the eddytorials and sets them up. The old man he's writing important letters, and can't be disturbed. Good-afternoon."

Cox made himself comfortable in the easiest chair he could find, and amused himself by looking over a pile of exchanges on a desk at hand. Presently this began to bore him, and he began rummaging about the room. It was seldom that he was in the lower office alone, and he amused himself by climbing up on a high stool, and taking a pen and ink and scribbling on some of the office paper.

"I can do this, when I am one of the eddytors," he chuckled to himself.

Just then he heard some one coming up the stairs slowly and turn in at the door of the office. He raised his head and looked over the desk, and saw a woman standing there. She had a very pale face, but was very handsome. She looked at the boy wearily.

"Is the editor in?" she asked.

"Well, that depends," said Swipesey, still scribbling vigorously, and looking up between dabs at the white paper before him. "Which one do you want to see?"

The woman sighed wearily, and then said, with an effort, "Mr. Griswold."

"I am very sorry," began the boy, hitching his stool a little forward, and grabbing his cap off, and laying it carefully down before him. "But he is very busy—very busy indeed—and gave orders that he was not to be disturbed. If there is anything I can do—" and he paused expectantly.

"Nothing," she replied, and sat down in a chair near the window. "Will you please tell him a lady is waiting to see him when he is at liberty?"

Now the office-boy scarcely knew what to do. He did not exactly care to go up stairs on an errand like that; it would ruin his dignity, after the remarks he had already made. Besides, the editor was in a nasty temper, and might throw an ink bottle at him, or something, if disturbed. The speaking-tube—there was his salvation! He jumped from the high stool and yelled the message up. There was no reply, but it answered every purpose, and he turned to the lady and said: "Very good; he will see you when he is not busy; but you may have to wait."

This was the first time that Swipesey had seen the lady face to face, and she started a little, and looked at her again. Then he put his hands behind him and stared at the floor for a moment. "I know who you are," he said, presently.

"You are his wife."

The woman looked up quickly, and raised one of her hands to her forehead. She seemed a bit dazed, and asked,

in a way that convinced Swipesey that she scarcely knew what she said, "How did you know?"

"I knew! I guessed! I put two and two together, and I know more about the old man than the rest of the people; and do you know, if you will let me say it, I think you haven't treated him right."

The woman flushed, and looked at the boy angrily.

"Don't get mad about it," he advised her, in a fatherly way. "I mind my own business. What you two people want to do is to make up and stop all this." He paused, with a judicial air.

"How did you know this?" the woman asked. "Does Mr. Griswold make a confidant of an office-boy?"

Swipesey was all dignity then. "You are mistaken there. He never said a word to me about it. I don't know very much about it, only I have put two and two together. I remember about six months ago, when he bought the paper, that one day some one was in the office and asked him about you. He all to once became very cool, and said, in an un-canny way, that you were in California for your health. And one day I was cleaning up his desk, and I found a picture there—your picture. I put it back where I found it; and one night, when I had to come back to the office with some copy to leave for the compositors to begin on in the morning, I found him in the dark at his desk, sitting there and crying, with the picture in his hand. He didn't know I saw him, but I did just the same. And that's why I'm sorry for him. I had never seen a man cry before. And when he's cross and hard with us people about the office, I know he ain't really that way, but that the pain drives him to it, and he is trying to forget about everything."

The office-boy told all this in a grave manner, and his quietness evidently impressed itself on the woman in his favor, for she said nothing, and allowed him to go on.

"Sometimes I would see in the other papers that Mr. Griswold, wife of Editor Griswold, of the Briggsville Bugle, is in Santa Barbara for her health, and then you would be in Tacoma and all sorts of places; but he never spoke of you in his paper, and you never came here. I have heard talk, too, of a quarrel you two had, and—of course I have—have surmised that something was wrong. I don't know what separated you, or why you left him, or he you, and it isn't any of my business; but now you have come back to him, I hope you will stay with him."

The woman looked at Swipesey's intelligent freckled face, and saw the brightness of his small gray eyes. She was impressed with his red hair and his snub-nose. And she humored him by asking, "Is that what you would advise me to do?"

"Certainly," answered the boy, without hesitation. "That's what I would advise you to do."

"But suppose he wants me to come more than half way? Suppose, after all, he doesn't want me to stay?"

"That's all right. I'll fix that. I can manage it. He's been waiting for you a long time, I guess, but he's too proud to tell you to come back to him. He's upstairs now, writing a letter, and—here Swipesey looked at her brightly—think it is to you. Sometimes he has started letters, and I have found in the wastebasket torn or partly burned, beginning, 'My dearest wife, but I don't think he has ever sent them. However, that is none of my business. But to-day what do you think he did? He sent everybody home in order to be alone that he might write. It was nothing connected with the paper, I know, for the copy is all in. I think he is writing to you upstairs to come back, and he doesn't know you are here already."

"If he will only say he was wrong, and ask my forgiveness," the woman muttered, looking out of the window at the pattering rain. Then she started up, seemingly unaware of the boy's presence. "But I mustn't ask too much. I was in the wrong as much as he."

"Now I tell you what to do," said Swipesey, with eagerness. "If you put this into my hands, we'll fix it up all right." His eyes shone, and he took a few steps forward, with his small hands clasped together and his face raised hopefully toward the woman. "You let me go up stairs and sort of prepare him. I'll not say who wants to see him, but I'll just give him a hint. And then you go up and surprise him; and if you look at him and smile, and if you tell him you are sorry, I don't think he would send you away; now, do you?"

The woman looked down at the lad, and smiled sadly at him. She could not help being amused at his eagerness to help her and the lonely man upstairs.

He seemed to divine what she was thinking of, for he said, "Oh, you mustn't think I am dipping my finger into something that ain't my business, for I should like to hear him laugh as he did a long time ago; and besides, it is not right for two people to be apart the way you and him are."

The woman laughed nervously. "I don't think you had better be in the middle, after all," she said. "You may be a very bright boy, but it might make him angry to think I had allowed—"

"I never set up to be bright," said Swipesey, in an injured tone. "If I was an entire stranger he might not like it; but being on the staff, why, it's entirely different—see?"

The woman laughed again, and then asked, "What do you propose to do?"

"Well, you sit right down in that chair again, and I'll run up stairs. I'll not be gone but a minute, and then I'll come back for you."

Before she could say a word to stop him, he had whisked out of the room, and she heard him going up the stairs two steps at a time. She sighed again, and looked down and watched the people passing.

Then Swipesey was back with a cordial encouraging: "Come along. I've fixed it. He'll see you."

And they went up the stairs—up into the office, which had become quite dark now, and was but a cheerless place at best.

Swipesey threw open the door, saying, "Here she is, sir."

The old man was scribbling. He laid aside the type-writer for the pen, and he kept on for a moment. Then he looked up in a bewildered way, threw down his pen, rubbed his eyes, sprang up, and with a bound was across the room. "Grace!" was all he said.

And Swipesey smiled in a self-satisfied sort of way, and closing the door, left them alone. And when the editor came down stairs into the lower office a half-hour later, with a shining, happy look in his eyes, he found Swipesey sitting in the chair, with his feet high up on the desk and his hat tilted on the back of his head, buried deep in the folds of a newspaper.

"Come up stairs with me, Cox," he said, joyously. "I want to introduce you to my wife. I want everybody on the paper to know her."

"I suppose so," said the boy, discontentedly. But then he added, in his impudent way: "You needn't introduce me to her. She and me knows each other already."

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COLONNADE, MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.—DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY.—[SEE PAGE 542.]

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THE LATE GLORIOUS DAY.

THE reports from all parts of the country of the observance of the late Fourth of July show that the old-fashioned celebration has largely disappeared. Even the reading of the Declaration is not very general, and the event which the day commemorates is scarcely mentioned. This is inevitable, but the interest of the day does not decline, nor are there wanting topics enough for the most inspiring eloquence. The two most conspicuous celebrations are usually at Tammany Hall and at Woodstock, in Connecticut, where for many years Mr. BOWEN has assembled Presidents, Senators and Representatives, and distinguished men of all kinds, to honor the day with speech and song. The two celebrations also have a distinctive political or partisan character. At Woodstock it is the Republican doctrine which is heard, and at Tammany it is the Democratic view which is extolled. Instead, therefore, of the old historic treatment, and the vindication of popular as against monarchial institutions, we learn at Woodstock that protection and the dominance of the Republican party are the legitimate results of the principles of the Declaration and of the purpose of the Constitution, and at Tammany Hall that those legitimate results are really to be found only in the precepts and practice of the Democratic party—apparently as exemplified by Tammany.

This year Senators HAWLEY and ALDRICH, and Messrs. MURAT HALSTEAD and DEPEW and General HOWARD, were the chief speakers at Woodstock, and Senator COLQUITT, and Messrs. CRISP, McMILLAN, COOPER, HERBERT, and MCKAY, at Tammany Hall. Mr. DEPEW remarked that college professors and mugwumps had suppressed the general observance of the Fourth before the war because the speeches of the day fostered the national vice of brag. But General HOWARD touched the real reason of former indifference to the day in saying that it was due to the consciousness of the travesty of shouting for the universal liberty of a country which held three millions of men in slavery. Mr. MCKINLEY wisely found the secret of our national greatness in the American home, which, however, he would maintain and defend by a high tariff. Senator ALDRICH was very severe upon certain unnamed cowards and sneaks, and found in education and protection the hope of continued progress and prosperity; while Mr. HALSTEAD spoke very plainly and pointedly in deprecation of national brag, and the folly of living in a fool's paradise—a strain of remark which is not dyspeptic, but, on the contrary, implies vigorous political health. As WENDELL PHILLIPS said, we can be as good as our fathers only by being better.

At Tammany Hall it was the Republican party,

not the British monarchy, which received no quarter. The Billion Congress was exposed in all its enormity, and it was the Democratic party, as the party of the people, which was hailed as the harbinger of national justice, peace, simplicity, and happiness. As the theological professor said, after hearing the debate for and against immortality, "there seems to be a great deal of truth upon both sides." Mr. CRISP said that the active opposition of parties is indispensable to liberty and progress, so that the professor's remark may be held as applicable to the two sides represented at Woodstock and Tammany. For if all the right were on one side, the opposition certainly would not be indispensable to its triumph. To acknowledge that opposing parties are indispensable to freedom is to admit that one of them cannot be all right and the other all wrong, and consequently to represent either as radically threatening the public welfare is absurd. When affairs really reach that point, it is not a question of politics, but of civil war. "His Majesty's opposition" is not a body of traitors, but of citizens of the same country who differ upon questions open to difference of opinion.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR IN ENGLAND.

"TAKEN as a whole, the greeting extended to the Queen's warlike young grandson was without parallel in the history of England." This was the cabled report of the reception of the Emperor of Germany. It was a youth coming to see his grandmother, but it was also the meeting of the two most powerful monarchs in Europe. It was more than that, because in these persons it was the meeting of the two most powerful people in Europe. The German and the English speaking influence combined is the strongest in the world. In a large degree also it is homogeneous. But while the forms of monarchy are preserved in England, as in Germany, the fact has practically disappeared. The British government is especially that of the British people. But the German government, parliamentary in form, is in fact military, and the Emperor, with all the traditions of royalty, is also the head of the army. Yet in no country is education so universal; and although militarism is an influence as subtle as it is powerful, yet its absolute hold upon a nation is necessarily relaxed in the degree of the national enlightenment. When bayonets begin to think, despotism begins to tremble.

The visit of the Emperor to England is simultaneous with the renewal of the triple alliance. This is a bond of mutual defence between Germany, Austria, and Italy, and while it holds, the peace of Europe is felt to be assured. In the feeling of Europe, the restless and menacing states are Russia and France. Great Britain makes no alliance, but her sympathy is undoubtedly with Germany and Italy. The actual disposition of the young Emperor of Germany is not apparent, except that his course since his coronation has not justified the apprehension which was freely expressed before it that he would make war. Where he was to make war, or why, was not stated. But his temperament was represented as arbitrary, and his tastes were said to be military, and a kind of emulation of FREDERICK the Great was evidently anticipated. It was undoubtedly largely the talk of quidnuncs. The Emperor was a very young man, and a young man necessarily very little known. There was probably no more accurate estimate of him than that of Mr. POULTNEY BIGELOW, who was his schoolmate, and Mr. BIGELOW gave a very agreeable picture of his former comrade. Since his accession to the throne the young Emperor has said some things that were not wise, but he has done nothing to startle Europe with apprehension, although the dismissal of BISMARCK aroused universal attention.

But the dismissal did not prove to be a portent of war or disaster. Indeed, it is rather extraordinary that the most imposing and important political personage in the world could be summarily removed without perceptible effect upon the course of public affairs, and with only a momentary and natural shock of public feeling. The impression made by BISMARCK's personality has certainly been disturbed by his course since his removal. Apparently he has somewhat mistaken his hold upon Germany. It was not that of a popular leader, but of a ruler of great resources and despotic will. Consequently when he fell from power, and it was seen that there was no interruption of the usual course of events, that the situation was, in fact, unaffected, there was no strong personal feeling and loyalty upon which he could rely in opposition to the government. It is not to be expected that BISMARCK will greatly influence affairs when he reappears in the German Parliament. In the conviction of Germany, undoubtedly, his day is past. It was one of the good features of NAPOLEON that he blended the enthusiasm of a vast personal following with his mental grasp and his imperial will, and that he was a young man and a romantic figure to the imagination of France. In all this he differed from BISMARCK. The young Emperor of Germany is still largely unknown. But what is known will not alienate English sympathy from the grandson of the Queen.

THE ROUT OF SENATORS PLUMB AND GORMAN.

MR. THEODORE ROOSEVELT, of the National Civil Service Commission, is the right man in the right place. His alert mind, his strong conviction, his accurate knowledge of details, and his aggressive temperament instantly challenge any false statement or sneering assumption against reform from whatever source it may proceed. Senators PLUMB and GORMAN have had occasion recently to discover that Mr. ROOSEVELT is "an ugly customer" to deal with upon this subject except with facts and arguments. If anybody supposes, said Senator PLUMB in his place, that the Civil Service Commission is now without fear or favor, he is entirely mistaken. Favoritism of the grossest kind is shown, and underhand work takes place by which persons are picked out for selection by that Commission. This, says Mr. ROOSEVELT, is a charge of cheap corruption. It was susceptible of immediate proof or disproof. If true, the Commissioners were guilty of official misconduct. If false and without foundation, the wanton allegation of such rumors, or, as Mr. PLUMB says, "information which seems to me to be conclusive," is saved from being infamous only by being contemptible.

The Commission instantly wrote to Senator PLUMB asking that the information on which his assertion was based should be immediately furnished to the President if it affected the Commission, and to the Commission if it affected any of their subordinates. They promised prompt and thorough investigation, adding that all their books, records, and papers were open to any responsible person, and that the career of every appointee could be traced in detail from his examination to his appointment. Nothing could be more frank, honorable, and explicit than the offer of the Commission to meet the charges of Senator PLUMB. Three months and more have passed, but neither Senator PLUMB nor Senator STEWART, who had sustained his charge, has answered the letter of the Commission. The reason, says Mr. ROOSEVELT, is that the statement did not contain a particle of truth, a fact which both Senators knew, or ought to have known, when they made it.

Senator GORMAN also foolishly exposed himself to the same unsparing castigation. He said, in an interview, to show the absurdity of reform, that a letter-carrier was asked "the most direct route from Baltimore to China." Mr. ROOSEVELT wrote him promptly, saying that if such a question was asked it was against the explicit orders of the Commission, which had in its office a complete set of the examination papers of every letter-carrier since the examinations began. The papers had been thoroughly examined, and no such question appeared. Would Mr. GORMAN kindly state the date and place of the examination, or would he send a person to search the papers for the question which he alleged to have been put to "a bright young man in the city of Baltimore"? Mr. GORMAN discreetly did not respond. After a few weeks, therefore, Mr. ROOSEVELT publicly told the truth in saying that Senator GORMAN had told something else than the truth, for no such question was asked as he asserted to have been asked. To this challenge Senator GORMAN made no other reply than to state in the Senate that in common with everybody who had criticised the inability of the Commission to enforce the reform law, he had been very severely criticised by the President of the Commission—meaning Mr. ROOSEVELT, who is not the President—and when Senator BLAIR asked him what he did about it, Senator GORMAN answered: "I did about it what I do in the case of all interference by impudent people who without warrant ask me about my discharge of my duty. I took no notice of it." Evidently Senator GORMAN had stated what was untrue, and would not acknowledge it. The conclusive evidence of its untruth was offered to him, and he would not look at it. His conduct convicts him of bearing false witness, as that of Mr. ROOSEVELT shows the perfect readiness of the Commission to answer every question, and of Mr. ROOSEVELT himself to expose remorselessly the ignominious attempts of Senators of the United States to slander other public officers. No member of Congress who has read Mr. ROOSEVELT's letter describing the complete and ludicrous rout of Senators PLUMB and GORMAN, and Senator STEWART as their reserve, is likely to attack the Civil Service Commission without carefully surveying the ground.

PERSONAL POLITICS.

THERE is constant complaint that our politics are too personal. We are warned that personal politics, or the trading of those who enter public life, inevitably tend to exclude from public affairs the very men who should be solicited to take part in them. Moreover, it is alleged that to degrade political discussion into attacks upon personal conduct and character is hopelessly to degrade politics, and to imperil liberty itself. These are sound propositions. There is no doubt that if those who hold office and those who are nominated for office are persons who are unfit for such trusts, whether by incapacity or dishonesty,

or for whatever personal cause, it is a very great public misfortune, and does unquestionably tend to degrade politics. But when we all concede this, must we also concede that the remedy is to say nothing about it; and when ANAMIAS is nominated, must we confine our remarks to the vital necessity of truthfulness in the conduct of public affairs? In other words, whose fault is it that there is so much personal politics? Is it the fault of those who nominate or elect or appoint unworthy persons, or of those who expose and condemn the unworthiness?

Take a pending case, that of Mr. JOHN WANAMAKER, the Postmaster-General. What is the proper course for an honest journal? It must, of course, publish the facts whatever they may be. But must it do no more? On the contrary, as a guide of public opinion and to aid good government, must it not necessarily comment upon the facts, and can it do this without personal reference? Ought it to say that such facts are in evidence, and although they appear to implicate the Postmaster-General, yet he says that whatever seems to affect him injuriously is misunderstood, and that he desires to have it understood that he has done nothing wrong. Therefore he has done nothing wrong. There is only a misunderstanding so far as concerns him, but BARDSELY and two or three dead men were very wicked, and every patriotic journal will avoid the disgusting tendency to personality in politics. Is this what a journal desirous of decent politics and honest government should do? What facts appear in the case? Mr. WANAMAKER says:

"I have been a depositor only; never an incorporator, officer, or director. I never owned a share of the stock. I held until recently 2516 shares as collateral, as hereinafter stated."

According to the evidence before the investigating committee

"the books of the bank show that eleven certificates for 2623 shares of stock were issued to JOHN WANAMAKER between March 3, 1886, and May 31, 1887, and the testimony of his brokers and of two presidents of other banks shows that WANAMAKER transferred some of this stock, and raised money on it, precisely as he would have done had he been its owner. On the certificates for 1000 shares there are no signatures; the certificates for the remaining 1623 shares are signed by JOHN WANAMAKER in the presence of W. HANKIN, who WANAMAKER's secretary says was WANAMAKER's officer."

Mr. WANAMAKER says:

"Mr. LUCAS died August 18, 1888. I received the stock from LUCAS, a long time previous to his death, at different times. Perhaps he would bring me 200 shares. He would say, when I wanted to buy 1000 shares of stock, he would bring it. I kept it in my pocket-book. I was not a stockholder of record. I had no business to have this stock had Mr. LUCAS kept his agreement. He should have given me money, but he did not."

According to the evidence before the committee

"all except four of the certificates were issued after LUCAS's death, between June 29, 1889, and December 2, 1890. They were for 1450 shares of stock, and were issued to clerks, some of whom were in WANAMAKER's employ, and some of whom were in the employ of his brokers. All these clerks who have testified agree in saying that they were men of straw, that they never owned the stock, and that the money raised on it went to Mr. WANAMAKER. Mr. WANAMAKER's brokers, ERWIN & TOLAND, testify that he used this stock as collateral continuously from its dates of issue till February, 1891, or shortly before the failure of the bank."

Again Mr. WANAMAKER says:

"I was not instrumental in delaying to the extent of one minute the closing of the bank or the appointment of a receiver."

According to the evidence before the committee

"On April 2, 1891, Mr. WANAMAKER telegraphed to the Comptroller of the Currency: 'I would recommend appointment of receiver be deferred, say one day, until [MANSIE] has opportunity to state something more definite,' and on April 5th he telegraphed him again, this time from the White House: 'MANSIE telegraphs me to-day to inform you that the parties negotiating for control of bank are to give answer to him on Friday next.'"

Such contradictions unexplained involve administrations and imperil parties. Their publication is undoubtedly personal politics, but who is responsible? Such facts, in connection with those under which Mr. WANAMAKER made his appearance in politics and public life, namely, raising an immense sum of money, which he placed in the hands of MATTHEW QUAY to be disbursed in a campaign notorious for its corruption, and of which the expenditure has never been accounted for, are facts which certainly demand of Mr. WANAMAKER something more than an offer to explain if the committee desire it. Who is more interested in the complete clearing up of the contradiction, the committee or the Postmaster-General?

SECRETARY TRACY AT OWEGO.

THE most striking and thoughtful oration of the Fourth of July was that of Secretary TRACY at Owego. It was just thirty years since he delivered the oration on the same day and on the same spot, and the Tioga County regiment marched to the war under his command. This year a monument to the heroes of the war was unveiled, and General TRACY's subject was prescribed for him by all the circumstances and associations of the place and time.

His oration was a graphic, concise, and philosophic expo-

sition of the causes of the war, of the cardinal political acts which had most assailed the Constitution, and the objects and consequences of the struggle.

The tone and scope of the oration were worthy of the theme and the day. They were those of a patriot and a statesman, and the discourse was of a kind that should be constantly heard for the illumination of every generation in regard to the civil war. As the expression of one of the chief officers of the national government, such words as the following are very significant. After acknowledging in the most unqualified terms the sincerity of the political doctrine of State secession as generally held in the Southern States, the orator said:

"And shall we, fellow-citizens, who came victorious out of the struggle, grudge to them the precious tradition of valor and heroism that their armies, even though vanquished, have left them? As we stand here to-day, raising this monument to our beloved dead, we remember that we are also celebrating the independence of a united nation; and looking back across the dark gulf of a civil war, through 115 years of national existence, we can but think of a restored Union, and say to these others, 'You were our enemies; you are our countrymen.' [Applause.] A quarter of a century has passed, and all the bitterness of the struggle is forgotten. Like us, they have veterans living and beloved dead. Like us, they still cling fondly to those dear associations, the companionships formed on the march, in the tent, around the camp fire, and in the stress of battle. Like us, they fought from conviction, though their conviction was founded upon that mistaken doctrine of allegiance which they learned in their early youth; and they fought bravely and unflinchingly for a cause which, after the first two years, was wellnigh hopeless."

These words express the general feeling of the most patriotic and intelligent Americans of every State and section. On both sides there may be Jacobites who live only in the past, and on both sides there will be sometimes demonstrations and enterprises which wise Americans will deplore. A reasonable criticism of such acts need not be misinterpreted as proof of hostility. Free speech is the bulwark of liberty, and those who resort to it must not resent its answering freedom. While such speeches as General TRACY's are delivered on Independence Day, although the subject be different, the old patriotic Fourth of July oration remains.

MR. BLAINE'S HEALTH.

FOR some reason there is great difficulty in ascertaining the precise condition of Mr. BLAINE's health. It is known that on his visit to New York at the opening of the Music Hall he was taken ill, and that after a confinement of some weeks he went to Bar Harbor, where he is still not well. But the studied silence which is maintained produces rumors, and even detailed statements, which, under the circumstances, might be wisely corrected.

The persistence of the press in its inquiry into private affairs is often extremely impertinent. Many of the subjects into which the newspaper reporter pries are emphatically not public concerns. But the health of an important and conspicuous public officer, or even of a private person but a public man and a great party leader, like Mr. GLADSTONE, for instance, is a matter of legitimate public interest. Speculation and assertion would still be rife undoubtedly, whatever might be said. But they would be evidently mere gossip if responsible statements by physicians or others were made public.

There is no doubt that the uncertainty in regard to Mr. BLAINE's condition affects seriously the course of affairs in his party. If he were robust and active, and interposed no objection, the movement for his nomination next year would proceed with undoubted success. But in the uncertainty nothing can be done by his friends, or can be done only with doubt and hesitation. Meanwhile, as under such circumstances the condition of a man who is not well is usually greatly exaggerated, it is fair to presume that the worst accounts of Mr. BLAINE's situation are untrue.

PARTY CLUBS.

MR. BRUCE, the chairman of the Democratic National Committee, is evidently alarmed by the systematic organization of Republican clubs throughout the country, and advises a similar organization of Democratic societies to counteract the Republican. This is a method of stimulating party spirit which was illustrated by the former Republican Wide-awakes and Boys in Blue. But such associations thrive mainly upon sentiment, and they have never flourished in the Democratic party because its traditions are not inspiring.

The Democrats had nothing to oppose to the log-cabin and hard-cider enthusiasm of the Whigs fifty years ago, nor to the later cries and clubs of the Republicans. The singing of campaigns has been always on the Republican side. The contest of next year will undoubtedly develop the usual festive uproar as the election approaches. But the only appeal to sentiment will be the Republican tradition of the moral crusade against slavery and the glories of the emancipating war. This, of course, will be totally irrelevant, but no more so than the appeal to Democratic tradition which cannot be made inspiring.

Democratic success in 1892 will depend, as it did in 1884, upon votes which are not properly Democratic. The friends of a moderate tariff are unquestionably a larger body than the advocates of the McKinley bill. But they are not traditionally Democrats. Indeed, many of the strongest opponents of high protection are independents in politics, because party lines do not now define political sympathies. They may call themselves Republicans with the protesting Republicans in Pennsylvania, or Democrats, as President ELLIOT and other Massachusetts men call themselves. But the former cling to the traditions of the party with which they act, and the latter repudiate them. The former disclaim the present drift of the Republican party, but it is only the present drift of the Democratic party which reconciles the latter to the name.

HANNIBAL HAMLIN.

AFTER the nomination of Mr. LINCOLN in the Republican Convention of 1860 at Chicago, the New York delegation returned to its rooms. "We came from a great State," Mr. EVARTS had said, as the chairman of the SEWARD delegation, moving to make the nomination of LINCOLN unanimous, "bringing with us, as we thought, the name of a great statesman." The delegation had not doubted that Mr. SEWARD would be nominated, and its disappointment was sore. But the most pathetic figure was that of THURLOW WEED, whose labors and hopes of many years had been totally overthrown by the defeat of Mr. SEWARD, and he did not restrain his tears.

To inquiries in regard to the Vice-Presidency he said only that JOHN HICKMAN, of Pennsylvania, was a good man. But it was generally understood that New York had no candidate for the second place, and the selection of HANNIBAL HAMLIN was as excellent as could have been made. Mr. HAMLIN was a plain, sturdy, modest, upright, courageous New-England, a man of strong convictions, and of ability to stand by them, altogether an admirable representative of the character and quality of the Republican party, although not an original Republican. He had been a Democrat, but had left his party in 1856 upon the slavery issue.

From that time until his death he was in strict accord with that party. The great distinction of his life was his official association as Vice-President with ABRAHAM LINCOLN, and such was his integrity of character and sound judgment that he commanded the entire confidence of his political friends as a satisfactory successor of the President should succession become necessary. His cheery simplicity of life, his equable temperament, his active and intelligent interest in public affairs, remained unchanged until, suddenly and without pain, his life ended at the age of eighty-two.

PERSONAL.

MUCH of the credit of Harvard's recent boating victory at New London is given to Dr. WILLIAM MERRITT CONANT, a graduate of over ten years ago, and now assistant demonstrator of anatomy at the medical school. He told the crew how to exercise and what to eat, drawing many of his conclusions from personal experience; for while in college he was a great runner and a valued member of the foot-ball team.

—WILLIAM LIDDERDALE, who is known as the hero of the BARING crisis, in that his financial statesmanship not only saved the great firm of BARING BROTHERS from collapse, but also prevented the shock to the business world that must have resulted had the house gone down, is a Scotchman by birth, and fifty-nine years old. He began life in the employ of a Liverpool business firm, became a partner, and for over twenty years has been a director of the Bank of England. For his assistance in the BARING affair he has received the freedom of the city of London in a gold casket, which is eight inches long, six inches high, and four wide.

—CHARLES D. ROBERTSON, of Baltimore, is remembered as the seaman on Commodore FAIRAGUT's flagship *Harford*, who, while in action in April, 1862, picked up a hissing shell that had fallen on the gun-deck, and threw it overboard. His act saved the lives of many, and Congress voted him a medal for his bravery.

—Bishop G. T. BEDELL has given his beautiful estate at Gambier, Ohio, valued at \$30,000, and known as "Kokoshing," to Kenyon College. The handsome stone mansion, in a grove of trees, may be made the home of the college president.

—PÉLIS DE CHATEAUX, who succeeds MEISSONIER as president of the National Society of French Artists, is a great painter of frescoes, and has decorated the walls of many public buildings in Paris and the provinces. He is well advanced in years, tall, intellectual, and an elegant gentleman. It is hardly necessary to say that he does not share his predecessor's unreasonable hatred for Americans.

—General BOOTH, of the Salvation Army, who asked for £100,000, with which to regenerate some of the social conditions of London, announces that he has received £10,000 more than that sum, and is promised an additional £10,000.

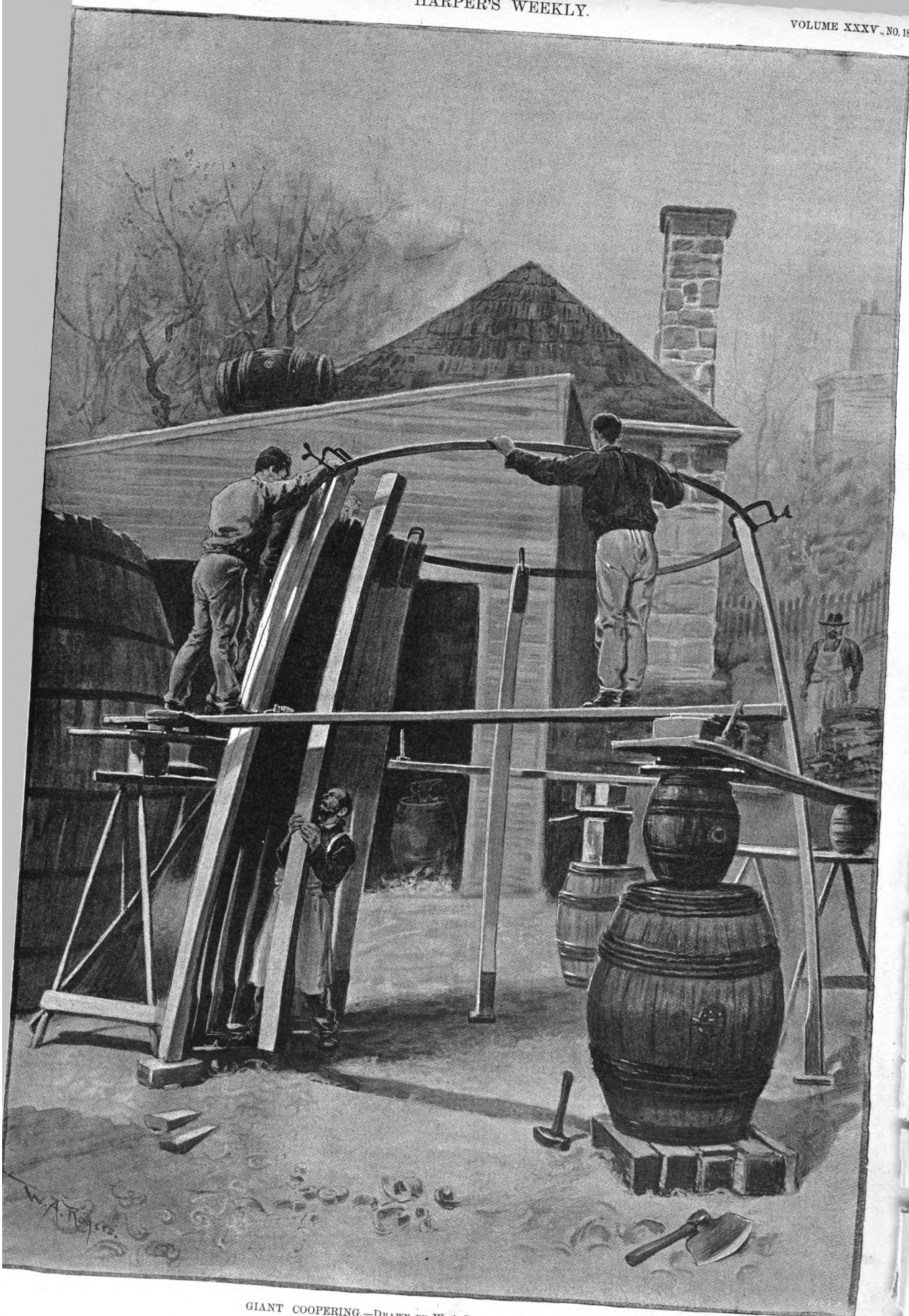
—The Chinese minister and his wife, at Washington, have been holding a ten days' celebration over the recent birth of a daughter.

—The first blind person to pass the examination of the American College of Musicians in this city is HENRY TSCHUDI, who comes from Corinth, Mississippi, and has been a pupil in the New York Institution for the Blind for the last six years. He has from childhood shown a talent for music, and now, at the age of seventeen years, handles the pipe organ as well as an organist with two good eyes.

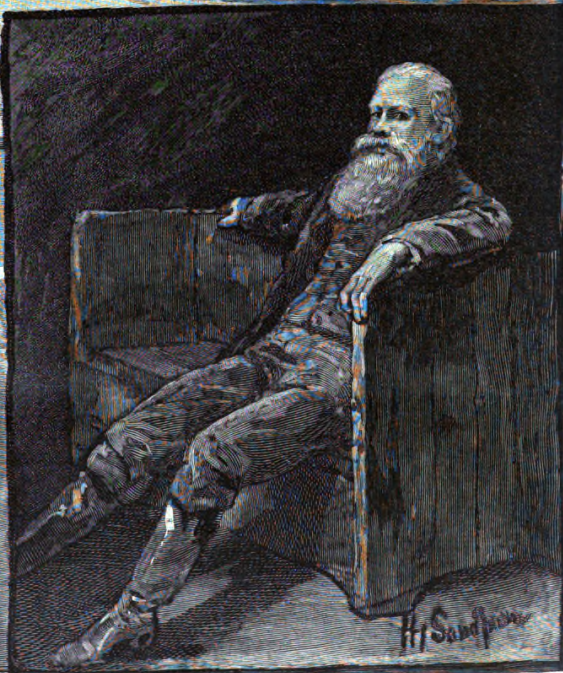
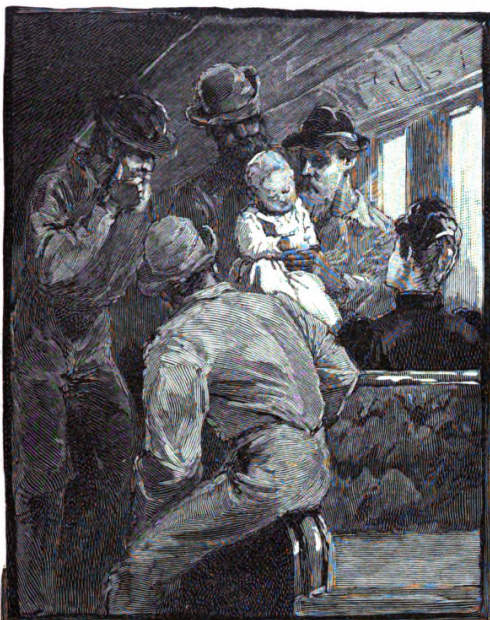
—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON brags over the fireplace and Chippendale furniture in his Samoa house as the only specimens of the kind on the island.

—The British government has bought and will restore Dove Cottage, at Grasmere, the former home of WORDSWORTH and his sister DOROTHY, and afterwards occupied by DE QUINCEY.

—EUGENE FIELD, of Chicago, whose delicate humor and verses of pathos have given him a reputation not bounded by the confines of this country, is about forty-five years old. In personal appearance he is long and lank, and the hair on his head and face is not abundant. Few men probably possess wider extremes of character, and in nothing is this shown more plainly than in his writing and in his treatment of persons. He has made many enemies, his temptation to satirize friends as well as foes being under little restraint, while the propensity to play pranks which marked him while a school-boy at Monson, Massachusetts, is still strong in his nature. The bump of veneration was evidently left out when he was made, and the higher the respectability of the victims of his jokes and jibes, the keener seems to be the enjoyment of the perpetrator. But underlying this exterior is a tenderness for children which is touching. Mr. FIELD lives quietly with his family, and his home is filled with books, many of them strange old tomes, which none but a real book-lover could crave.



GIANT COOPERING.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 542.]



THE MINERS AND THE BABY.

INDIAN WOMEN.

REVELSTOCK.

THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

A RESIDENT.

AN OUT-OF-THE-WAY OUTING.—[SEE STORY BY MRS. CUSTER ON PAGE 534.]

AN OUT-OF-THE-WAY "OUTING."

BY ELIZABETH B. CUSTER.

A NEW ROUTE has just been opened from Spokane Falls, on the Northern Pacific, to Revelstoke, on the Canadian Pacific, a distance of over three hundred miles. Much of the way lies through the wildest sort of country, where no white man has ever before penetrated. If I had had the building of this road, it would have been wholly on account of the superb scenery; but the project, Mr. D. C. Corbin—whose name is being stamped all over this country, like the Lewis and Clark of the early days of 1800—had in view the rich mines already being worked, and the certain discovery of more wealth inside the great mountains that hang over the track which skirts them.

Leaving the sound of the stone-cutter, the blasting, the hammer of the carpenter, the rattling of the trowel of the bricklayer, all the din of the cars and the noise of the crowding vehicles of the intensely alive Spokane, we rolled soon into a fine forest, much of the way so free from underbrush it looked like a park; but we came frequently on openings where the new saw-mill steamed and fumed away as if it had grown there. One of them had so much to do saving out its own roof that the great canvas cover fluttered with the rattle and rush of the machinery below it. There were brick-yards where many laborers hurried their work on the waiting cars to help to build up burnt Spokane. Clay beds were shown us which were said to rival those of New Jersey, and the clay is sent there for pottery manufactures.

The engine, after some wheezing, brought us to the summit of the divide—over seven hundred feet above Spokane—and here lay a peaceful green lake, with pretty pebbly beach and clear water, reflecting and turning into a rich chrome the disfiguring yellow-pine buildings which are beginning to frighten away the loon, for which this little sheet of water is named. It is soon to have a good hotel on a pine-covered bluff, which is sure to be admirably managed, as the railroad is imitating England, and building its own hostelries.

The first log cabin built by the Hudson Bay Company was an event to me, as we spied it while whirling past an opening in the forest. The cabin itself is quite like that of the modern settler, but the shingles, called "shakes," chopped out with an axe by those far-back pioneers, make the roof unique. They are, perhaps, eight inches wide, and two feet long, but, after all these seventy years of use, they still keep out the rain. We now began a most tortuous route, and, supposed, of course, it was because we were following the bed of Deer Creek; but as we crossed and recrossed, I ventured to ask that much-abused man, a railway official, the whys of this twisting. Whereupon I was let into the secret, which I straightway confide to you—that no other road could insinuate itself into the valley, and if it aspired to transport ore and lumber and grain, it must take to the high bluffs that rose on either side, and thereby spend miles of money.

There were few flowers in blossom, but nature seems to me to display herself in liveries of yellow at this season, and the golden-rod, the wild sunflower, the cornopsis, and the exquisite chalices of the wild primrose did their best to vary the parched surface under the pine-trees. Here and there the aspen fluttered its tender green foliage, and some one repeated its legend to us. It is that the cross on which our Lord suffered was made of the wood of that tree, and since then the leaves shiver perpetually. Certain it is that there is often not a breath of air aloft, even the delicately poised needles of the pine are still, and yet the aspen leaves quiver unceasingly. I was so thankful that while the group of people to whom, Western fashion, we had already been presented were talking about the shaking tree no one quoted,

"Variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made."

Men who would not for worlds repeat a hackneyed expression on any other subject, descend to make free use of any rhyme that attempts to touch upon our failings. But not these Western men so much, who confess themselves starved for the sight of a fluttering frock, and who own to feeling consoled, when they come down from their fastnesses in the mountains where they roam prospecting, at the very sight of the family linen waving on the line beside a settler's cabin. We felt that we were in a land where we could ask unlined questions, and did not neglect such golden opportunities. Two miners sidled up to explain some point of interest, and finding their information gratefully received, kept on sidling at every excuse, and finally said, "Wad, ladies, if you only know'd how good it does seem to see wimmin again, maybe you'd excuse our pushin' ways."

After a while a settler with his wife and baby came on the train, and they borrowed the baby as soon as they dared to edge up to its mother. The little thing crowded in their arms as they handed it back and forth, and saw only the smiling blue eyes, the friendly face, and nothing of the rough clothes, the dirt and grime of the journey.

But grime and dust must not deceive you

with regard to men out here, and if the unshaven and ragged man extends a horny palm to you, it is very apt to belong to some one who a few months before was a silken somebody at Harvard or Yale, and who has used up what the "governor" has given him as a "starter," and has gone into the mines prospecting, where barbers and baths and patent-leathers are unknown. In our car of interesting and representative Western men were two whose boots ten days before were quite new, and whose clothes were entirely fresh, and as they were presented to us, they looked down at their gaping boot toes and the nearly departed heels and blushed. We tried to tell them that we had not come out to study costumes, and we wanted to add that with such intelligent faces we would never get below the chin. They were prospectors, and had climbed up the jagged and bristling fronts of the very mountains about us, and had found what they sought, and named their mine "Last Chance," or something like that, telling its story in two words.

There certainly is great individuality in the faces of these men. Every one seems to go on his own appointed way, never looking to see if he is following or imitating his neighbor. I wish that I could induce every one who travels over this vast new land to accept all overtures made in the way of acquaintance. There are few of the unlettered out here in this progressive world, and I find that it is rare if the people I talk with do not impart valuable information of the country or their own varied lives, and that I do not have the privilege of feeling that I have made new friends.

Finally, after fifty-seven miles of visiting with the pioneer, and watching the cleared spots in the forest, we came out into the Colville Valley, forty miles long, and over two miles wide, from mountain to mountain. The harvest was stacked in the fields, and all this golden grain was being garnered by the Indians, to whom it belongs. I cannot express what a peculiar sight it was to me to witness the first savages I had ever seen at work in a wheat field. The old mission valley was the greenest river I ever saw. Saint Ignatius explains this mystery of laboring red men. The Catholic fathers have been teaching them agriculture for fifty years, and in the valley, so far removed from the white man and his fire-water, the priests have worked wonders. And then the Hudson Bay Company were decided promoters of progress, and many of the half-breed sons of these educated men are now tilling the soil.

The first view we had of the Columbia River was down a deep cañon as we shot round some huge overhanging boulders. There lay at our feet a semicircle of cultivated fields, encircled with mountains and pines, and far over to the right, bounding this sheltered valley, was the greenest river I ever saw. People who "do" the Hudson and the Rhine, or even the Mississippi, or the entirely different Missouri, must seek out a totally different set of adjectives in describing the Columbia. It has ways of its own, and its coloring, its banks, and its Dalles are distinct from other rivers.

We had the good fortune to spend some hours in this pretty horseshoe, which must have been an Arcadia to the Hudson Bay Company. They made its acres into fields, planted orchards, and built themselves a home. After the cars had skirted this garden spot, we left them to stop at a newly started town, on the edge of which was the hotel. All the streets of Marcus were carefully laid out through the forest. One looked down these vistas without so much as seeing a board as the beginning of a house. The trees looked affronted at the highways cut through their midst, but they will soon be much more so when the cabins and canvas houses begin to line the road. We named these streets Faith and Hope as we passed them, and the third we called Charity, for there the saloons had planted their shacks and tents, and surely they need the "greatest of these."

The new hotel built by the railroad looks off over a bluff on the Columbia. The settler proceeds to cut down every tree, but the same heed that prospected the way through this rocky mountainous land remembered to leave the pines as a protection from the sun, and the gallery of the little inn was a most agreeable place. The dinner, too, put every body in a frame of mind to enjoy the view; for we were not expected to live wholly upon preserved meats.

After the cigars of our party were smoked—for we had all suddenly become one—the proprietor said, if we women didn't mind the express wagon and some peculiarly mismatched horses, a driver whose livery was his shirt sleeves, and a delay of half an hour, he would have some seats made, and send us to the falls. The boards were finally placed across a very uncertain iron rail on either side of the very high wagon, and comforters and blankets put on them. The afternoon proved so interesting to me, I was obliged to scrawl in my note-book as we descended gullies, or crossed streams, or crept along the edge of mountains.

Our first stop in this lovely valley was at the fort of the English commissioners, built in 1859, and used during the two years that they were engaged in settling the question of the boundary line between Canada and the United States. There was the usual arrangement of military quarters—long low log houses and fortifications—a single log "shakes" were curled and warped every

way, but did duty still on the roof. The little pine shingles with tiny pines let very faint light into the low rooms, into which we looked as we passed; and yet here in these almost squalid quarters lived Englishmen of title, fighting for more territory in their high-bred way, and surveying the contested land, which our officers, with equal tenacity, claimed was United States domain. After the commissioners returned to England, a frontiersman moved in, and here he has lived for all these years, keeping his low dark shop filled with furs and skins, and uttering one continuous wail over the advent of the new railroad, which is sure to establish trading stores and divide his traffic with the Indians. The blacksmith shop at this fort has for its chimney the old smoke-stack of an ancient steamer, called the *Fortyniner*, that gave up its existence on the river-bank.

Near the log cabins is still one of the boats used by the commissioners, and quite different in the sharp prow and stern from the canoes or small craft now used. How well and thoroughly they built in those painstaking, deliberate days! A gust of wind could easily carry off a whole village of modern making, but these log huts may shelter a coming generation still.

We started on again over the sunny roads, winding through lanes that divided the fields that were bordered with Hawthorn, on which the purple bunches of fruit hung in abundance. There are so few birds in this high altitude that I noticed the long straight tail and large body of one, perhaps eighteen inches long from tip to tip. The white wings swam over the field, and carried the black body almost out of sight before I found that I was seeing my first magpie.

"No! the thing, the mischievous magpie of the story-books?" I asked.

"Oh yes; the very same sly old bird," I was told.

The warm sun made the pines so fragrant. The spicy pungent odors that exhaled from their trunks enveloped us as we drove through the scattered groups of trees on the plain. The intelligent pioneer who drove us began to thaw and to impart information. It was a most unfortunate move for him when he volunteered his first story about four deer that he had reduced with his rifle to a group of three a few days before "in that very glade," pointing to the sort of a place where deer always stand in landscapes.

We came finally to a long hill, and when the horses valiantly bent their willing backs to the work, part of us decided to lighten the load, and crept up, with many a laughing groan, to the summit, and almost to the door of the mission church which the fathers built nearly sixty years ago. The plateau overlooked the whole fertile valley, and the stretch of green river that sparkled on its way to the distant sea. The roof of the church made the otherwise severely plain building picturesque. It sloped out as the old mills do, and it was perhaps planned by some Swiss priest, who remembered the chalet roof that sheltered him. The doors hung awry, the windows were gone, the shingles were loose, but the cross stood as firmly as the helm as if carved out but yesterday. All the timbers were hewn out with the axe; the great wooden pins held them together as firmly as when first placed there. The sashes and door lints still held a few hand made nails, which were a precious possession in those days. Inside was a fireplace as large as a frontiersman's hut, and yet the sun-dried brick remained in place, though the windows are out and cattle have been stabled within these sacred walls. My heart was full of the devotion and self-sacrifice of the early missionaries, who so laboriously laid the foundation of what was then so large a building—or it is passed by sixty by right feet—and I walked reverently around through the old burying-ground, and again to the entrance. There all that is belligerent in me rose to the surface, for across the front was the advertisement of a real-estate firm. I had heard corner lots talked of so much in the "boom," to which I felt myself almost turning into one, but here, where the railroad had just penetrated, it seemed too much for one to endure calmly who loved these wild places. I felt that I would like to go on a pilgrimage through our Eastern States, and beg people to hurry out here before all this interesting country is levelled off, smoothed down, and made tame and commonplace.

Think how weary we get of these beaten paths at home, and there is yet time to see some isolated and wild country. But a few years, I fear, will find all the individuality of this wonder-land departed, and traffic and bustle penetrating to every distant corner of the Territories. There were the usual conspicuous emblems of men who have been here, and other ways of carving their names on public walls, and the little sons of Mr. Lo had imitated them. On the door, whose panels were grooved like corduroys by the half a century of storms, but not even warped, the small Indian had sketched himself and his papoose sister and their tailless dog.

We went on our way again, meeting sometimes squaws on foot or on horseback. The Cayuse pony was always loaded with a huge pannier, as Mrs. Lo does not ride for pleasure; and as she sat perched on top, her feet were almost parallel with the pony's neck. It was a wonder to us she kept her poise. On horse and on foot, we saw a crowd of black hair bobbing in and out discovered to us the baby as a sandwich, held in its place by its two sisters. Several squaws were toiling up a hill heavily laden, dull and weary of face. Still, if I persisted in smiling and bowing, their eyes shot me a kindly gleam at last.

The Hudson Bay fort is another square surrounded by the low log huts, but individualized by the block-house that still stands as firm as if it were a stone tower. It has a four-sided roof, and below are three wooden holes for muskets, and one, larger still, under these for a gun.

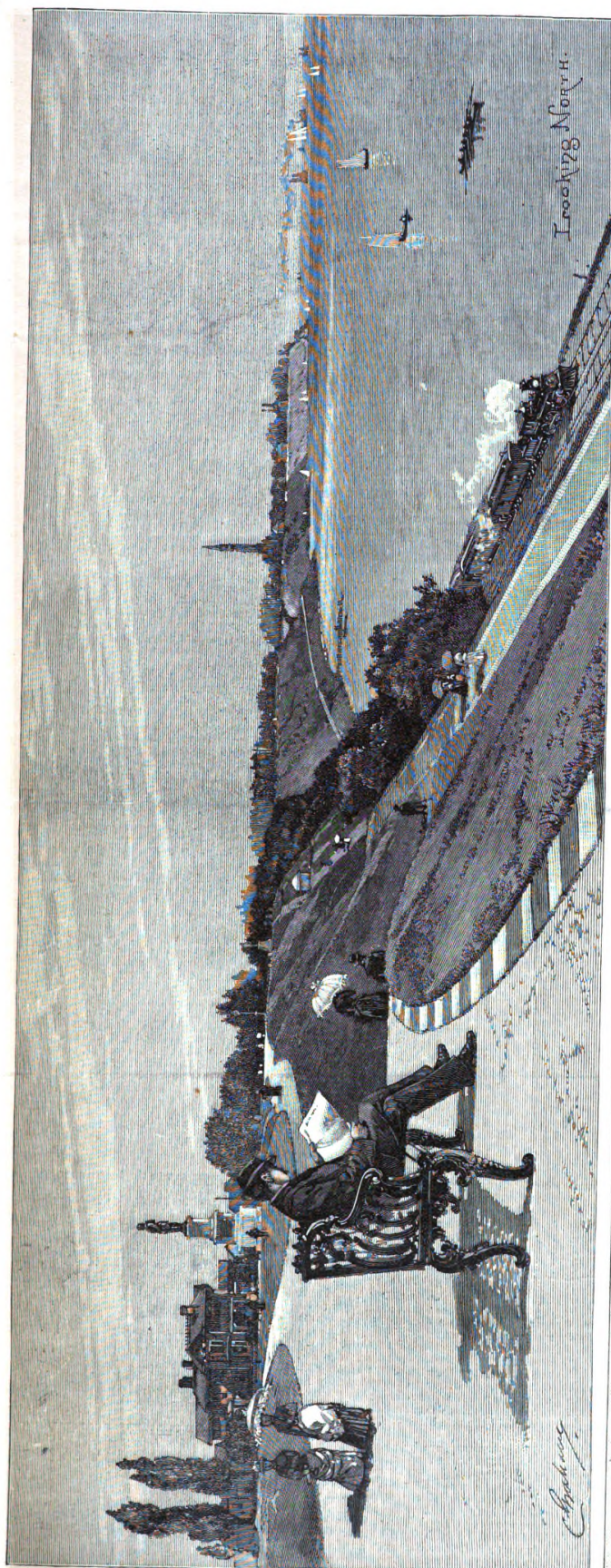
When we drew up in front of the larger house of the group, an old man came out, bowing and smiling, while half-breed children, chickens, and dogs scattered on either side. The men said, "Here comes old Ronald McDonald himself," but I had not heard his history, and consequently could not account for his courteous manner and marked individuality. No one could have invited us to descend from our anything but dignified perch on the high seats with more grace than did this coarsely dressed antiquarian.

We felt that of our descent with keeping with the naive reception and the bared head, we ought properly to be picking our way, in broadened gown and ruffled stomacher, down the old-time steps that were unrolled from the chariots of the time of the Louises. We were all presented, and this descendant of Scotch kings led the way about, showing us the huge logs held together with wooden pins, the great rafters with the mark of the axe on them still, and then a broken half of a little cannon covered with verdigris and rust. "This, ladies, was the great gun which defended his Majesty King George's subjects from the enemy, and this the ladie in which the bullets were melted for the huge two-inch bore." As he stood laughing to scorn the little three-foot cannon, I discovered that his merry eyes missed no fun. "Now, ladies, can I escort you to our famous bastion?" And we followed after him to the block-house, which had a liberal sprinkling of bullet holes. "We had once a high stockade," he said, "with a gallery inside about which the sentinel walked, and down there we made many a charge for water. Think of it, ladies, a fort and no wall! But then," he added, "when the great gate was closed and the enemy were about, and it was necessary to start a man for the river, why, he ran under cover of our guns from the block-houses; for there were two of us."

"Getting water under those circumstances must have enrolled a good many of you under the army of the great unwashed," we said. His eyes twinkled, and he replied, "Fortunately we were not always under siege, and dilly the Indian servants went and came from the river for all of us." At last I was so overcome by this prince among paupers I fell behind to question one of the men of our party, for I could not make the high-flown language, of which I can give but a faint idea, fit the man. Then I was told that his father was a person of great distinction, Archibald McDonald, Chief Factor of the Hudson Bay Company. He was forty-two years in their service, coming first as the secretary of the Earl of Selkirk, returning to Scotland, and after two years, coming again with Sir George Simpson. The Chief Factor had married a squaw, as was the custom of the country, and Ronald was one of the several sons born to his father. He had all his early life been associated with the English and Scotch, which accounted for the grandiose style of the old-school gentleman, and the evidence of vivacity and foreign polish were traceable to the many French Canadians who were in the employ of the company in its prosperous days.

As I was receiving this hurried history the old courtier, *sans* several articles of toilet that civilization might require, came back as hurriedly as his many years would permit. Uncovering his gray head, he said, so that I could hear, "I must make my compliments if it is really she," and such obeisance and lordly bending of his ancient back made me aware that he had not heard who I was at our introduction, and had come back to pay reverence to my husband's name. I can scarcely think of anything more incongruous than this aristocratic old man, with his high-faloot expressions, of which we know nothing except in the literature of the style of Sir George Grandison and the tumbled down, dilapidated, untidy old buildings around him. And yet the two clothes he wore, and the straggling gray hair and beard, looked to me far more interesting than the dressed-up and commonplace-looking man who occupied a panel of the family album, and represented Ronald when he was in the outside world. There another incongruity was the slip he sometimes made into every-day talk, and the introduction, in the very midst of his most lofty flights of rhetoric, of slang phrases, which seemed all the more absurd associated as they were with the stately language of bygone days.

"Now," he said, "that you have seen our monster guns"—and he rolled the little cannon with his foot—"and have viewed our lofty palisades"—there was still some of the log stockade standing—"and have gazed upon the formidable bastions"—and here he waved his hand toward the block-house—"can I persuade you to go into my home?" We found a large living-room with poor and very shabby furniture, a long alcove on



THE PARK ON THE LAKE FRONT, MILWAUKEE.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 538.]

THE OBSERVATION CAR.

NATURE may be reproduced in colors, and the artist laughed at for the apparently unnatural result achieved, but there is no refuting the picture opened up sometimes from a car window, no matter how strongly our finite minds refuse to grasp the stupendous reality. Nothing takes the conceit out of man with the ease that Nature can. She impresses him with her breadth, and incidentally his personality assumes a degree of littleness that is truly painful. The city is made, and man realizes the fact, feeling a certain amount of satisfaction in the thought; but he knows that he cannot rear a mountain, and the thought is depressing. But after he has been duly schooled, and the element of conscious personality done away with, a certain sense of exhilaration makes him thankful that he lives. When this stage is reached, man is fit to enjoy Nature in all her forms, whether it be a chain of mighty snow-capped mountains and a clouded sky. When one realizes that Nature is beyond criticism in matters of form or color, then the soul is free to revel in her beauties. As the world progresses, thoughtful men appreciate these facts, and steps are taken to afford all advantages to the traveller. Once we looked through a plate glass window two feet square, and enjoyed the prospect, then the window grew gradually larger, until now the observation car has come, consisting of nothing but windows on either side, and reaching to the top. This answers all purposes of the sight-seer, and commands a range that is only limited by the physical make up of your eyes.

From an observation car one may be impressed with a certain sense of gratitude that he lives in the year 1891. All the conveniences of home are close at hand, and all the beauties of Nature are revealed to you in a manner never achieved by any previous age. You may ride over the Rockies and take in their grandeur, see the passing interesting snow-crowns the summits, and be as comfortable as you desire. There is very little pleasure without comfort; and one of the triumphs of our day is the observation car, for it is comforting and enchanting. We can only wonder what people did before these modern conveniences came in, and the only trouble is that you fail to appreciate the blessings that have fallen to your share. But perhaps it is not necessary to be too exultant over the matter—it savors too much of conceit. We are blessed at having been born into the present age, but we have done very little to bring the blessings about.

STATUE OF EDWARD EVERETT.

ON June 24th, during the Commencement exercises at Harvard College, an interesting incident occurred which added to the pleasures of the day. It seemed to be merely an incident in the general proceedings, but there was more than a passing interest in it. As the Alumni Association formed to march in to dinner, the men were led by the west end of Memorial Hall, where a statue of Edward Everett stood in the transept. The face was familiar to many, but the statue was something new, and later on at dinner William Everett was called upon for a speech, and the character of the statue was explained. Mr. Everett had presented to Harvard College the statue of his father, and at the alumni dinner took the opportunity of making the fact known, at the same time making the formal presentation. To many of those present the event was of more than ordinary interest, for they remembered the famous President of Harvard, and delighted in the fitting memorial. Edward Everett was President of the College from 1846 to 1849, when he was made Secretary of State. His name is familiar to all, and the tribute paid by his son is most fitting. The statue is of marble, life size, and is characteristic of the man it represents. There is no more appropriate place for the memorial, and it is well that the college has been chosen as the recipient of the honor, for Dr. Everett's name is connected with Harvard not only as President, but as student and tutor, and Harvard has ever been proud of her famous sons.

THE MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

BY CHARLES DE KAY.

NEW YORK has a summer climate which ranges between that of Italy and the tropics, yet its architecture is pretty rigidly to the needs of northern Europe. The long dark arcades, with their swinging screens, which at Turin one finds exactly adapted to the heat of summer, but on the Rue de Rivoli of Paris less obvious a necessity, have been wanting to New York. But now the beginning has been made of an architectural feature which is pretty certain to make its way about the city, because of its natural beauty and usefulness. Oddly enough, the innovation was not made without difficulty. A special act of the Legislature of New York was required before permission was obtained, and then the right was limited by a proviso that the Mayor of the city should give his consent.

The Mayor had serious doubts of the morality of this architectural detail; perhaps he confounded it with the old Arcade Railway scheme; but at last the cause of arcades triumphed, and the Madison Square Garden

proceeded to clothe itself more or less with them as to its lowest story. The delay occasioned by all these dealings with large and small political fry had a bearing on the popular estimate of the new building, which was of some importance to the architects, if not to others. It was as if a painter had been working up the superior half of his canvas, and put in some of the most finished parts, when some one prevented further attention to the lower section of the canvas, and left the public to imbibe impressions from a picture all at sixes and sevens.

This was the effect of the Madison Avenue facade of the Garden for a long while. The more than rich, the more than late, Renaissance, the almost rococo decorations in relief, stood out from the facade with a brazen air that mystified those who could not make allowances for an unfinished building. But since the smooth granite pillars began to rise along the curb, and the arches began to grow from pillar to pillar, and then by a curious way, the arches and the pillars began to spread themselves from the wall of the building to the line of arches over the curb, the richness of ornamentation on this lower line brought the bold relief on the facade into harmony. The whole structure is enriched on the lower lines as it is on the upper, the loggias, niches, balustrades, and roof temples being repeated in a weaker note below, while the darks of the upper zone, represented by the spaces between little columns, openings of windows, and shadows in niches, are repeated with much greater force in the wide openings of the arcades.

The little roof temples of the Garden are among the prettiest details. Those at the springing of the great tower from the roof-line recall the Temple of Vesta, or, more closely, the two structures on the west front of St. Paul's, London. The caps of the small towers are tiled in some cases, left with copper open-work in others. Their ornamentation is carried out with great care, and they will prove not the least interesting feature in the immediate foreground when the great tower is in use and thousands ascend to see the view.

The roof-line from Fourth Avenue and from Madison Avenue will have for a centre, just above the large inserted slab of marble, a bronze eagle of colossal size standing on and against a globe. Behind the eagle will rise a flag-staff; smaller flag-staffs for streamers are to be disposed about the roof. The eagle follows the outlines of a bird of freedom modelled by Mr. St. Gaudens.

Very different is the grand tower—which is now approaching completion—from the design first made by Messrs. McKim, Mead & White. That was a heavy affair, which would have looked crushed under its own elaborate decoration had it been carried out as proposed. It has been likened to the Giralda of Seville, and there is a certain truth in the impression that Mr. Stanford White, to whom the building is chiefly due, was and still is profoundly made by Spanish architecture and Spanish decorative art. But it would be taking things quite out of their proper relations to say that he has been influenced by any one Spanish building, or altogether by the architecture of Spain. He had his limits rigorously set by the shape of the land, the necessity of using every foot of it, the general disposition of the interior—a disposition fixed by the experience of the old building as a pleasure resort. This plan, already traced, he has changed in several important particulars, notably as regards the theatre in one corner and the assembly hall in the other; here he could not alter the plan, he has sought by strong decorative treatment to carry the mind away from such bad facts as were the rule in the old structure. But to return to the tower.

Mr. White proposes to crown this tower with a statue, perhaps modelled by St. Gaudens, holding a lance with a copper pennon for a feather-vane. At any rate, there is a statuette by St. Gaudens, about three feet high, which, if enlarged to 18 feet, would just fit the figure on the plans. The top of the copper lady's lance will be 325 feet from the sidewalk. For 80 feet the tower is to be an iron framework sheathed with copper. At the height of 245 feet the terra-cotta and brick begin. At this point four powerful electric lights are already in action, and when the figure is placed the half-spire on which she stands will shine with mysterious splendor; for it is to be made of tile-work, and lit from within. The tower face on Twenty-sixth Street is to have, for the special use and behoof of the University Club, a dial with arms ready to register the direction of the wind. In good time it is proposed by the architect that the four niches on the facade of the building shall have statues. Whose shall they be? Commodore Vanderbilt, Barnum, John L. Sullivan, and Stanford White? All these have drawn great crowds to the Madison Square Garden.

The building is a great gain to the city in every way—as an enterprise, for it is kept clean and respectable; as a work of art, since it shows individual power, and that mixture of knowledge and boldness which is so rare in New York architects. Its walls glimmer in pale yellow through the trees of the square, its tower rising in rich yet refined beauty above the tree-tops, adds distinction to one of the most agreeable townscapes we possess. The main body of the building and the tower have had the same experience with respect to connoisseurs. As they approached completion, they won over

the very men who railed the loudest against the Madison Square Garden. Next autumn, when the building is finished, we shall be able to appreciate how much has been gained in the endeavor to make great useful buildings beautiful.

GIANT COOPERING.

A CHARACTERISTIC story of Stephen Girard was that he induced a boy to work for him till he was twenty-one years old by promising to give him a good start in life afterwards. When the time came, the young man applied for the promised reward. The eccentric old merchant looked at him for a moment, and then said, gruffly, "Go and learn a trade." Considerably cast down, for he had expected a very different start, the young man turned away; but after some reflection, knowing something of the other's peculiarities, he decided to do as he had been bidden, and learned the cooper's trade. When he had mastered it, a year or so later, he presented himself again, and the old man gave him an order for two barrels. He made and delivered them, and Mr. Girard examined and praised them. "Now," he said, "you have a capital that you cannot lose, for you can always fall back on your trade if you meet with adversity," and then he advanced his protégé a considerable capital with which to start in business.

The moral of this anecdote seems to be somewhat warped by the fact that barrels are now made by machinery in a manner so superior to that of handwork that hand-made barrels seem likely to be driven out of the market. A little investigation shows, however, that coopers are likely to find work so long as civilization continues. The illustration on another page shows workmen engaged in making what no machinery yet devised can turn out complete. It is a singular fact that the enormous vats made after the similitude of a barrel, but very many times larger, require far more accuracy and delicacy in the making than the most interesting sized barrel. The tremendous pressure from within that they have to withstand necessitates the fitting of each component part with such exactness that the whole is practically a single piece of wood, amply strengthened with strips of band iron outside. The liquor they hold, whether it be beer, ale, or water, would burst a feeble receptacle at once. It is the exact fitting that has to be done by hand, as well as the putting together of the parts.

The materials used in hogheads, vats (or tuns), and in the small reservoirs or cisterns in common use in country houses, are the same as in the best grades of barrels; that is, in say, the materials are wood and iron only. The wood, however, is always oak for the vats, and either cedar or cypress for water reservoirs, and the hoop iron used for barrels and hogheads becomes band iron when larger vessels are made, band iron being the same as hoop iron, excepting that it is heavier, and therefore stronger.

Some little time ago the people in Harlem had an excellent opportunity to see the picturesque side of giant coopering. A very large reservoir was built on top of a theatre on one of the principal streets there. Of course the work was done in the open air, and it could be watched from various points in the neighborhood. So high was the building that from the street the reservoir looked like a little larger than an ordinary sugar hoghead, and the men who were putting it together looked like friendly trolls climbing upon fairy ladders and pounding with tiny hammers in their service of man. Near by the work presents a different aspect. Men grappling with staves almost as heavy and twice as long as themselves, and fitting them as carefully as if they were parts of a watch, then riveting gigantic hoops with ponderous blows, seem to be mastering some of the heaviest difficulties of mechanics.

There are a few small shops in and around New York where this work is done, and in the midst of the yards around them the work may readily be watched by outsiders, who, if they pause to look on, will surely be interested. There are, however, only two large concerns in the country, one having works in New York and Louisville, and the other in St. Louis, which concerns have almost a monopoly of the business, as the smaller shops are patronized mostly for repairing. Into these larger works strangers are seldom invited, as some of the processes and some of the machinery employed are secrets of the trade which are jealously guarded. In front of the gates of these works are usually to be seen from two to a dozen of the huge vats ready for shipment, and looking like an armament of Breche-loading artillery. They are some twelve feet in diameter, and about the same in length, with tightly closed concave ends, which oppose the strength of an arch to the pressure from within; but nowhere in all their surface is a crevice to be found into which the thin blade of a penknife may be thrust.

These, however, are by no means the largest of the vats that may be found in the city by any one who chooses to look where they are. They are not, as a matter of course, used for transportation, and so do not come often within the sight of the public. In the mammoth breweries in the city they are to be found in great numbers, mostly in the common size holds from seven hundred to a thousand gallons, and vats of this capacity measure twenty-one and a half feet in height, and seventeen feet in diameter at the bottom and fifteen at the top.



THE INVITATION TOURNAMENT of the Country Club of Westchester was last week's great event in the lawn-tennis world. This meeting, while perhaps not so sensational as that of last year, must be recorded as by far the most successful of the spring and early summer events. Indeed, I heard more than one of the prominent players express the opinion that the Country Club tournament, now an annual fixture, and attracting, as it does, the very cream of the crack players, must be regarded as second only in importance to the championship meeting at Newport. It was unfortunate, to be sure, that Campbell, who is now acknowledged by all to be showing the best form of his life, preferred a yachting trip to last week's contest, and it was only that Messrs. Knapp, Taylor, and Slocum could not be induced to play; but as an offset to these disappointments, P. S. Sears, of Boston, appeared in an Eastern tournament for the first time in many years, and S. T. Chase, of Chicago, who is now perhaps a better player than his brother, C. A. Chase, was also a competitor. The presence of these two men, together with that of Huntington and Hobart, the great rivals of last year's tournament, insured a doubtful result, while any one of the four remaining entries, E. L. Hall, C. T. Lee, Ford Huntington, and Deane Miller, was likely to capture a match at an unexpected moment, and upset all calculations.

I WAS SOMEWHAT DISAPPOINTED at the showing made by Philip Sears. Not that he did not play well, for he did; but he is a player of whom great things are continually being predicted, and who always fails, by a narrow margin only, to fulfill the expectations of his friends. Something is lacking in his game, but it is difficult to tell what that "something" is. He plays in perfect form, has a wonderfully good stroke, plenty of endurance apparently, and excellent judgment. And yet, while very near it on several occasions, he has never been able to win a great tournament, and in all probability will not be a second champion from the Sears family, as was predicted during the early part of his lawn-tennis career. What is his failing? It cannot be a lack of nerve, for last week he won a match against E. L. Hall after the score of the deciding set was four all and forty-love in favor of the latter. The young Mr. Hall is as plucky a little player as I have seen this year. All of the critics unite in saying that Sears's volleying is woefully weak; but that fault cannot be a fatal one so long as he plays such a perfect game in the back court.

SO FAR AS THAT GOES, were the present champion and ex-champion R. D. Sears to meet, and Campbell agree to run to the net on every one of his own services as he did last year, I do not hesitate to express the opinion that the odds would be at least two to one in favor of Sears. While Campbell is a wonderful volleyer, the secret of his success in that peculiar style of game lay in his ability to "rattle" an adversary. He must realize that some day a skilful back-court player, such as R. D. Sears was and still is, will come forth and refuse to be "rattled." Indeed I am told that in a match which Campbell and W. P. Knapp played at Staten Island two weeks ago, the former but rarely ran to the net on his service, and yet showed greater strength than ever before. If it be true that he has improved so much in back-court play, his chances of retaining the championship are very good. It is a matter of great doubt as to the playing of R. R. Sears. Should he be induced to re-enter the lists, Mr. Campbell's chances would not be so good.

A FITTING CLIMAX to the tournament was reached on Thursday when Huntington and Hobart, each without a single defeat against him during the week's play, came together to battle for first honors. Everything conspired to make this meeting an interesting one, for the weather conditions were perfect, and then, too, it was easily recalled how Hobart had defeated all of the "crack" players during Country Club week last year, but was finally compelled to yield to Huntington, not only once, but in three successive matches, for three defeats were then necessary in order to disqualify a contestant. The memory of these defeats must have stimulated Hobart in last Thursday's contest, for he certainly never played a better game. He was not playing against the Huntington who was defeated by Lee at New Haven this spring.

HUNTINGTON, in his present form, is a very different man. I watched the set closely, and until the closing games I thought that he played just about as well as when he made his magnificent fight on these same courts last year. His defeat was in no way discreditable, nor should it be discouraging to his friends, for Hobart has not only improved greatly since last year, most notably in back-hand strokes, but it was also his good fortune to be able to play his best game when it was most needed. Hobart is a player who will always have his "off" and his "on" day, so to speak. He strives to put tremendous speed

on every return, and on his "off" days the ball will fall just outside of the lines with exasperating frequency. It was Huntington's misfortune that last Thursday was one of Hobart's "on" days. But the spectators—and there were more than ever before witnessed a lawn-tennis match at the Country Club—saw the best exhibition of the sport thus far. This was the first great tournament that Hobart has ever won, and the members of his family, all enthusiastic votaries of the game, and many players of the New York Tennis Club who were present, wore smiling faces during the remainder of the afternoon. The score was 9-7, 6-4, 4-6, 6-2.

WHILE THE NEW YORK MEN were playing at Westchester last week, the New England "cracks" were having it out at the Hotel Wentworth. F. H. Hovey, thought by many to be Campbell's most dangerous rival for the championship, won the singles from Hugh Tallant, 4-6, 8-4, 6-0, 6-2 and with him as a partner, the doubles also from Cowls brothers, 6-2, 6-5. These dealers' tournaments seem still to be popular in the vicinity of Boston. It is, of course, possible that they do no harm, but it is absolutely certain that a contest held solely for the purpose of displaying one's goods, and making it more conspicuous than its rivals, cannot benefit lawn-tennis. I understand that the National Association at its last annual convention gave expression to its disapproval of this class of tournaments, and that Mr. Ditson, of the Boston firm of Wright & Ditson, announced that none would be given by his firm this year. And yet circulars announcing the annual tournament of Wright & Ditson at the Hotel Wentworth were issued as usual. Mr. Ditson having evidently repented, and once more yielded to the advertising fever. Week before last Horace Partridge & Co., also of Boston, held their annual affair at Hotel Wellesley.

BEFORE SHELVING INTERCOLLEGIATE baseball until next spring, a small fragment of a ten-year-old (base-ball) reminiscence may be interesting as well as instructive. Not one probably in a hundred of those who on June 13th saw the final game on the Manhattan A. C. field realized what Captain Dana and his nine had accomplished. Since 1873 Princeton has been measuring bats with Yale, and, with the exception of 1885, has never won a series until this year. Nor has it seemed, time and again, to be anything but the interposition of grim fate that has stood between the orange and black and the coveted honors. In '90, for instance, who could wonder at Captain Dana feeling that his team had more than an even chance of winning? Throughout the entire series with Yale, despite the fact that the New Haven men played good ball they generally lost. Primarily the fortune which probably enters more largely in base-ball than in any other athletic contest seemed ever to appear wearing the blue. When, therefore, Princeton finally lost that decisive game at Eastern Park, it would not have been astonishing had Dana and his men become discouraged.

Nor so, however, for this season they took up the work, just where they had left it at the close of '90, with renewed energy and determination to turn the scales. But even at the outset there was a "facer" in store for them. After holding Yale securely at New Haven for seven long innings, they were forced to throw lost them in a moment the game, and made it necessary to win both the other scheduled contests. Those who have never captained a college nine little know to what formidable proportions such an outlook grows. But Dana faced it, and so did his battery, and so did the other six players; and they say they are all, save the one who did more than his share of the winning, and who lies buried in the newly made grave of a hero, enjoying an athletic triumph, earned after work that very few nines have ever shown.

AND THE MIGHTY, who at last have fallen—what a fall it is! Since 1889, when the Intercollegiate Association was formed, Yale has won every championship, that of '85 excepted, no matter what the combination has been, and to her credit be it said, has never been a party to leaving out any college. A good memory is a blessed thing. It is likewise so delightfully convenient to have with you on occasions when your good nature is oppressed by one of those aggressively positive creatures, who punctuates each retrospective gem with a look so knowing and a posture so impressive you are almost betrayed into adding a few rhetorical fire-crackers to your own homely little tale. Just at the moment when you are about to tell of Harvard's mass-meeting in '87 comes to mind. Turning up my scrap-book I find the report—March 4, '87, clipped from the New York Times—of that meeting. I am tempted, for the benefit of those who have raised the cry this past season that Harvard was being dictated to in the matter of carrying out her agreement to play Princeton, to quote a few lines:

"THE MASS-MEETING of Harvard students called to-night to form a new league for base-ball was the most lively and numerously attended mass-meeting seen at Harvard for many years. Captain Phillips, of the '86 nine, spoke in favor of Columbia against Williams, and against playing any

games with Yale whatever, unless she came in with Harvard, Princeton, and Columbia. The sense of the meeting seemed to go along with the remarks made by Captain Phillips in every respect. The following resolutions were adopted: That the delegates take it as the desire of the college that a league be formed with Yale, Harvard, Columbia, and Princeton. That if Yale refuses this combination, the delegates are to go on to form a league with Princeton and Columbia only, in which case it is the desire of the students of the college that no exhibition games be arranged with Yale, provided Princeton and Columbia will do the same." Speaking of dictating, there does not appear to be much room for argument here. As a matter of fact, this was the clearest case of dictation in college base-ball annals. I close my scrap-book until again short-memoried college Poo-Bahs become rampant. Yale's position in athletics is a unique one. She has been a leader and a teacher, and, above all, she has been a good loser. Whenever the blue has suffered defeat, her teams have gritted their teeth and said nothing. It is a good example, and has a wholesome effect on athletics.

AND YET A LAST WORD on the subject,—the University of Pennsylvania and Brown have shown such unusual strength in the game that they deserve special mention. The former defeated Princeton's champion nine the only two games they played them, and captured one out of three with Yale. In their other games, details of which I have not at hand, the Pennsylvania nine exhibited strength and steadiness, and played good ball. It is to be regretted they do not follow the example of other college nines, and have none on the team but bona fide amateurs. It is a grievous mistake to in any way associate professionalism with college sport. Pennsylvania will do much for its athletics in the way of elevation if it takes warning in season. Brown has made great strides in base-ball. This year the team has defeated Harvard twice—6 to 4 and 6 to 3—both games in Cambridge, and lost two to the crimson at Providence, though it is only fair to say that the Brown pitchers and catcher were crippled. One game has been secured from Yale and two lost. Trinity has been defeated two games, Wesleyan two, University of Michigan, and others. University of Pennsylvania won a beautiful game from Brown—1 to 0—with only two singles made off Woodcock, Brown's left-hand pitcher. The fortune of the team, indeed, seems to be in the possession of two pitifully equal merit, one (Sexton) of the catapult style, and the other (Woodcock) of the strategic.

THERE IS A DEAL of interesting speculation going on this summer among college men as to what will be the developments of the coming foot-ball season. Primarily the question is wondering whether Harvard will play Princeton; and while some say "yes," it seems to be the opinion of those who are in a position to lend weight to their views that such a contest is not very probable, unless Princeton should not only take the initiative, but also consent to play in New England. As the last Princeton-Harvard game was played in Cambridge, considerable pressure will be necessary to induce Princeton to waive her claim of a return game. There seems to be no doubt that the Harvard Athletic Committee would be glad of an opportunity to retrieve the ground lost by the wretched bungling foot-ball season. It would be a serious matter if they should commit such breaches in foot-ball negotiations as to leave their team in the same unfortunate position into which they forced their base-ball management. This is, however, very unlikely, as the lesson was a severe one, and would hardly admit of a repetition. Yale will certainly carry out their association game, and will probably play an outside Harvard game, as they did last season. Should Harvard and Princeton come to terms, they would undoubtedly be tendered the use of the Yale field for the match.

AS TO THE PROSPECTS for teams in the three universities, there is as yet little but rumor upon which to form any opinion. Princeton has already experienced the preliminary gloom of losing Riggs, but one man does not make or mar a team in these days. There are some men behind Princeton's line who will be heard from this year, notably King and young Poe, a brother of Edgar Allen, if they can only build up a forward cordon to protect them. The Yale man is hugging himself with delight at the thought of Heffelfinger in the line once more, for he is to continue another year "neath the elms." For all this, I advise the New Haven men that unless they find or make a good kicking full back, both Harvard and Princeton will outclass them behind the line; McClung and Bliss are good runners, but neither of them can kick even a little, and Trafford and Homans will simply play with them on long punts. Harvard has at least two treasures behind the line in Trafford and Corbett, even though Lake should fail to return. Then too, the material Cumcock brought out will aid in making both a second eleven and a rugged line of forwards as well.

AT YALE, ALTHOUGH MCCLUNG has been elected captain of both the foot-ball and base-ball teams, there is the possibility of his acting in that double capacity. The captaincy of the foot-ball team is naturally look-

ed upon as by far the more enticing in every way. Cumcock at Harvard, Poe at Princeton, and Rhodes at Yale have all been examples of the college opinion that the foot-ball captaincy is the highest athletic honor to be attained. McClung, having his choice, will choose the foot-ball captaincy, and it is already believed that he will resign the base-ball honors to Murphy. Should he do this, and Murphy's election be confirmed by the nine, it will be a triumph for a boy who has had very little of the social advantages enjoyed by his companions. But Murphy is a born ball-player, quick and earnest in his work, and certain to render a good account of any men entrusted to his care. Gould has had the fortunes of the crew turned over to him, although this is his first year of boating, and it is likely that he will have all the experience he wants before he can turn out a crew to compete with Harvard's next year at New London. In fact, the general opinion at New Haven is that all three of these captains will experience the crucial year of their athletic career in the attempt to retrieve the fallen laurels.

THE BREAKING OF *Mincola's* mast in the American Yacht Club regatta last week was a sad event. Bird's winner was a hard line on a thorough good sportsman, but a justification of what has been set forth in this column concerning the new 46-footers. The mast must have been tip-top timber, or it would have surely gone earlier in the race, for Captain Hall seemed bent on driving the boat through the water with all the canvas he could get on, regardless of circumstances. *Mincola's* performance in this race was interesting. It will be remembered she won from *Sagunara* on the 2d in Oyster Bay in a light breeze, while in the American Club race there was a strong wind blowing. She took the lead at the start, and maintained it until, though *Sagunara* was catching her. The race for second place between *Jessica* and *Nautilus* was won by the former by 14 seconds. In the New Rochelle Club regatta the following day, *Sagunara* and *Jessica* had the 46-footer special race to themselves. The former won, but the *Jessica* sailed well and gave great encouragement to those who continue to believe she will yet make a racer.

FROM NOW UNTIL AUGUST 3d, when the cruise of the New York Yacht Club begins, yachting in these parts will be rather quiet. The only racing events in the immediate future is the Cherry Street Yacht Club special for 46-footers, July 25th. In the mean time the 46's are being overhauled. General Paine is working hard over the *Alborac* to learn why she was so badly beaten by *Oceane*, and remedy it if possible. The *Gloriana* and *Nautilus* are to have new sails. *Mincola* is getting a new hull and new rigging. The *Oceane* and *Beatrice* have been carefully gone over and put in racing trim, and *Barbara* has had a ton of lead taken off her keel and received a coat of copper. She now floats on her lines, and the Boston contingent expect great things of her.

"GLORIANA'S" MEETING WITH "BARBARA" later in the season will be an interesting event. By reports from Boston, we learn that *Alborac's* measurement, with her (practically) full 46 feet of water-line and 4700 feet of sail area, will be in the neighborhood of 57 feet sailing length, while *Gloriana* is only 50 feet sailing length, (she has an L.V. of 45 feet and a S.A. of 4139 square feet). Here is to be found not only in her abbreviated water-line, but also in the dimensions of her spars, that which in the eyes of the advocates of high-powered boats would be called distinct moderation. At such figures as these, *Gloriana* will give little or no time to *Barbara*, and from almost all the Burgess boats must receive time. To contrast her measurements with *Gosoon* and *Minerva* is not uninteresting, and indicates how "moderate" is her sail plan from the point of view above mentioned, viz.:

	Minerva.	Gosoon.	Gloriana.	Keene over Minerva.	Keene over Gosoon.
L. W. L.	39.47	39.50	45.00	5.13	5.50
Rail boom to forward	82.05	89.05	102.40	20.35	12.75
Perpendicular	36.85	39.10	44.58	7.63	5.48
Spritaker boom	82.18	65.60	74.14	11.96	8.54
Starboard	29.74	37.00	7.29
Sail length	45.61	47.82	54.17	8.56	6.34

Again, consider *Liria*, a 40-footer with a sailing length of 49 feet. *Gloriana* would have to allow her (but short) six minutes over a 25-mile course; but on Thursday she beat her over seventeen minutes, and on the Atlantic did as badly. Altogether *Gloriana* seems to have done what few boats, or, for that matter, few men do—lived up to a somewhat remarkable name.

WHILE WE WERE ON THE PRESS last week (Monday), the First Rockaway (28 goals) and Meadow Brook (24 goals) teams were playing the final game for the Polo Association Cups on the Rockaway field. And it was a battle royal: the fastest, most hotly contested game of the season. The field was very dry and dusty, and the ponies kept on their feet with difficulty. Keene, Hitchcock, and Wintthrop all had falls that shook them up, though not resulting seriously, and each

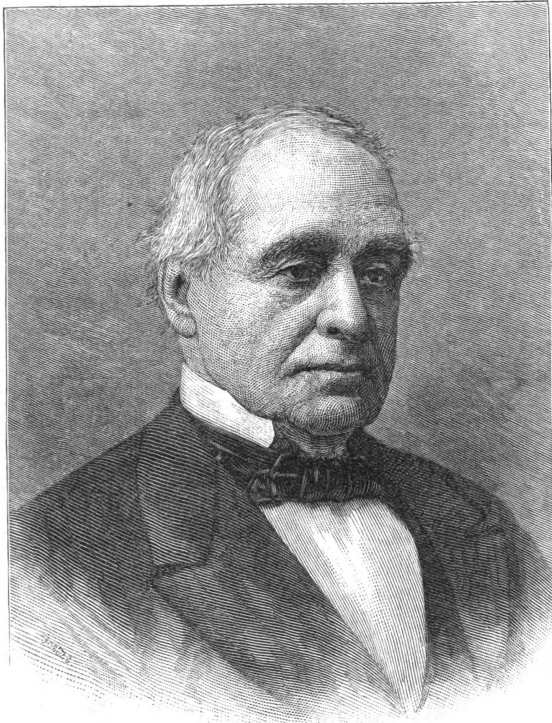
pluckily remounted and played out the game. The Rockaway team came nearer losing the championship this time, which it has held for several seasons, than ever before, I fancy. Indeed, had the Meadow Brooks been in their best form, the chances are very good that they would have carried the cups to Hempstead. Belmont had been out on his yacht *Mincola* for several weeks previous to the match, and his sea-legs had not yet forsaken him. He was badly out of his form, and not true on the ball, though he made one very brilliant run over half the length of the field. Hitchcock also was not up to his standard of play, having been off coaching for several weeks. Tooling a four, however, is not so inimical to polo form as yachting, and he somewhat redeemed himself in the last period, when he sat down in his saddle, and gave us a glimpse of that steady, effective play which has made him the third best all-around man in this country.

WINTHROP NEVER SHOWED better form than in this match, and certainly he put up the best game of this season. He was invariably on hand at the critical moment, and very true on the ball. I do not recall his missing but once, and that a difficult back-hander. Bird's work was not so good as to the uninitiated the opportunities in his position for showy play being scarce, but it counted just the same, and was one of the features of Meadow Brook's stubborn fight against the most brilliant team in America. As for Rockaway, every one of them played a beautiful game, but the most notable was Cheever. He played the game of his life on that Monday, and filled his position (No. 1) to the letter—which very often entails, by the way, the sacrifice of an opportunity to make a brilliant run and gladden the hearts of one's contingent, "don't you know," for the more prosaic duty of rushing down the field to ride off the opposing "back."

I HAVE COMMENTED so frequently and exhaustively upon the very brilliant play of Keene and the effective ubiquity of Cowdin, nothing is left for me to add except that their form on this occasion was of championship order. Rutherford showed great improvement on his previous play; in form, he is one of the best backs in the Association, true on the ball, and steady. Until this game, however, he had not done himself justice this season. During the first period the play was very fast, and the Meadow Brooks plainly showed their need of practice; in the second twenty minutes slipping ponies and tumbling players appeared to have their influence in slowing up the game. In the final period, however, it grew fast and furious, especially as the Meadow Brooks at one time were a quarter-goal to the good. The light blue played far and away better during this period than at any other time of the game, but they could not stand the pace set by Rockaway, and finally lost by 13 goals, having earned 3 and allowed 1 on foul and 9 on safety. Their opponents earned 9 goals, allowing 3 on foul and 6 on safety knock-out.

IT WOULD HARDLY BE GALLANT to feminine Cedarhurst to note an extension for the lost Clark Cups, that very ancient saw which rushes to cover under an apostrophe to wine, women, and song, and yet the score of the game last Saturday seems to have a mournful day-after-the-bell air. On Friday night there was a dance at the Rockaway Club. Saturday morning the First Rockaway team met three of Morrisstown, and were defeated by half a goal. Not that Morrisstown did not play well, but with Cowdin, Cheever, and Rutherford giving no handicap, Rockaway should have won with several goals to spare. Rutherford was badly off his form, and couldn't hit the ball, though once he did save goal by a beautiful stroke. Cheever lacked life, and did not play as he had the previous Monday. Cowdin practically played Rockaway's game, though he too was out of form, and made some misses that drew out a most reproachful "Oh!" from the club balcony. Some of his plays, however, were very good and timely; one especially at the end of the third period, where he saved a goal with the score standing 4-4, and another in a brilliant run with ball nearly the entire length of field.

THORN, NICOLI, and LORD all played hard for Morrisstown, but very loosely. Considering the opportunities, they should have made, by actual count, at least three more goals. The game they put up, in fact, was a combination of brilliant and very careless play. Twice they had the ball directly in front of the Rockaway goal with a clear field, and several times the chance for a winning play was offered, but they were not there were some pretty plays. Nicoli turned three balls beautifully that were travelling along towards goal; Thorn showed improved form, making a couple of good runs; while Lord worked tirelessly, and covered a great deal of ground. Each team earned four goals, and the fouls and safeties added made the score 6 to 4. Morrisstown's win is deserving. They have shown good sportsmanship this season, playing under many disadvantages, and in good temper. It is well for the future of the game, moreover, to distribute the honors over as wide a territory as possible. This week the teams are playing at Oyster Bay, after which the teams and ponies will have a needed rest before going to Newport. CASPAR W. WHITNEY.



HANNIBAL HAMLIN.

HANNIBAL HAMLIN, who was Vice-President of the United States when Abraham Lincoln was President, has outlived by nearly a generation the majority of those who held high position when the war of the rebellion was waged. And of those who were in the United States Senate when he was first elected to that body, only one was left in 1888, Jefferson Davis, and he died that year or the next. This veteran statesman, therefore, may be said to have outlived all of his contemporaries. He was a cheerful man, however, and lived in the present, and therefore did not grow lonely at being left so long. He was born in Oxford County, Maine, in August, 1809, the son of a farmer. When about prepared to enter college his father died, and he was obliged to abandon his college career and take charge of the farm. When he was relieved of this responsibility he learned printing, and afterwards studied law. He was admitted to the bar in 1833, and settled in Hampden, Penobscot County, Maine. There he had his home the rest of his life. In 1836 he began his political career, which lasted for almost half a century. In that year he was elected to the State Legislature, in which he served for four years, being Speaker for the last two years. In 1840, the year of the "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" campaign, Mr. Hamlin ran for Congress as a Democrat. In this contest, in which he was defeated, he introduced for the first time in his State joint debates between the candidates. In 1842 he again ran for Congress, and this time was elected. The next term also came to him. Before it was finished Senator John Fairfield died, and Mr. Hamlin was chosen for the unexpired term of four years. In 1851 he was re-elected to the Senate, and served till 1857. He had during this term severed his relations with the Democratic party, and became a Republican. He was bitterly opposed to the extension of slavery. He was nominated in 1857 as Republican candidate for Governor of Maine, and was triumphantly elected. He was chosen a little while later for another term in the United States Senate, and resigned his Governorship.

This incident recalls what Mr. Hamlin said when Governor Hill had been elected Senator from New York, and though the term for which he was elected had begun, he still held the Chief Executive's place in Albany. "It may be legal," said Mr. Hamlin, "but I always made it a rule to resign one office when I was elected to another." And, singularly enough, he was repeatedly elected to office before the term of one office had expired—twice as Senator, once as Governor, once as Vice-President, and also appointed Minister to Spain while still in the Senate.

In 1860 he was elected Vice-President on the ticket with Mr. Lincoln. Mr. Hamlin was in the Senate when Mr. Lincoln was in the House, but they were never introduced to each other until after the election in November, 1860. Then Mr. Hamlin called on Mr. Lincoln in Chicago. Each then recalled having heard the other speak in Congress. They were good friends during the whole of Mr.

Lincoln's first term, and Mr. Hamlin has testified over and over again to his regard and affection for the great chief. He has said

repeatedly that he was one of the few Vice-Presidents who was on cordial relations with his chief. He attributed this to the fact that he did not overrate the importance of his office, and annoy the President by a desire to do more than his constitutional duties required.

Mr. Hamlin was always a plain man, and very democratic in his manners. When the election which General McClellan contested with Mr. Lincoln was over, the bearers of the electoral votes of the various States brought them to Washington and deposited them with the Vice-President. A Mr. Templeton, of Newark, was intrusted with the votes of New Jersey. He hired a special train, filled it with guests, and went to Washington. The next day he appeared in the Vice-President's room with all his followers. Bowing low, he said:

"I have the honor, Mr. Vice-President, to deliver to you the electoral vote of New Jersey. New Jersey, sir, casts nine votes for that splendid soldier and patriot, George B. McClellan, for President. New Jersey, sir, casts nine votes for that eminent statesman and gentleman, George H. Pendleton, for Vice-President."

"The devil she does!" exclaimed Mr. Hamlin; and then he resumed his writing, and the imposing audience was over.

President Johnson appointed Mr. Hamlin Collector of the Port in Boston. He did not hold that long, however, as in 1869 he was again elected to the Senate from Maine. At the expiration of this term he was again elected, and remained in the Senate till 1881, when he accepted an appointment as Minister at Madrid. He staid only a little while in Spain. When he came home from there, he retired permanently from public life. His whole long record is without a blemish.

In personal appearance Mr. Hamlin in his younger days was a tall, straight, athletic-looking man, and almost as dark as an Indian. As we have been accustomed to seeing him during the last twenty years, his hair has been white, and his cheeks more pallid, but up to his eighty-first year he was quite erect in his carriage, and walked with a springy step. One of his peculiarities was that until very late in life he had never worn an overcoat. His black broadcloth swallow-tail had enough warmth in it for him, and he failed entirely to understand why younger men had to bundle themselves up to keep warm.

In a speech made in 1888 Mr. Hamlin gave the following account of Lincoln's emancipation proclamation: "The emancipation pro-

clamation was the crowning glory of his life. That proclamation made 6,000,000 freemen. It was the act of Abraham Lincoln, not the act of his cabinet; it was the act of Abraham Lincoln, and of nobody else. He was slow to move—much slower than it seemed to us he should have been; much slower than I wanted him to be. But he was right. I urged him over and over again to act; but the time had not come in his judgment. One day I called at the White House, and when I was about to leave he said to me: 'Hamlin, when do you start for home?' 'To-day.' 'No, sir.' 'Yes, sir.' 'No, sir.' 'Well, Mr. President, if you have any commands for me, of course I will stay.' I have a command for you. I want you to go with me to the Soldiers' Home to-night. I have something to show you.' We went to the Soldiers' Home that night, and after tea he said: 'Hamlin, you have often urged me to issue a proclamation of emancipation. I am about to do it. I have it here, and you will be the first person to see it.' Then he asked me to make suggestions and corrections as he went along—a most delicate thing to do, for every man loves his own child best. I suggested the change of a single word, saying, 'Now, Mr. President, isn't that your idea?' And he said 'Yes,' and changed it at once. I made three suggestions, and he adopted two of them. Now what I desire to show you is this, the proclamation of emancipation was the proclamation of Abraham Lincoln."

In February, 1891, at the dinner of the Republican Club, Mr. Hamlin finished his speech with these words: "Time has not staled nor custom cloyed my love for the great Republican party, and I am grieved when I am compelled to stand here and speak of recent national legislation. It has cast a shade of sadness over these later days of my life. The treachery, the dishonest practice, and the degraded condition of some of our own Senators have appalled me."

JNO. GILMER SPEED.

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STATUE OF EDWARD EVERETT AT HARVARD COLLEGE.—[See Page 542.]

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A REPUBLICAN DISADVANTAGE.

CIRCUMSTANCES point plainly to the conclusion that its most powerful appeal will be wanting to the Republican party in the election of next year. For a long time the party justly congratulated itself upon what may be called its moral impulse. It represented largely the conscience of the country. It was strongest in most enlightened and progressive communities, and "the better sentiment" of the Northern States was generally Republican. The Democratic taint at the Republicans as a party of moral ideas was one of the decorations of the party. Its members could truly say that the party leaders were men to be proud of for spotless character and blameless life, and that it was safe for a young man to join the party which, upon the whole, stood—at least much more than its opponent—for patriotic principles, upright politics, and honest government.

But in this respect the last few years have seen a great change. It is by no means now the general fact that the most intelligent of a man's neighbors habitually vote the Republican ticket, although the Republican local candidates are still generally preferable. The old line of cleavage has disappeared; and even in Massachusetts, the strongest and most typical of old Republican States, it is undoubtedly true that a very large proportion of the most intelligent, thoughtful, and public-spirited young men, who are not held by personal association to the Republican traditions, and who do not see in the Democratic party, as their seniors saw, an organized conspiracy to maintain slavery, now often vote for Democratic candidates. Many of these young men, indeed, have joined the Democratic party, and the best representative of their political principles is Mr. CLEVELAND. At a time when Messrs. QUAY, CLARKSON, PLATT, and DUDLEY are among the trusted and honored Re-

publican leaders; when in Pennsylvania Republicans of the highest character elect a Democratic Governor rather than support the regular party candidate, and now propose to repeat their action; and when in Connecticut one of the most honored and trusty of Republicans plainly exposes the trickery and dishonesty of the party leaders—it is obviously useless to try to persuade young men who do not believe high protection to be either a just or American policy to sustain the candidates of the McKINLEY tariff because of the moral superiority of the Republican party.

Hitherto this moral appeal has been of the utmost advantage. The party has maintained human rights; it has saved the Union, and emancipated the slaves. The young man gladly acknowledges it, but does not see the fact to be a reason for supporting an unjust tariff. The party counts LINCOLN, CHASE, SUMNER, and SEWARD among its former leaders. The young man proudly concedes it. But he does not see it to be a reason for maintaining a leadership of which QUAY is the chief; and will cease to be the chief not because of the party demand, but because of public condemnation. The Republican campaign of next year must be conducted not upon the achievements and character and spirit of the old Republican party and leaders, but upon the issues of to-day, and upon the character of the conspicuous living chiefs of the party. It is not the figures and deeds to which it can truly point with pride that the appeal must be made, but to the figures of which no party can be proud, and to a policy which educated intelligence most distrusts.

THE UNIVERSITY CONVOCATION.

THE University Convocation in the State of New York has become one of the most important educational meetings of the year. It was instituted nearly thirty years ago, for the purpose of bringing together the teachers of the academies, high schools, and colleges to discuss questions of educational policy, and to ascertain the views upon the highest educational interests of representatives of the most enlightened sentiment of the State. Recently the interest in the Convocation has very much increased, and the meeting of this year was much the largest that has been held. The sessions now attract representatives from other States, and the Convocation may be called truly an Academic Congress. At the close of the late session one of the most accomplished educators in the country, the head of one of the most advanced institutions of learning in another State, said that, upon the whole, it was the best educational meeting of the kind that he had ever attended.

The sessions occupy three days, beginning generally on Wednesday morning, and ending on Friday afternoon. The proceedings consist of papers and discussions, and there is usually an address on one of the evenings from some eminent man. This year it was delivered by General FRANCIS A. WALKER, the head of the Massachusetts School of Technology. This year also, for the first time, there was a Convocation dinner, which was very largely attended, and was enlivened by nearly twenty bright brief speeches. The chief topics of discussion in the Convocation were the methods of teaching philosophy; athletics in colleges and academies; the co-ordination of academies, colleges, and universities; the higher education of women; and university extension. The debates were exceedingly instructive, and showed the present sentiment upon those subjects. If we say that among those who took prominent part in the discussions were ex-President ANDREW D. WHITE, of Cornell University; President LOW, of Columbia College; President WEBSTER, of Union College; President TAYLOR, of Vassar College; Professor ROOT, of Hamilton College; President STANLEY HALL, of Clark University, at Worcester, Massachusetts; President ROBERTS, of Lake Forest University, Illinois; Professor MARQUAND, of Princeton; Professor HERBERT ADAMS, of Johns Hopkins; and many other accomplished teachers—it will be seen that we do not claim too much for the character and value of the discussions.

The debate on university extension, which, as Regent SEXTON, of Palmyra, said, should be more properly called educational extension, elicited the agreeable fact of the hearty sympathy of the Convocation with the movement, upon the understanding that the practical initiatory steps should be prudent and tentative. The necessary conditions of such instruction, the essential differences between instruction in residence and by university extension methods, must be constantly borne in mind, and President LOW earnestly insisted that the granting of degrees should not be included in any scheme for the work. The purpose is not to supersede the college, nor to lower the standards of education. There is apparently no difference of opinion upon this subject among those upon whose co-operation the success of the enterprise depends. The University Convocation has developed gradually into a very interesting and valuable assembly, which gives to the system of institutions of higher education the same opportunity of common understanding and expression which the various associations of common-school teachers furnish for the public school system.

POLITICAL PROSPECTS IN NEW YORK.

THE election of delegates to the State nominating conventions in New York has already begun. As yet there is nothing encouraging in the names suggested on the Democratic side for the chief office, and on the Republican there is an effort to assume an understanding that the candidate must come from the city of New York. The reason for such an assumption is more obvious than creditable. Some gentlemen who have been mentioned upon both sides as probable candidates would not be mentioned if they were not rich men. That is to say, however personally estimable and excellent they may be, they have not disclosed any special public ability or peculiar qualification for so important a public trust as the Governorship. When a candidate is selected without acknowledged public qualifications, and evidently because he is rich, it is because of the belief that he will spend a great deal of money for his election. If this were not supposed, such a selection would not be made. Yet, however personally estimable the candidate may be, the circumstance implies a campaign of corruption. For nobody familiar with "practical politics" would deny that nothing is regarded with more dismay at the beginning of a campaign than an empty treasury. Meanwhile it is time lost for either the pot or the kettle to assert in this branch of politics a superiority to the other.

In the year before a Presidential election it is very hard to confine the question to State issues. The subjection of State to national politics at an election is now so complete that the main purpose this year will be to marshal the forces for next year, and to give preliminary prestige to the party by local success. This will dispose those who are greatly interested in national questions, especially the tariff and the currency, to vote for the State candidate with whom they agree upon those points, although they may differ from them upon local questions. A voter who is for tariff revision and also for high license will naturally wish his vote for State officers to help the national cause. But the only way in which he can compass this result is to vote for the State candidate of the party of tariff revision, who may veto a measure of high license. On the other hand, to vote for the candidate of the party of extreme protection in order to secure a State Executive favorable to high license, is greatly to swell the prestige of the national party of the McKINLEY tariff.

He does not avoid the dilemma by voting for a high-license member of the Legislature, because the Governor is a legislator to the extent of the veto. As in all honest politics, the vote of the intelligent citizen will be determined by a comparison of consequences. He will vote so as to do the least mischief. Undoubtedly it is easier to let Tammany Hall or a knot of QUAYS and DUDLEYS decide what course he shall take, as it is easier in religion to follow the order of a spiritual director; that is to say, the order of another man. But that kind of ease is not possible for all men. Those who think for themselves, and rely upon their own self-respect, cannot invite another man or body of men to decide what they shall believe or how they shall vote. They are not for anything that the Convention may say, or for any candidate that the Convention may nominate. They are for the course and for the candidate that they think will most surely promote the public welfare.

THE DEFEAT OF PARNELL.

THE recent decisive defeat of Mr. PARNELL at Carlow is exceedingly significant. Nothing in Irish politics is surprising, and we should not have been surprised, therefore, had the result been as decisively the other way. But as it is, the defeat is conclusive as to PARNELL's position. When he was removed from the leadership, it was said that it was a temporary retirement which must be regarded as a polite concession to moral prejudice. But after a short penance of retirement from active public life, Mr. PARNELL would marry Mrs. O'SHEA, and thus having satisfied the claims of virtue, he would return in a white robe and resume his old place as the guide, philosopher, and friend of Ireland. This was a promising scheme, and as his former lieutenants could not find words glowing enough, when he was displaced, to express their devotion and admiration for him, it was not surprising that this result was generally anticipated.

But Mr. PARNELL himself must have been doubtful of it, or he would not have plunged into the extraordinary series of broils and rows that immediately succeeded his deposition. He proposed, apparently, to commit the fate of Ireland to the judgment of a Donnybrook Fair. Instead of maintaining an air of penitential reserve and expiatory silence, he betook himself to personal squabbles and vituperations, which implied that he felt it necessary to keep himself aggressively in the public eye. His conduct seemed to show his conviction that out of sight was out of mind. If he were really persuaded that upon his return after due silence, all would be forgiven, it was only foolish for him to exasperate what

be only a temporary party schism. But his insults to Mr. MCCARTHY and Mr. DAVITT, and his general reckless contempt of the interests of Ireland, plainly imperilled his future. But his marriage took place. The prodigal looked for the fatted calf of restoration. The election at Carlow, his favorite stronghold, followed, and he was overwhelmingly defeated.

But that which emphasizes the defeat, and makes it practically a rout, is the fact that even the vote that he received was not a vote cast for him personally, but against the Liberal party. The Tories, who are really his relentless enemies, voted with his adherents, and so swelled the apparent number of his supporters. The Tory vote withdrawn from him would have left his vote still more attenuated. But the significance of the actual count is unmistakable, and it now seems impossible that Mr. PARNELL should ever resume his old position. Not the least remarkable fact connected with his fall is its cause. That an Irish leader should be displaced for the reason that has overthrown him was hardly to be supposed. The "dissenting conscience" has shown its power in politics. An offence of youth, for which the conduct and character of later years had atoned, would not have provoked the protest to which PARNELL has politically succumbed. But it was the defiance of the public conscience by persistent ill-doing which has produced the result. The assertion that he is condemned by those who are no better, and that nothing is more hypocritically pharisaic than the British public conscience, forgets that offences alleged by rumor and those which are legally established have very different weight with the public mind. The other assertion that the result is a victory of the priests as political leaders is not new. The remoter results are yet to be seen.

THE QUEEN AND THE EMPEROR.

The visit of the Emperor of Germany in England was a high holiday. It is understood that he was greatly pleased with his reception, and there is no doubt that he made a very favorable impression. John Bull was probably secretly pleased to see in the powerful German monarch the grandson of his own Queen, and there was doubtless a general feeling that the good understanding of the Empress grandmother and the Emperor grandson was a happy assurance of the peace of Europe.

There was believed to be some political object in the visit, and certainly a political result has followed. Whether designed or not, the impression of so magnificent a welcome, and of such plain and friendly speech from the Emperor, is unmistakable. If there was any doubt of his disposition, any apprehension of a warlike spirit, they have disappeared entirely. He acknowledged in the plainest way the desirability of accord between the two countries, and although to republican eyes the pageants of imperialism are old-fashioned, the power of a German Emperor to disturb the world if he chooses cannot be denied.

The actual triple alliance is greatly strengthened by the moral adhesion of England, and it is not surprising that Russia and France are said to be disturbed, and even to contemplate a counter-alliance. But the object of such a compact could not be the peace of Europe.

MR. BLAINE AND '92.

A DETAILED statement in regard to Mr. BLAINE's health was recently published in the *New York Times*, which represented the Secretary as entirely broken down and near his end. This was followed in a day or two by an interview with Mr. BLAINE, published by the *Tribune*, an apparent reply to the letter in the *Times*. Mr. BLAINE's own account, however, seemed to justify the impression that he is seriously ill, and on the day that it was published he had an attack which was reported as grave.

It is unlikely that his exact condition will now be made known. But it is unreasonable to suppose that he will be a candidate for the Presidential nomination. If this assumption be correct, there is no doubt that the President will be renominated. Except Mr. BLAINE, he has as yet no serious competitor. Should Mr. McKINLEY be elected in Ohio by a large majority, he might be pressed. But the probability is that the President will be the more available candidate, and that he will be placed upon a platform of the McKINLEY tariff, reciprocity, the late silver letters of Senator SHERMAN, the result of the Bering Sea controversy, and the good work of the Civil Service Commission.

The contest will be complicated by other considerations, such as the extravagance of the late Congress and the Philadelphia scandals, and the independent voting of 1884 and 1888 will be largely increased in 1892. The prospect will be cleared somewhat by the autumn elections of this year, and none of them will be watched more closely than that in New York for the determination of Governor HILL's successor.

A POINTLESS ANSWER.

MR. QUAY, in reply to the address which has been issued by Republicans in Pennsylvania urging Republicans to free the party in that State from his control, says that Mr. HERBERT WELSH, who is believed to have written the address, is a Democrat and not a Republican. But as Mr. WELSH is known to be quite as good a Republican as Mr. QUAY, the only reason that the latter can urge for denying Mr. WELSH's Republicanism is that he protests against the leadership of Mr. QUAY as disgraceful to the party.

Mr. WELSH and the protesting Republicans say in effect that the familiar charges against Mr. QUAY are not disposed

of by his denial, which produced no impression either upon the Senate or the country. As Mr. WELSH points out, Mr. QUAY merely denies, instead of taking the obvious course which a man really seeking vindication would adopt, namely, to call upon the living witnesses of the transaction to substantiate his word. These gentlemen are known; they are men of character; they know that the charges against Mr. QUAY are generally believed to be true. If they knew them to be false, would they permit him to suffer universal condemnation?

To call a man a Democrat or to deny his Republicanism because he says that the charges are not disproved is merely silly. There is a general party disposition to brand a Republican who insists upon honesty in politics as a very doubtful Republican, and probably a mugwump or an assistant Democrat. Some years ago LORD SALISBURY, in a speech at Guildhall, said that Lord MELBOURNE defined a supporter as one who would support him when he was wrong. That is the standard by which Republicans are judged who ask Mr. QUAY and Mr. WANAMAKER to explain. Because of the letter signed by Mr. WELSH and other Republicans, stating that Mr. QUAY has not disproved the charges, and ought not to be tolerated as a party leader, Mr. WELSH is declared by the *Philadelphia Inquirer* to be an open and relentless foe of the Republican party.

MORALITY AND THE STAGE.

MR. HENRY IRVING has declined to discuss the moral influence of the stage on the ground that it is no more open to discussion than that of literature. Like literature and painting, he probably holds the acted drama to be a form of art, and its moral character and influence to be those of all art—sculpture or architecture, for instance. There may be, however, conditions under which any art is pursued which are more or less unfavorable to its good influence.

The stage, for instance, holds the mirror up to nature, like painting. But the repugnance which JENNY LIND felt to the stage, although she had great histrionic genius, shows that there may be something exceedingly disagreeable and even demoralizing in the circumstances under which the art is pursued. Mrs. FANNY KEMBLE, also, who was of stage descent, so to speak, and was greatly endowed as an artist, shared the feeling of repugnance to the stage, and gladly abandoned it at an early age.

The social outlawry of actors by the Puritanic spirit was part of the general Puritan iconoclasm of art. But its long survival was due to the general recognition of conditions of the theatre which seemed unfavorable to morality. What these conditions are and why they are would seem to be fair subjects of discussion. That the moral influence of the drama, which is the highest form of literature, is not open to debate may be safely assumed. But why did the theatre lie so long under the ban of morality, and why is that ban so surely disappearing?

PERSONAL.

LAFCADIO HEARN, the story-writer, who went to Japan to study the country and its customs and religion, seems to have found an assistant necessary in his researches, for he has married one of the fair daughters of the Chrysanthemum Kingdom. He has also become a professor in a Japanese college; and altogether his surrender to the attractions of that country is more complete even than that of EDWIN ARNOLD threatened to be at one time.

As Minister FREDERICK DOUGLASS was born a slave, no record was kept of his birthday, and he never will be able to tell his own age.

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truer—he is superior to any we have ever heard," he engaged to fill the pulpit of the St. Andrew's Methodist Episcopal Church, in Seventy-sixth Street, between Ninth and Tenth avenues, in this city, for six weeks, beginning on August 2d. Wherever he is announced to speak, Dr. MILBURN is certain of a large and enthusiastic audience, and not even the heat of the summer is likely to lessen the numbers.

THEODORE WAKES, who has made a reputation by his paintings of Japanese subjects, will soon start on a sketching tour through China, Japan, India, and other Eastern countries.

PRESIDENT DIAZ, of Mexico, sets a good example for rulers of other southern republics who affect the gilt and trappings of gaudy regiments by dressing quietly as a plain citizen.

JOHN W. BOOKWALTER, of Springfield, Ohio, the millionaire manufacturer, is to build an agricultural village on a tract of sixty thousand acres in Nebraska.

HIRAM C. WHEELER, the Republican candidate for Governor in Iowa, owns a farm of six thousand acres, and is well known as an importer and raiser of Percheron horses and other valuable stock.

MUNKACSY, the Hungarian painter, is at work on a new picture representing Christ and His disciples. He hopes to exhibit it in Europe and this country, after which it will become the property of the National Gallery at Berlin.

The late Dr. HENRY SCHLIEHMANN left a property of over \$1,000,000. About two-thirds of it goes to the two older children of his divorced wife, and the remainder to his second wife and her children.

DR. DAVID STARK JORDAN, of Bloomington, Indiana, for several years President of the Indiana University, is to be the President of the Leland Stanford, Jun., University at Palo Alto, California. He is to have a salary of \$10,000 and a residence, which is probably more than any other college president in this country receives. Dr. JORDAN was graduated from Cornell University in 1872, and has distinguished himself in several branches of natural history.

The AMBLER plantation, the site of Jamestown, Virginia, is owned by Captain FRANCIS S. BROWN, of New York, but he will probably sell it to the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities, as money for its purchase is now being raised. The encroachments of the river have been such that a large part of the original town is now under water, little remaining besides the tower of the church where POCAHONTAS and ROLEF were married, and the graveyard in which many of the early settlers are buried. Steps will be taken to prevent the further advances of the river.

LORD CHARLES BRESFORD is one of the most useful men in the British service. He divides his time between Parliament and the sea, and having a practical knowledge of the navy and its wants, is prepared to push intelligent reforms without regard to the big-wigs and red-tape mandates of the Admiralty Department. He is forty-five years old, and has been a sailor ever since he was a boy, his bravery winning him such rapid promotion that his next advance will make him an Admiral.

The impression given generally by the pictures of EDMUND CLARENCE STEEDMAN is that he is a large man. On the contrary, he is not above the average stature, while his general personal appearance is that of a cultured and prosperous business man. Mr. STEEDMAN has recently finished a course of lectures on "English Poetry" at Johns Hopkins University, and later on will repeat them at Columbia College.

Captain HENRY C. HATHAWAY, of New Bedford, Massachusetts, was the American ship-master who rescued JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY in the Indian Ocean, after he had escaped from the Australian penal colony. The friends of the dead poet and patriot recently presented the Captain with a testimonial in the shape of a silver bass-relief of his former craft, the *Gazelle*.

A collection of paintings of the Lake Country, from the brush of Hon. STEPHEN COLBURN, son of the English Chief Justice, are now on exhibition in London, and have attracted much favorable comment.

SIR RICHARD SUTTON, the owner of the yacht *Genesta*, has died, and left a fortune estimated at \$35,000,000.

THOMAS BALDWIN, the aeronaut, was poor and thriftless till he took to dropping from balloons in a parachute. Now, after exhibiting his daring in three-quarters of the globe, he is well-to-do, and his wife wears fine diamonds and decorations which admirers of her husband's exploits have given her.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY, the younger, has already written eleven books and seven plays, although he is only thirty years old.

The recent Commencement at Harvard was attended by Rev. ARTEMAS B. MUZZY, who is eighty-nine years old and a graduate of the class of 1824. He is the oldest member of the Sons of the Revolution, and both his grandfathers fought in the Continental army.

The new "Old Probs," Professor MARK W. HARRINGTON, of Michigan University, is a college graduate, an astronomer, and a writer on meteorology, but he has yet to make a reputation as a guesser of what the next day's weather will be.

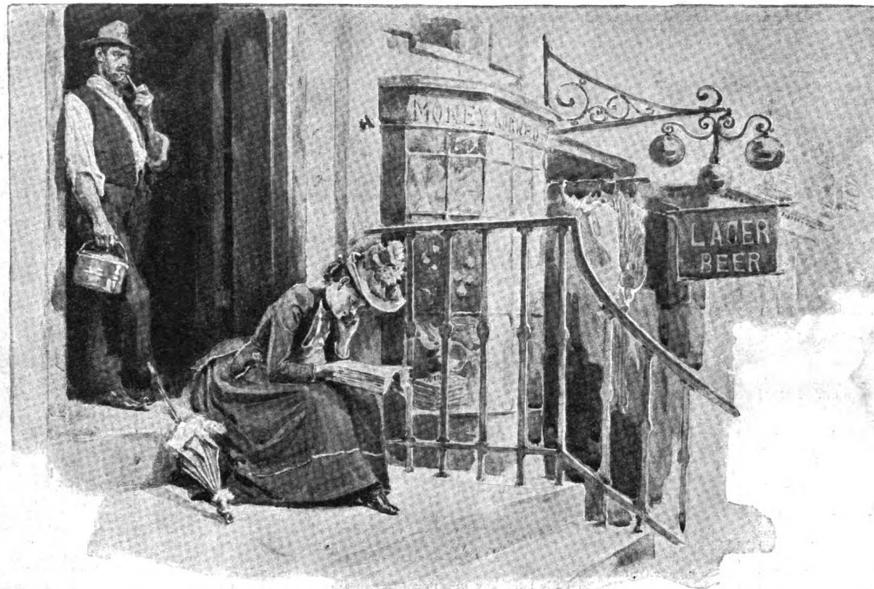
Colonel W. W. CLAPP, one of the oldest and best-known of Boston newspaper men, retires from the ranks of journalism on account of ill health. He surrenders the control of the Boston *Journal* to STEPHEN O'MEARA, a strong and successful journalist.

Among other distinguished visitors now in this country is a young East Indian Parsee, BOMANJI DINSHARRJI PETIT. He is a son of Sir WINSTON M. PETIT, a millionaire and philanthropist, and one of the only two natives ever knighted by Queen VICTORIA.

The late CALMANN LEVY, the Paris publisher, was acquainted with nearly all the famous French writers of the last half-century, and his house enjoyed almost a monopoly of the dramatists. He was the last of four brothers, who were associated in the book trade, and he inherited a fortune of \$8,000,000 from his brother MICHEL, the originator of the firm. The average annual output of CALMANN LEVY's presses was 1,724,000 volumes and 2,500,000 periodicals, and he kept going 14 paper mills, 20 printing-houses, 13 binderies, and various other factories and workshops.



BOATING ON THE CHARLES RIVER, OUTSIDE OF BOSTON.—DRAWN BY FRANK O. SMALL.



THE PRINCESS ARIOLONDA.

BY ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

WHEN Mrs. Briggs lost her first-born at the nonage of three months, a neighbor gave her a sort of treat by taking her to an asylum for foundlings. The most attractive child there had been found on a step the night before, a florid letter pinned to its frock.

Mrs. Briggs, who was literary in the way of exciting weekly papers devoted to fiction, no sooner read this letter—which stated that a lady in reduced circumstances was compelled by adverse circumstances to temporarily dispose of her beloved daughter—than she declared that the velvet-eyed mite in the cradle was the image of her recently deceased Emma, and decided that, Briggs willing, she would take it, and bring it up as her own. Briggs was willing; better an adopted child than tears for breakfast, dinner, and supper.

When the so-called young Briggs was five years old there were three veritable younger Briggses, and their father had taken to the wrongs of the working-man—drink being one of the rights.

When "Emma" was ten, Briggs despised his employers to their faces, there were five little Briggses, and Mrs. Briggs had "weak" spells, for the alleviation of which Emma fetched beer from the nearest saloon. When the girl was eighteen, Briggs originated his last strike, and lost his situation. For a month he had nothing to do. Then a position was offered him at ten dollars a week; he had never worked for less than twenty.

Ten dollars a week, and eight bodies to feed, clothe, and house!

Tom, junior, was made a cash-boy in a dry-goods establishment, while his position he occupied exactly a fortnight, his excessive hilarity during official hours curtailing the expected term of his engagement. Inheriting his mother's taste for literature, he became a newsboy, purchased a pistol, and talked of the West.

The pistol inspired Sam, who incontinently became a dispenser of daily papers till he had sufficient money to purchase a "bull-dog" like his brother's.

The increase of business members of the family added little to the income, though the "growler" grumbled white foam several times a day between the corner saloon and the house.

"We must take a boarder," said Mrs. Briggs.

There was a workman in Briggs's shop, a young fellow from the country, who, when he was guiding a plough, had made up his mind to invent things and become a millionaire.

Briggs, though his land had lost its cunning, still retained a fair knowledge of mechanics, and impressed the country lad with stories of the inefficiency of all workmen except Briggs.

This youth, approached by Briggs, became the boarder.

Where was Emma all this time? Why did she do nothing to add to the general income?

She was a sadly beautiful girl, with great eyes, and a refinement which puzzled beholders, who knew nothing of the truth of the case as to Mrs. Briggs's anachronism in becoming her mother.

She had learned to read, when Mrs. Briggs considered her education an accomplished fact, took her from school, and made her house-keeper, Mrs. Briggs's "weak" spells having grown chronic as the travelling back and forth of the "growler."

But Emma took up her education on her own account. She cramped the house-work that she might have time for the story papers, the nucleus of which Mrs. Briggs had saved for years, the full bloom coming in the extensions of a pink hue which were now published.

Emma voted herself a connoisseur; all fiction was dull except those narratives whose characters were "immensely wealthy," and who revolved in the very finest social atmosphere, with the most startling originality of speech and action.

She was forever altering her frocks, making them "stylish,"

and she wore her hats as hats were worn by the actresses whose pictures figured on the theatrical bill-boards.

Before Briggs lost his twenty-dollar situation Mrs. Briggs began to buy, on the instalment plan, plush photograph albums, and velvet rugs with marvellous peacocks on them. The collector who came for the weekly payments was young, and he wore a diamond ring. He called Emma "Miss Briggs."

He came once when Mrs. Briggs was not at home. It was one of Emma's "pretty days." The collector staid quite a while, chatting and admiring. As he was leaving he incidentally mentioned that he had sat so long his foot was asleep, but that it would have to wake up, for he was going to use it for all it was worth the following Saturday evening, when he would attend a "social," of which he was a member.

"How grand!" said Emma. "I suppose it'll be in the 'society news' in the Sunday papers, too. I suppose you are passionately fond of dancing, Mr. White?"

Mr. White admitted that he was a trifle stuck on terpsichorean revels in general, adding, "Wouldn't you like to go Saturday?"

"Me?" she said. "Oh my, no. I don't go much. The fact is—well, I haven't got a dress hardly fit for balls."

"What's the matter with the one you've got on?" he asked. "This?" she laughed, contemptuously. "Besides, I can't dance. Nobody would notice me, Mr. White."

Mr. White gave vent to a low whistle, and Emma flushed, and felt that this was respect and admiration indeed.

When Mrs. Briggs came in, she heard that the collector had been 'here.' "I went out a purpose," said Mrs. Briggs. "We ain't had any money since your father lost his twenty-dollar place, six weeks ago. Now the boarder's come, maybe I can pay somethin' in a couple o' weeks. How was he—sassy?"

"No, indeed," answered Emma. "I don't think he said much about the dues. I'm going to a 'social' with him Saturday night."

"I'd like to see you," was all that Mrs. Briggs accorded her, and that ended the matter for the time being.

Saturday night came.

"Where's Em?" asked Briggs.

"How should I know?" snapped his wife. "She's went to the free library to borrow a novel for to-morrow, I guess."

It was past midnight when the girl reached home. She had been to the "social."

"Didn't I tell you you shouldn't go?" demanded Mrs. Briggs.

"But I said I was going," returned Emma, "and I went." She caught Mrs. Briggs's upraised hand. "Oh, don't, mother," she said, piteously. "I've had such a good time! I was the best-looking girl there, they told me, and everybody wanted to dance with me, and Mr. White was jealous. Hit me some other time, but not now, dearie."

But the hand descended.

The next day Mrs. Briggs told her she must get something to do. Emma answered nothing, but her head was high in the air. That blow of the night before, coming as it did on the pleasure and success she had had, roused all the obstinacy in her. She made up her mind that she was to be forced to work out of sheer spite, and she would see who could hold out the longest, she or her mother.

As she was leaving the room this morning, broad-shouldered, clumsy Tarry Scott, the boarder, came in. She had laughed at him from the first, and wondered why she should so often think of him.

"I'm glad you enjoyed yourself last night," he said.

"And I'm sorry I went," she returned, sullenly. "I didn't mean any harm. I knew mother wouldn't let me go, just out

of spite; she can't be hard enough in some things. I don't care; I had a good time, anyway."

After the "social" and the pleasure he had given her, Mr. White felt that it devolved upon him to visit the house as a guest, and not merely in the capacity of a business agent. Whereupon Mrs. Briggs became conscience-stricken. She had done wrong in opposing Emma, for this was a good match for the girl. She made all the amends she could by treating White as a sort of invalid. Emma laughed.

One evening when White was there, Scott made for the parlor.

"Give 'em a chance," frowned Mrs. Briggs; and the young man looked at her understandingly, and turned on his heel and went to his own room.

Fretty soon White rushed from the parlor, from the house. Mrs. Briggs, going in to Emma, asked the meaning of it. Emma was reading a yellow-covered book. Without glancing up, she said,

"Mr. White asked me to marry him; but I found that my heart was not his, so I was forced to decline the honor he would have conferred upon me."

Mrs. Briggs had conned many such a speech in the palmy days of her own novel-reading. "You don't mean to say," she began, when Emma interrupted her.

"Was I ever christened?" she asked.

The irrelevancy of the question was certainly irritating.

"No," answered Mrs. Briggs. "But I ask you if you—"

"I'm glad I was never christened," cried Emma. "I'm reading the loveliest book! A poor girl wants to be good and true, and everything round her is just awful. There's a hunger and want in her she can't give a name to; and it's funny, but she misses things she's never had. She never knew who she was, till they found she'd been changed at her birth. She turns out to be a princess—the Princess Ariolonda, and gets all the good there is in life. I'm going to name myself after her."

Mrs. Briggs made a dash for the yellow-covered epitome of romance, when, looking around, she saw Scott in the room. "She's went and shook Mr. White," she said. "What do you think of that?"

"The man I marry," said Emma, placidly, "I must love and respect," and so left the room.

Mrs. Briggs was furious. She went to the kitchen and told Briggs all that had occurred. "I'll let her know who she is," she fumed, "to throw away a chance like that. Who she is? I can't tell her that, but I'll tell her what she is."

"She sha'n't be told," said Briggs. "You needn't work that racket. She sha'n't be told."

Whereupon his wife told him what he was. Not to be outdone, he ventilated his knowledge concerning some little episodes of Mrs. Briggs's father's life, till all at once Mrs. Briggs took to screaming.

Emma rushed in. "Did you strike her?" she demanded of Briggs.

"I didn't lay my finger on her," he answered. "She was goin' on about you, and I give her as good as she sent."

"About me!" said Emma. "I'm terrible sorry. And I'm sorry I went to that old 'social', too. Poor mother!" and she went up to her carelessly.

"Go 'way!" shrieked Mrs. Briggs. "I won't be touched by a basket brat. Princess Ariolonda, is it? Yes, you're like her, for nobody knows who you are. Look here!" She hurried to the table drawer and dragged out a Bible, opened it at a place where there was a soft little lock of the original Emma's hair beside a folded scrap of paper. She took the paper and threw it towards Emma.

Emma's greatest wonder was why she had never seen the paper and the hair before; it must have been because they were in the Bible. Had they been in any other book, she

would have found them long ago. She stooped and picked up the paper and opened it. "Lady in reduced circumstances," she read aloud, "compelled by adverse circumstances to temporarily dispose of her beloved daughter." She looked at Mrs. Briggs.

"It's you!" screamed the irate woman. "There ain't a drop of my blood in your body. I got you at the 'sylum. You're a fo'ndling—picked up in the street. There!" and she turned defiantly to her husband.

Emma was stunned; it took her some time to realize the truth. Then her fingers closed tightly, convulsively, over the paper in her hand. "It appears my name can be what-ever I choose," she said, and smiled. A hectic brightness had come into her cheeks, and she moved about the room, setting it to rights, apparently unconscious of the bickering kept up between the husband and wife.

But that night her sobs shook the bed under her. In the morning her eyes were red and swollen. For a week there was no doing anything with her; she was arrogant, sharp of tongue.

Scott, who had been an auditor of Mrs. Briggs's confession, came across her weeping in the upper entry the following Sunday.

"I ain't sorrowful," she said, savagely. "I'm only mad. I ain't sorry a bit. I ain't I ain't!"

He mutely looked at her. "I haven't any right here," she went on. "I'm eating bread that's begrudged to me. I'll go to work—only she'll say I drove me to it. And she'll tell everybody, and nobody likes a girl that don't know who she is."

"Poor Ariolonda!" She wilted at that, and leaned up against the wall, abandoned to her grief.

Awkwardly though it was done, he asked her to be his wife.

"No, no," she said, hastily drying her eyes; "you only say that because you pity me."

"I say it for more than pity," he returned. "Ever since I first saw you I liked you more than any girl I ever knew."

She glanced shyly at him. Then she straightened herself, and put her handkerchief in her pocket.

"I've made you say that too," she said. "No. If Mrs. Briggs was my mother, I might do what you want me to. But now—no, no."

In the mean while Mrs. Briggs had secretly seen White, and urged him to try again. She was frightened at what she had done. Emma's new manner was not to be analyzed. Besides, Briggs, since the divulging of the secret regarding Emma's position in the family, had steadfastly refused to work, and had discovered a basement saloon whose steps were so slippery that he no sooner neared them than he found himself at the bottom of them, a glass in his hand, haranguing about the tyranny of capital over labor. She must do something to set matters right, thought Mrs. Briggs, so she saw White. Emma would not surely refuse him now, and she would promise the girl that White should never know she was not a *bona fide* Briggs.

White "caught on," as he afterwards expressed it, but she had to tell him the whole truth, he in turn promising that Emma should never find out that he knew.

He called at the house in all the bravery of a new suit of clothes, the diamond ring strung on his silken scarf.

"Em," he said, with a new familiarity, "your folks are awfully behindhand in paying up. The boss threatens to seize. Your mother—that is, Mrs. Briggs—has told me pretty much all there is to tell. I'll never give it away. But don't you think you owe her something? I'll pay all the back instalments, and get a new chamber suit besides. Say, I don't care a continental if you don't know who your mother and father are; just you marry me, and that'll set everything straight—see?"

Scott was in the entry, and heard him. He saw the look on Emma's face. He went into the room, laid his brawny hand on the collector's collar, and assisted him into the street. When he went back to the parlor, Emma had disappeared.

White the next day sent a man for the back dues. Mrs. Briggs had the money; Scott had advanced it; and another change had come over Emma. She was quiet, pre-occupied. In a little while it dawned upon her that the house was mainly kept up by Scott. She set her teeth close together.

Then one day Briggs, who was past noticing anything, came home with two tickets for a drill at an armory. "You and Em might go," he said to his wife.

"I've got clothes to go to drills in, haven't I?" retorted she. "Tarry might take Em," and a new idea came into her head. They were at the supper table. Scott looked over at Emma, and she slightly smiled in acquiescence of Mrs. Briggs's suggestion.

She was ready before Scott was, and waited at the front door for him. She was glad of the prospect of walking out in the crisp night air with him, away from the atmosphere of the home to which she felt she had no right. They went through the streets nearly silent, and she was rested for the first time in many a day. She would have turned from the armory when they reached there. She would have liked him to speak to her as he had spoken that time when he had found her crying in the upper entry. She would give

him a different answer now, even though it might be largely pity that actuated him she might speak. Ever since she had first met him she had thought much about him, while now, when her life seemed to have had a blight set upon it, a newer and more beautiful feeling for him and his protecting care came to her.

"Tarry," she said, pausing half way up the tall flight of stone steps leading to the entrance of the armory, "do I seem very cross to you most of the time?"

"That's all right," he returned. "I always excuse you." Excuse her! Then it was pity, and only pity, for her. "Besides," he went on, "if I were you I'd get something to do. You'd feel more independent."

She ran up the steps and into the armory, even pushing ahead of him when he stopped to give up the tickets to the man collecting them. He thought she had never looked more beautiful, her eyes had never been so bright.

She was desperate, reckless. No one understood her, no one cared for her, and he was getting tired of contributing toward her support.

That drill! The captain of one of the companies, a man with a history and a purple mustache, halted in front of Emma and Scott, and ran his gleaming sword over his white-gloved fingers.

"Hien-shou, loom-pang!" his voice pumped out. "Car-ray hom! Ryfours mutch!" and he was off again, but his glance abided with Emma.

After the drill he sauntered near her, and she pretended not to see him, till she dropped her handkerchief, and he picked it up, and handed it to her with an elaborate bow.

"Thanks, awfully," she said.

All the way home she hummed a tune the band had played. She was not in the mood of the earlier part of the evening.

Her humor irritated Scott. "Emma," he said, gently, as he inserted his latch-key in the door.

"Open the door," she said.

He flung it open with a bang, and she passed by him into the dark house. He had meant to say to her then and there something of what he had said that memorable time in the upstairs entry.

And there was Emma in her poor little room, sitting at the side of her bed, reading by the light of the coal-oil lamp a paper that rested in her lap. It was the paper Mrs. Briggs had given her from the Bible—the paper that had been pinned to her frock when she had been found on the step so many years back.

"My mother wrote this," she said. "She must have loved me, or she wouldn't have taken the trouble to write it. Her beloved daughter!"

She put out the light, and sat there in the dark with her thoughts on, just as she had come from the drill.

Several days later who should come for the instalment money but White himself! He was very affable with Mrs. Briggs; let by-gones be by-gones.

"Hope you're all tip-top," he politely said. "I know Em; I often see her. I suppose she's at a matinee with the captain. I saw her there last Saturday."

"What captain?" asked Mrs. Briggs.

"Oh, you know," he laughed. "Captain Granger, a regular la-la. There's no dust on him. Ta-ta!"

While they were at supper, all except Briggs, Emma came in.

"So you've been with the captain," said Mrs. Briggs.

"Who told you?" asked Emma. Then,

"Oh, I know," and looked at Scott. "Now see here, mother—"

"Your mother!" sneered Mrs. Briggs.

Emma sprang at her, only to stop abruptly and face Scott.

"You've been berating a man who don't only pity me for my misfortunes," she said, "but who respects me. I saw you yesterday when I was talking with him."

"I have not mentioned him," replied Scott. "But if he respects you, as you say, why don't he visit you in your home?"

"I have no home," she said, bitterly. "I have no right here. She"—pointing to Mrs. Briggs—"would insult him if he came."

"Go to your room!" cried Mrs. Briggs; and Emma obeyed her.

That night Briggs did not come home. In the morning Scott was called from his work to meet Mrs. Briggs, who was in a state bordering on hysteria. Briggs, while under the influence of liquor, had fallen in some sort of a fit, and been carried to a hospital.

"And Em's run off," wailed Mrs. Briggs. "She was married to Captain Granger yesterday; it's in the paper—Edward Granger to Emma Briggs, which ain't her name."

Scott was dazed. He went to the hospital, and found Briggs fighting a legion of imaginary animals. He staid till the man died, a few hours later.

"Oh," said Mrs. Briggs, "if I'd only insured him! I could 'a' done it for fifteen cents a week. Then he wouldn't have a measly funeral like he'll get now. When little Emma died—my own Emma, not that thing she gave her ten carriages and a good dinner afterwards. The neighbors said they never seen a tonier funeral."

All the same, the grave of the original Emma yawned widely and deeply, and laid close to the dust of the baby was the wreck of its father. And Scott was in a hole. On the death of their father the two older boys

took their pistols and went West. This left the widow with the three remaining children. Scott took a part of a house, and moved the family into it. His wages were small, but the position of usher in a theatre was offered him. He found that, with Mrs. Briggs's assistance, he could also be janitor in a church.

He did all for love of Emma. She was never out of his mind. Her lovely face had bewitched a man in a social sphere higher than her own, and he thought of her as growing more beautiful every day, happy, admired, taking on, with a woman's tact, the gentler ways of those who surrounded her. And here he was, taking care of the family that had once been hers, and likely to remain a poor drudge all the rest of his life.

He had much trouble with Mrs. Briggs, and finding that the three children were likely to follow in the footsteps of Tom and Sam, he put them in homes in that part of the country from which he had come, and then he called them his heartless wretches for so doing. Then Mrs. Briggs, as sweepster of the church, began to take an interest in things clerical, and inveigled against all wrong-doing, especially ingratitude, and was on the high-road to becoming a shining example.

After that she required less watching, for she was a watcher herself now, and suspicious of the intentions of every one.

Slowly, troublously, three years rolled by, and Scott was twenty five, an incessant worker, with a dogged determination to let no disappointment wreck him.

One day he was told that his firm had decided to send him to Brazil to take charge of a gang of men going there with locomotives for a new railway.

He had not thought he had worked up so far, and was astonished that the good news gave him so little satisfaction. He had toiled in a feverish, tireless way, and when the reward came, it meant little to him.

He laid the matter before Mrs. Briggs. He looked at her, and she bewailed her lot and accused him of being ungrateful for all her motherly care of him.

Before he could check himself he was passionately telling her that for three years he had loved some one, and although his love was hopeless, he could not give it up.

It was the first outburst of a quiet, retentive nature, and all the more feeble in consequence of the unguarded moment.

When he had finished, and she had not said a word, it all palled upon him, and he asked himself why he should not stay where he was, and make this poor creature's life happier than it had ever been before.

But the trouble was with his employers. They gave him a week to decide if it were better to please himself or them.

The night before this week was completed, and when, as yet, he had come to no conclusion, Mrs. Briggs spoke her mind freely regarding him and his mysterious love affair of three years' standing.

To escape the jar of her voice, he went out into the street. "What do I care for advance-ment?" he thought, as he walked along. "Perhaps I owe the poor thing more than I have done for her."

The night was very beautiful; the sky had in it that wistful stillness of a bright moon, with flecks of snowy clouds breaking across its light.

He found that his wanderings had led him opposite the old house which the Briggses had formerly occupied. There was a bill on it. The window of the room that had been Emma's had its shutters open, and the moon showed how the glass had been a target for the boys of the neighborhood.

"Tarry!" said a low voice that made his heart bound.

Scott was crouched upon the steps of the house. He knew her, and a wild exultation overpowered him.

"Ariolonda!"

She had not heard the foolish old name for more than three years.

"Don't!" she said, putting up her hand. "And tell me why this house is empty. Where are the all?"

He told her the story of the empty house.

"Then I have no friends, no home," she said, drearily; "and I am wayworn and tired and penniless."

"Where is your husband?" he asked her.

She gave a deep groan. "Dead," she said, and her head bent down to her knees in abject misery.

Scott did not reach home till late that night. The next morning he told Mrs. Briggs that he had decided to go to Brazil, and made some money arrangements in her favor.

Mrs. Briggs became dangerously silent, and remained so during the rest of his stay near her. When the day of his departure came, she was absent from the house when he would have bid her farewell. He was late as it was; he could not stay to look for her.

When the ship's bell was ringing, the whistles screeching, Mrs. Briggs, on the wharf, saw Scott on the vessel's deck, and, true to her suspicions, a woman was with him. She forced her way to the gangway, and demanded to see him.

"Who is that woman," she asked, "that makes you desert me?"

"My wife is with me," he answered. "We were married this morning."

"And there's all that rot you told me

about somebody you've loved for years, and you used to try to make up to Em—"

"Would you forgive Emma if you found her now?"

"I'd tell the whole world what she was."

Scott turned from her, and the gang-plank was drawn in. The ship slithered, the people cheered, those who were leaving and those who were left joining in the cry; the ship moved, the current caught her; she drifted slowly, solemnly on.

Mrs. Briggs, turning away with the crowd, almost fell into the arms of a gentleman with a purple mustache, who had reached the slip just as the vessel sailed out.

"My good woman," he said, "were you on board? Was there a pale, beautiful lady there?"

"There was a scoundrel there," interrupted Mrs. Briggs, "that's all I know," and left him.

A little while before this, Emma, standing beside Scott, suddenly grasped his arm.

"Take me down to the cabin," she said. "I am not well."

She staid below the rest of the day, pleading indisposition.

In the early evening she let Scott take her up on deck. The men were playing cards in the saloon, and their voices, with now and then a laugh, came up to the ship and woman who had the stern of the ship to themselves. The moon was rising, and the water danced with light.

"Now," said Scott, his arm around his wife, "my life begins. For you have told me that you love me, and have never loved any one else. Do you remember that time you said you must love and respect the man you married. Then you ought to know how happy I am at this moment."

A strange expression was in her face as she listened to him. The card-playing men sent up a shout from the saloon.

"Tarry," she said, gazing out across the water. "I am cold. Get me my shawl."

He had left her side, when, with a sharp voice, she called him back.

"Tarry," she said, "suppose a weak, desperate girl married a man for protection from herself, and finds out that he had been married once before, and been divorced from his wife? Suppose she finds out that this divorce was obtained in a State far from her own, and that in the State where she was married it does not hold good, and in the eyes of the law she is not a wife at all? Suppose, as soon as she knows this, she runs away from her husband and toils and moils for three years to keep herself a good true woman, though her heart is wellnigh broken? Suppose at the last a longing comes to her to see once more the only place she knows as home, the only people she can call her own, and she goes there, and—"

She could have cried out at the glassiness of his eyes. She had told him her story; she had seen Granger on the wharf as the ship sailed out; and the only man who had ever called forth her love believed that she had wantonly deceived him.

"I will get your shawl," Scott said, coldly.

"Tarry," she said, piteously, "won't you believe in me? I have told you the truth, so help me, Heaven! My life has been unhappy all through, but I have tried to be true to my womanhood. I am your wife according to all law, and no other man has the right to claim me. Granger did not mean to deceive me, he said, and when I left him he vowed he would get a new divorce and marry me over again. The day before you found me at the old house I heard of the death of his wife. I knew he would come after me, so I ran away, for I would never be his wife. I saw the wrong I had done before in consenting to marry him—while I thought only of you, who, I feared, only pitied me for my helplessness. When you found me I was so glad to see you, and I was ashamed to tell you the miserable truth. I told you Captain Granger was dead."

"I will get your shawl," he said.

She watched him cross the deck, she saw him go down towards her state-room. The moon had risen, and the water was a vast stretch of living silver. The men in the saloon were merrier than ever. She rose to her feet, and tottered over to the side of the ship.

"I can stand no more," she said. "Life has been hard to me. I can stand no more."

She tore open the front of her gown, and took out a little worn paper and unfolded it in the moonlight. "My mother!" she said. "She wrote here that I was her beloved daughter," and pressed the old paper to her lips. It had been her solace these three years, that paper.

Then she was climbing up the side of the ship, was balancing herself against the rigging. Once more she held to her lips the paper that told her of the love she thought she had the right to claim; she let it go, and it fluttered down to the hurrying water. A moment's mute upturning of her face to the bright sky of moon and stars, and then she let go the rigging and swayed—

When she was caught in a strong grasp, and lifted to the deck again.

"I do believe you," said Scott, with shaking voice. "I love you, my poor girl, my poor wife, my poor Princess Ariolonda, who shall gain all the good there is in life—love!"

She sunk into his arms, her eyes closed, weak and spent as the child just born into the life that welcomes it with joy and protecting care.

THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

'Tis like a patient, faithful soul
That, having reached its saintly goal,
And seeing others far astray
In storms of darkness and dismay,
Shines out o'er life's tempestuous sea,
A beacon to some sheltered lee—
The haven of eternity.

GUSTAV KOBBE.

THE NEW WEATHER BUREAU OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY WILLIAM A. EDDY.

On July 1, 1891, the Signal Service was transferred from the United States army to the Department of Agriculture, the new organization becoming known as the United States Weather Bureau. General Greeley on that date retired from further management of the Signal Service, but has continued the preparation of his official report, closing the general business of the old organization. The head of the new bureau is Professor Mark W. Harrington, who will be known officially as Chief of the United States Weather Bureau. The sergeants, non-commissioned officers, and enlisted men of the Signal Service have been regularly discharged from the army, but remain with the new Weather Bureau as meteorological observers. Meantime the Signal Service army officers have been sent to their regiments, with the exception of Major Dunwoody and Lieutenants Finley, Glassford, and Maxfield, who are retained because of their special skill in meteorological work. These officers will probably be detailed permanently to the Weather Bureau, but with resignation, retirement, or death, their places will be filled by the appointment of additional civilian professors. The professional force of the new Weather Bureau includes Professor Cleveland Abbe, whose province is general meteorology and physics, and who was associated with General Myer in the organization of the Signal Service. Professor C. R. Marvin is in charge of the Instrument Division, and Professor H. A. Hazen has made special investigations of thunder-storms and tornadoes, in which Lieutenant Finley's researches and discoveries will also be of great value. Professor Thomas Russell's studies of cold waves are widely known and highly valued by meteorologists.

The principal problem which the new Weather Bureau will try and solve will be the improvement of the predictions. If this can be done, the financial loss due to miscalculations regarding frost, rainfall, droughts, and great storms will be much lessened as related to agricultural, marine, and commercial interests. Professor Harrington believes that the forecasts of local rain can be improved by greatly extending the number of local stations, and that observations taken high in the air will greatly aid the advancement of weather science. He is at present actively engaged in establishing local centres of weather prediction, it being part of his plan to especially emphasize the importance of local indications. It has been discovered during recent years, while carrying forward the Signal Service work, that the predictions at Washington for the country in general were not equal to the special predictions made at local centres.

This was shown in the excellent results achieved by Sergeant E. B. Dunn, of New York, and J. W. Smith, of Boston. The admirable local predictions made by Mr. H. H. Clayton, of the Blue Hill Observatory—Mr. A. Lawrence Roth, director—near Boston, Massachusetts, also emphasize the importance of these local stations. Washington is merely an executive office. New York and Boston are the most important stations for observation, owing to their vast marine and commercial interests and the widely diffused suburban population affected by the local weather forecasts for these cities. The investigation of local storms by the New England Meteorological Society—Professor William M. Davis, director—has shown that a line of rain a few miles in width but many hundred miles in length may steadily advance over an immense extent of territory. It is clear that when the Weather Bureau has increased the number of local centres of weather prediction the approach of rain will be announced with such an improvement in the verifications that the results will be of great value.

While the new Weather Bureau intends to serve the interests of commerce, as the Signal Service has done, and with even greater elaboration, it is also proposed that equal attention be paid to the interests of agriculture. Professor Harrington's intended improvements will result in a great increase of work. The mere possibility of delivering weather forecasts to farmers scattered over sparsely settled regions calls for an immense amount of detailed organization. Professor Nipher has suggested that the telephone be used, and Professor Harrington believes that when the telephone patents expire a comparatively inexpensive system of transmitting intelligence will place rain, frost, and storm predictions in the hands of farmers in time to greatly lessen the losses due to extreme weather changes. As pointed out by him, the most formidable obstacle to be overcome regarding rain prediction, which is of vital importance to the farming interest, is the occurrence of sudden downpours over a territory too small to be affected by observations taken from widely scattered instruments. The telegraph and the telephone transmit effects with so much more rapidity

than the atmosphere that even these sudden irregularities of weather will be foreseen to an extent that will make predictions very valuable. It seems probable that with the aid of electricity Professor Harrington's plans for the future benefit of the people may be more than realized.

One of the marked improvements suggested by Professor Harrington and reaffirmed by Sergeant E. B. Dunn, of the New York office, is that the display of cautionary signals for the protection of lake and ocean traffic be limited to occasions when really dangerous winds are approaching. Under the Signal Service regulations such signals might be hoisted for fresh breezes. Cautionary signals were improperly used on the Great Lakes as indicating the best time to venture forth for rapid sailing. Sergeant Dunn, in his annual report of the New York office for 1890, says that if storm signals were displayed only for winds showing a velocity of from thirty-five to forty miles an hour, the ship-masters would get the full value of the signals. Professor Harrington believes that possibly by limiting the storm signals to dangerous winds only, a higher average of verification could be obtained and better satisfaction given to the public.

The relative effects or possibilities of variations in climate for practically unknown regions have as yet received little investigation. The new bureau will direct special attention to the diffusion of more definite information concerning the climate of special regions. An important phase of this subject is the discovery and classification of the possibilities of extreme drought in parts of States. The relation of vanishing forests to rainfall remains to be demonstrated in detail by means of carefully recorded observations. The condition of settlers who judge the climate of a hitherto sparsely inhabited region by chance favorable reports is a condition deplorable, owing to the sudden appearance of droughts or devastating waves of extreme cold that break in upon several years of good fortune. The new Weather Bureau will pay special attention to a record of such destructive influences, and so prevent much suffering and financial loss. More definite knowledge of the limits of the arid regions west of the Mississippi will also prevent costly mistakes in establishing farms and temporary settlements where attempts are made to wring a living from the soil.

It is evident that the new bureau is beginning a career that will make this country lead all others in weather science. Of course years will elapse while Professor Harrington's many proposed improvements are steadily approaching realization.

Professor Mark W. Harrington, who descended from the early settlers of New England, was born in 1848, near Sagamore, Illinois. He graduated from the University of Michigan in 1868, when he entered the Department of Biological Science in that university as instructor. In 1870 he went to Alaska to make astronomical observations for a party sent out by the United States Coast Survey, and in 1876 he went to Leipzig to study in the university. He was during that year appointed Professor of Astronomy and Mathematics in the school of the Chinese Foreign Office at Peking. He became director of the Astronomical Observatory of the University of Michigan, at Ann Arbor, in 1879. He is a member of the Royal Meteorological Society of London, and a life member of the Linnean Society. In 1884 he founded the *American Meteorological Journal* at Ann Arbor, which, as a contribution to the advancement of science, he has since continued to publish at financial sacrifice. He is a prolific writer, who is well versed in meteorological, astronomical, and mathematical literature, and he has travelled extensively.

THE PURGING OF THE STATE-HOUSE.

"The portrait of ex-City Treasurer John Bardeley was yesterday removed from the Chamber of Common Councils in the State-house."—*Philadelphia daily paper.*

"They've torn the battens off his coat
And cut the stripes away."—*Bradford Kipling.*

OUT on Chestnut Street, beyond the marble smirch of Bailey's dapper, albert dusty, figure of Washington, one can almost see the waves of heat. But from the secret square to the south of the old hall there comes, through the deep-set windows, a breeze and a pleasant droning sound that might be the far hum of bees, or might be a ghostly murmur of the voices of great multitudes met in old days in the old square to confer upon the public duty in time of public peril.

It is, however, only the southern wind, hented in the courts and alleys of the old colonial quarter, cooled by the green of the square. It sets the old custodian adoze with its hesitating minors, and I, lounging in the eastern hall of the lower floor of the State-house this idle July afternoon, do I too doze and drowse, or do I hear what follows, or seems to follow:

"What puffing plague hath seized that old Tory in snuff-color, with confection trimmings on his wrists that make his hands look more than ever like purple plum-puddings? Tell Dr. Rush that he will soon have a distinguished patient in an apoplexy."

From the row of foreign soldiers beneath the place where Dr. Franklin wreathed with this quip his rather loose and fleshy lips there echoed a laugh. It may have been

from old Steuben, or De Kalb, or Pulaski; it certainly could not have been that weak-chinned pattern of deportment, the Marquis Lafayette, who answered: "The dangers of his fellow-Englishman distract his mind. He hath been fretting this month or more."

A dry, ghostly cackhination from the other occupants of the halls echoed the soldier's gibe.

Here may be allowed a word of explanation. All the world north of Holmesburg, south of Gray's Ferry, west of Darby, and east of Smith's Island, calls the old building on the south side of Chestnut Street, between Fifth and Sixth, Independence Hall. None of the great, strong, sluggish world within those four boundaries calls it so. It says, "The State-house." So it was called a hundred and fifty and more years ago, when it was built long before that incident of a Declaration, and that other one of a Constitution. So it is called now in the speech of the people. Philadelphia does not lightly change. Philadelphia kindled slowly for revolution. Philadelphia flared and blazed and glowed into an undying fire against rebellion. That which the rest of the world calls Independence Hall is to Philadelphia only the eastern room of the ground-floor of the State-house.

It was in the west room that the disturbance noticed by Dr. Franklin, and mockingly explained by the foreign soldiers, took place.

In the harshest days of the old penal code it is not likely that any miserable thief of horses or of paduays saw Chief Justice William Allen in a worse temper saying these hardy things: "I opened those rooms upstairs—I opened them, sir, when I was Mayor, in '32, in 1752, sir, when there was a whole ox roasted for the mob, and the colonial gentry testified, one and all, that never hath Madeira warmed their lips. But never did I think that a common thief, fellow of the lewd sort that I have ordered a dozen branded and pilloried and lashed and coddled as a mercy 'gainst hanging in one Monday morning of a Hilary term, should set his phiz up in what I may call my banquet hall."

Then there came a great and pleasant miracle for the pen of Judge Francis Hopkinson shook violently—the pen which has been poised for a hundred years in a solemn counterfeited deliberation over the signing of a declaration which was voted for near a month before it was subscribed. As he shook the quill, the judge dropped his century-old sinner, and wore an earnest look. "The room was put to a worse use, Brother Allen, when your friend Sir William Howe turned over to the tender mercies of the brutal Provost Cunningham the prisoners therein confined after Germantown."

Even the Calvinistic wig of Dr. Witherspoon nodded assent to this, though the affair was of no particular interest to the Republic. In 1790 the room was used as a receptacle for the pen of a certain indecisiveness of color, came like balm upon the wounded proprieties of debate. "The ex-Chief Justice is quite right," said Mr. Dickinson. "The picture should be removed, and I regret the aspersion of a nationality. One of the most distinguished of the patriots has been taken in the picture by birth. I will ask him if he did not, like myself, hear to-day a messenger of Councils declare that he would remove the picture against the meeting of that body to-morrow."

The portly bottle-green gentleman addressed took contemplative snuff. "I know not," he said. "For these eighty years and more I have devoted to the consideration of the vastness of mine own ruin. I tell you, sir, that it was such that if Mr. Hamilton had caused the infant government to assume the burden of my three millions of debts as well as those of the thirteen States, he would have swamped it. But I cannot understand the doings of these later days. This man of whom you talk took from the government funds millions to meet his private debts. I took from my private funds thousands to meet the government's debts. He went to prison; so did I. It is all one in the end, Mr. Dickinson."

He snapped his snuff-box, and a suspiration of awe seemed to go around the assembly. They were in the presence of Robert Morris, the greatest private bankrupt and public fiscal officer of his time. It was impossible to discover whether it was the vastness of his personal bankruptcy or the magnitude of his official negotiations that most inspired this noticeable evidence of respect. This was further marked by a perfect silence as he continued to leave some evidence along the banks of whatever channel of speculation his great volume swelled. Yet when I hear these present city fathers speak, they have but one answer to the queries, which

seem half facetious. They say, 'It is out of sight,' whereat all laugh, although, for the life of me, I cannot see the humor of the jest. A child might see that this great fund is out of sight."

"Listen!" It was the imperious voice of Chief Justice Allen that was heard.

A silence, broken only by the murmur of the wind among the trees of the square and the heavy breathing of the old custodian, fell upon the two spacious rooms. Overhead there was a sound of feet echoing through the deserted council-chamber, and making a muffled penetration to the halls below. Behind the footsteps came the noise of the dragging of a bulky frame of wood.

"It is a ladder," said Chief Justice Allen, in a startling whisper.

"Hush!" said Dr. Franklin, with a warning finger.

There came then very faintly the scraping sound of wood on glazed plaster. Then silence. Then there was a soft, graduated thud of a heavy body lowered softly till it rested on the floor above. Then came the footsteps retreating, and two dragging sounds behind.

The face of the old Tory in brown grew as purple as his plum pudding hands.

"Is it down?" he asked, in a kind of stercorous gasp. "Cannot some of you reb-Whigs, I should say—who have overset the king's authority muster enough of it to send a messenger to see if it is down?"

Dr. Franklin's loose lips wreathed in a smile. "Twill all be in the daily journals of the town, of the whole country, Mr. Justice, if we do. No public man in these days, so I hear, may kiss his wife, or change his shirt, or shake his grandchild's rattle without the notice of a ritual press. And you know you abhor the notoriety conferred by this illicit institution."

"Span me your wit, Master Printer," answered the Chief Justice, laconically. "I had a pillory for such rogues in my time."

A rather effeminate-faced and somewhat petulant-looking gentleman, who, unlike those who had spoken, wore his own hair, broke in: "If you Pennsylvania gentlemen will pardon me, one was needed in this State in my time also."

A high bold voice answered: "And if there had been one, would you, Mr. Jefferson, Secretary of State, or your tool and creature Bache, have stood in for the libels on the President in the *Aurora*?"

"Colonel Hamilton," replied the other, "you have ever misjudged me. You are an enemy of the people."

"S—!" A very sibilant of warning passed around the walls of the room as this old controversy began to be renewed in the case of Sharples pastels, where the New York and Virginia gentlemen were lodged. Rapid feet had descended the stairs which wind between the walls of the tower and the long silent Liberty bell. A stout, short, red-faced figure stood in the doorway, and addressed the old custodian. "Wake up, old man," it said. "Come and help me put John Bardeley in the lumber-room."

With the wakening of the old custodian the voices ceased, and none could see from aught about their occasionally somewhat *pose* postures in their frames of tarnished gilt niches a burning question as the companionship of a public thief had perturbed the august elders of the commonwealth.

Yet, as a slanting ray of July sunshine fell through the first-floor windows of the State-house, it seemed to show an expression of relief in the smooth-shaven face of each canvas. And this expression seemed to be shared even by the fair German face of the boy king George, who, standing, life-size, in his coronation robes, surrounded by these archbishops, had always seemed before to wear a startled look, as if those warning words of Chatham's were being realized in his mind.

A. E. WATROUS.

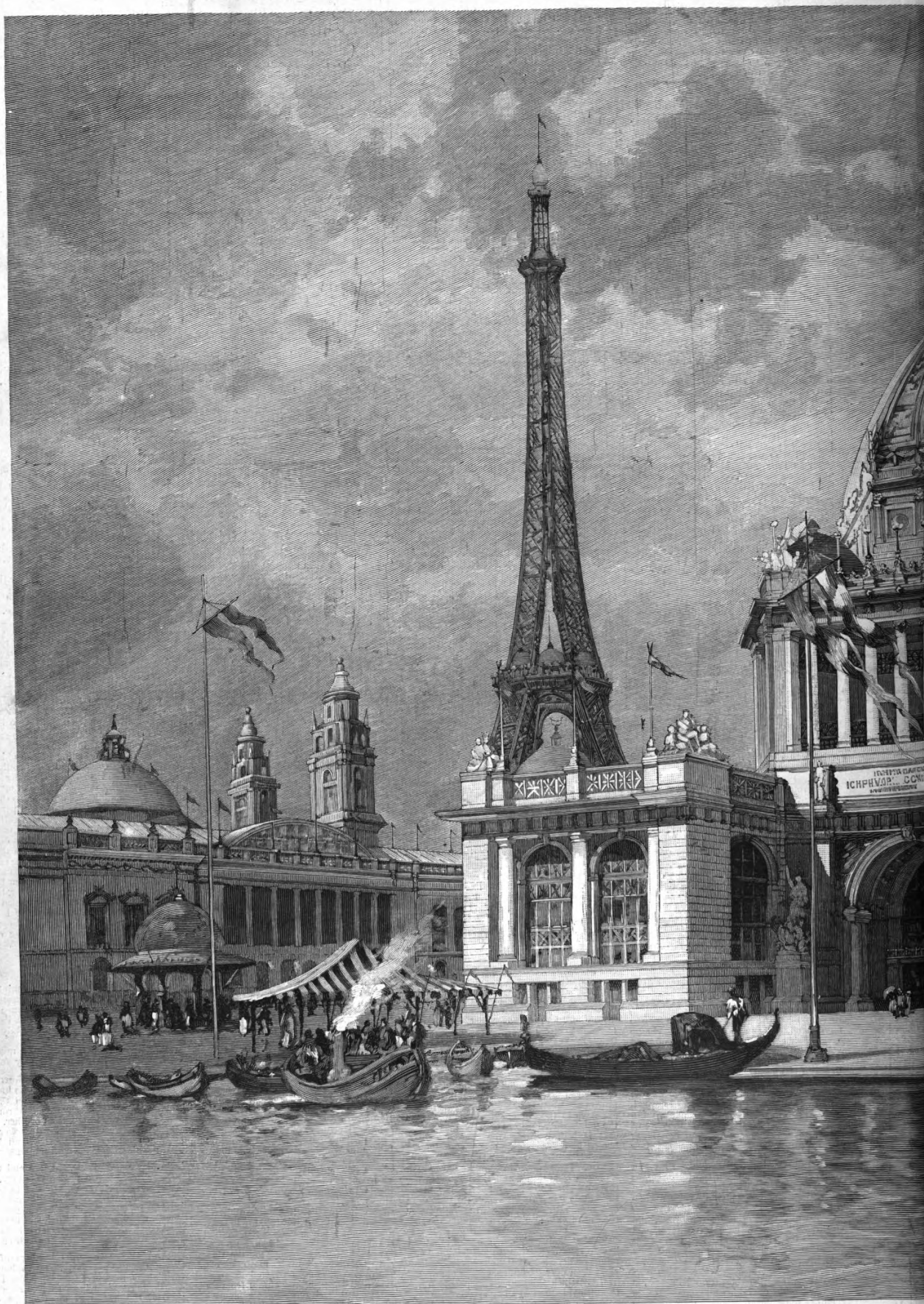
WE THREE.

THE wild bird's nest dips a quaint salute to the summer wind as he passes.
And the half-open'd flowers dance a minuet to the rustling of reeds and grasses,
And the waves roll on in a jolly sweep to ferry him over the river,
For his path is the path of a merry heart, and he laughs on his way forever.

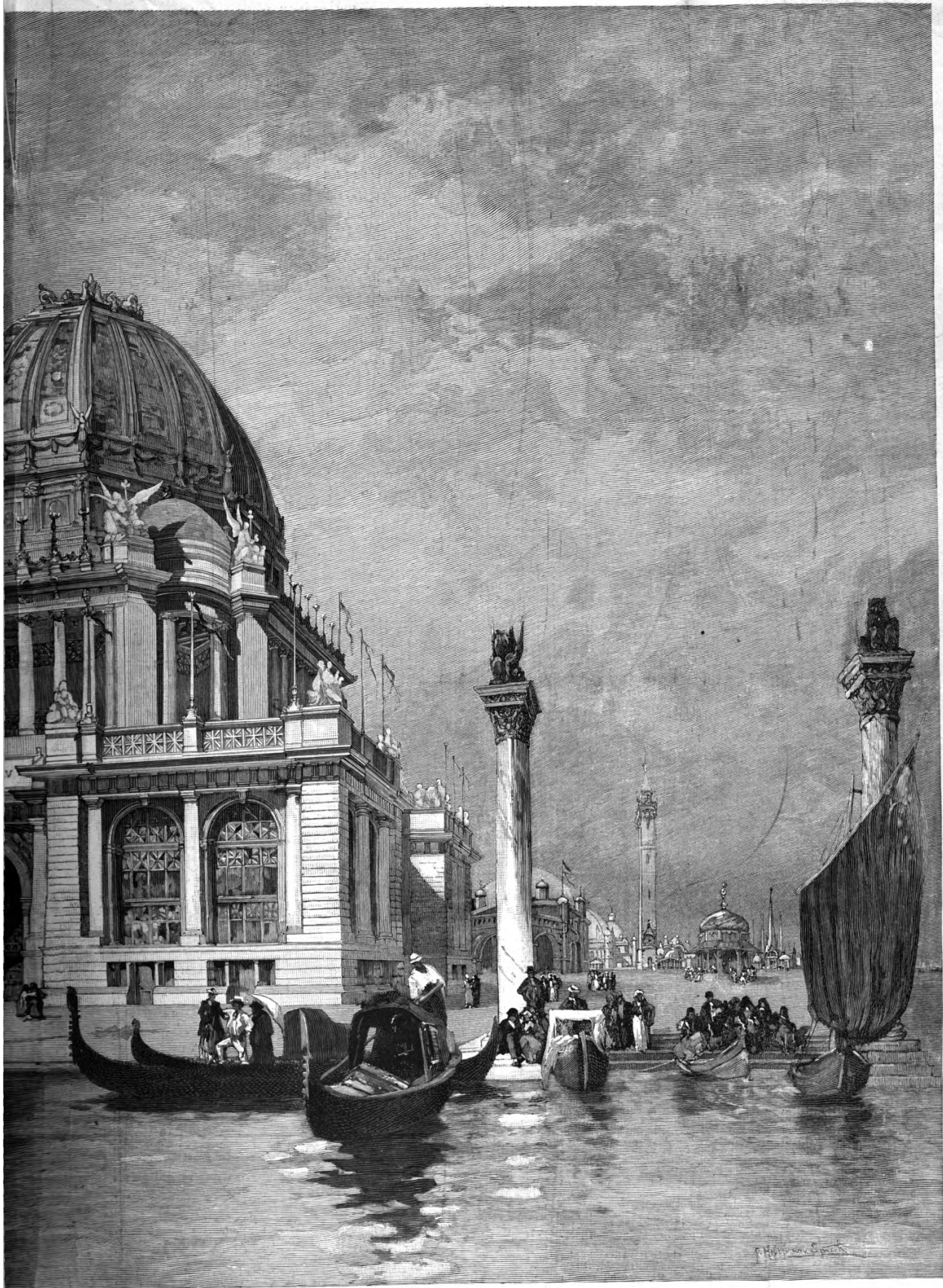
The green leaves bow as he hurries on, as though they opined that he knew them, and the long limbs scrape on the cottage roof as he cheerily whistled through them; and he sings to me, dear brother, the songs that we used to sing together.
When we lay in the shade, and heard the voice that came with the windy weather.
And we were three, we two and the wind, for he was a playmate merry.
With his dreamy songs that he learned in the court of some wonderful woodland fairy.
And he sings them still in a gentle strain, and the early faith he is keeping,
As he kisses the flowers on the hill-side there, where you for years have been sleeping.

And we are three, as in days of old, for the trio shall never be broken,
Though the time may be when I come to you with a boyish smile as a token:
And the heavy of none shall be as true, though to-day they may dearly love us.
As the one dear friend who ever will sing his lullaby sweet above us.

CARL SMITH.



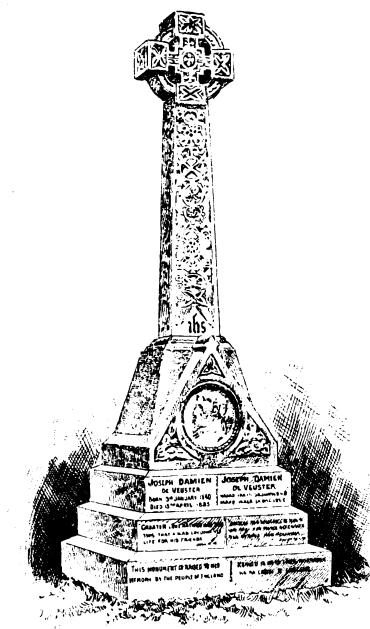
COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO—ADMINISTRATION BUILDING, WITH SUGGESTIONS FOR SUR



INDINGS.—FROM THE WATER-COLOR PAINTING BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH, AFTER THE ACCEPTED DESIGN BY R. M. HUNT, ARCHITECT.

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PENN STATE



FATHER DAMIEN'S MEMORIAL.

BY FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

THE paths of fame and notoriety lie perilously near together, sometimes so close that it is difficult to point out the dividing line. But fame is that which exists after the hero's death, even though the hero die unknown, while notoriety is like a bubble on the river. And there are degrees of fame, and the price paid is not of gold or silver, but often the joy of life. For many years Father Damien immured himself in the leper colony of Molokai—gave up his life to save the souls of others and the outside world knew it not. For many years he struggled, an obscure priest, on that horrible island of the Pacific, knowing that an awful death would be his; but his services and ministrations were not of this world, and he sought not fame. But the fame of a hero was his, after all—the sweet fame that is likened unto love, which is given freely and cannot be bought by any man. Robert Louis Stevenson found the man, and told the world about him, and perhaps a sweet breath of incense may have come to that lonely isle, and refreshed the passing hours of the martyr's life. For the incense was of the sweetest—the love and the prayers of the outside world which were given to the dying man. Yet he sought it not, and when the end came, and people wished to look upon the man, there were no photographs, save one that had been quickly made after his death in the rude habitation of a leper. That was fame, and the story reached the uttermost parts of the earth; and while men listened, another name was coupled with his, and people heard that a "Sister Rose Gertrude" was to follow in his steps, and voluntarily cast away all the joys of the earth to relieve the stricken beings at Molokai. This was given forth at London, and the city found in the self-appointed "Sister" a pleasing subject, and the newspaper editor gave up a column to tell the world what she was going to do and to show what she looked like. The London reporter interviewed her, and when she came to New York the same proceeding was gone through with, and so it was all the way across the continent. People sighed as they looked at the gentle face in the Sister's hood, bought her photograph, and bade her a sorrowful good-by. They had never seen the bearded face, pinched and wan, that lay upon the pallet at Molokai. Then "Sister Rose Gertrude" went forth upon her mission, the doors of the outside world were closed, and people marvelled at the sweetness of fame when the successor to Father Damien was mentioned. But the paths of notoriety and fame lay very near together then.

Meanwhile in England a memorial was being prepared by the National Leprosy Fund, and is just finished. It is in the form of a cross of red Peterhead granite, and is to shortly mark the grave of Father Damien. Upon the front face of the pedestal is a finely sculptured portrait in white marble, set in an enriched circular panel. The cross is of Runic form, wrought with intricate designs, and upon the lower steps of the pedestal, in English and in the Hawaiian tongue, are these inscriptions:

"Joseph Damien de Veuster. Born January 3, 1859; died April 15, 1889."

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.—John xv, 13."

"This monument is raised to his memory by the people of England."

This is the immortality of the world; yet Father Damien sought not the fame.

Just as the memorial is finished comes strange news from London, and people wonder. "Sister Rose Gertrude" has returned unheralded, given up the work which she set out to do, and has married. This she had a perfect right to do; she made no vows, but she turned back before the gates of the world were barely closed, and the echoes of her "noble sacrifice" that were loudly trumpeted a little time ago came back to the ears of many, and the strains of the loud-sounding brass, and harsh and discordant. There is a time when the paths of fame and notoriety diverge, and men recognize the difference.

THE PRIVILEGE OF THE LIMITS.

BY E. W. THOMSON.

"Yes, indeed, my grandfather was once in jail," said Mrs. McTavish, of the county of Glangarry, in Ontario, Canada; "but that was for debt, and he was a very honest man whatever, and he would not break his promise—no, not for all the money in Canada. If you will listen to me, I will tell you exactly the true story about that debt, to show you what an honest man my grandfather was. One time Tougal Stewart, him that was the poy's grandfather that keeps the same store in Cornwall to this day, sold a plough to my grandfather, and my grandfather said he would pay half the plough in October, and the other half what offer time he felt able to pay the money. Yes, indeed, that was the very promise my grandfather gave."

"So he was at Tougal Stewart's store on the 1st of October early in the morning before the shutters were taken off, and he paid half cash exactly to keep his word. Then the crop was very poor next year, and the year after that one of his horses was killed by lightning, and the next year his brother, that was not rich and had a big family, died, and do you think was my grandfather to let the family be disgraced without a good funeral? No, indeed. So my grandfather paid for the funeral, and there was at it plenty of meat and drink for everybody, as was the right Hielan' custom those days, and after the funeral my grandfather did not feel chust exactly able to pay the other half for the plough that year either."

"So then Tougal Stewart met my grandfather in Cornwall next day, and asked him if he had some money to spare."

"'Wass you in need of help, Mr. Stewart?' says my grandfather, kindly. 'For if it's in any want you are, Tougal,' says my grandfather. 'I will sell the coat off my back, if there is no other way to lend you a loan,' for that was always the way of my grandfather with his friends, and a bigger-hearted man there never was in all Glangarry, or in Stormont, or in Dundas, mifrother."

"'In want?' says Tougal. '—in want, Mr. McTavish,' says he, very high. 'Would you wish to insult a gentleman, and him of the name of Stewart, that's the name of princes of the world?' he said, so he did."

"Seeing Tougal had his temper up, my grandfather spoke softly, being a quiet, peaceable man, and in wonder what he had said to offend Tougal."

"'Mr. Stewart,' says my grandfather, 'it was not in my mind to anger you whatever. Only I thought, from your asking me if I had some money, that you might be looking for a wee bit of a loan, as many a gentleman has to do at times, and no shame to him at all,' said my grandfather."

"'A loan?' says Tougal, sneering. 'A loan, is it? Where's your money, Mr. McTavish? Are you not owing me half the price of the plough you've had this three years?'"

"'And wass you asking me for money for the other half of the plough?' says my grandfather, very astonished."

"'Just that,' says Tougal."

"'Have you no shame or honor in you?' says my grandfather, firing up. 'How could I feel able to pay that now, and me chust yesterday been giving my poor brother a funeral fit for The McTavish's own grandnephew, that wass as good gentleman's plood as any Stewart in Glangarry. You wass the expense I wass at, for there you wass, and I thank you for the politeness of coming, Mr. Stewart,' says my grandfather, ending mild, for the anger would never stay in more than a minute, so kind was the nature he had."

"If you can spend money on a funeral like that, you can pay me for my plough," says Stewart, for with buying and selling he wass become a poor creature, and the heart of a Hielan' man wass half gone out of him, for all he wass so proud of his name of monarchs and kings."

"My grandfather had a mind to strike him down on the spot, so he often said; but he thought of the time when he hit Hamish Coltrane in anger, and he minded the penance the priest put on him for breaking the silly man's jaw with that blow, so he smothered the heat that wass in him, and turned away in scorn. With that Tougal Stewart went to the court, and sued my grandfather, puir mean old fellow!"

"You might think that Judge Jones—him that wass judge in Cornwall before Judge Jarvis that's dead—would do justice. But no, he made it the law that my grandfather must pay at once, though Tougal Stewart could not deny what the bargain wass."

"Your Honor," says my grandfather. 'I said I'd pay when I felt able. And do I feel able now?' No, I do not, says he. 'It's a disgrace to Tougal Stewart to ask me, and himself telling you what the bargain wass,' said my grandfather. But Judge Jones said that he must pay, for all that he did not feel able."

"I will never pay one copper till I feel able," says my grandfather; 'but I'll keep my Hielan' promise to my dying day, as I always done,' says he."

"And with that the old judge laughed, and said he would have to give judgment. And so he did; and after that Tougal Stewart got out an execution. But not the worth of a handful of oatmeal could the bailiff lay hands on because my grandfather had chust exactly taken the precaution to give a bill of sale on his gear to his neighbor, Alexander Frazer, that could be trusted to do what was right after the law play was over."

"The whole settlement had great contempt for Tougal Stewart's conduct; but he was a headstrong body, and once he begun to do wrong against my grandfather, he he chust for all that his trade fell away; and finally he had my grandfather arrested for debt, though you'll understand, sir, that he was owing Stewart nothing that he ought to pay when he didn't feel able."

"In those times prisoners for debt wass taken to jail in Cornwall, and if they had friends to give bail that they could not go beyond the posts that wass around the sixteen acres nearest the jail walls, the prisoners could go where they liked on that ground. This wass called 'the privilege of the limits.' The limits, you'll understand, wass marked by cedar posts painted white about the size of hitching-posts."

"The whole settlement wass ready to go bail for my grandfather if he wanted it, and for the health of him he needed to be in the open air, and so he gave Tuncan Macdonell of the Greenfields, and Aeneas Macdonald of the Sandfields, for his bail, and he promised, on his Hielan' word of honor, not to go beyond the posts. With that he went where he pleased, only taking great care that he never crossed the toe of his foot beyond a post, for all that some would chump over them and back again, or maybe swing round them, holding by their hands. Every day the neighbors would go into Cornwall to give my grandfather the good word, and they would offer to pay Tougal Stewart for the other half of the plough, only that vexed my grandfather, for he wass too proud to borrow, and of course every day he felt less and less able to pay on account of him having to hire a man to be doing the spring ploughing and seedling and making the kale-yard."

"All this time, you'll mind, Tougal Stewart had to pay five shillings a week for my grandfather's keep, the law being so that if the debtor swore he had not five pounds' worth of property to his name, then the creditor had to pay the five shillings, and, of course, my grandfather had nothing to his name after he gave the bill of sale to Alexander Frazer. A great diversion it wass to my grandfather to be reckoning up that if he lived as long as his father, that wass hale and strong at ninety-six, Tougal would need to pay four or six hundred pounds for him, and there wass only two pound five shillings to be paid on the plough."

"So it wass like that all summer, my grandfather keeping heartsome, with the neighbors coming in so steady to bring him the news of the settlement. There he would sit, just inside one of the posts, for to pass his jokes, and tell what he wished the family to be doing next. This way it might have kept going on for forty years, only it came about that my grandfather's youngest child—him that wass my father—fell sick, and seemed like to die."

"Well, when my grandfather heard that bad news, he wass in a terrible way, to be sure, for he would be longing to hold the child in his arms, so that his heart wass sore and like to break. Eat he could not, sleep he could not; all night, he would be groaning, and all day he would be walking around by the posts, wishing that he had not passed his Hielan' word of honor not to go beyond a post, for he thought how he could have broken out like a gentleman, and gone to see his sick child if he had staid inside the jail wall. So it went on three days and nights before the wise thought came into my grandfather's head to show him how he need not go beyond the posts to see his little sick poy. With that he went straight to one of the white cedar posts and pulled it up out of the hole, and started for home, taking great care to carry it with him, before him, so he would not be beyond it one bit."

"My grandfather wass not half a mile out of Cornwall, wass only a little place in those days, when two of the turnkeys came after him."

"Stop, Mr. McTavish," says the turnkeys."

"What for would I stop?" says my grandfather."

"You have broke your bail," says they."

"It's a lie for you," says my grandfather, for his temper flared up for anybody to say he would broke his bail."

"Am I beyond the post?" says my grandfather."

"With that they run in on him, only that he knocked the two of them over with the post, and went on rejoicing, like an honest man should, at keeping his word and overcoming them that would slander his good name. The only thing pesides thoughts of the child that troubled him wass questioning whether he had been strictly right in turning round for to use the post to defend himself in such a way that it wass nearer the jail than what he wass. But when he remembered how the jailer never complained of prisoners of the limits chumping over the posts, if so they chumped back again in a moment, the trouble went out of his mind."

"Pretty soon after that he met Tuncan Macdonell of the Greenfields, coming into Cornwall with the wagon."

"And how is this, Glengatchie?" says Tuncan. 'For you were never the man to puke your bail.'

"Glengatchie, you'll understand, sir, is the name of my grandfather's farm."

"Never fear, Greenfields," says my grandfather, 'for I'm not beyond the post.'

"Get in with me, Glengatchie," says Tuncan, and turned his team around."

"My grandfather did so, taking great care to keep the post in front of him all the time; and so he reached home. Out comes my grandmother running to embrace him; but she had to throw her arms around the post and my grandfather's neck at the same time, he wass that strict to be within his promise. Before going ben into the house, he went to the back end of the kale-yard which wass farthest from the jail, and there he stuck the post; and then he went back to see his sick child, while all the neighbors that came round wass glad to see what a wise thought the saints had put into his mind to save his bail and his promise."

"So there he staid a week till my father got well. Of course the constables came after my grandfather, but the settlement would not let the creatures come within a mile of Glengatchie. You might think, sir, that my grandfather would have staid with his wife and weans, seeing the post wass all the time in the kale-yard, and him careful not to go beyond it, but he wass putting the settlement to a great deal of trouble day and night, to keep the constables off, and he wass fearful that they might take away the post, if ever they got to Glengatchie, and give him the name of false, that no McTavish ever had. So Tuncan Greenfields and Aeneas Sandfield drove my grandfather back to the jail, him with the post behind him in the wagon, so as he would be between it and the jail. Of course Tougal Stewart tried his best to have the bail declared forfeited, but old Judge Jones only laughed, and said my grandfather wass a Hielan' gentleman, with a very nice sense of honor, and that wass chust exactly the truth."

"How did my grandfather get free in the end? Oh, then, that wass because of Tougal Stewart being careless—him that thought he knew so much of the law! The law wass, you will mind, that Tougal had to pay five shillings a week for keeping my grandfather in the limits. The money wass to be paid every Monday, and it wass to be paid in lawful money of Canada, too. Well, would you believe that Tougal paid in four shillings in silver one Monday, and one shilling in coppers, for he took up the collection in church the day before, and it wass not till Tougal had gone away that the jailer saw that one of the coppers wass a Brock copper—a medal, you will understand, made at General Brock's death, and wass lawful money of Canada at all. With that the jailer came out to my grandfather."

"'Mr. McTavish,' says he, taking off his hat, 'you are a free man, and I'm glad of it.' Then he told him what Tougal had done. 'I hope you will not have any hard feelings toward me, Mr. McTavish,' said the jailer, and a decent man he wass for all that there wass not a drop of Hielan' blood in him. 'I hope you will not think hard of me for not being hospitable to you, sir,' says he; 'but it's against the rules and regulations for the jailer to be offering the best he can command to the prisoners. Now that you are free, Mr. McTavish, says the jailer. 'I would be a proud man if Mr. McTavish of Glengatchie would do me the honor of taking supper with me this night. I will be asking your leave to invite some of the gentlemen of the place, if you will say the word, Mr. McTavish,' says he."

"Well, my grandfather could never bear malice, the kind man he wass, and he seen how bad the jailer felt, so he consented, and a great country came in, to be sure, to celebrate the occasion."

"Did my grandfather pay the balance on the plough? What for should you suspicion, sir, that my grandfather would refuse his honest debt? Of course he paid for the plough, for the crop wass good that fall."

"I would be paying you the other half of the plough now, Mr. Stewart," says my grandfather, coming in when the store wass full."

"Hoich, but you are the honest McTavish," says Tougal, sneering."

"But my grandfather made no answer to the creature, for he thought it would be unkind to mention how Tougal had paid out six pounds, four shillings, and eleven pence to keep him on account of a debt of two pounds five that never wass due till it wass paid."



THE DESERTER.—DRAWN BY H. W. McVICKAR.

TOMMY ATKINS IN AND OUT OF SERVICE.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

No matter if every house and church and public building in a street of London were reproduced in an American city, there would still be lacking one conspicuous factor in the foreignness of the London scene. That would be Tommy Atkins, the British private soldier. To the eye of the maid in the area the private soldier glorifies London; to the eye of the artist he illuminates it and adds to its picturesqueness; to the vision of an average American tourist he leaves the general dulness of the heavy, sombre city.

To journey about London day in and week out, and everywhere to see Tommy Atkins, with his pill-box cap on one ear, idle and leisurely as a big Newfoundland dog, is to fall to wondering whether the entire British army has not been ordered home for a holiday. To go away for a tour of Ireland or Scotland, or a summer on the Continent, and then to

return to London again and discover the same redcoats in the same profusion, is to find yourself wondering whether, after all, the English have not a keen sense of the artistic, which leads them to scatter their gorgeous soldiers all through the town, as the Parisians do their statues, as the Dutch do their flowers, or as we in New York do with our ash barrels.

Matter-of-fact Englishmen explain that the soldiers seen about the streets are merely the contingent of men out on leave from the commands that are stationed in and near London, with a sprinkling of fresh recruits, of invalids, and of men in transit from one post to another. We must be satisfied with the explanation; yet we marvel that these sources should supply a force so large that we seem to have soldiers with us everywhere except at meals or in our cabs. If we take a 'bus, Tommy climbs up and sits beside us, with his little staff across his knees beneath his white-gloved hands. If we walk in any of the parks, Tommy Atkins is there also, and with a snug-faced 'Arry by his side. But the lucky dog is so used to the conjunction that his stolidity seems only

more rigid and statuesque when he is with his sweetheart than when he is alone. If we take a penny boat, or a six-penny one, up or down the Thames, so does Tommy. If we turn away from the hubbub of London's heart and stroll along Cheyne Walk, rich in peaceful memories, Tommy is there before us, and with us, and after us. At the theatre, if we look up from our stall, we see the red elbow of Mr. Atkins blazing on the edge of the gallery rail.

I never saw what Mr. McVickar's picture shows—an arrest made by soldiers in the city's streets; but I have no doubt that he is justified in making those two soldiers preserve all their jauntiness and *aplomb* during the operation of dragging a prisoner along. I have no doubt of it, because the jauntiness of Tommy Atkins is no superficial attribute. It is marrow-deep. It is even more pronounced than his red coat. No matter how many you see, each cap is worn precisely so—at precisely such an angle on one ear—all alike to a hair; and every chin bears precisely the same relation to every chest; and every pair of shoulders is held back squarely, no

two shoulders unlike. It is incomprehensible—as if the men were the products of a marble-yard instead of being born of woman, like the rest of us.

But what becomes of Tommy Atkins in the course of time? After he has gone through all the scenes in Rudyard Kipling's Indian panorama, what then? The other fellows and Mulvaney cannot all die of cholera or drink among the sand hills; not many drop at the quick bite of a rifle-ball; only a few can be accommodated next door to old Ranelagh in the Royal Hospital at Chelsea. What is the end of the mass of the privates, and where do they hear the last bugle or drum call to earthly action?

Those who drift to this country seem all to be tailors. Every one who has travelled from home, and has been victimized by a rent in his trousers leg or the flight of an eeloping button, and who has had to run into the first little side-street tailor shop, has noticed that the cloth-cobbler in charge was apt to be an old British soldier. A watery eye, an aroma of liquor, and a trembling hand are the common traits of all of them. The odor of spirits in such a shop is so strong, and the man is apt to be of such a waxen complexion, that you feel as if you had stumbled into one of those bottles in which specimens of natural history are preserved with alcohol in museums.

As the man sweeps your coat over the scarred and shred-straw platform that he has polished with his own apparel, it is scarcely necessary for him to remark that you wear the cloth that was Colonel Baker's favorite, or that General Gordou tore his sleeve in that same my twenty years ago. You felt before that you were in the presence of an ex-redcoat. When there is time to spare you talk with him, and the delicious strain of Mr. Kipling's stories is sure to be justified by what the old soldier tells you, for few were ever known who could remember much else of the world they had travelled except the battles with their two insistent antagonists—the rum and the human enemies of the crown.

Higgins was an exception. He was not a tailor. I met him in Nepigon last summer, and found him the one man of leisure in that part of the Canadian wilderness. Every one else who was there had to work for his living, but Higgins had a pension. As it was a very small one, and was paid only once in every three months, Higgins's living had to be proportioned to it. He was visible to his neighbors (and distinctly audible, also) a day or two before the money came, and a day or two while it lasted to buy liquor. The rest of the time he appeared to suspend animation in a hut down the railway. Nepigon is surrounded by Lake Superior and the great Northern forest. It consists of a Hudson Bay post and a tavern, a railway station, a store, and two houses. There is an Ojibway village near by in the woods, and between the red and white villages lives Higgins, in a position as undecided as that of a gamester who pauses a coin on the line between a square of rouge and a square of noir.

Higgins had just got his pension. He had reappeared in the village as usual two days before, and had told each inebriate in strict confidence that when his money came he was going to "the States" to make his fortune. "What's the use av stayin' here to die like a rat in a hole?" he always asked. "There's no wurruk here for the likes o' me. There's divil a sign av growth to the place. I'm th' only mon that's come here the pasht tew years. Fwly sh'dn't I break camp and marruch over the boarder? 'Tis in the Shitakes I'll find wurruk and min av me own capassity. I'll shake the dust av Nipigon the morrow."

This was the same speech he had made at the approach of pension-day four times a year for three years. No one replied to his questions now, though at first they were gullible, for seldom has a community tried harder to "get up a boom" for itself than placid, impotent little Nepigon. But everybody had answered Higgins till all were tired, except the bar-tender in the tavern. He did even more. He advanced what drinks Higgins called for, and then, when the pension-money came, he collected the debt, which was the main and governing reason why Higgins never could leave the village as he wished to. On this day the money was in Higgins's pocket. As he was seen coming down the track from his hut, the bar-tender remarked: "Now you'll see MacFadden join him. Mac always knocks off work when Higgins's money comes, and the two drink till none of it's left. After that Mac is called away to his work, and Higgins buries himself in his cabin. The two don't meet again till the next pension-time. Then's the only holidays poor Mac gets, and at the same time he's good company for Higgins."

While he spoke the second man appeared out of a break in the bush and joined Higgins. The two came on together. Higgins was spare all over, spare as an aged goat. But there was still much that was solitary about him. His waist was as trim and his shoulders as square as any in the Guards. His rusty cloth cap was worn with the jaunty tilt that had caught many a domestic's eye in the glorious days when his coat was bright red. Altogether Higgins's dress, though old, was neat and well fitting—all but his shoes. They were supple and tipped with an Italian laborer ever wears outside of Ireland—brogans made of thick stiff leather, lapped

piece over piece like an alligator's scales. As to Higgins's face, it was saved from the commonplace by looking one eye. His head was a little, hard, grizzled button, capable of harboring only a few ideas, if they were small ones and came one at a time. I sat out on the tavern porch in the smoke of my private "smudge," lighted not because I liked to be cured after the manner of a ham, but because the Nepigon mosquitoes abominated the practice. I could hear Higgins and his companion over their glasses. With the fourth or fifth "Scotch" the old soldier became garulous, and pitched his voice in a high key. His seemed to be the voice of one who is disappointed in his soul, who rebels against his fate but is helpless. After being taken care of by government twenty-odd years, few men can take up the care of themselves.

"Mac," said Higgins, "I'll be lavin' Nipigon wan of these marnings."

"Ye'll not leave," said the bar-tender, "till I folly your funeral."

"Mind me," said Higgins (I could hear him fall away from the bar and circle back to it unsteadily as he spoke)—"mind me! I'll lave. 'Tis no plashe for the likes av me."

"That's right," said Mac. "And where-soever ye go ye'll be all right, bein' as the Queen gives ye a pension."

"Ay," said Higgins, reverently. "God bless her! she does it me me pishon."

"She treats you better nor she does me," replied Mac. "I say she treats you better nor me. The Queen'd give me nothing if she'd twice what she has. But she has a right to pay you, for you served her."

"Ay, so I did," said Higgins. He paused then, and raising his thin arm to make what he was going to say the more impressive, he added, "I give her Majesty all me happy days."

He repeated the striking assertion twice before it impressed his fuddled companion.

"How's that?" Mac asked at last.

"From th' age av eighteen till forty-wan I served her. That's all me happy days I give her."

Mac struggled with his inebriate brain to reply suitably to this impressive assertion. He stiffened his body, and shut his lips, and passed the back of his hand across his mouth reflectively. When at last he grasped an idea he discharged it, but it was weaker than he meant it to be.

"She's a good woman," said he.

"She's better nor that," replied Higgins;

"she's a lady."

"Yes," replied Mac, doing bravely as he thought. "If it wasn't for her ministers no one could find fault with—"

Higgins dropped his thin bony hand on Mac's shoulder, and gripped it tight as he wheeled the man around, and riveted his gaze upon him. His single eye shone sternly. Her Majesty was not to be treated with apologies in his presence.

"Never mind her ministers," said he.

"I say she's a lady, and no man 'll be me frind who says different."

"Ay," said Mac. "I'll tell ye what I always said. 'Give the Queen her way,' says I, and she'll make every one happy."

"I was talkin' with her once," said Higgins.

"Ye were?"

"Yis. 'Twas before I kim out here. She was in her kerridge, and I spoke wid her, and she wid me. Says I, 'I'm glad to see your Majesty in Dublin.'"

Mac's conversational powers were floating away. All he could think of to say was, "How old is she?"

Higgins, more accustomed to deep potations, was disappointed in him. He withered his companion with a scornful sweep of his eye, and passed out upon the porch and up to the door.

"He axed me," said he, "how ould did I think her Majesty is. She's ould enough that I give her all me happy days—from eighteen years old till I was forty-wan. That's all I care how ould she is. God bless her! I give her all me happy days."

Poor Higgins! He is trapped. He is the fly, and Nepigon's bar-room is the web. He never can do more toward leaving there than to talk of it.

J. REGINALD CUTTINGHURST, ESQ.

BY ISABEL BOWMAN FINLEY.

MR. JOHN REGINALD CUTTINGHURST had just finished lunching at the club. He was standing on the steps talking to some friends. He had lunched heartily, and was in good spirits. Suddenly his face flushed, grew ghastly, and he tottered and fell to the sidewalk. When his friends rushed to his assistance he was dead.

As his brother and sister were abroad, his funeral was taken care of by his friends; and while awaiting interment the body lay in modest state before the altar in the old down-town church where he had retained the family pew. Here, during the day, those amongst the hurrying throng of passers-by who were known or heard of him dropped in to take a last look; it was all they could do for Cuttinghurst now, poor fellow!

Two who had most often shared his hospitality and offered theirs in return looked down at him, the brim of their silk hats resting against their lips. Silently they turned away, and slipped down the aisle and paused in the vestibule.

"Looks natural," said one, passing his

handkerchief around and around his beaver till it shone again.

"Confoundedly damp in here," muttered the other, his face pale, as he wiped his forehead. "Let's go to lunch."

Amongst his set Cuttinghurst had always been known as a "good fellow." He was an officer in three clubs and a member of six; he kept his horses and a yacht; he was a railroad director, and on the board of other corporations. He was an authority on Wall Street, and an authority on wines and cooking as well. To have "Reg" Cuttinghurst's approval of your *menu* was to have won a culinary V. C.

His acquaintances were legion. Of his friends, as some of us guileless mortals accept that term, there is nothing to say. In these rushing days, when a man's Lares and Penates are set up at his club, or on ship-board or a railroad train, what time has he to pause and light the sacred fire on his altar? He has only time for the acquaintance and the friend, to-day, and to-morrow is lost forever in the crowd.

And Mr. John Reginald Cuttinghurst's life had been full—full to repletion. He had eaten into the core of his apple from all sides. He had left untasted none of the pleasures this dear, delightful, fascinating, material world of ours has to offer.

And now he lay in the stately silence of the church where in life he had occasionally come and fulfilled his duty by dropping a bank-note in the plate. Outside, the world roared up and down the street, and just across the way the bulls and bears of Wall Street waged their deadly war. His arms were crossed upon his breast; his face was quiet and calm, with that touch of youth upon it which death so often brings.

Night fell. The din and bustle of the street died gradually away to but an echo of its daylight roar. Candles burned upon the altar, and a gas jet circled a pillar. The shadows moved and trembled as though throbbing with life. Nearer and nearer they crept to the dead man, beating back the chance of flickering light. They leaped and coiled and glided down the aisles and over the pews, and twined and untwined about the pillars. Then, as the silence grew more tense, the outside life more far and far away, they leaped upon the bier, and to the lid from off the coffin.

"Wake!" they cried to the dead man, beating upon him—"wake!"

He opened his eyes and gazed about him, terrified. "What—what is it?" he gasped.

"They bent down and leered at him. 'Look at us!' they cried. 'You know us well.'"

He threw out his hands and tried to beat them off. "You lie!" he screamed. "You lie!"

They laughed a thin shrill laugh. "Look at us!" they cried again, perching on the side of the coffin, using his body as a footstool—"look at us well! We are the moments of your life."

"It is he!" he said again, his face paling and wet in fear. "They're fair and happy."

They nodded him, laughing.

"I," said one, kneeling on his breast, crushing it, "am your speculations. I am the picked bones of those who went down under your schemes; the starvation that stared the penniless in the face; the extra cost of food that left the poor empty and unshod. Look at me!"

"And I," said another, perching on his shoulder, "am the food and wine that went to make you ruddy and sleek; that filled your thoughts; that were soul and conscience to you; that made your leisure hours the hours of a well-fed brute. Taste me now!"

"And I," said another, "am the pleasures to which you placed no bounds; in which you thought of what the end might bring to others, but only of your selfish fun. Do I please you now?"

"And I, and I, and I," cried others, in a chorus, "am your cold indifference; the wounds and slights you gave to others; the scandals of your tongue; your careless curses; your scheming greed."

"And I," said one small shadow more distorted than all the rest, "am the germ of honor you killed in a young man's heart by your mocking words."

Screaming, they rose and beat upon him, shrieking hideous words, torturing, jeering, mocking. And through it all—his agony, his torment—he recognized with horror his own voice, his own words, his own laugh.

And he prayed. Yes, Mr. John Reginald Cuttinghurst, successful broker, popular clubman, prayed; and it was the first prayer which had passed his lips since boyhood. He prayed, in his terror, to be released, to be delivered from this horrible self, to rise above it all, he knew not now, he knew not where. He who in life had known no soul called on it now, sought for it blindly, helplessly, and lo! down from the chancel streamed a flood of light, and in its midst stood a radiant angelic form. It shone with ambient purity; its aspect was divine.

"See!" he cried, struggling to raise himself, stretching the sides of his coffin, "my one good deed!"

But even as he spoke the light quivered and faded, the figure melted back into a carved form upon the altar—an angel kneeling with hands clasped in prayer.

A hellish laugh rang through the church.

"Bah!" cried the shadows. "What is one against a host?"

He sank back into his narrow bed hopeless.

There was a sound of clanking chains. "Listen!" said the shadows. "At each child's birth a rosary is clasped about its neck. With some, as they go through life, each bead becomes a jewel, which after death will stud their crown; with others they turn to lead, which is forged into everlasting fetters. Look at your chain. Do you see what each fetter is? Self, self, self! We were your slaves in life; in death you are ours."

And again they jeered at him and mocked him, and bound him around and around in their unbreakable chains. And their joy and sport rose higher and higher, and they played with him hideously as with a toy. And his face was bloodless and distorted, and his eyes glazed in a nameless terror.

The morning sun streamed through the stained-glass windows, throwing out the full colors in the garments of the Holy Mother and Child in the central side window which the Messrs. Cuttinghurst and their sister had placed there in memory of their mother.

The stately figure of the dignified and imposing sexton moved up the aisle with measured tread, carrying a large floral offering sent by the Stock Exchange.

It was a pillow of Parma violets, in the centre of which, formed of rose-buds, was the sweet word "Rest." Placing it at the head of the coffin, he stood off at a little distance, his head on one side, to view the effect.

Suddenly he started and looked around him in outraged propriety. Who had dared disturb the sanctity of the holy place and a dead man's sleep by jeering laughter?

The church was empty. The vestibule was empty. Perhaps the walls had caught and echoed the tones of one of the passing crowd, the sexton thought. Perhaps.



THE SPECIAL RACE for 46-footers off Marblehead, under the auspices of the Massachusetts Yacht Club, last Thursday, furnished a couple of decided surprises. First and foremost, probably, General Paine sustained the surprise of his life; not that he fondly believed he had a world-beater in the *Albora*; surely he must have known, after watching the movements of the other new boats in this class, that he would be well occupied in keeping in the procession. But to bend all his energy and skill in getting his boat in winning shape, and then have her with her tremendous spread of canvas show so miserably, was enough to make the most palatable dinner afterwards distasteful to the General. The *Albora* was not "in it" even with the *Gossown*. The other surprise was sustained by yachtsmen generally in the exhibition of *Barbara*, which has been regarded as the one formidable rival to *Gloriana*, but instead of leading, or even making any fight for it, she simply fell away as though anchored.

"OWENE" AND "BEATRIX" FOUGHT OUT the supremacy of the Eastern fleet gloriously from start to finish, and made the best race of the season. At times during the race, when the wind freshened, *Beatrice* invariably put on a spurt, and showed clearly that in a strong breeze she would be very likely to reverse the order of finish with her rival. The management of both boats was superb, both Captains Barr, of the *Owene*, and Crocker, of the *Beatrice*, showing skill that of itself was worth going to Boston to see. The actual times consumed by the yachts were: *Owene*, 4:23.04; *Beatrice*, 4:28.13; *Gossown*, 4:51.12; *Barbara*, 4:43.57. The *Gossown* won from *Barbara* on time allowance, while the latter's defeat by twenty-three minutes in her first trip out is shameful. Many yachtsmen are of the opinion that something is wrong with the construction of this boat; that the ideas of Fife were not carried out precisely—i. e., not in regard to mere design, but in the choice of material and such matters that would make possible some difference in her weight. In substantiation of such belief, the fact that it was found necessary to take off her keel a ton of lead is cited. It would hardly seem likely that a designer of such experience as Fife, and one with so many successful boats afloat to day, would get a ton "off" in a boat of such small tonnage.

IN THE LIGHT OF THIS RACE there appears to be little doubt of *Gloriana* being at the head of the new 46-footers. All have been tried now, and none, with any probability, is fast enough to give Mr. Morgan's boat even a race, to say nothing of a beating, accidents excepted, of course. *Albora* is undoubtedly entirely out of it; General Paine is very likely too disgusted to even enter her again. Unless some very radical change is made in her, she is the greatest failure of the season, and presents a highly instructive study to the high-powered racing crowd. *Barbara* will pull around into a little better shape, but she is not likely to become formidable; certainly not while Mr. Foster steers her. I by no means intend casting a slur on Mr. Foster's skill at the helm; as an amateur skipper he is one of the best in the country; but surely he is not equal to the professionals with whom he must compete. August Belmont is likewise one of the best of our amateur helmsmen,

but he has too much good sense to sail the *Minola* when the conditions of the race will permit of his hiring a professional.

OF EASTERN YACHTS, then, *Oceane* remains the one upon which all eyes are centered in the race with *Gloriana* at the Corinthian Club's sweepstakes at Newport next month. Unless something unforeseen occurs, it does not seem possible for the Boston boat to win. True, she will unquestionably sail better several weeks from now than she did last Thursday; but her speed must be greater than it was in this race to even hold the *Gloriana*. Again, she has not been tested in a strong wind, while the *Gloriana* has, and been found equal to the emergency. Indeed, the *Beatrice* might prove the better of the two Boston boats under such conditions. There is a possibility, however, that *Gloriana* will not sail so well as she did last month. A larger sail is being fitted to her, and, while, of course, the chances are she will carry it and go faster, there are also chances it may be found detrimental. At best, it is an experiment. It is frequently time and money saved "to let well enough alone." Below I append a table giving the season's record to date:

Record, July 11, '91.	First.	Second.	Third.	Fourth.	Fifth.
Albion	1	2	3	4	5
Barbara	1	2	3	4	5
Beatrice	1	2	3	4	5
Gloriana	1	2	3	4	5
Jessica	1	2	3	4	5
Minola	1	2	3	4	5
Nautilus	1	2	3	4	5
Owens	1	2	3	4	5
Sayonara	1	2	3	4	5
Thelma	1	2	3	4	5
Wasson	1	2	3	4	5

THE NEXT EVENT on Saturday in yachting is the first race of the 46-footers for a very handsome gold cup, shown in this issue of the WEEKLY, given by the Manhattan Athletic Club. From present indications the entries will be numerous, but the sport is likely to be good. *Minola*, which has been greatly improved and strengthened by Witheringham, is entered, and will have another battle with *Jessica*. *Nautilus* is an unknown quantity; whether or not she will sail is hard to say. *Gloriana* will not be seen, Mr. Morgan having declined objections to racing on the Sound. None of the Eastern yachts will come around, and *Sayonara* has gone back to Boston to have her bowsprit shortened, to get sailing length, be strengthened, and have her mainsail set better.

FOLLOWING THE C. Y. C. standard rules for handicaps from that club's book "On Routine, etc.," I print their rules for "Cruisers' Matches," compliance with which should afford owners "a fair field and no favor," an opportunity to race their boats upon even terms, without going to the expense of stripping for a race.

C. Y. C. OF N. Y. STANDARD RULES FOR CRUISERS' MATCHES

In all races sailed by the club which shall be open only to "Cruisers," the following special rules, in addition to the Club Sailing Regulations, shall apply.

There shall be carried by:

I. a—Yachts exceeding 48 and under 72 feet s. l., one boat of not less than 10 feet in length and 3 feet 6 inches beam.

Yachts exceeding 72 feet s. l., their usual cutter and dingy.

II.—No extra hands shall be carried beyond the regular crew of the yacht except a pilot (this does not prevent the presence on board of friends, nor their assisting in sailing the boat, provided no more persons in all are present than the yacht customarily carries on cruises, and can properly accommodate).

III.—No yacht shall sail out for cleaning within the week next preceding the race.

IV.—All chain cables shall be carried in the chain locker or other usual place.

V.—No ballast shall be shipped or unshipped at any time within one week preceding the race, nor shall any new rule be obtained or any alteration of sails be made with a view to the race.

VI.—Platforms shall be kept down and bulkheads stowed.

VII.—No yacht shall be eligible for a "Cruisers' Match" which has started in any open race, i. e., races other than "squadron" races, "handicap" races, "handicaps," or "in cruising trim races" during the then current season.

VIII.—Measurements for classification for "Cruisers' matches" are to be taken when the yacht is in a condition complying with these rules; but no yacht shall be excluded by reason of an excess over her class limit not exceeding five per cent.

IX.—Special attention is called to those portions of Sailing Regulations Nos. 11, 13, and 31, which are not superseded by the above special rules, and which therefore apply, viz.:

XI.—Boats, etc.

...these boats shall not be carried below deck, and must have ours lashed in their ready for immediate use; each yacht shall also carry two serviceable life buoys ready for immediate use within reach of the helmsman.

XII.—Fittings and ballast.

...No water shall be started from or taken into the tanks after the signal to start has been made; no more than the usual anchors and chains shall be carried during the race, and these must not be used as shifting ballast or for altering the trim of the yacht; after starting, the ballast shall not be shifted or trimmed in any way whatever during the race; a race recalled shall, so far as this rule is concerned, be considered a new race.

XXXI.—Cruising trim.

When yachts are ordered to sail in cruising trim, the following rules are to be strictly observed:

1. No doors, tables, cabin skylights, or other cabin or deck fittings (davit excepted) shall be removed from their place before or during the race.

2. No sails or other gear shall be put into the main cabin in yachts exceeding 36 feet s. l.

3. Anchors and chains shall be placed on the yacht shall be carried; one anchor at usual place on the bow, which anchor shall not be unshackled from the chain before or during the race.

THE CONDITION OF BOAT-RACING outside of the colleges is enough to make one despair of its future. Evidences of professionalism are steadily coming to light, and not a regatta is held now without the result of a professional jockeyman. Subsequent disputes. Last month

saw the *Atlanta* eight with apparent deliberation steer directly into the University of Pennsylvania shell, and in the Cup and People's Regatta, July 4th, at Philadelphia, the referee's decision in the double-screw event is designed to create a disturbance. The course at Philadelphia is marked out with flag buoys at the half-mile, which the rules require a crew to pass to the west of, each crew being given caps of the same color as their buoy. The *Vesper* passed to the west of the white buoy, which was one space west of their proper buoy, and won the race handily.

THE VARUNA CLUB CREW immediately demanded the disqualification of the *Vesper*, and appealed to the referee—Commodore Madeira, of the Schuylkill Navy—on the strength of Rule 8, which reads: "Each boat must go to the west of buoy flying same color as stake-boat from which they started. This rule is absolute and imperative, and disqualification will be given to any boat disregarding this rule, no matter what may be their position." It is certainly plain in its language, and would apparently mark out the referee's course unequivocally. Yet Mr. Madeira decided that as the *Varuna* crew suffered no disadvantage, and the *Vesper* boat rowed a longer distance than was required, and were continually shoved out of their proper course, the race should be given on its merits, and he forthwith awarded the prize to the *Vesper* crew.

A SIMILAR CASE, though not an exactly parallel one, occurred last year in the Junior Single race. The river was swollen and running like a mill-race, and floating logs, brushwood, etc., were continually menacing the oarsmen, and Van Vliet went to the east of his buoy instead of west, to escape running into a mass of brushwood, and won easily. The referee, Mr. Harry McMillen, declined to pass judgment, but left it to the Regatta Committee, and on a ballot being cast, the race was given Schill by one vote.

RULES ARE MADE generally for a defined purpose, and when they fail to sufficiently cover the exigencies of that purpose, they should be amended. To juggle with any one of a set of rules governing a regatta, or other aquatic or athletic event, is to jeopardize the lot. If there is any time when a man could transgress a ruling with impunity, and the referee sustain him in his disregard, it would be on an occasion when to do otherwise would result in serious accident. In the two cases above, for instance, had Van Vliet persisted in going to the west of his buoy, he would have been swamped by drift logs and brush, and possibly hurt.

IN THE *VEPPER* CASE it was different; nothing but their own miserable steering kept them from rowing the proper course; had they been in their course very likely there would have been no "edging" by the *Varuna*s. They undoubtedly rowed a good race and farther, but they should have been disqualified, and the race given the *Varuna* Club. Mr. Madeira meant well, unquestionably, and was correct in so much as declaring the *Vesper*s to have won "on the merits of the race," but he evidently lost sight of the fact that there was no reason for their not rowing the proper course, and that this disregard of rulings in small matters makes men careless, and universally leads to serious trouble.

WORN-OUT FORTES and the elements made a combination that robbed polo at Oyster Bay last week of considerable interest. A very full schedule had been arranged, but the Rockaway, Meadow Brook, and Country Club of Westchester teams scattered, and the only Morristown, Oyster Bay, and Essex in the field. Though there was but one game played during the week, it proved to be a very interesting one, if for no other reason, because of the appearance of several old-timers on the Oyster Bay team, and their astonishing defeat of the Essex County County Club four. These teams came together on Wednesday—R. H. W. Ferguson, F. T. Underhill, N. W. Thorp, and E. W. Roby comprising Oyster Bay (5 goals); and P. F. Collier, J. Dallet, Jun., T. H. P. Farr, D. Robinson, Jun., Essex (19 goals). The former earned 34 goals, while the latter, securing but 9 goals, failed to make good the handicap they gave. Of course Oyster Bay showed very little attempt at team play; in fact, every one of them needs considerable practice and thorough drilling in the rudiments of hitting the ball while riding at speed.

BUT THEY RODE HARD and boldly, and if they failed to secure more goals, it was not for lack of trying. In other words, they didn't give up until the fight was over, and that shows they have the proper kind of stuff in them to make players of. Ferguson gives the most promise of becoming a good player. At the present time Roby is the safest, but maybe he is likewise the slowest, which is a disadvantage at a critical moment. Thorp and Underhill are both good and dashing riders, but very uncertain on the ball. At times they make some good safe hits, and again a series of disastrous misses. They require practice badly. The team work of Essex was not good, and its defects were the more noticeable because many of the better things had been expected of them. Robinson put up a sure, strong game. When in his best form, his playing at "back"

leaves very little to be desired. Farr did some brilliant things when once started, but, as usual, lacked snap in getting under way.

HE SEEMS ALWAYS to be waiting for just the right chance, and as opportunity is so slow, like money, in not hanging about on bushes waiting to be plucked, he invariably falls a little short of being as valuable to his team as his experience and ability should make him. Collier alternated very good and hopelessly wild play, while Dallett was more often on the ball than either of the three, but lost his opportunities through unsteadiness. Theodore Roosevelt—where can be found a more thorough-going sportsman?—referred the game satisfactorily to all concerned. His little address to the players previous to the game was a very happy and apparently very effective one. On Saturday the finals were to have been played by Oyster Bay and Morristown, the latter having won by default one of the scratched games. Rain necessitated its postponement, however, until last Monday morning, when the WEEKLY was on the press, and therefore unable to note the result. If the regular Morristown team played, they allowed Oyster Bay 11 goals, three less than Essex gave, and the three should have been enough to be interesting, though Morristown has been putting up so strong a game this season there does not seem much room for speculation on the result.

IF OXFORD UNIVERSITY BOAT CLUB has issued a challenge to Harvard, as reported by the cable, for an eight-oared race in the coming fall from Putney to Mortlake, it should not be hastily acted upon. If there is to be an international "varsity" race, it behooves us to send over a crew which, above all things, is to be depended upon for steady work, and has at least a fighting chance for victory. We have made such great strides in rowing since a crew has represented us—at least sentiment, if not in fact—in English water that the excuse of the novice is no longer tenable. We should be expected to row in the best of form and fast, and we must be certain of being able to live up to what is expected of us before a challenge is accepted. There is no discredit in being a good second after a close and valiant fight for first honors, but we could never afford to be a bad second in a slow race. Were we having a race with Oxford or Cambridge every year, the importance of sending a good crew, while of course always great, would not be so vital, simply for the reason that what one year might lose to us another would gain. Where a race comes, however, once in ten or twenty years, and as in this particular case, twenty-two years, nothing should be left undone that would be likely to lessen our chance of success.

PENDING HARVARD'S ACTION in the matter, the question arises now, is the crew that defeated Yale at New London last month fast enough to lead an eight-oared crew in the line of duty? It is hardly necessary to say that at New London was as clean and steady as one could wish to see, but then it should be borne in mind that they took the lead and were never headed. It makes a tremendous difference in the form of a crew whether it is pulling a hopeless losing race or an inspiring winning one. Those who have been in a boat will appreciate what I say. Would Harvard show such form in an endeavor to catch a leading crew? These are questions that can only be solved by the crew itself, and not until it has been put through more work than it has had up to date. It should be remembered that two weeks before the race was at New London did not seem to have any hope of winning, and that in those remaining days it made the most marvellous improvement recorded in American college rowing.

NATURALLY THIS WOULD INDICATE that the men were of especially fine timber, and could be made an exceptionally good crew. On the other hand, it might prove to be one of those happy and widely separated occasions when men do the right thing just at the proper time. Again, the time of the race, with conditions fairly favorable, was by no means fast, and the crew that wins from Oxford will be called on to do close to record time. If Harry Keyes should have those eight men who sat in the boat at New London under his sole charge now for two weeks, and then declare them worthy of being entrusted with the representation of American college rowing, it would be safe to send an acceptance of Oxford's challenge, but not otherwise. These are all matters that should be decided before Oxford's challenge is accepted, assuming such a step to be taken. From what the men have already done, it seems as though they are of the right kind of material to work into championship form, but nobody knows how fast the crew is, or whether it would be steady under circumstances calculated to upset it, and we must be sure of it before sending.

REMINGTON AND QUECKBERNER, especially the former, of the Manhattan Athletic Club team, according to the cable, appear to have been securing all the honors in their recent performances. Cary, since his very fast running at Paris, has not been credited with being as remarkable. It may be that he has gone stale or had miserable tracks; one is as likely as the other. Dadmun has

not shown any better in his last exhibitions than in his first, while Roddy, after giving evidence of coming into form, was unfortunately enough to strain a cord in his leg Saturday, at the team's last appearance. His best performances were a 300 yard race in 32½ from the 8 yard mark and second to Remington's 440 in 49½. Nicoll's only performance of note was a mile in 6.50 last Saturday. Lange has done nothing, while Ford has failed to show even second-class form during the entire trip. Hallock has added to the team's strength and his own reputation. July 11th, at the meeting of the London Athletic Club, he won the running high jump, clearing 6 feet, the best he ever did. On the 15th, at the Manchester Athletic Club games, from the 10-yard mark he won the 100 yards from Cary easily by 2 yards in 10 seconds, and last Saturday he won the high jump with 5 feet 11 inches.

QUECKBERNER HAS SURPRISED HIMSELF, for he was not in the best of form when he left here, and hardly expected to create a world's record. His performances have all been notable. July 11th he won the hammer with 128 feet 4 inches, and the 56 lbs with 30 feet 2½ inches, making a new English record. On the 9th he had thrown the hammer 132 feet 7½ inches on the Tuffnell grounds, which are said not to be level. On the 14th, at the Puddington grounds, he threw the hammer 131 feet 8 inches; on the 15th, 134 feet 2½ inches, beating the world's record; and Saturday he threw it 128 feet 11 inches, and the 56 lbs 30 feet 5 inches. Remington, however, has made the star record of the team, and completed a series of remarkable performances on all kinds of track and under all conditions of weather. July 9th, on the Tuffnell grounds, he won the 220 from scratch in 22 seconds. This track is said to be down grade, however. On the 11th he won the 100 yards scratch in a yard worse than 10 seconds, and at the same meeting the quarter-mile in 49½ seconds, and the 350 yards in 37½ seconds. On the 14th he won the scratch 100 yards in a shade worse than 10 seconds, and the 300 yards in 32 seconds. On the 15th he won the 440 from scratch easily in 50 seconds, after being badly pocketed and nearly thrown off his feet, and finally, on Saturday, he won the scratch quarter in 50½ seconds after being hustled and nearly knocked down, and ran second in the 100 yards to Cary. The team is now on its way home, and the trip can certainly be declared to have been highly successful. Not all have shown their best form, but Remington, Queckberner, Cary, and Hallock have left a brilliant record abroad for themselves and American athletes.

A CLUB'S MAIDEN EFFORT in lawn-tennis is seldom so successful as that of the Saratoga Athletic Association last week. The game has never been played at Saratoga to any extent, even among the summer residents, and last week's event appears to be the beginning of an attempt to establish this charming place in a position of rivalry to Newport. The Saratoga team has many natural advantages—a delightful temperature, magnificent hotels, and a plentiful supply of water. One hundred springs should be sufficient to quench the thirst of an army of lawn-tennis players. But Saratoga can never hope to rival Newport socially, and that consideration alone makes it certain that the great event of the year will always be played at Newport, so long as the residents of that city desire it, and so long as the players are so well satisfied as at present.

EVER SINCE F. H. HOVEY defeated Campbell for the Intercollegiate championship last fall he has been generally considered the nation's most dangerous rival for the Newport event. Unless Mr. Hovey was very much "off" in his game—and there is no reason to suspect such a condition, for he was fresh from victories at the hotels Wentworth and Wellesley—last week's play at Saratoga should dispose of that idea, for he was very nearly beaten by E. L. Hall in the final round. It should be the last to consider young Mr. Hall a weak adversary, but at the same time it is very nearly certain that there are at least three New York players who can defeat him with considerable ease. In his match with Hall, Hovey's game showed the same elements of strength that it has always possessed, e. g., hard and accurate volleying, good judgment, and wonderful agility; but it also betrayed the same old weakness—lack of endurance. He lasted through five sets, to be sure, but young Mr. Hall does not play with the same speed as a Holiart, a Huntington, or a Knapp, and a fourth or fifth set against him is a very different matter from the same against any one of the other three.

THE WESTERN CHAMPIONSHIP in doubles has been won by S. T. Chase and J. A. Ryerson, and that pair will meet Campbell and Huntington at Newport. Mr. Chase was to have had an Eastern player, Q. A. Shaw, as a partner, but the latter was unable to play, and Ryerson, who had lost his partner of last year, took his place. It will be remembered that Ryerson and Carver made a very stubborn fight against Hobart and V. G. Hall for last year's championship, and that Ryerson showed slightly better form than his partner on the day of the championship match. There is every reason to believe that Chase is this year a much better player than either Carver or Ryerson, and it follows that the West is pretty sure to be better repre-



EDWARD BURGESS, DESIGNER OF THE "VOLUNTEER," "PURITAN," AND "MAYFLOWER."

sented than in last season's contest. I think, however, that Campbell and Huntington will prove to be vastly superior to the Western pair, and it would not be at all surprising if they should win the match in straight sets.

THE MOST FORMIDABLE ADVERSARIES OF Chase and Ryerson at Chicago last week were B. F. Cummins and Everts Wrenn. Cummins and McClellan were the Western champions in doubles for several years, and the first pair who had the pluck and enterprise to come East and battle with the champions of this section on our own courts. They made a very creditable record, too, against such pairs as Dwight and Sears and Taylor and Slocum, and their experience was undoubtedly beneficial to lawn-tennis interests in the West. The Western championship in singles has been held for years by C. A. Chase. At the close of playing last Saturday S. T. Chase needed but one set more to win the final match, the tournament, and the right to challenge his elder brother for the championship. After watching the play of the younger Chase at Westchester I am confident that he has improved enough to have more than an even chance of winning. At any rate, it is reasonably certain that a Chase will still be champion of the West. The Eastern players were much interested in the performances of V. M. Elting at Chicago last week. Mr. Elting is a prominent member of the Far and Near Club of Hastings, and was Mr. V. G. Hall's challenger for the Hudson River Association championship this year. Last week he defeated Ryerson, one of the Western "cracks," very handsily, and attracted general attention by his skillful play. The young players are certainly making wonderfully good records this year.

THE TOURNAMENT AT MONTCLAIR last week attracted none of the first-class players, but all of the youngsters—the future "cracks"—entered and fought for the honors with enthusiasm and skill. It is difficult to say which of the young players should be most commended for his good work; Messrs. Millett, of the New York Tennis Club; Malory, of Trinity College; W. K. Fowler, of Brooklyn; or Larned, of Orange—all performed brilliantly, but, judging by the results, the first and last named did the best work. The rain of Saturday prevented the playing of the final match between Millett and Larned on that day, and it was postponed until Monday. I cannot give the result in this issue, but if compelled now to declare the winner, I should choose Mr. Millett, who has shown continuous improvement. The members of the Orange Club, however, think that Larned is a coming champion; an opinion somewhat justified by his work against V. G. Hall in the Middle States tournament. The future of lawn-tennis depends almost entirely upon the younger generation of players. The tournaments must have a sufficiency of entries in order to be successful, and as the veteran reluctantly, and in some cases sadly, drops out of competition, the youngster must fill the vacant space.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

EDWARD BURGESS.

In the death of Edward Burgess the American Cup loses its most able defender, and American yachting a genius. The name of Mr. Burgess has been so closely allied with our yachting that the contemplation of a season with no new Burgess creation seems impossible of realization. The history of his career is unique. Beginning as a boy who loved the water, and fortunately having a father able to gratify his tastes, his ability at handling a cat-boat was so frequently and thoroughly demonstrated about Boston that his reputation as a hard one to beat travelled far on Eastern waters. Even at this early day the youngster showed special skill in his choice of boats and their subsequent rigging, for he invariably overhauled whatever craft fell into his hands. The cut of his sails was somehow always better than those on the boats of his companions, and he rarely entered a race that was not placed to his credit.

In those early days the lad gave little thought to the work of his life. His father was a wealthy West Indian trader, and Edward reaped the full benefit of all that money affords. He entered Harvard, and was graduated in '71, and very shortly afterwards, through the reverses of fortune that befell his father, was brought face to face, for the first time, with the necessity of earning a livelihood. Instinctively a student, he drifted back to the university he had just left with honor, and accepted a Professorship of Entomology. Here he served for nearly ten years, faithfully and well, until about '80, when his health gave way, and he was compelled to seek its restoration through recreation. Naturally he turned to yachting, and it was at this time, while cruising about in search of bodily vigor, that the idea of turning his skill and love into the business of yacht-designing occurred to him.

He immediately went into the study of his chosen profession, and found a warm advocate in General C. J. Paine. In 1884 came the challenge of the *Genesta*, and Mr. Burgess had the first opportunity of his career. How well he filled it the well-known history of the *Puritan's* performance attests. Aside from defeating the English *Genesta*, the *Puritan* was the first departure from the old-time skimming dish type, and began a new era in American yachting. Following this came the two races for the *America's Cup* in 1886 and 1887, and the production of the *Magfloater* and *Volunteer*, which defeated the *Galatea* and *Thistle*, and raised us to the level of the greatest yacht-racing nation on earth. Mr. Burgess's fame at this time was world-wide, and he gave further proof of his genius by starting the 40-foot class in 1880. Indeed, Burgess and American yachting are synonymous, for not a class nor a change of any kind for the better that has not emanated from this man. Other designers have come up in the last few years, and put forth some invincible boats, but the entire history of yachting affords no career, at once so brilliant, and, alas! so brief.

He was born in Sandwich, Barnstable County, Massachusetts, June 30, 1848. In 1873 he was elected secretary of the Society

of Natural History of Boston, and held it until he resigned in '87, because of the demands made on his time by his growing business. He was a member of the United States Naval Board to award prizes for the designs of the new building cruisers and battle ships, and secretary of the Eastern Yacht Club at the time of his death.

Probably the most remarkable illustration of this man's genius was the fact that competing with the best-known yacht designers of the world, and in their particular fields, he was yet able to wrest prizes from the most celebrated. Not only was this noticeable in the bidding on the more important yachts, but he went also into the market against local builders and designers making some special kind of craft a specialty, and was equally successful. Cat, fisherman, or pilot boats it made no difference to him apparently; his designs were always forth-coming and invariably satisfactory. His work in the present new racing class of 46-footers is too fresh in the public mind to require extended comment here. Every one of his representatives in this class has thus far shown up well, with every prospect of doing better, and though none of them may prove to be the champion, all will be classed well up. In his six years of work Mr. Burgess has designed 210 boats, including cutters, steamers, schooners, sloops, etc., many of which attained the greatest possible success. *Puritan*, *Magfloater*, *Volunteer*, *Gosoon*, *Baboon*, *Thompson*, *Titanica*, *Sackem*, *Fredonia*, *Wood*, *Wraith*, *Saladin*, *Oreene*, *Sagoyara*, *Beatrice*, and *Mincola*, are boats that will long continue living monuments to the genius of Edward Burgess.

THE WINNERS OF THE EASTERN CHAMPIONSHIP IN DOUBLES.

It was not a surprise when O. S. Campbell and R. P. Huntington, Jun., won the tournament at Staten Island two weeks ago, and thus gained the Doubles Championship of the East, for last year they failed to capture the same honor by only a hair's-breadth, and V. G. Hall and Clarence Hobart, who were their conquerors on that occasion, are now the champions of the United States, and in accordance with a rule recently established by the National Lawn-tennis Association, were barred from competing in the Staten Island tournament this year. Campbell and Huntington, having now won the Eastern championship, will meet the winners of the Western championship at Newport in August, and in case they defeat them, which is highly probable, will have another battle with Hall and Hobart, the championship of the United States depending on the result. It is the general opinion among the prominent players that this year the tables will be turned, and Campbell and Huntington will earn the title of Doubles Champions.

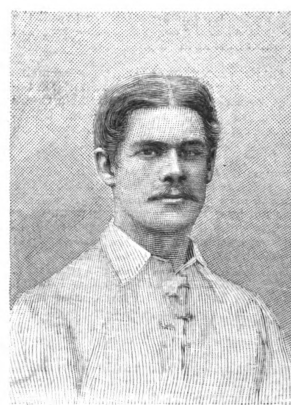
O. S. Campbell is a resident of Brooklyn, and although still young, has been well



O. S. CAMPBELL.

known as a lawn-tennis player for at least six or seven years past. He commenced playing when very young—a boy in knickerbockers, and has grown up with the game, showing great improvement each year, until 1890, when he reached a glorious climax by defeating the then champion, H. W. Slocum, Jun., and thus winning the championship of the United States in singles. Campbell is naturally of a hardy constitution, and his great powers of endurance have served him in good stead, for whatever may be said to the contrary, endurance is certainly one of the prime factors of success in lawn-tennis. His great hold, however, has been in volleying, in which art he plainly excels all players of this country, and perhaps those of England. He recently graduated from Columbia College.

R. P. Huntington, Jun., graduated from Yale this spring. He was a resident of New Haven during his college course, but his family also have a permanent home on the Hudson near Rhinebeck. Huntington has



R. P. HUNTINGTON, JUN.

not played lawn tennis so long as Campbell, but suddenly sprang into prominence as an expert two years ago, and has ever since been ranked as one of the most skillful players of this country. Last year he was perhaps the most prominent rival of Campbell for the championship, and was only beaten by that player after a hard fought contest of five sets. There is no particular feature of the game in which he excels, but he is strong in every department, and is greatly aided by nature in that he is unusually tall and has a tremendous reach. Mr. Huntington's engagement to Miss Helen Dinsmore, daughter of Mr. William B. Dinsmore, has recently been announced, and it is stated that this may be the last year in which he will take an active part in lawn-tennis competition. He is regarded as a formidable candidate for the championship in singles.

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Is pain, and often it abides with us for years, if not for life. When it visits us in the guise of rheumatism or neuralgia, it may be checked before it obtains an abiding foothold in our bodily tenement with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, most effective of blood purifiers and anodynes. The Bitters also removes liver and kidney complaints, constipation, nervousness, malaria, and dyspepsia.—[Advt.]

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"THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER," cures
Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cts. a bottle.—[Advt.]

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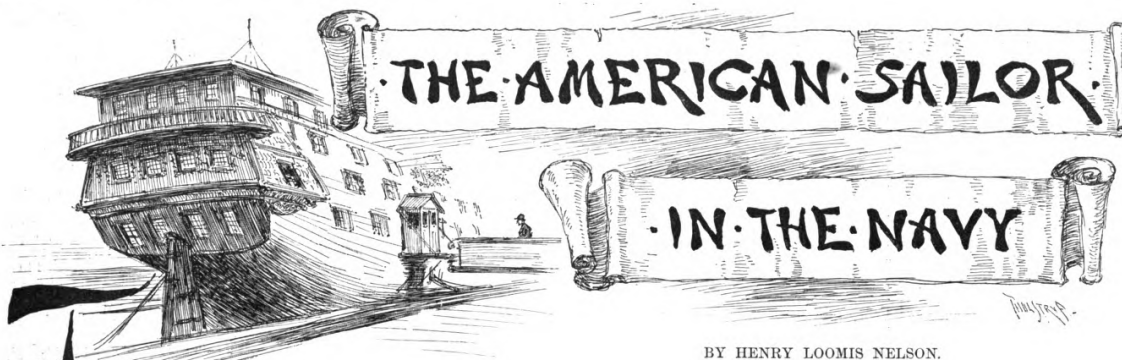
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Original from
PENN STATE



IME was in the good town of New York when an important part of its life centred about the wharves. It was the city's goodly harbor that made it the great metropolis of the country, when the shipping flying the American flag crowded the two rivers. The great merchants of New York were those engaged in foreign commerce. They owned their vessels, whose cargoes were their own ventures. Their offices were in their warehouses, which were packed from cellar to garret with foreign silks, cottons, woollens, linens, fruits, nuts, and general merchandise. They were a simple, hearty, wholesome generation of men, transacting business in a large and generous way. There was an inherent dignity in the individual ownership of large vessels which sailed far away on mysterious voyages, and returned home laden with strange goods, and occasionally with strange people. Perhaps the passing of these days is not to be regretted either from an economic or a social point of view, but there is a certain sentimental flavor about the old-time shipping business which makes one love to linger over its memory.

Much less than half a century ago, the relations between the owner and his master were those of friendship and comradeship, and this fact has a strong bearing upon the subject now under discussion. A ship rarely sailed in the old time that the owner did not see her off, and bid her captain a pleasant and prosperous voyage, while on her return the owner was the first to welcome back the master and the sailors. Nor was the owner's acquaintance confined to the captain. He knew the mates and many of the crew. He could call them by name, and was familiar with their family history. The glamour of romance was not the only allurements to American young men who shipped before the mast in the prosperous days before the war. There was a chance for a bright and clever man. There was no surer road to respectability than through the cabin of an A 1 ship. The captain was necessarily a man of brains. He was not merely an accomplished navigator; he was a merchant as well. He represented his employers in the foreign markets. He sold his outward-bound cargo, and he bought his return cargo. The character and direction of the voyage, after the ship reached its first destination, depended largely on him. He might make his voyage a losing or a gainful venture, according as he was dull and incompetent or shrewd and enterprising.

If you go to the old towns of Salem and Marblehead, in Massachusetts, you will find that many of the leading families are descendants of the famous ship captains who first carried the American flag to the East Indies. From one end of Cape Cod to the other are the capacious and attractive homes built by men who "followed the sea," and whose declining years were liberally supported by their well-earned savings. There was a time when all the children on the cape were said to be born with web-feet. At any rate, it is true that it was once the ambition of every boy on the New England seaboard to be a captain of ship when he grew up. The consequence was that American merchant-men were the best-manned and the best-handled ships in the world. The difference between an American and a British ship was recognized in every port. The one was clean, and its captain and crew were alert and intelligent; the other was very likely to be dirty, and governed stupidly. A very large advantage in freight charges was enjoyed by the American ships on account of their superior cleanliness, safety, and speed. Our navigation and tariff laws were also helpful to the American merchant marine. Ships could bring back return cargoes before the days of excessive tariff taxation when they are now obliged to return in ballast. In the low-tariff era between 1846 and 1860 the tonnage of registered vessels engaged in the foreign trade was very nearly trebled.

The prosperity of the shipping business not only appealed to the cupidity and ambition of American men; the sea stimulated the youthful ambition. There was not a New York boy who was not well read in the romantic literature of the ocean. He knew

all about a ship. He loved to climb into the rigging, and a Saturday on board ship was a perfect holiday. If he enjoyed the inestimable privilege of knowing a captain or a captain's son, and could dine in the cabin on rare occasions when the ship was in port, he was a marked and distinguished boy among his schoolmates.

Under these favorable circumstances there grew up a race of American seamen who were the foremost men of their class in the world. They took rank with the old Phœnicians, the commerce-spreading races of the ancients, while for daring and skill they rivalled the Norsemen. In those days, not so long past but that living men were active in them, the fishermen of Marblehead and Cape Ann were also Americans, and actually did furnish sailors for our fighting ships in both the wars of 1812 and 1861. Many a young officer in the merchant-service stepped on board a man-of-war at the breaking out of the rebellion, and did admirable service as soon as he had added a knowledge of gunnery and of naval tactics and discipline to his seamanship. Some of these old volunteer officers remained in the service after the war ended, and several of them are still treating the quarter-decks of the navy.

Whether the navy before the war received much of the good sea material that existed in the country is a question that will be answered differently by different officers of the service. It has been always very difficult to procure good men for the navy. There should be no mistake as to my meaning. There are some excellent men in the navy's forecables, and there have always been men among the petty officers, and even among the first-class or able seamen, who might have greatly improved their condition by entering the merchant-service. There are various reasons why these men cling to the navy, notwithstanding many injustices received by them from the government; but some good seamen will never make good captains, so that there are a few old salts who could not be driven out of the navy into the hardships and uncertainties of the commercial marine. They remain in for the love of the life, and because they know they will always be taken care of so long as they maintain their record for seamanship, and that even afterwards, when they are too old for active duty at the mast or in the tops, their officers will find some berth for them on a receiving-ship, or in a comfortable corner of a navy-yard.

There is one very prolific cause for the enlistment of good sailors in the navy, and it has given many good men to the fighting ships of every naval power in the world: it is intemperance. Grog is undoubtedly Jack's fatal weakness, although time, which ameliorates all harsh manners and refines all barbarisms, has seen a great change in this respect on the ocean as well as on the land. Charles Dibdin sang the doctrine of the sailor-man of the last century:

"Then trust me there's nothing like drinking
So pleasant on this side the grave;
It keeps the unhappy from thinking
And makes e'en more valiant the brave."

But these times are gone by. Grog is no longer served out, and intemperance is greatly reduced. Still, many a good man goes wrong, and there are ordinary seamen in the navy to-day who might have risen to distinction in their profession if they had not yielded to their enemy. One man I recall now who served as a mast-man. He had been the master of a ship, and lost his command because he wrecked his vessel when he was drunk. The merchant-service is more inexorable than the old navy was, at least, for the drunken captain of a private ship must go, while more than one court-martial has too lightly punished the offences of intemperate officers.

The difficulty of procuring sailors for the navy service in the earlier time was illustrated by the "press-gang." Every one who knows his *Roderick Random* remembers how Mr. Smollett was introduced into the king's navy. "As I crossed Tower Wharf," writes Roderick, "a squat tawny fellow, with a hanger by his side and a cudgel in his hand, came to me, calling, 'Yo, ho, brother, you must come along with me.'" And resist with all his power as he did, along with the squat tawny fellow he went, having been cut down and seriously wounded by the cudgels and cutlasses of the gang that the squat tawny fellow commanded.

When the war of 1812 broke out, the United States had very few regular ships of the navy; but a fleet of privateersmen came to the assistance of the country, and the intelligent American fishermen of Marblehead fought against the pressed seamen of Great Britain. They had abandoned the trade of catching cod for what they hoped would be the more remunerative occupation of winning prize-money. Not that there was not patriotism mixed with visions of valuable captures. The prize-money was but a small incident of the war which native American seamen fought so bravely and successfully, and which destroyed for a time the prosperity of the good town of Marblehead. The country should never forget the splendid spirit of sacrifice of the fishermen, who, condemning the peace resolutions adopted by the city of Boston,

Resolved, That we view the late solemn act declaring war against Great Britain and her dependencies as the last resort of a much-injured people, fully persuaded that its justice and necessity will be acknowledged by all who candidly pass in review the doctrines of our enemy, and nothing short of a base submission would have prolonged peace.

Resolved, That whatever sacrifices may result, we pledge ourselves to support our government, our laws, and our liberty through the present arduous conflict. We also pledge ourselves to support and protect the Union of the States as the ark of our political safety; and that we view all those who dare intimate a wish for the separation of the Union as the worst enemies of our peace, prosperity, and happiness."

It was in this spirit that the New England fishermen manned the fighting ship of the war of 1812, and revenged on England the impressment of their seamen.

But when war was over, what then? The fisherman did not remain in the service of his country; he returned to what was then his gainful occupation. The seafaring life was not to the taste of other men besides Dr. Johnson, who once said to Boswell, "Why, sir, no man will be a sailor who has contrivance enough to get himself into a jail, for being in a ship is being in a jail, with the chance of being drowned."

And it is easy to understand the lexicographer's abhorrence of the sea when we read his description of a fore-castle of his time. "As to the sailor," said he at another time to Boswell, "when you look down from the quarter-deck to the space below, you see the extremity of human misery—such crowding, such filth, such stench!"

Dr. Johnson was talking about British war vessels. He could not have such an antipathy to the sea now, and especially could he not have such an antipathy to service in the American navy. It is still the truth, however, that the navy finds it difficult to procure first-class seamen. In the first place, while a good many Americans like the life, they want to look forward to something more than they can see ahead of them in the service of the government. They find the merchant-service, therefore, more attractive, because they can rise to the cabin if they are capable and industrious. Then the pay of the sailors in the merchant-service is better than that in the navy, and men are obliged to serve for years on men-of-war for a rating not higher than that of comparatively green men engaged in the ocean carrying trade; the men on a government vessel have less liberty than those on a private vessel, and the discipline on the one is much severer than that on the other. There is also unjust discrimination against the seaman class, those who do the real work of sailing the ship receiving less in some cases than landsmen.

In addition it may be stated generally that the opportunities for the energetic and thrifty young man in this country are so tempting that the navy suffers first by failing to get first-rate natives, and then by losing them after they have been instructed in certain kinds of work—like the running of dynamos, for example. The government is generous in this respect. After training a young man on board ship until he is useful, it does not stand in his way if he has an opportunity to better his condition in civil life. It not infrequently happens that a young man is ordered three or four times the wages he can make in the navy for the same work which he is doing for the government, and which he has learned on board a national vessel.

All these drawbacks not only prevent the enlistment of good men, but they induce many apprentice boys to decline to continue in the service after they have served their term.

The naval apprentices furnish the best source of supply for the enlisted men that the service has. These apprentices are enlisted, with the consent of their parents or guardians, when they are between fourteen and eighteen years of age. There are several stations where they may enlist. They are in New York, Newport (Rhode Island), Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, and Buffalo. They serve until they are twenty years old.

The boys are carefully instructed in elementary English studies and in the fundamental duties of sailors. Of course, the change in the character of vessels makes a great change in the nature of these instructions. An apprentice boy, in order to be useful on board a modern ship, is obliged to learn many trades that will make him also useful on shore, and the wages paid on shore greatly exceed those paid at sea. When the pay of the navy is readjusted, this important fact should be borne in mind.

These apprentices are paid. At first they receive \$9 a month as third-class apprentices, and when they are on cruising vessels they may, if they desire, be rated as seaman apprentices, whose pay is \$19 a month.

These boys must be perfectly healthy and intelligent. They are furnished with an outfit, for which they are charged. The dress is that of the sailor of the United States navy. After enlistment they are transferred to the United States training-ship *New Hampshire*, where they are instructed in seamanship, gunnery, and English. Besides the regular course, instruction is given in special subjects, like sail-making, blacksmithing, and bugling. The daily life on board the stationary training-ships is full of detail. Every moment of the time is occupied with some duty or other; and as to cleanliness, the average boy probably never dreamed that there was so much of it in the world as he finds in the navy. It is due to human nature to say that most of the boys do not take kindly to the amount of scrubbing that is inflicted upon them.

The discipline is firm, but officers are instructed by the regulations to invariably employ mild measures of restraint and punishment, until they are found to be ineffectual. From the stationary training-ships the apprentices go to cruising training-ships. It is on these ships that proficient apprentices may advance to the grade of seaman apprentice, 2d class.

The regulations prescribe that such an apprentice shall have the following qualifications:

"He must be physically and professionally qualified to perform the duties of an ordinary seaman.

"In seamanship he must be skilful in heaving the lead and in steering, in the use of the palm and needle [the palm being a leather protection for the hand in sewing canvas], in knotting and splicing both rope and wire, and in the duties of a seaman aloft.

"In gunnery he must know the duties of each member of the crew at great-gun drill, the use of fuses, the fittings of the magazine, and possess some knowledge of projectiles.

"He must be thoroughly acquainted with the use of the rifle, pistol, cutlass, and machine-gun, and must have a good record at target practice.

"He must be skilful in the use of both the navy and army signals.

"He must know how to swim.

"He must be able to read and write and perform examples in the four fundamental rules of arithmetic with facility."

Not only do these apprentices perform the tasks of seamen, but, when they are sufficiently advanced, they are promoted as assistants to the ship's petty officers, and are given, to a limited degree, the work and command exacted of and enjoyed by the officers to whom they are attached. They are then called "apprentice boatswain's mates," "apprentice captains of top," etc.

Some of the best petty officers in the regular service come from the apprentices, and the crews of the training-ships are made up as far as possible from re-enlisted apprentices.

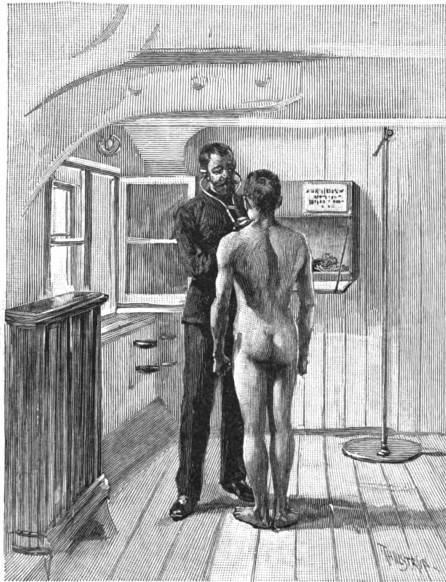
The course of instruction is accompanied by a series of examinations, and the best apprentices are distinguished by medals.

After service in the cruising training-ships, the apprentices are attached to general cruising ships of the navy, and their education as seamen is continued, its character depending, of course, very much on the ship's officers. At the end of the term of enlistment the apprentice receives such a discharge as he has earned by his conduct. If he deserves it, he will receive what is known as the "Honorable Discharge and Continuous Service Certificate." This certificate enables him to re-enlist at any time within three months of his discharge if he is found physically qualified.

The apprentice system, as its name signifies, was organized to furnish a source of supply for the crews of the naval vessels. Unfortunately for its success, the country offers too many opportunities that are more tempting than a sailor's life. Some of the boys have learned trades, know how to care for machinery, to keep in order steam-boilers, to manage dynamos. In a hundred ways they are useful to people who are willing to pay them higher wages than the government offers, and who will not keep them on board ship, subject to the strict discipline and surveillance that are absolutely essential on a man-of-war. Even if the apprentice boy determines to stick by the sea, he can earn more money and enjoy more freedom in the merchant than in the national marine. If he is qualified to be an ordinary seaman on board the war ship, he will be ranked with the best on the other. If he is an able seaman or a petty officer on the one, he will be a mate on the other, with better pay, and with the possibility of command to inspire him.

There are a number of trades, too, on land, in connection with vessels, at which the naval apprentice who has served his term or a good sailor is an expert. He is in the way of becoming, for example, a ship-carpenter. He is necessarily a sail-maker. There is not a first-rate mast-man in the navy who is not a good "rigger." The mast-man's duty is with the rigging. He must know every detail of the ropes; and if he knows precisely how the sheets should run, how and where the blocks should be placed, and all the other minutiae of the rigging, he can rig the vessel, and thereby earn high wages. Therefore, while a good many apprentices re-enlist at the end of their schooling, a good many of the best of them do not, and this unwillingness to ship on board a man-of-war affects a very large number of the seafaring class.

The method of enlistment adopted by the navy differs somewhat from that of the army. There are sometimes rendezvous, but ordinarily the man who seeks to join the navy must go to the receiving-ship at a navy-yard. In New York this receiving-



THE MEDICAL EXAMINATION.

ship, which is moored at the Brooklyn Navy-yard, is the old *Vermont*, the last of her class, the successor of the *North Carolina*—a vessel of the same kind, whose timbers are now doing service in the long bridge which unites the main-land with City Island. The *Vermont* is one of those enormous broad-beamed, comfortable ships which sailed the seas and fought the fights of the latter part of the eighteenth century and the first part of this. She is now dismantled and roofed over, and bears more resemblance to an overgrown canal-boat that might be towed by a regiment of Percherons than to the graceful thing which was to have been blown through the sea under a mountain of swelling white canvas.

Men may also enlist on board a vessel which

is cruising within the waters of the United States, except at stations where there is a regular recruiting office or a navy-yard. Men may also enlist on board vessels that are cruising in foreign waters for the remainder of her cruise.

The term of enlistment is three years, which is the period of a cruise. When a ship of war is put in commission, it is expected, under ordinary circumstances, that she will be on cruise for three years. The men drafted to her expect to spend their term of enlistment on her, and the officers ordered to her anticipate three years of sea duty in her cabin, wardroom, and steerage.

The men enlist in certain grades and classes. For instance, if a man has served as a "seaman gunner," he may be rated as such

on his re-enlistment. Otherwise a sailor is taken as a "seaman," or as an "ordinary seaman." A "seaman" is not only an able seaman, but one who has served in the navy, and who therefore understands the discipline and the special duties, especially those of a military character, demanded on board of a man-of-war. A sailor who stands high in the merchant-service, but who has not been in the navy, will be shipped as an "ordinary seaman."

The next grade is that of "landsmen." Landsmen are precisely what the title designates. They are persons who have never learned the sailor's trade. At the present time the officers of the *Vermont*—perhaps of other receiving-ships—are refusing to enlist landsmen unless they have some trade which will be useful on board ship.

Other men are enlisted as machinists, boiler-makers, first-class firemen, second-class firemen, and coal-heavers.

If a man has served as a petty officer with such distinction as to have received three consecutive good-conduct badges, he is entitled to re-enlist at his old rating.

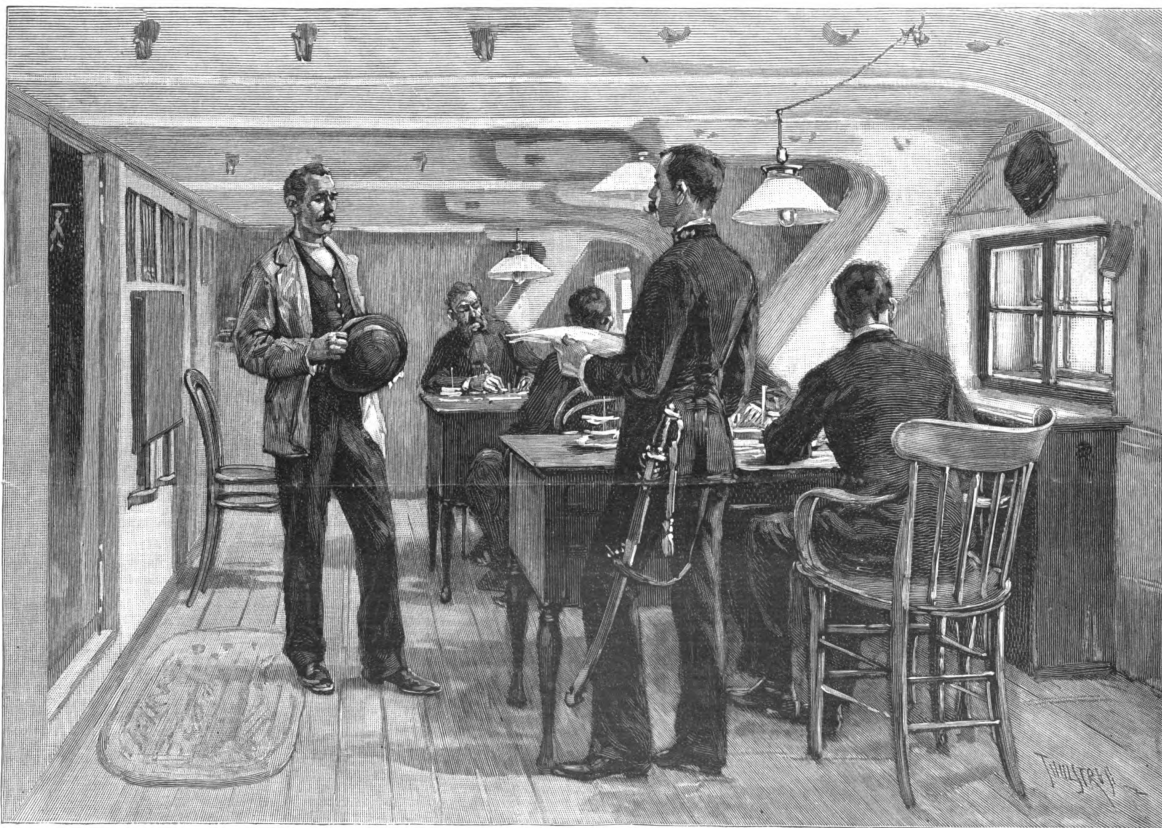
Other persons of a ship's company, like handsmen, the stewards, and servants of officers, are enlisted for the cruise. Certain others, like the yeomen, or writers and apothecaries, are not required to enlist.

The men are regularly discharged at the end of their term of enlistment. The enlisted man who serves out his term creditably receives, on his discharge, the "Honorable Discharge and Continuous Service Certificate" already mentioned. He may be discharged for bad conduct by sentence of a summary court martial, or by the civil courts as a minor or an alien. No person can be discharged from the navy outside the United States, except by the Secretary of the Navy or by a general court martial.

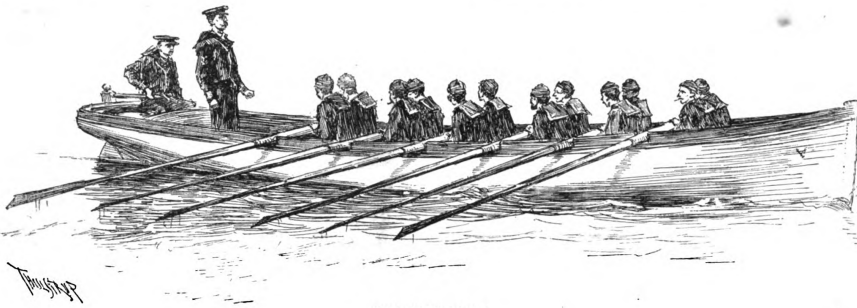
The petty officers are selected from the enlisted men. On a cruise the selection is made by the commanding officer, and as each commanding officer has the right to select his own petty officers, when the command is transferred the retiring captain reduces the men whom he has rated to the grade they held on joining the ship.

The subjects of pay, rations, and provisions for old age and broken health will be treated of hereafter.

The enlisted man of the navy enters a service in which he receives from his officers that degree of justice which the officers themselves are capable of meting out. There are some officers in the United States navy who are indifferent, careless, or prejudiced. Occasionally one may be found who is brutal; but brutality is so rare a vice in the service that it may be said to be practically nonexistent. As a rule, the officers of the navy are careful and considerate of their men, look



THE SHIPPING OFFICE.



THE BOAT DRILL.



OVER THE MAST-HEAD.

after their welfare, see that they are rated justly, and enjoy the friendship of the sailors.

It should be borne in mind that the officer who treats his men harshly and cruelly is in danger of losing his commission, and is always unpopular with his fellow-officers. In the second place, it is greatly to the advantage of the officer that he should be just to his crew. A sailor's grade depends upon his ratings and his "good conduct badges," and the officers, who are responsible for the condition and safety of the vessel, are naturally intent upon discovering the most efficient men for the responsible positions.

All kinds and conditions of men present themselves at the receiving-ship for enlistment. There are sailors and mechanics; men fresh from the gutter, with the soil of the city clinging to their rags, and the marks of their last spree fresh upon their bloated faces. There are old salts incapable of taking care of themselves, and anxious for the government's kindly shelter. There are poor men out of employment, who have never been to sea, and who are turned off unless they have a handicraft which is useful on shipboard. If the applicant is a sailor, he is asked if he has ever served in the navy. If he has, he must show an honorable discharge, for men who have deserted or who have been discharged for bad conduct cannot return to the navy. If he is satisfactory in this respect, he is turned over for examination as to his physical condition and his attainments. If he is a mechanic, he is also examined as to his proficiency. Some of the men who present themselves at the receiving-ships are old sailors whose three months' leave is up, and who have spent their money, found it difficult to obtain satisfactory shore employment, or are unable to resist the temptations of the sea.

The strong influence of the life of a man-of-war's man has not been greatly exaggerated in the literature of the sea. There is many an old man in the navy to-day who regards any one but a sailor-man with contempt. These are the men who become the best of the petty officers, and some of them, too old to go to sea, are to be found on board the *Vermont*. There is Antonio Williams, for example, whose life and adventures have appeared in the *WEEKLY*. He is a survivor of the *Harmon*, and is an armorer. Other old men instruct the recruits in the elementary tasks of seamanship—making knots, etc. These old men are contented. They are taken care of. If they are disabled, they go to the Naval Hospital; and if they are totally disabled, they may end their days in one of the national homes.

When the recruit is finally accepted, he is given an outfit, for which he is charged; for the government makes no allowance to its sailors for clothes. They sell the cloth to them, but the sailors pay for all they wear. The thriftiness among them make their own

clothes, so that it is an ordinary thing aboard a war ship to see a group of sailors squatting on the berth-deck, with their ditty-boxes, doing the work of tailors. A sailor's outfit of clothes consists of his blue trousers and shirts, his blue cap, a heavy watch cap, a working suit of white canvas (which he usually wears over the blue), a cap ribbon (on which is the name of the vessel to which he is attached), a pair of leggins for shore duty, his silk neckerchief, his monkey-jacket, and his woollen under-clothes and socks. The outfit costs about \$50 a year, if the man is ordinarily careful and does his own sewing. The government, in compelling the sailor to buy his own clothes, discriminates against him, for it gives to the soldier of the army an allowance for clothes which is so liberal that a prudent man may save from it during his enlistment as much as \$75, which is paid to him on his honorable discharge from the service.

Another item of expense to the sailor is the cost of the berth-deck cooks. These cooks are really mess stewards, for the actual cooking is done by the ship's cook. The crew is divided into messes, each mess having its cook, who receives one or two rations, according to the liberality or extravagance of the men. The mess of the petty officers pays its cook the most, of course. The commutation of a ration is thirty cents a day. There is now no allowance for grog. Instead the men have five cents added to the ration. The berth-deck cook makes up special dishes for his mess, and buys the fresh vegetables, coffee, meats, and other extras, known as "shore grub," which the men indulge in. The berth-deck cook is rather an expensive necessity, and it is more than likely that the mess system will be changed eventually, and the men relieved of his services, or at least of the services of so many cooks.

The men are drilled on board the receiving-ship in the most ordinary duties of sailors. When they are called to quarters in the morning they are divided into squads, and each squad is placed under the charge of an old sailor. The squads are put through the setting-up drill. They are taught the use of the magazine-gun, the revolver, and the cutlass. They are drilled in gunnery, and are taken out for exercise and instruction in the small boats. When they are sufficiently instructed in the rudiments of their new calling, they are ready to be sent off to some ship in commission for which a draft is made.

The main difficulties in getting good men for the navy have been already indicated. Employments on shore for which good sea-

men are fitted pay better wages than the government gives to its seamen, and the man outside the public service is freer and more independent than the man inside. Officers and men of both the army and the navy complain that the enlisted man is rather looked down upon, and does not stand upon an equal footing with the working-men of the country. There may be foundation for the complaint; it should be borne in mind that the enlisted man gives up his freedom to a large extent, and that he who does that in a free republic must suffer for his yielding to the hard circumstances of existence, in the opinion of those who fight out the struggle. How hard and grinding the contrast sometimes appears to the sailor was very recently illustrated at the Brooklyn Navy-yard. A ship was making ready for sea in some haste, and the crew were unable to coal her fast enough. It became necessary, therefore, to employ heavers from the shore to assist the

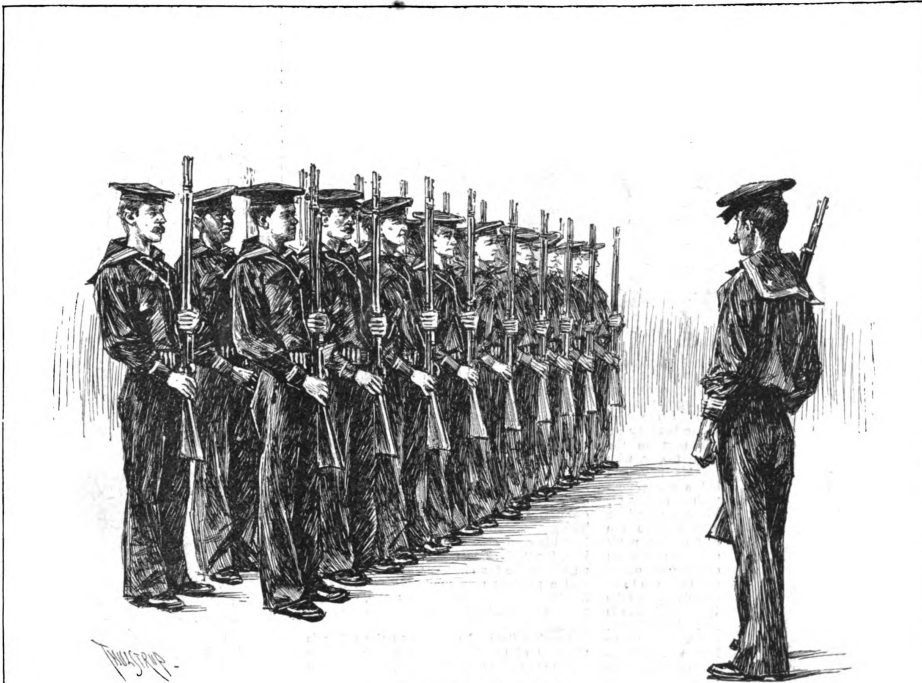


BOARDING DRILL.

sailors, who, when they are compelled to do the work of coal-heavers, receive thirty-three cents a day as extra-duty pay. Even with this additional compensation, however, the sailors worked alongside of men who earned as much in an hour as the sailors earned in the whole day. Under the circumstances, it cannot be a matter of surprise that many of the best men do not re-enlist. There is another evil whose remedy is entirely within the power of the President (whose duty it is to fix the pay of the petty officers, seamen, ordinary seamen, firemen, and coal-heavers) and of Congress. The evil is a grievous one, and is discerned and grumbled about in the fore-castle of every ship in the service. It is



KNOTTING AND SPLICING.



THE MAGAZINE-GUN DRILL.

the discrimination made against the seaman class and in favor of the special and artificer classes.

These are the general divisions of the crew of a ship. Besides, there are three classes—first, second, and third—of petty officers and seamen. The petty officers of the first class are the chief boatswains' mates, the chief runners' mates, and the chief quartermasters. In the artificer class there is the machinist.

There is no more important petty officer on the ship than the chief boatswain's mate. He has charge of the sailors' work. On some of the smaller ships of the navy there are no boatswains, and the mate has to do the work of that officer. He and his fellow petty officers of the first class receive only \$35 a month; the lowest pay in the special class of this grade is \$45. The ship's writers and the school-master receive \$10 a month more than the expert seaman who is at the head of the crew, and upon whose skill and courage the safety of the ship and its company often depends. The band-master receives \$52, and the yeomen \$60; the machinists receive \$70.

This is bad enough; but unjust as it is, there are comparisons that are still more odious. The ship's cook receives the same pay as the chief boatswain's mate, while the blacksmiths and the boiler-makers receive \$60 a month.

In the third class of petty officers are the captains of the forecabin and the main, fore, and mizzen tops. The latter are the sailors who have charge of the men whose duty is aloft. They are required to be not only expert sailors, but men who can command and who are able to direct. Very often at sea a good deal depends upon the captains of the top. The government pays them \$30 a month—\$5 less than it pays the ship's cook, \$6 less than it pays the chief musicians and the writers, \$10 less than it pays to printers and to carpenters' mates; the same that it pays painters and to musicians of the second class.

If a new recruit is found to possess a sufficient talent for music, he is taught to play the ship's calls on the bugle. In a week or two he may be able to play. In a month he may be so proficient that he is made a bugler, and he thereupon becomes an enlisted man of the first special class, and is paid at the rate of \$33 a month—\$7 more than the pay of the seamen gunners of his own class, and \$3 more than the pay of captains of the tops.

An able seaman receives \$24; an ordinary seaman, \$19; a landsman, \$16. First-class firemen receive \$35, as much as a chief boatswain's mate; a carpenter, \$25; a second-class fireman, \$30; and a coal-heaver, \$22.

This discrimination in pay against the seaman class causes more discontent among the men of the navy than anything else. The sailors do the hard work, take care of the ship, keep it clean, sail it, and fight the guns,

and receive the smallest pay. It is not fair that they should be paid less than the wages given to non-professionals. If the government cannot procure the services of the men of the special and artificer classes for less than the present prevailing rates, it should not therefore do injustice to the sailors. They should pay enough to procure the best seamen who are willing to give up the freedom

and who have no hope of securing the command of vessels for themselves.

Whether the navy will ever succeed in manning its vessels in time of peace with crews chiefly or largely composed of native Americans is doubtful. When war comes, the problem is easier. Americans will always do what the fishermen of Marblehead did in the war of 1812. They will enlist in the struggle. But

making the sailor's trade a vocation is a different matter.

The result is that the percentage of native Americans in the navy is very much smaller than in the army, if the colored men are excepted. There are Englishmen and Irishmen, the latter predominating, of course, and many of the native Americans are of Irish parentage. These men make the best petty officers. They are not only good sailors themselves, but they are the cause of good seamanship in others. They have good judgment, and are capable of directing. This is not true of the men of Norway and Sweden, who constitute the largest part of the crews of our national vessels. These men are excellent seamen; but it is very difficult to find among them a man who is able to take the responsibility and perform the duties of even the small commands of petty officers. The "North Countrymen," as they are called, are very neat and thrifty. There are comparatively few intemperate men to be found among them. They are loyal to their officers, and undoubtedly, in the event of a war, could be depended on to stand by the flag under which they have enlisted.

Good as these men are, they are not so good as foreign navies are able to procure from their own citizens. It seems to be largely a question of money. We have a very small navy, but its material should be the best. If the government is to obtain as good men as are serving, for example, in the British navy, it must pay even higher rates than England pays, because there is greater competition here for labor. The best men who are willing to give up their independence and freedom are certainly none too good for the crews of American men-of-war.

While Congress is reflecting on the question of increasing the pay of enlisted men all along the line, the President, through the Secretary of the Navy, might rearrange the present rates in such a way that the seaman class may not be discriminated against. This would at least remove a frequent cause of complaint, and would be a simple act of justice to worthy and hard-worked men who do their duty by the country willingly and bravely.



CUTLASS PRACTICE.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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BY A SUMMER SEA.—DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY.

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PLAYING WITH EDGED TOOLS.

THE silver question is not an easy one, and those who are really masters of any currency question are few. Public opinion upon such questions is really decided by certain general principles, and very largely by the weight of character and the reputation of those who are known to be masters of the subject. They are therefore very difficult and dangerous questions for politicians to handle; and as party platforms are made by politicians, they are quite likely to prove to be exceedingly injurious to the party prospects. From this point of view the two Ohio platforms are interesting studies. They are moves in a party game, and it cannot be denied that the Republicans have the advantage. The framers of both platforms saw that the chief appeal of the campaign would be made to the farmers. The farmers, especially at the West, have been pinched, and they have been told by the party leaders and orators on both sides that they need more money. This they do not doubt, and free coinage of silver is represented to them as the panacea. The politicians at once echo the cry and fear it. It is nevertheless in great part a trade cry raised by those who have silver to sell. But it is a cry so loud that the Senate, under Republican leadership, passed a free-coinage bill, and Western Republican Senators, STEWART, JONES, PLUMB, WOLCOTT, and TELLER, are the active free-silver leaders.

On the other hand, the one public man in the country who is a generally trusted authority upon this question, as upon other questions of finance, is Senator SHERMAN, an unwavering Republican. It was not an advantage for the party that he was pointedly slighted at the Ohio Republican Convention for ex-Governor FORAKER. The Convention, however, made a skilful deliverance upon the silver question. The leaders knew the farming interest in that question, but naturally magnified it. They saw that they must retain the sympathy of the farmers without alienating the sound conservative opinion of the State and the country, and therefore, laying the whole emphasis upon an apparent advocacy of "the people's money," they said in their platform,

"We approve the coinage act by which the great product of the silver mines is added to the currency of the people, and out of which experiment may come a wise adjustment of financial questions liberal toward Western interests."

Whether the tendency of that act is or is not toward a silver basis, this declaration was substantially a declaration against free silver coinage. It was a

sagacious but veiled appeal to the honest-money sentiment. Mr. SHERMAN supported the action of the Convention, and after its adjournment wrote an admirable letter, from which the Republicans cannot safely permit their national declaration of next year to depart. The advantageous position of the party was evident, and the *Evening Post*, before the meeting of the Ohio Democratic Convention, gave an emphatic note of warning. "It is necessary to tell the Ohio Democrats that they can do more damage to their party in the East than all their leaders can repair if they commit themselves to the free coinage of silver and the consequent demonetization of gold." The *Post* contemplated such an event as possibly, if not probably, alienating the Eastern contingent of the Democratic party, and assuring national defeat next year.

But the Ohio Democratic Convention voted down the following declaration by a majority of 99 out of 600:

"We believe in honest money, the coinage of gold and silver, and a circulating medium convertible into such money without loss, and we oppose all legislation which tends to drive either gold or silver out of circulation, and we believe in maintaining the coinage of both metals on a parity."

Rejecting this, it adopted instead the majority report of its committee, demanding the "reinstatement of the constitutional standard of both gold and silver, with the equal right of each to free and unlimited coinage." The vote showed a difference of opinion, but the action is decisive. It recalls to every voter the fact that the danger to the currency has been usually and very much more decidedly marked on the Democratic than on the Republican side. It is a kind of defiance to the friends of honest money. But it is also a warning which will be felt in the campaign of next year. Undoubtedly the vote of every intelligent and independent citizen depends on a balance of considerations which are not to be predetermined. But it does not follow that a man will vote for a chance to revise the tariff if his vote is also to count for debasing the currency. Those who desire a reasonable tariff do not wish it more earnestly than a sound currency.

A POLITICIAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

EX-SECRETARY BOUTWELL has been always opposed to civil service reform. He recently contributed a statement of his views upon the subject to the *Boston Globe*, which is of importance only as it gave Mr. LYMAN, the President of the National Commission, an opportunity of answering the ex-Secretary's objections, and once more stating the truth. Mr. BOUTWELL was a sincere and consistent adherent of the old spoils system. He once said, when he was Secretary of the Treasury, that he believed when a party carried the election it meant to turn out not only the Secretary of the Treasury, but the messenger by his chair and the porter at his door. When he was asked if he thought that such a purpose was wise for the party or good for the country, it was clear that such a question had never presented itself to his mind. At another time he said that he thought a Secretary of the Treasury could select his subordinates much better than they could be selected for him. But when he was asked whether he thought that his view was true of the minor clerks, and whether in their case he must not depend upon the recommendation of members of Congress, and whether he thought they would recommend appointments for fitness only, or for something else, he smiled and answered, "Well, perhaps."

But when the Secretary was asked whether, in saying that a Secretary ought to appoint his subordinates, he meant that he would appoint them only for legitimate reasons, he said, "Why not?" To this it was answered that even in case of the death of his most important subordinate, he, as Secretary of the Treasury, would not be a free agent in appointing his successor. He would be obliged to select among candidates submitted to him by powerful Senators of his party; and he assented, adding that the Senators, however, would consider the interest of the party. But when asked what constitutional right Senators and Representatives—except the former in acting upon nominations—had to meddle with executive functions, he smiled again, and said that under our system it was inevitable. "Could we not change the system?" "Perhaps," answered the Secretary, politely, as if he meant, "Possibly in another creation."

Ex-Secretary BOUTWELL and public men of his generation and training regard the movement for civil service reform as CLAY and CASS and the men of their time regarded the antislavery agitation. They saw in it only a disturbance of the Union and sectional disorder. Mr. BOUTWELL and the party politicians of his school see in civil service reform only the loosening of party ties and the destruction of party discipline. As the elder men could not see in the antislavery crusade a closer and peaceful and happier union, the later cannot see the truer function of party and the self-respect and honor of the public service, which are the inevitable result of civil service reform.

CAPITAL EXECUTIONS.

PUBLIC executions had become such public scandals, such scenes of debauchery, riot, and disorder, that many years ago in England, and generally in this country, they were abolished. To ride in a kind of popular triumph to Tyburn, with a huge bouquet upon his breast, and after a confession to the surging crowd to be "turned off" gallantly at the tree, was the fate of JACK SHEPPARD and his kind, and instead of a moral corrective, an execution was an incitement to crime by investing the criminal with a mock-heroic glamour. The same scene was familiar in this country. The culprit, in a new suit of clothes, was driven through the town, surrounded by a running, yelling crowd, to the outskirts where the gallows was erected, and there, amid a drunken, ribald, roistering multitude, swearing and shouting, the awful act of execution was accomplished. Humanity and decency at last intervened, and ordained that executions should be private, in the presence of authorized witnesses. But the frequent bungling and uncertainty of the details, resulting in scenes of frightful suffering and horror, suggested that the modern advance of invention in the application of deadly forces might supply a method of swift and certain death which would fulfil without torture the purpose of the law.

Extended and careful inquiry, under the authority of the State of New York, led to a report and proposition, and finally to legislation providing for execution by electricity as at once an instant and painless death. It was an innovation, and therefore aroused opposition. When at last a man was sentenced to death under the new law, every form of legal delay was invoked. The case was argued and appealed from court to court. Great legal ability was enlisted and execution was delayed, until it was surmised that the contest had become a strife between rival electrical companies. Finally an execution was appointed, and when it occurred it was alleged, not without apparent reason, that in some manner it had been imperfect. The controversy was imbibed by certain provisions of the law regarding the circumstances of the execution. The commission of inquiry was aware, in common with all intelligent persons, that the old mischiefs of a public execution had been continued by a maudlin newspaper sentimentality concerning capital criminals. Reporters "wrote up" personal accounts of the criminals in the most sensational manner, making them the heroes of romantic tragedy of the most demoralizing kind. The morbid curiosity which was thus sedulously cultivated and gratified was a public evil. The commission and the law proceeded upon the conviction that the public desired to know only that in a lawful manner the convict had been promptly and painlessly executed. For this purpose nothing more was necessary than the presence of a certain and adequate number of intelligent and professionally scientific witnesses, and their sworn report, and so far as possible no further publication than that of the properly attested facts.

In strict obedience to this law, four persons were lately executed at Sing Sing prison, in New York. A medical certificate was immediately prepared by scientific men present, reciting the circumstances of the execution, the behavior of the condemned, the fact of painless and immediate death, and the result of the autopsy which followed at once. The certificate attested the good order and decorum which prevailed throughout the solemn scene, and declared that the result, in the opinion of the witnesses, proved that execution by electricity is superior to any other yet devised. The certificate was signed by twenty reputable citizens—clergymen, physicians, and others—known to great numbers of persons. There is no suspicion that it was not a perfectly authentic statement, and it would be very surprising if the intelligent people of New York did not prefer such an execution of their will in capital cases, with all its circumstances, including the suppression of the sensational accounts in the newspapers. That people, of course, if they choose, may restore the old public execution, but we believe they will prefer the swift and sure death inflicted under the most solemn and impressive and deterrent circumstances.

SECTARIAN INDIAN SCHOOLS.

It is the misfortune of the Roman Catholic Church in this country that it seeks to control education. The misfortune lies in the fact that its purpose leads to constant irritation of public feeling and dispute, because the people of the United States are resolved that no Church shall control education. Every sect is, of course, free to establish schools at its own cost for the instruction of such children as may be sent to them. But the use of public money to sustain such schools is contrary to public feeling and policy. This is well understood in the States of the Union, but it does not prevent a continuous effort, under various pleas, to secure public aid for private or sectarian institutions. No Church among us has so definite a purpose and so thorough an organization to extend its sway as the Roman Church. It is untiring and able and plausible, and its efforts, outside of its proper pale as a religious communion, must

be watched as unremittingly and met as firmly as those of any other Church or association of any kind would be.

There is no complete or consistent system of education in the Indian Department as there is in the States. There are still mission schools maintained by different denominations besides the government schools, and public money is appropriated to aid them. The theory seems to be that it is more economical for the government to unite with the sects than to maintain the schools independently, like other public schools. The results of such a system in the States can be readily perceived, and it is a source of constant feeling and anxiety in the Indian Department. In 1889 forty per cent. of the appropriation for Indian education, which was less than one million and a half, was given to the sectarian schools. Of this sum, which was \$554,558, the Catholic schools received \$347,689. For the next year they will receive about \$400,000. The purpose of these schools primarily, as it was in the early Jesuit missions in Canada, is to make Roman Catholics, rather than American citizens. We do not mean that unpatriotic sentiments or feelings are inculcated. But the object is ecclesiastical and sectarian. That is the chief interest, and for that purpose the organization is thorough. This is something very foreign to our general policy, and it should be generally understood. But it is not. Probably very few persons who have not especial reasons for knowing understand our scheme of Indian education.

The subject is apt to be dismissed with the remark that education under Catholic auspices and with sectarian purposes is better than none. But this is not really the alternative or the question, unless we choose that it shall be. The question is, why should the public pay for making Catholics or Methodists or Presbyterians? In 1889 we appropriated \$1,364,568 for education among the Indians. Why should a dollar of that sum be spent for a sectarian purpose? And if it is not large enough to maintain necessary schools properly, would it not be much better for the country to spend twice as much rather than to save a million or two dollars by sustaining a sectarian instruction which, as sectarian, is repugnant to the spirit of our institutions? The zeal of the various sects would doubtless lead them to maintain mission schools among the Indians as among the Hindoos and the Chinese, and in our own great cities. But the partnership of the government of the United States with religious sects should be ended as soon as possible.

CHANCES OF THE AUTUMN.

It appears that the report of a conversation with Mr. BLAINE about his health, to which we alluded last week as published in the *Tribune*, was a forgery, and has been disclaimed by the *Tribune*. Senator HALE, however, was reported in the *Herald* as saying that the misrepresentations of Mr. BLAINE's condition were malicious slanders, and the usual telegraphic statements of his rapid progress toward recovery have appeared. It is a matter of public interest, and we still think it unfortunate that no responsible professional bulletin has been published.

There is no doubt that in the general uncertainty, and with the tendency to believe that the Secretary is seriously ill, his name is dropped from the political speculations for next year. No new Republican name appears, and the re-nomination of Mr. HARRISON, as we said last week, seems to be assured. Unexpected results of the elections of the autumn, however, would probably recast the programme. General Democratic success would produce a Republican dark horse. A change would be considered indispensable, and the Republican party would be inclined to follow the course recently taken in Massachusetts—to invite from party leaders suggestions of the issues upon which the party could most hopefully conduct the campaign.

A general Republican victory would undoubtedly secure the nomination of Mr. HARRISON, and dispose the Democrats to look about for a new issue. Indeed, a general Republican victory, reversing the result of last year, would be so significant that the Democrats will have shown themselves exceedingly unwise in defying the sound financial view of the country, as in their Ohio platform. The actual situation shows how very doubtful is the issue of next year's election, and gives peculiar interest to party movements this year.

MR. QUAY'S RESIGNATION.

A REPORT of an interview with Senator QUAY is published, in which he says that the labors of the next campaign are at hand, and he does not care to undertake them, but is not yet willing to say positively that he will resign the chairmanship of the Republican National Committee. In a later telegram he says that his resignation is probable. Evidently he does not imagine that the committee would displace him; and does anybody else? Yet the whole Republican party sees that the Republican State of Pennsylvania gave HARRISON in 1888 a plurality of 79,452 over the Democratic candidate for President, and in 1890 gave the Democratic candidate for Governor 16,554 plurality over the Republican candidate.

This result was due to a Republican protest against the leadership of Mr. QUAY on the ground of official delinquency, frankly stated, and a similar protest has been again issued this year on the ground that Mr. QUAY's explanation is futile. Yet has there been any sign to show that the Republican organization represented by Messrs. CLARKSON and PLATT, for instance, takes any other view of the protest than that ex-

pressed by Mr. QUAY, that the signers of it are Democrats? Even Mr. ROBERT T. LINCOLN took pains to deplore it, and President HARRISON still befriends Mr. QUAY. Is there any reason to suppose, therefore, that if Mr. QUAY should choose to remain chairman, the committee would depose him?

But if Mr. QUAY should resign, there need be no misunderstanding. Whatever the National Committee might or might not do, he would have been shamed out of his office by public sentiment. It is a sentiment shared by many Republicans, and occasionally it finds expression in a newspaper allusion. By most reputable fellow-citizens in his own city, who prove their sincerity by their votes, and by newspapers that solicit prosecutions for libel, he is charged with definite offences. There are living witnesses who could at once disprove the charges, reinstate Mr. QUAY in public confidence, cover his accusers with confusion, and punish them by exemplary damages. But he does not appeal to the courts, summon the witnesses, and stand absolved. His fellow-citizens again condemn him. If he should resign, it will be because he believes the country agrees with them.

AN ADMIRABLE APPOINTMENT.

No better appointment has been made by the present administration than that of Mr. JOHN M. COMSTOCK, of New York, to be chief of the Customs Division of the Treasury Department. Mr. COMSTOCK is a man of great sagacity and ability, who has been long in the public service, and has acquired an invaluable experience. He is, in fact, a past master in the customs service, and his present promotion is the reward of approved merit. It is precisely the kind of appointment which, in the public interest, ought always to be made.

In entering upon his new duties Mr. COMSTOCK has resigned his position as a member of the Board of Civil Service Examiners for the customs service of New York. This place he has held since the law went into effect; and to Naval Officer BURR, and his special deputy Mr. COMSTOCK, both of them most earnest and intelligent friends of reform, upon whom fell much of the duty of organizing and superintending the operation of the reformed system in New York, its practical success is largely due. It is not too much to say that in practice it owes more to those two gentlemen than to any other. In accepting Mr. COMSTOCK's resignation, Mr. LYMAN, president of the national commission, says:

"The commission desires to express its high estimate of the value of your services as a member of the Board of Examiners, and during the larger part of the time as its chairman, from its organization in 1888 to the present time, and its thorough appreciation of the intelligence, integrity, ability, and loyal devotion to the cause of civil service reform which have characterized your connection with the board, and with the larger work of the commission."

Mr. COMSTOCK's appointment is an illustration of a civil service conducted upon reform principles. In character, ability, and fitness he is the man for the place. He owes his appointment to no influence or favor or extrinsic consideration, but solely to his qualifications. The spoils-men like Mr. CLARKSON, who cuts off heads, and Mr. PLATT, who says that he loves him for cutting them off—would have removed Mr. COMSTOCK long ago, and replaced him with some trusty henchman who packed party caucuses and organized party clubs. Those acts, however useful, do not qualify men for valuable public service, and it is because that fact is more and more generally acknowledged that civil service reform is more and more generally approved.

AT BAIREUTH.

THE annual performance of WAGNER's operas at Baireuth, in Germany, under the general direction of Frau WAGNER, seems to show no decline of enthusiasm. This is evident from the report in the *New York Times*:

"As regards the music of *Parsifal*, I have come to the conclusion, after hearing it seven times at three festivals, that it is not only the most marvellously constructed score in existence, but that in it WAGNER's ideal union of music, poetry, action, and scenic or pictorial effect comes nearer perfect realization than even in *Siegfried*. Never was his imagination more creative than when he penned *Parsifal*, at the age of sixty-seven, and the song of the flower maidens is still as fresh and spontaneous as that of the sirens in *Tannhäuser*, and of the Rhine maidens in the *Trilogy*."

This is the key of the description. The *Tribune* report says that the performance in general left a deep impression. The audience, gathered from the four quarters of the globe, listened with rapt attention until the close, then broke out into tumultuous applause. Time, however, has left its mark on MATERNA's voice and figure. "She is too stout for the temptation scene in the second act," alas! But VAN DYCK, as Parsifal, "is ideal in voice and appearance."

The *Times* report says:

"The strained attitude of attention was most agreeably relieved by the intermissions of an hour between each act, when the excited audience poured out of the theatre into the adjoining gardens, and gave expression to their pent-up emotions while restoring nature with copious draughts of the best beer in Germany."

This enthusiasm, which brings pilgrims from every civilized country to a small German town to see operas performed, is quite without precedent. There is nothing like it in the annals of any other opera. Even the Italian opera, with its most famous singers, offers nothing to rival this; and it is curious that our own Metropolitan Opera-house, in which this music has been presented with success only second, perhaps, to that of Baireuth, should have decided to set it aside and restore the Italian opera.

It will be an interesting experiment. But can the management hope for an audience full of the enthusiasm which draws multitudes to Baireuth? When JENNY LIND was enchanting this country, it was amusing, but a little absurd, to hear certain critics say that she was a novelty, and could sing some Northern songs with striking ventriloquial effects, but when we come to speak of high art and the grand manner, you know—! The experience of the last few years would

seem to show that musical taste has changed from the days of PALMO's opera-house, and even of the Astor Place opera. But whether the plan be to disprove that conclusion, or, admitting it, to turn the taste back again, the experiment will still be interesting.

PERSONAL.

WALTER CRANE, the artist, who is so well known by his illustrations in children's toy books, although his reputation has not depended alone on work of this character, lives almost in the heart of London. From his garden, filled with old apple, pear, and cherry trees, and the old-fashioned flowers which still hold places of honor in English floriculture, he has drawn the inspiration of many of his pictures. A quarter of a century ago Mr. CRANE was a boy at work in a London engraving shop, and one of his earliest ambitions was to visit the Zoological Gardens to make studies for a book on natural history which his employer was preparing. Now his hands are full, and his quick conception and wonderful originality are kept alert by the different classes of work he has to do.

Driving a speedy horse is so pleasant and healthful a recreation that one is not surprised to learn that ROBERT BONNER has spent \$600,000 of his ample means in following the advice his physician gave him thirty-five years ago. The money has been used in acquiring the fastest trotters in this country, and consequently in the world, and among his pets have been numbered such equine kings and queens as Dexter, Edwin Forest, Joe Elliott, Rarus, Maud S., and Sunol. No speedier collection of horses than those on his farm at Tarrytown has ever been gathered anywhere, and it is doubtful if there ever will be again, for few persons possess Mr. BONNER's taste for fast horses, or the means to gratify it so fully if the taste existed.

—EX-SENATOR EDMUNDS lives in a large and well-shaded brick house in Burlington, Vermont, and is very domestic in his habits and tastes. When he drives out with his family he rides in a carriage of modern make, drawn by fine horses; but when he goes alone, he jogs along in an old express wagon behind a middle-aged gray horse, which loves to nibble the grass by the way-side while the Senator exchanges views on the crops with his farmer acquaintances. Senator EDMUNDS is an expert angler, and his success with the rod, whether he seeks for luck on the lake or among the trout brooks, is proverbial. He is also a good shot, and now that he has laid aside the cares of public life, he seems to be enjoying himself fully among his old neighbors in the Green Mountain State.

—Few men in Chicago have made a stronger impress on the city's affairs than F. E. STONE, founder of the *Daily News*, and the life of that paper while he was connected with it. He was the son of a Methodist minister, and while a very young man was "down on his luck," and had to earn his living as a bell-hanger. Finally he drifted to Chicago, and became a newspaper reporter. With other ambitious scribes, he started a penny sensational newspaper, which was in imminent danger of failing because, as was frequently the case in Western cities in those days, there were no pennies in use. Mr. STONE, however, imported a quantity of the coins, peddled them among the business men, and got them into circulation. Then the *News* boomed. Some time afterwards Mr. STONE brought VICTOR F. LAWSON into the company, and with new blood and larger capital in the management, the paper passed on to a greater success, and soon started a morning edition. A few years ago Mr. STONE, who is about forty-five years old, retired with a large fortune, and is now the vice-president of a leading Chicago bank.

—JULES VERNE has a son, MICHEL, who is developing a talent for writing stories very much in his father's highly imaginative style.

—Governor RUSSELL, of Massachusetts, excelled in athletic sports while a Harvard student, and has not lost his interest in them since meeting his successes in political life. He was a good short-distance runner and base-ball player, and is still known as a skillful horseman and rifle shot.

—The Prince of Naples, who is soon to visit England, will not give up his whole visit to pleasure, but hopes to gain many practical hints by inspecting important industries in the kingdom. He is also an enthusiastic numismatist, and will probably spend considerable time in the British and South Kensington museums.

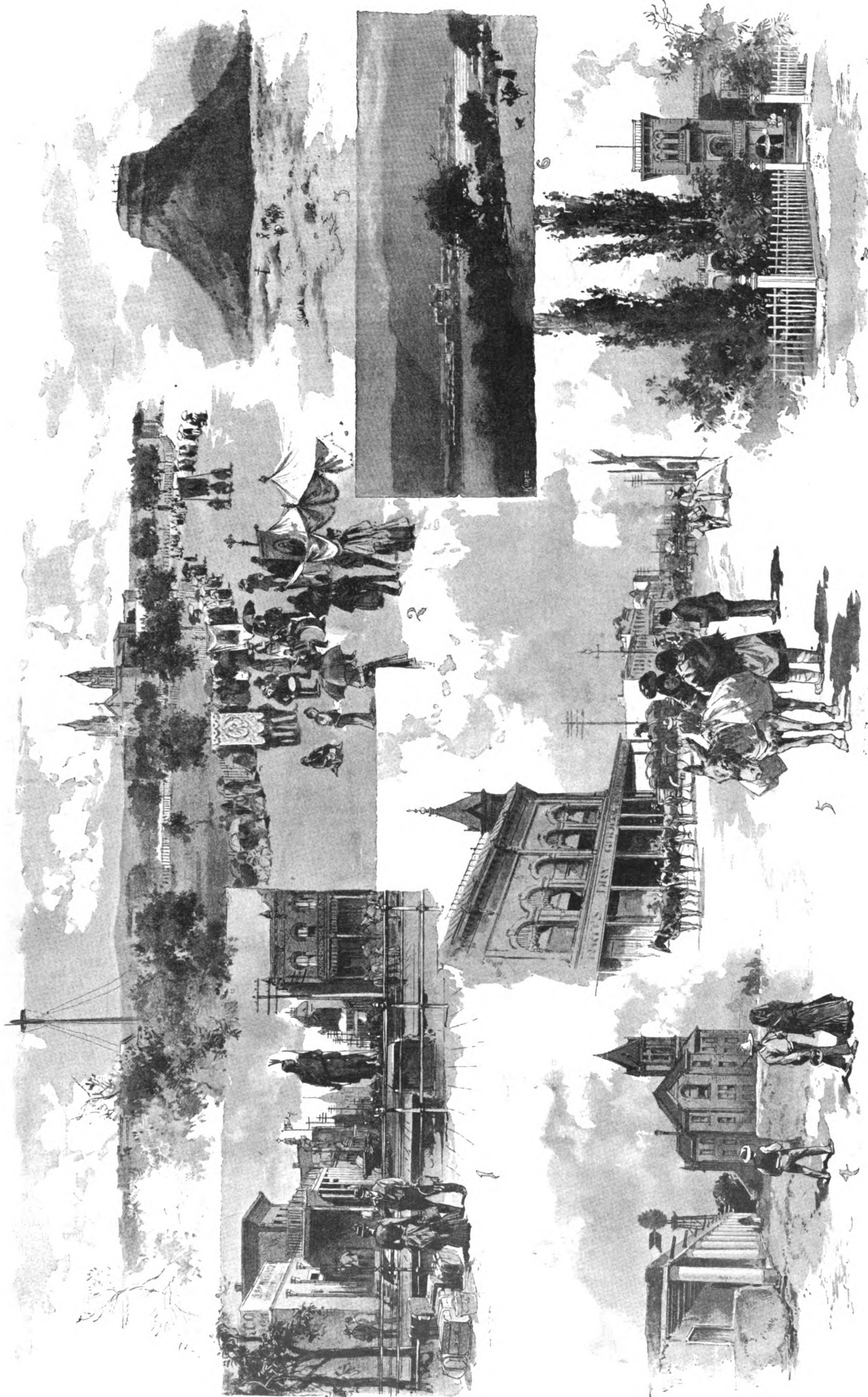
—The dedication of monuments to General Stonewall JACKSON and other Southern soldiers brings to mind the fact that many of the general officers of the Confederate army have passed away. Of 498, the original number, only 184 are now alive, and BRAUNGARD is the only surviving general who attained full rank.

—In a letter from Prince GEORGE of Greece to his father, GEORGE I. of Greece, the young man tells of his adventure in Japan, and refers to the Czarewicz as "Nicky," and to the Czarina as "Annt Mim." He says that after his rescue of the Czarewicz the Russian officers "played ball" with him, which he explains is their method of showing their joy. When the Crown-Prince of Russia was in this country shooting buffalo, he embraced General PHIL SHERIDAN, who had brought him to the hunting-grounds, and carried him fifty yards in his arms, so great was his delight over killing such big game.

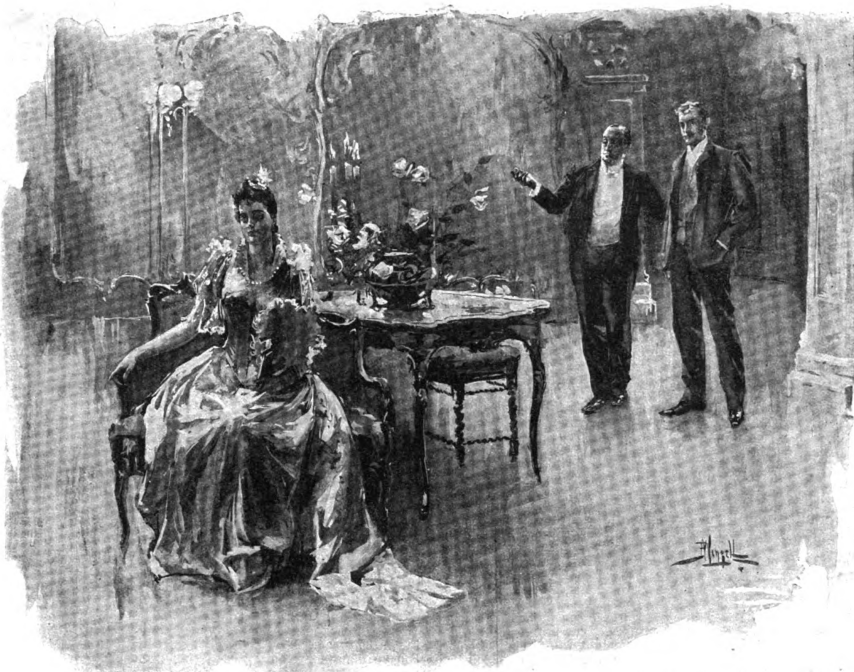
—DR. CHAUNCEY M. DEFEW left this country for his annual summer holiday last week under his physician's instructions not to make speeches when he reached the other side. He made the best of his time before reaching there by delivering five speeches on board of the steamer.

—A marble tablet bearing an inscription now marks the house in Nice where PAGANINI died.

—If Jumbo had only postponed for a few years his injudicious encounter with a locomotive, his stuffed and articulated remains might have formed important adjuncts of the \$150,000 building which P. T. BARNUM's money is erecting for the scientific and historical societies of Bridgeport, Connecticut. But the skeleton and hide of the giant pachyderm are separated, the one doing duty in the museum of a small New England college, and the other posing elsewhere as the former receptacle of greatness.



SKETCHES IN ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO, AND VICINITY.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 588.]
 1. Gold Street from Depot. 2. Corpus Christi Day in the Old Town. 3. Starvation Peak. 4. Bernalillo County Court-House. 5. Street in Albuquerque. 6. View on the Rio Grande, near Albuquerque. 7. Villa in Albuquerque, the Result of Irrigation.



THE DIAMONDS.

BY RICHARD MARSH.

HAROLD BROOKE had a watch-maker's glass fitted in his eye. Through it he was intently regarding something which he held in his hand. "One of the finest two diamonds which ever came out of Africa gone wrong! I wonder what Fungst will say?"

He moved to the window. Under the stronger light he renewed his examination of the crystal through the little microscopic lens.

"It'll be an affair of perhaps half an hour. I've known it happen in less. Tyrrrel shall have it." He laughed. "Hard on Tyrrrel, but harder still on me. He and I will share the loss. I wonder what Fungst will say? According to him, we had captured two of the finest diamonds Africa had ever yet produced. They were to make our fortunes. Well, Tyrrrel shall have a chance of making his. I wonder how far his knowledge of this sort of thing may go?"

A few minutes afterwards a hansom dashed up in front of a quaint little shop in the neighborhood of St. John's Square, Clerkenwell. Mr. Brooke sprang out. He entered the shop. A young man was its only occupant.

"Tyrrrel, I've brought you the diamond." The young man behind the counter gave a perceptible start. "I've changed my mind. You shall have it cheap."

"Cheap?"

"Dirt cheap. You shall have it for a thousand pounds."

"A thousand pounds?"

"Yes, a thousand pounds. But it must be money down. I leave England to-night. There are reasons which compel me. I don't know when I may return. Is it a bargain? Here is the stone."

Mr. Tyrrrel took it with a hand which trembled. He gave just one glance at it. His eyes gleamed.

"Will a check do?"

"An open check."

Mr. Tyrrrel wrote an open check for a thousand pounds. He handed it to Mr. Brooke. With a mere "Thanks!" that gentleman passed from the shop, sprang into the hansom, and was driven away. Mr. Tyrrrel stared after him amazed.

"I wonder what's up now?"

He picked up his purchase from where he had placed it on the counter. His hand still trembled. He went from the shop into an inner room.

"Mary, I've bought the diamond."

A note of exultation was in his voice. A young woman was leaving the room, a pile of linen in her arms. At the sound of her husband's voice she turned.

"Mr. Brooke's diamond?"

"Mr. Brooke's! What do you think I gave for it? A thousand pounds."

"A thousand pounds!"

"I think that Brooke's gone mad. He might have got ten times the sum from almost any one. He says that he has had a sudden call abroad, and wants the cash. It's his affair, not mine. Anyhow, I've bought the diamond. I gave him what he asked for it. Here it is."

Mrs. Tyrrrel laid her pile of linen on the table. She took the stone which her husband held out to her. She selected a watch-maker's glass from among several which were on the mantel-shelf. Fitting it into her eye, she examined the stone under the light of the window.

"What a beauty!" She drew it closer to her eye. "What a beautiful stone!" She turned it over and over in her hand.

"What is this speck of light right in the very heart of it?"

"What speck of light?"

Mr. Tyrrrel selected a glass on his own account. In his turn he examined the stone. Hardly had he fitted the glass in its place when he gave an exclamation. He went nearer to the window.

"Give me a higher power!"

She chose another glass from those upon the shelf. She noticed that her husband's face had all at once turned pale. "What is the matter?"

He made no immediate answer. But no sooner had he begun to examine his purchase with the lens of higher power than he staggered back against the wall. He took the glass out of his eye. He looked round the room like a man who had received a sudden shock. All his animation of a moment before had disappeared.

"He's—he's ruined me! The thief! I understand it now. Why he wanted the cash, his haste, and the call abroad. What a fool I was! I had seen the stone so often, I thought I knew it so well, that I never thought of looking at it. I snapped him—I thought he'd change his mind—and he's snapped me."

His wife advanced to him. "James, what is wrong? Isn't it the stone you thought it was?"

He laid his hand lightly on her arm. "Hush! There's some one in the shop. See who it is."

She peeped through the curtain which screened the door.

"It's Mr. Hart."

"What does he want?" With his handkerchief Mr. Tyrrrel mopped his brow. "I'll—I'll go and see."

In the shop there was a tall, portly gentleman. His overcoat, which was unbuttoned, was lined and trimmed with fur. About him there was an odor of wealth.

"How do, Tyrrrel, how do?" Mrs. Hart's going to be presented at the first Drawing-room—sheriff's wife, and that sort of thing, you know—and I want to give her something neat in diamonds. Thought I'd give you a turn—got them in the rough. Knew your father. He and I have had many a deal together. Got anything good just now?"

Mr. Tyrrrel looked round and round the shop. He glanced behind him at the door which led into the inner room. He drew a long breath. "I—I happen to have one of the finest stones in England, Mr. Hart."

"Dare say! There are a good many of the finest stones in England about just now. And you want one of the finest prices in England for it too?"

"You are yourself something of a judge of diamonds."

"I am—something."

"Here is the stone. Examine it for yourself."

Mr. Tyrrrel handed the stone to Mr. Hart. As he did so, it was to be noticed that his hand still trembled. He mopped his brow as his visitor turned the stone over and over in his hands. His lips seemed parched. Mr. Hart took the stone to the door.

"Got a glass?" he asked.

Mr. Tyrrrel hunted out a spy-glass. He seemed to have some difficulty in finding one. Mr. Hart fitted it into his eye.

"Not a very strong glass, this one of yours; I've seen stronger. But it's good enough to enable me to see that this is something like a diamond. What's the figure?"

Mr. Tyrrrel moistened his lips. "Two thousand pounds."

"Too much!"

"It's dirt cheap, Mr. Hart. I've seen worse stones than that sold for ten thousand pounds. But I happen to be very much in want of ready cash."

"I don't deny that the stone's a good one. But it's in the rough, and it may cut up rough. And two thousand pounds

is more than I care to pay for an ornament for a Drawing-room, even though that Drawing-room be her Majesty's. But I'll tell you what I'll do, as I knew your father, I'll give you a check for fifteen hundred down upon the nail."

Again Mr. Tyrrrel moistened his lip. "I'll accept it."

A check changed hands almost as expeditiously as the one for a smaller amount had changed hands only a few minutes before. Mr. Hart departed with his purchase.

"I think I've scored that trick. If this diamond isn't worth fifteen hundred pounds and a bit more, why, then I'm wrong."

Mr. Hart then and there took a cab to the Bond Street headquarters of those famous jewellers Messrs. Ruby & Golden. He was shown into the senior partner's private room.

"I want you to set this stone for me."

Mr. Ruby took very gingerly between his finger and his thumb the piece of crystal which Mr. Hart was holding out to him on the palm of his outstretched hand.

"A diamond, I see, and uncut. Rather a fine specimen. Mr. Ruby's eyes glistened. "May I ask in confidence from whom you obtained it?"

"From a friend in the trade."

Mr. Hart kept his eyes fixed upon the jeweller's face. His tone was dry.

"You don't happen to know, I suppose, if he has any more like this to dispose of?"

"Can't say that I do. What's it worth?"

"You see, Mr. Hart, the value of a diamond depends upon so many things. To us it depends in a measure on whether we have a customer who at the moment requires just such a stone."

"And you have such a customer? I see. Well, I bought it for my wife. I want you to cut it and mount it as a pin for the hair."

Mr. Ruby hesitated. He turned the jewel over and over in his hand. "We are old friends, Mr. Hart. May I ask how much you gave for this?"

"Two thousand pounds."

It was true that Mr. Tyrrrel had asked two thousand. Mr. Hart had probably forgotten that he had beaten him down to fifteen hundred.

"Two thousand pounds? You are a man of business, Mr. Hart. I dare say you have no objection to making a little profit even out of a diamond. I will be frank with you. We happen to have a valuable customer who is particularly in want of just such a stone as this. It is on that account that I venture, even in Mr. Golden's absence, to offer you for your two-thousand-pound purchase three thousand pounds; a clear profit of a thousand pounds."

"A thousand pounds?" Mr. Hart stroked his chin. "My dear sir, I'm not reduced to selling my wife's diamonds."

"Has Mrs. Hart yet seen the stone?"

"Not yet she hasn't. I bought it not half an hour ago."

"Then the thing is simplified. I will carry my offer farther. I will give you three thousand pounds for the stone, and will allow you to select, in addition, any articles from our stock to the cash value of a thousand pounds."

"It's a deal."

It was. Mr. Hart left the Bond Street establishment with a check for three thousand pounds in his pocket, and in a red morocco case a set of very pretty diamond ornaments for a lady's hair. The stone which he had purchased from Mr. Tyrrrel he left behind.

"Mr. Hart thinks himself a shrewd man," Mr. Ruby told himself when that gentleman had gone, "but he is not quite

so shrewd as he thinks. This is the very stone the Duke is looking for. Unless I am mistaken, he will give us for it rather more than four thousand pounds."

About an hour after, Mr. Golden entered Mr. Ruby's room. The senior partner rubbed his hands as the junior entered.

"I have been indulging in a little deal while you have been out—a little deal in diamonds."

The junior partner glanced sharply at the senior. In appearance Mr. Ruby was very different from Mr. Golden. Mr. Ruby was large and florid. Mr. Golden was slight and dark, with keen, bright eyes.

"I have lighted on the very stone we have been trying to find for the Duke, and I have bought it on the nail out and out."

"The deuce you have! What did you give for it?"

"Three thousand in cash and a thousand in stock."

"Let me look at it."

Mr. Golden held out his hand. Mr. Ruby produced the stone from the inner recesses of a large safe in a corner of the room. Mr. Golden took it to the window. He examined it minutely for some moments with his naked eye. Then, taking a spy-glass from his waistcoat pocket, he examined it through that. Scarcely had he placed the glass in its place than he sprang round at Mr. Ruby.

"Ruby!" Strong words seemed trembling on his lips. If that were so, he exercised an effort of self-control. "You've been done!"

"Mr. Golden!"

"How many times have I asked you not to buy diamonds in my absence?"

Mr. Ruby's face was pasty-limed. "But—"

but it is one of the finest diamonds I've ever seen."

Mr. Golden's glance was expressive of the most supreme contempt. "Look at it through that, and tell me if you see nothing."

Mr. Ruby looked at the diamond through his partner's spy-glass. "I—I can only see that it is a very beautiful stone."

"Can't you see, right in the centre, what looks like a speck of light?"

"Now that I look into it closely, there certainly does seem to be something of the kind. But it is so slight that, even with this strong glass, it is scarcely noticeable."

"And yet, sooner or later, it will shiver that stone to splinters."

"Mr. Golden!"

"I have seen it before, and I know what it is. It is a sort of disease to which African diamonds are peculiarly liable, especially the finest stones. I wish to goodness, Ruby, that you would leave these things to me. That speck of light is a crack in the grain of the stone. It will increase in size, multiplying in all directions, until, at a certain point, the stone will shiver—blow up, in fact. The thing may happen in ten minutes. It may not happen for months. It will happen some time or other, but a certainty. Any man who really knows something of diamonds will tell you that."

Mr. Ruby had sunk back in his seat. He seemed ill at ease. "But—but can't we sell it to the Duke? It's the very stone he wants."

Mr. Golden smiled. "We can sell it to the Duke if it lasts long enough. The attempt to cut it may bring about the smash. I've known it happen before to-day."

"We'll try, at any rate—we'll try! You may be wrong, Golden; I really think you may be."

"I may be." Mr. Golden's tone was grim. "I'll have it put into hand at once. It's a glorious stone. One of the finest stones I've ever seen. It would be a bargain to any one at—at ten thousand pounds."

II.

"Hollo, Fungst!"

"Brooke!"

Unannounced Mr. Brooke had entered the room. He had taken Mr. Fungst unawares. Mr. Fungst stared at him amazed. He was a paunchy little man, with black, curly, well-greased hair, which he parted in the middle. Uninvited, his visitor took a chair.

"I've only just reached Paris. Left London by the club train this afternoon, and came straight on here."

"This is—this is funny. This is very funny indeed." Mr. Fungst said "dis" instead of "this," and "vunny" instead of "funny."

"Is—is it anything you have come to see about?"

"Only you, my Fungst—only you."

The two friends looked at each other. Mr. Brooke's lips were parted by a smile. There was a curious look in Mr. Fungst's eyes. He seemed ill at ease.

"That is very funny. Do you know, I was putting a few things together to come over to London to-night to have a little talk with you."

"What was to be the purport of the talk, my Fungst?"

"It was only about a little thing. It was a word I wished to say to you about"—Mr. Fungst glanced at the floor, then up again—"about the diamond."

"The diamond?" Mr. Brooke's smile grew more pronounced.

"Just a little talk."

"It's sold."

"Sold? What! The diamond?"

A singular change took place in Mr. Fungst's appearance. His jaw dropped. His eyes seemed to increase in size. His paunchy frame seemed to quiver under emotion.

"I found a customer this morning."

"What did you get for it? Twenty—thirty thousand pounds?"

Mr. Brooke laughed outright. "Not quite so much as that."

"Not so much? What did you get for it?"

"A thousand down."

"A thousand—down! A—thousand—pounds! Mein Gott!" Mr. Fungst's face was a picture. He seemed divided between tears and rage. "Oh, Harold Brooke, what a fool you are!"

"Not such a fool as I look, my Fungst. The stone was a wrong 'un."

"A wrong 'un! What you call a wrong 'un?"

"It was afflicted with the shivers. Cracked, my boy. It is more than probable that by now it is splintered into dust."

"Oh, good 'evins! Harold Brooke, what a fool you are!" Mr. Fungst raised his two fat hands above his well-oiled head, as if he were appealing to the skies. "It is more than a week ago since I saw in my own stone, in the very heart of it, a spot like a little speck of light."

"It was only this morning that I observed the same phenomenon in mine. I knew from painful experience what it meant."

"You knew what it meant? You thought you knew what it meant. As a matter of fact, you knew nothing at all about it, any more than me. When I see this little spot, I say to myself: 'It is all over. You are done for. Bang goes your little pile.' I have seen stones begin like that, and pulverize within a quarter of an hour—twenty minutes. It is a mystery which no man understands, not even the man who thinks he knows the most. I was fit to tear my hair. I rushed off in a cab, determined to sell the stone at any price if I could only be in time. You know how they do that sort of thing at Kimberley. As I was in the cab I kept looking at my stone through my spy-glass to see how it was getting on. My heart was split to break. All of a sudden I see something which I had never seen before. The little spot of white light had turned into a little spot of blood. It was as though a little spot of blood had got into the very centre of the stone. I say to myself: 'It is certain that if I try to sell the stone just as it is, I shall get nothing for it—scarcely anything at all. About this affair there is something which I do not understand. There is no man living who understands all the ins and outs of diamonds—no chemist, no scientist, I care not who it is. There are mysteries about diamonds which never yet have been explained. I have known some of them within the range of my own experience. So I say to myself: 'There is a mystery in this. If I sell the diamond now, as you say, my loss is certain; if I see the mystery through, the loss is problematical. I will see the mystery through. I came back home again. I put the diamond away. I did not look at it for two whole days.'"

"When, after two whole days, I came to open the little box in which I had placed the diamond, I scarcely dared to open the lid. I felt that, as you say, my heart was in my boots. I felt as though my heart was made of jelly, and that it was melting all away."

Mr. Fungst paused. He raised his fat forefinger. He pointed it at Mr. Brooke. "I say to myself, 'Have courage.' Then I take a little nip of brandy. That give me strength. Then I have a smoke. Then I raise the lid."

Mr. Fungst raised himself on tiptoe. He seemed to increase in size. "My friend, there was the diamond. But what a diamond! It was a rose brilliant. But such a rose brilliant as the world has never seen!"

Mr. Brooke laughed a little awkwardly.

"I say, Fungst, aren't you piling it on?"

"Am I piling it on? You shall see for yourself, if I am piling it on." Mr. Fungst took a little leather bag out of an inner pocket of his coat. He handed it to Mr. Brooke. "Open it, and see if I am piling it on."

Mr. Brooke untied the cord which bound the neck of the bag. Within nestled a diamond—a rose brilliant, but of such a hue!

"Red as a rose was" not exactly "red," but "it." Mr. Brooke feasted his eyes upon its beauties. The stone was still uncut. Its greatest beauties were therefore still unrevealed. But even in its rough state it was a masterpiece of light and color.

"What a stone!"

Mr. Fungst stood in front of his friend. He rubbed his hands together. He sprang from foot to foot. "Do I pile it on?"

"But, I say, Fungst, this seems to me very like a miracle. I can scarcely credit that such a stone as this was only the other day a pure white diamond with something which looked very like a crack in it."

"I tell you there are mysteries in diamonds which no man understands—of which no man knows." "What are you going to do with it?"

"That is just the point on which I wished to speak to you. You know J. F. Flinders, the American millionaire? Billionaire he must be, rather, because they say his income is nearly a million yearly. He is in Paris. His daughter is going to be married. He is looking for a wedding gift for her; something a little out of the common. I went to him. I show him this. I tell him I think I know where there is another like it. He offered me for the pair—for the pair, you understand—" Mr. Fungst leaned over. He whispered in his friend's ear.

"You don't mean it?"

"To a cent, that is what he offered."

Mr. Brooke whistled. "And I sold it for a thousand pounds!"

"To whom did you sell it?"

"To a man named Tyrral."

Mr. Brooke had risen from his seat. He began to walk about the room.

"Tyrral of Clerkenwell?"

"The same."

"Then, after all, to-night I must go to London. It is for me to buy it back again."

"For you?" Mr. Brooke faced round. "It strikes me, Fungst, that it's for me to buy it back again."

"Very good, my friend. But it is possible that Mr. Tyrral may know more about diamonds than you. He will want more than his thousand pounds."

Mr. Brooke bit his lip. "He knows me. He will give me credit."

"As to that we shall see."

Mr. Fungst began to cram some things into a Gladstone bag. Mr. Brooke watched him for some moments. Then he went and touched him on the shoulder.

"Look here, Fungst, what are you driving. What do you think you're going to do?"

Mr. Fungst turned to his friend, all frankness. "All I wish is that we should have the pair—just you and I."

Mr. Brooke retained his grasp upon his friend's shoulder, nor did he remove his inquisitorial glance from his friend's frank features. "Yes, just you"—with the fingers of his disengaged hand Mr. Brooke tapped himself on the chest—"and I."

III.

"My friend, could you tell me just one thing?"

Ivor Dacre glanced down at the speaker. He was a little rotund fellow. He spoke with a strong foreign accent. On his features there was the impress of the German Jew, and not by any means of the highest type of German Jew. He looked oddly out of place in the midst of that gorgeous assemblage, built rather for the purloins of Houndheim than for the Marquis of Clonkilly's ballroom. Mr. Dacre could scarcely believe that the profusely perspiring little man addressed himself to him. But Mr. Fungst removed all misapprehension on that score by twitching Mr. Dacre by the lapel of his coat. He repeated his inquiry.

"My friend, could you tell me just one thing?"

"If it is in my power."

"Could you tell me which is the Duchess of Datchet?"

Ivor Dacre smiled outright. The idea of there being any possible association between that oily Houndsditch Hebrew and the latest and brightest queen of the London season—the bride of but a month or two—struck him as too ludicrous. Mr. Dacre was possessed of that rare attribute, a sense of humor. A wicked idea entered his head.

"Are you a friend of her Grace's?"

"I am not a friend exactly, but there is a little business which I wish to do with her."

"A little business?" In the Marquis of Clonkilly's ballroom! With the Queen of Hearts! Mr. Dacre's eyes wandered round the room. They passed from dancer to dancer. At last they rested upon one. As they did so he raised his hand to his mustache, possibly to conceal the smile which he could not restrain.

"You see that lady over there?"

"There are so many ladies. Upon my soul, I never see so many ladies."

"The lady in the dark green dress with the nose-glasses."

"The old girl with the mustache?"

"Precisely—the old girl with the mustache." Mr. Dacre's smile almost expanded into a grin. "That is the Duchess of Datchet."

Without a word of thanks, Mr. Fungst strode off. He ploughed his way through the dancers without paying the slightest regard to the evolutions they were attempting to perform. Mr. Dacre watched him go with a degree of delight which seemed on the point of producing an inward convulsion. All at once Mr. Fungst pulled up, right in front of a couple—they both were young—who seemed in blissful enjoyment of the waltz.

"She hasn't got it on, so help me!"

"Sir!"

The young gentleman whose path he had impeded addressed him with a degree of scorn which was intended to be crushing. Mr. Fungst was not at all abashed.

"I wasn't speaking to you, my friend." Then, to himself, still audibly, "Mein Gott! If she has lost it!"

Striding forward, he caught a lady by the arm. She had on a dark green dress. She wore a pair of nose-glasses. More than the suggestion of a mustache adorned her upper lip. She was beginning to be stricken in years. But that did not prevent her valuing, with apparent enjoyment, with a gentleman who seemed at least ten years her junior. She and her partner were still moving to the rhythm of the music when Mr. Fungst caught her by the arm.

"Excuse me, my name is Fungst, Jacob Fungst. There is a little word I wish to speak to you just now."

The lady stopped, startled. She turned. When her glance fell on Mr. Fungst—it had to fall some distance—she drew herself up and shuddered as though she had come into sudden contact with an iceberg.

"Who is this person?"

"Fungst," explained the owner of that name. "There is just a little thing about

which I wish to speak to you two words out side."

The lady addressed her cavalier: "Will you please take me away? This person is a stranger to me."

He took her away. As Mr. Fungst continued to stare after the retreating pair, some one touched him on the shoulder. It was a young gentleman who wore a single eye-glass. It is not impossible that he had been commissioned by Mr. Ivor Dacre, who is the soul of mischief.

"Don't you think you're rather blocking the way? What is it you want?"

"I wished to say just two words to the Duchess of Datchet."

"That is not the Duchess of Datchet." The young gentleman drew him aside.

"That is the Duchess of Datchet."

As he spoke the music ceased. The dance was ended. The gentlemen began to lead the ladies to their seats. In front of Mr. Fungst there passed a woman who was tall and most divinely fair. Her hair, the color of the color of the rich red gold. Where his glorious mass was thickest there gleamed a diamond. It was the diamond and not the woman which caught the eye of Mr. Fungst.

"Mein Gott!"—he uttered what seemed to be his favorite precaution—"it's changed!" Something seemed to startle him so greatly that he actually allowed the lady to pass, and unmolested. She leaned on the arm of a gentleman who was not only much taller than herself, but, in his way, as handsome. There was probably no handsomer couple in the room. And yet the lady seemed ill at ease, although the gentleman was smiling at her all the time.

"That was the Duchess of Datchet," observed Mr. Fungst's new acquaintance, who had been observing him with unconcealed amusement.

Mr. Fungst awoke as though from a stupor. Again there came that adjuration, "Mein Gott!—she's gone!"

She was. And before Mr. Fungst caught sight of her again the Duchess of Datchet's carriage had been called, and her Grace was in it, driving from the ball.

The Duchess had the carriage to herself. A gentleman had escorted her to the door. As he closed it he murmured just one word—"Remember!"

She, leaning forward, had replied, "Do you think I can forget?"

As the vehicle passed swiftly through the night, if one might judge from the expression on her countenance, it did not seem as though she could. Once she put up her small gloved hands and veiled her face—veiled it though there was no one there to see. She took a little card from the bosom of her dress. It was the programme of the ball. It was a white card. The back was blank, or, rather, it would have been if it had not been for certain pencil marks. The pencil marks were figures. On the back of the programme was a little sum in compound addition. It was not in my. The total was stated. The sight of that total seemed to cause her Grace discomfort. "If I could only lay my hand upon the money!"

The carriage reached home. As the Duchess entered the hall, a servant advanced to meet her. He addressed the lady in a confidential whisper.

"A gentleman wishes to see your Grace. He has been waiting more than an hour."

The Duchess shivered. She drew her cloak closer round her. Possibly she felt the air a trifle cold. "Has the Duke returned?"

"Not yet, your Grace."

"Show the gentleman into my sitting-room."

She did not ask the visitor's name. But when she was alone in her own apartment she veiled her face with her hands again. Only for a moment. When the door opened, all traces of agitation had disappeared. There entered a young and comely man who, although he was dressed in rough-and-ready morning costume, looked as though he were a man of breeding. At sight of him the Duchess started. It almost seemed as if he were not at all the sort of person she had expected to see. She waited for the visitor to speak. This the visitor appeared to experience some little difficulty in doing.

"I must crave your Grace's forgiveness for my intrusion at this unreasonable hour, but circumstances of a peculiar nature—" He paused. In his turn he started. His eyes were fixed upon the Duchess's head—upon the glory of her hair. He gave an exclamation of surprise. "It's changed! Fungst was right!"

"Sir!" The Duchess drew back. She appeared to find the stranger's observation slightly singular—as well she might. He continued staring at her as though he could not take his eyes away. He was, all at once, possessed with a strange excitement.

"Your Grace must forgive me if the offer I am about to make to you seems strange, as it cannot help but seem. If you knew all, I am sure you would forgive me. I will give you ten thousand pounds for the diamond in your hair!"

"You will give me ten thousand pounds—for the diamond—in my hair?" Half mechanically the lady raised her hand to her head. Her fingers lighted on the jewel which gleamed among her tresses. As they did so, and some faint comprehension of the stranger's meaning dawned upon her mind, her face became a crimson red. "My husband's

present! Are you a madman, sir; or do you purposely insult me?"

"That diamond was mine. On its possession I had founded all my hopes of fortune. It was taken from me by means of a trick." Perhaps Mr. Brooke thought he spoke the truth. One can but hope he did. "I received for it not a twentieth part of the sum I offer you." Again he slightly cried. "But rather than it should be lost to me forever, poor as I am, I will give you—I will give you—twelve thousand pounds."

"Twelve thousand pounds!" Her Grace's hand was lifted to her corsage. Possibly it brushed against the ball programme, with the compound addition sum upon its back, which lay within. "You will give me twelve thousand pounds?" She drew a deep breath. "But—but it's absurd! Who are you, sir, that you forget who I am?"

"What does it matter who I am? I am Harold Brooke. I am the modern equivalent of the soldier of fortune, and you have my fortune—my fortune in your hand! Twelve did I say I give? For my fortune back again I'll give you fifteen thousand pounds!"

"Fifteen thousand pounds!" Her Grace's hands veiled her face again. "Am I going mad? Fifteen thousand pounds!" She sat down. Her agitation seemed extraordinary. She was positively trembling. "It is not to be thought of."

"I will give you twenty!"

"Twenty—twenty thousand pounds?"

There was silence. Mr. Brooke leaned forward, looking down at her. She looked up at him. With her right hand she grasped the upper portion of her corsage. This time there was no mistake about it—between her fingers she pressed that programme of the ball. Her face became cold and set. She became all at once a little older. The character of her beauty seemed to change. It was stern and hard.

"Your behavior is that of a madman. I am scarcely less mad than you, or I should not continue to listen. How am I to know that you are not, as you very probably are, trifling with me all the time?"

"Promise me that the diamond shall be mine if I bring you the money in the morning."

"Twenty thousand pounds?"

"Twenty thousand pounds?"

"Twenty? I will give you thirty!"

The voice said "thirty." Mr. Brooke sprang round. Her Grace stood up. A little man, almost as broad as he was tall, was standing at the open door. Entering, he closed the door behind him.

"Fungst!"

"So, Brooke," he said, "you thought to do me. But I am not done so easily, my friend."

"How did you get here?"

"That is my secret. There are more ways than one of getting into the Duke of Datchet's house, my friend."

The two men stood staring at each other. Mr. Brooke with clenched fists, and a flush upon his face. Mr. Fungst with his crush-hat under his arm, his hands in his overcoat pockets, and an upward smile upon his lips. As for the Duchess, she stood staring at them both. The march of events seemed to have deprived her of a little of her breath. When she did speak, she addressed herself to Mr. Fungst.

"May I ask, sir, what is the meaning of this intrusion, and who you are?"

"I am Jacob Fungst, that's who I am. If it was not for me, he would not have had the stone at all. And when he make a fool of himself and sell it—if it was not for me, he would not have known what it was that he had sold. Now, when I have found a market for the stone, he tries to do me, his friend, his very good friend indeed, out of the market I have found. That is why, when he say twenty thousand, I say thirty; and not in the morning, but cash down."

"Fungst, I advise you to be careful."

"I will be careful. Be easy in your mind, I will be careful." It is a thing of which I am very fond—carefulness.

Mr. Brooke touched his friend lightly on the shoulder. "I only seek my share of the spoil."

"Your share? Very good. Get what share you please. It is the same to me. It is your behind-the-door ways I do not like." Mr. Fungst turned to the Duchess. He stretched out his hand. "I have been running after that diamond all through the town—yes, night and day—from the pillar to the post. I trace it home to you. I learn that it was presented to you this morning to wear to-night at the Marquis of Clonkilty's ball. At the Marquis of Clonkilty's ball I see it in your hair."

Her Grace's bewilderment seemed to be increasing. "The Marquis of Clonkilty's ball?"

"Yes, me. I go to the door of the house. I ask for you. There was a crowd of people. They do not seem to understand. They say, 'What name?' I say, 'Fungst.' They show me up the stairs. I find myself in the middle of the ball. I say to myself: 'This is funny. Since I am here, well, I will look for the stone.' I look for the stone. I see it in your hair. The sight so surprises me, I lose my head. When I find it, I find you gone. I come after you. I come here. It takes me some time and a little diplomacy"—Mr. Fungst patted his waistcoat pocket—"to get into the house. It was more trouble, a great deal more trouble, than to get into the Mar-

quis of Clonkilty's ball. But when I do get in, I offer you for the diamond, money down, thirty thousand pounds."

Again Mr. Brooke touched his friend upon the shoulder. "Fungst, you will have to reckon with me."

"I will reckon with you, never fear. I will tell the lady why I offer for the diamond thirty thousand pounds. It is a great price, a very great price, to offer for one diamond. It is because I have the other stone just like it, and I wish to make a pair. I will show the other stone to the lady. She will see I tell the truth." Mr. Fungst began groping in the inner pocket of his coat. He produced a little leather bag. "It is in this bag." He was holding the bag between the fingers of his right hand. Suddenly a curious expression began to creep over his features. "It is very funny," He hesitated. "It is in this bag." He began to untie the cord which bound the neck of the bag. In the midst of the operation he paused. He felt the contents of the bag with the fingers of either hand. "It is—it is very funny." His face assumed a curious leaden hue. "It is in this bag."

Mr. Brooke advanced. "What's the matter, Fungst?"

"It—it is nothing. It—it is very funny. The stone is in this bag." He continued to untie the cord. It was all untied. With peculiar circumspection he opened the neck of the bag. He peeped within. He continued to peep within, as if to explore its depths were a work of time. He staggered backwards. "Mein Gott! It's gone! I'm robbed!"

"Robbed!" cried Mr. Brooke. He took the bag out of Mr. Fungst's unresisting hand. There was a strange expression on his face; there was a curious glitter in his eyes. As he peeped into the bag he laughed, not pleasantly. "Not robbed, my Fungst—not robbed. The diamond's here." He turned the bag upside down upon the table. There came out a little mass of tiny sparkling crystals. They formed upon the table a small heap of glittering dust. Mr. Brooke pointed to it with his hand. "There's your rose brilliant, Fungst."

Mr. Fungst came forward. He leaned over the table. He stared at the gleaming atoms. "Mein Gott! It's gone off bang!"

"As you say, my Fungst, it has gone off bang. Who was right, my Fungst? Personally, I never knew a diamond which, as attacked by the shivers, sooner or later did not go off bang. I am inclined to wager that even the Duchess of Datchet's beautiful rose brilliant will go off bang."

Her Grace stared. She had been a mystified spectator of the little scene which had been enacted before her eyes. Indeed, the whole proceedings were mysterious to her. "Rose brilliant? What do you mean?"

"The rose brilliant in your Grace's hair."

"There is no rose brilliant in my hair. There is only the diamond which my husband gave me."

"Did not his Grace present you with a rose brilliant?"

"A rose brilliant? No! He gave me a white diamond."

"Then the transformation has happened since."

"Transformation? What do you mean?" She took the jewel out of her hair. As her glance fell upon it, the fashion of her countenance changed. She scarcely seemed to believe the evidence of her own eyes. "This—this is not my diamond."

Mr. Brooke's laughing eyes were divided between her Grace and her Grace's jewel. "I think it is."

"But—mine was white, and—this is red."

Mr. Fungst's glance was fixed upon the jewel gleaming on its setting. "So mine was white. Then it went red. Now it has gone off bang! Oh, the lovely stone!"

Mr. Brooke laughed softly. "I am afraid that your Grace must permit me to withdraw my offer of twenty thousand pounds, or even of ten. The diamond, beautiful though it is, belongs to a rather more speculative class of goods than I quite care to dabble in."

The Duchess still held the jewel in her hand. She had never for a moment removed her glance from it. It seemed to exercise upon her gaze a sort of fascination. "It's alive!"

"Alive?" Mr. Brooke came nearer. Mr. Fungst craned forward. They were a curious trio. The Duchess's tones were low and eager.

"Something seems to be moving within."

"So there does." In Mr. Brooke's voice there was a sound as of laughter.

"It's changing color." Mr. Fungst spoke almost with a gasp.

"Forever! Look out!" Mr. Brooke spoke just in time. There was a little crack. The diamond had disappeared. Three pairs of eyes were still bent upon her Grace's hand. But it was empty—the diamond had gone.

"It's gone off bang!"

"What do you mean?" exclaimed the Duchess. "What has happened?"

"When your servants sweep the room in the morning, your Grace should give them instructions to be careful. A diamond which was your husband's present, and for which your Grace was offered thirty thousand pounds, lies in dust upon the floor."

With his hand Mr. Fungst scraped the perspiration from his brow. "Mein Gott! It's gone off bang!" he said.



GENERAL GRANT'S CABIN.

THERE is a rustic old cabin a few miles south of St. Louis which has recently attracted much attention.

It was built nearly forty years ago by Ulysses S. Grant for the young wife who had cast in her fortune with him, and who could not know that before many years had passed they would exchange the log cabin for the White House.

At the close of the Mexican war young Grant, then called Captain Grant, came to St. Louis, where he married a daughter of F. T. Dent. As a wedding present, Mr. Dent presented to his daughter a small farm, part of an eight-hundred-acre tract, lying southwest of St. Louis.

Unaided, Captain Grant began to hew down the old oaks, then to strip them of their bark, and to notch them. This took many days of hard labor, and when the logs were ready, good neighbors gave him the needed assistance to raise the house. All the cracks between the logs were carefully filled up with bits of wood, and then made tight with a rough plaster, which gave the cabin quite a comfortable appearance.

Captain and Mrs. Grant now invited their neighbors to a house warming. Friends came from near and far, and many old residents still remember the occasion with pleasure.

They now settled down to enjoy their humble home and to raise their little family. Grant cleared the land and farmed it, and when winter came on, cut wood and hauled it to the city for sale.

As the family grew in number another small cabin was built about ten feet to the east, and connected with the original cabin by a porch. The space between the cottages has been boarded up, and the old German woman who now occupies the house uses this space as a pantry.

General Grant and his wife have often said the pleasantest part of their lives had been passed in this little cabin. General Grant, on his last visit to the farm, remarked: "I have been President of the United States and highly honored, but the happiest times I ever knew were spent right here."

After a few years Grant rented his farm, sold his stock, and moved with his family to Galena, Illinois, where he took a position in his father's store. Not long afterward, upon the breaking out of the civil war, he offered his services to the Governor of Illinois.

While President, Grant thought of his lit-

tle house in Missouri and purchased the entire tract of land, thus making his farm eight hundred acres in all. He then stocked it with fine horses, of which he was an excellent judge.

In the financial embarrassment which followed the failure of Grant & Ward, this farm was sacrificed and passed into other hands. The commissioners for the Columbian Exposition, looking about for attractions for the coming World's Fair, made the owners an offer of four thousand dollars for the little log cabin. This fact has attracted much attention to this farm and log cabin. Every day it is visited by many curious people, whose eager questions are answered by the amiable old German woman now occupying the house.

The western side of the cabin has been so backed and clipped by souvenir-hunters that in places holes have been made large enough to admit the sunlight. The old oak-tree in front of the house was planted by Grant. A public-spirited citizen living at Old Orchard, Missouri, has exceeded the commissioners' offer by a thousand dollars, and secured the cabin, and has moved it on to his land a little nearer the city, where it will undoubtedly prove quite an attraction to suburban St. Louis.

A CITY DWELLER'S WISH.

I love the leaf of the old oak-tree,
I love the gum of the spruce,
I love the bark of the hickory,
And I love the maple's juice.

On the walnut's grain I fondly dote,
On the cherry's fruit I'd dine,
And I love to lie in a narrow boat,
And scent the odor of pine.

Ah, me! how I wish some power grand
Would invent some single tree
With all these points well developed, and
Would send that tree to me!

I'd plant it deep in the *jardinière*
That stands in this flat of mine;
I'd give it the sweetest, tenderest care,
And water its roots with wine.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.



CONSOLATION.

CHAPLAIN. "You blamed idiot! If you had to shoot that bird on the ground, why didn't you shoot his head off? Look at him—just torn to pieces!"
HICKS. "The bird's all right—just ready for fricassee."



A POPULAR VISITOR.



C. S. REINHART '91

PAWN BY C. S. REINHART.

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POLO IN AMERICA.

(Continued from page 572, Supplement.)

The introduction of handicaps in '88 may be said to have started polo on the boom that it has enjoyed in the past two years. The change in interest was marked, and made especially manifest by the increased number of players and the offering of trophies. The Herbert Trophies were given in '88 for the first time, and won by Rockaway (Cheever, Cowdin, Keene, and L. Turnure, Jun.) by 6 goals from Essex (E. Pfizer, Farr, Knoedler, and Robinson) at Orange. So was this also the first year of the Country Club of Westchester Cup, played for at Pelham, and won by Rockaway (Cheever, Cowdin, Keene, and Rutherford) from Meadow Brook (Kernochan, T. Hitchcock, Jun., W. K. Thorn, and Sands), 5 goals to 4. S. S. Sands, Jun., and R. D. Wintthrop won the Wintthrop Cups for pairs by 2 goals from A. Belmont, Jun., and J. L. Kernochan; while a month later J. E. Cowdin and L. Turnure, Jun., won the Turnure Cups for pairs by 1 goal from O. W. Bird and R. D. Wintthrop in one of the most closely contested games of that year. Some sweepstake games were also played that year at Cedarhurst. The most exciting match of the season, however, was for the Schenck Cup, between Cheever, Cowdin, Keene, and Rutherford for Rockaway, who won by 1 goal, and Kernochan (replaced by Stanley Mortimer during the game), T. Hitchcock, Bird, and Sands for Meadow Brook.

It may be easily understood that with the prestige of so successful a year immediately before it, '89 started off with great activity in polo. Although there had been plenty of regular schedule of the season had ever been planned. Therefore, early in May, representatives from all the clubs met and discussed such a step, with the result that for the first time the season's games were mapped out and a programme of events published. The stir made in polo circles in the immediate vicinity of New York created at first curiosity, and then emulation, and Boston and Philadelphia sportsmen began looking up the game. At the Hub, R. M. Appleton may be declared the father of the Boston polo. He early began working up an interest, and finally succeeded in surrounding himself with several players—R. G. Shaw, G. L. Peabody, and A. P. Ordiner—who, though novices, picked up play sufficiently well to go to Newport the first year they were organized ('90) and win the Consolation Cups. While Philadelphia did not make so good a record in its first year, it nevertheless showed very fair work for beginners. It organized in '90 and played its first game that year, giving evidence of having excellent material on its team, especially in J. C. and H. C. Groome and H. P. McKean, Jun., who needed practice only to develop strong play. The chief difficulty with Philadelphia and Boston is that they do not get sufficient outside play. The game they put up among themselves is excellent, but it is not calculated to strengthen their work, and unfortunately they do not get around enough during the season's play to meet the best teams and get the drilling of which they stand so much in need.

Considerable would be accomplished in this direction if next season both Boston and Philadelphia each had a polo week. It would arouse general interest in the game at these places, and give the players some encouragement and much good training. A week should likewise be arranged at Buffalo, where they have a number of very good players in Charles Seward, and Thomas Cary, Dr. H. R. Hoyden, and others. At New York, Harry Hamlin, John N. Seacholder, and Harry Davis, but who seem to lack sufficient interest in the game to play regularly. Although the Country Club has offered its ground and stables to the players, polo at Buffalo undoubtedly slumbers. The Polo club has not come into the Association, and evidently needs some good stirring play to arouse the men to an appreciation of what glorious sport they are permitting to run to seed. The idea should always be borne in mind by the Polo Association and those who have the game's future at heart that it is by encouraging play at these several sections of the country that polo will grow in strength, skill, championship, and popularity. Once it has been thoroughly established, there will be players enough for several teams, and why should there not be in time play for sectional trophies, followed by games, like the Association season now, open to all? The game must grow even if left to shift for itself, but the Polo Association can and it as well as itself by lending a helping hand to such struggling sections as Buffalo, for instance. Another in need of assistance is nearer home. On Staten Island they have been knocking the ball about for a couple of seasons, and a very little encouragement would result in the formation of a club. There is no reason why they should not be able to get together a strong team from among the sportsmen down there.

While Boston and Philadelphia were taking up the game, the Oyster Bay Club was likewise forming, with such guiding spirits as Elliott and Theodore Roosevelt, F. G. Underhill, and W. E. Tuckerman. Though its career has not been brilliant, owing to its scarcity of active members, it has furnished much good sport.

The Morris County (New Jersey) Country Club also formed a team in this year through

the efforts of Gustave E. Kissell, ably seconded by W. K. Thorn, and shortly afterward acquired the present players of its team—Day, Lord, and Nicoll. They began practice when they had hardly seen a game. Mr. Thorn, of course, excepted, but they have pluckily tackled everything, and gone to every meeting. The consequence is their play has improved immeasurably, and the team has grown to be a strong one.

The great game of '89 was the final match of the Schenck Cup, valued at \$1000, October 4th, and offered by Mr. Schenck in '86, in which year it was won by Westchester. Rockaway captured it in '87 and '88, and Meadow Brook won it also in '88. Rockaway (Cheever, Cowdin, Keene, and Rutherford) and Meadow Brook (E. Wintthrop, Bird, Hitchcock, and E. C. Potter) came together in the final game in '89, and the former team won by 8 goals, thus by its three wins securing possession of the handsome trophy. In this year the Clark Cups for Fours were given for the first time, and won by Essex (Dallet, Farr, E. Pfizer, and Robinson) by 10 goals from Country Club of Westchester (T. A. Havemeyer, L. Beckman, C. F. Havemeyer, and E. C. Potter), who played two periods, earning 1 goal, and then withdrew. The Turnure Cups for pairs this year went to Cowdin and Cheever over Beckman and E. C. Potter. Owing to dissatisfaction over the grounds at Newport, an attempt was made this year by the Westchester Polo Club to secure the Bateman place, on the famous Ocean Drive, but the price seemed too much, and the matter was dropped.

Last season, '90, was a very unfortunate one for spectators. The elements seemed to have conspired against them, for it rained at nearly every match. The great event of the year was the formation of the present Polo Association, and the first step towards regularly organizing the sport in this country. Mr. Herbert had been in the habit each spring of giving a dinner to the representatives of the several clubs at which the plans for the year were discussed, but no regular association had ever existed.

At a dinner given March 21, 1890, by Mr. John E. Cowdin to a number of men interested in polo, a committee of five out of the number was appointed to formulate a plan which would harmonize and advance the interests of the several clubs; and the committee consisting of John E. Cowdin, representing the Rockaway Club; Oliver W. Bird, representing the Meadow Brook Club; Douglas Robinson, Jun., representing the Essex County Country Club; E. C. Potter, representing the Country Club of Westchester; and H. L. Herbert, chairman. It was deemed for the best interest of the game and all concerned to form an association to be called the Polo Association, with a constitution and rules to govern all polo clubs which should be elected to membership.

The first regular meeting was held Friday, June 6, 1890, at the Equitable Building, Freeport, N. Y. The delegates present were: Herbert, Jun., Douglas Robinson, Jun., O. W. Bird, and H. L. Herbert. Moved by Mr. Robinson, and seconded by Mr. Bird, that the Country Club of Westchester, of Westchester, New York, E. C. Potter, delegate; Essex County Country Club, Douglas Robinson, Jun., delegate; Meadow Brook Club, Westbury, Long Island, Oliver W. Bird, delegate; Morris County Country Club, Morristown, New Jersey, Benjamin Nicoll, delegate; Philadelphia Polo Club, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, John C. Groome, delegate; Rockaway Club, Cedarhurst, Long Island, John E. Cowdin, delegate; Westchester Polo Club, Newport, Rhode Island, T. Hitchcock, Jun., delegate—be elected members of the Polo Association.

The play of the men had improved so considerably at this time that a revision of handicaps was found necessary, and in most individual instances that much better was the form of '86 than that of '88 that the handicaps were doubled a good showing for the American game surely. An excellent feature of this year was the Mixtum Compositum Cups for individual entries from which teams were to be made up at the port. The cup was won by Charles Carroll, Elliott Roosevelt, S. D. Ripley, and H. V. R. Kennedy by 4 goals, from D. Wintthrop, E. W. Roby, and P. F. Collier. It is unfortunate a cup under similar conditions is not given every year, for no better practice for all-round play could be had. The other victories of this year were the Herbert Trophies won by Rockaway's regular team (Cheever, Cowdin, Keene, and Rutherford) by 1 goal from Meadow Brook regular (T. Hitchcock, A. Belmont, Bird, and D. Wintthrop); the Country Club of Westchester Cup, won by T. A. Havemeyer, Marion Story, L. Beckman, and E. C. Potter, comprising the home team, from Morristown (Lord, Day, N. Henderson, and Nicoll) by 8 goals; Westchester Cups for pairs whose handicap did not exceed 5 goals, won by E. C. Potter and R. L. Beckman, by 5 goals, from H. C. and J. C. Groome; Governors' Challenge Cup, won by Meadow Brook regular, by 9 goals, from Essex; Clark Cups, won by Meadow Brook from Rockaway Second team (L. J. Francke, Farley Clark, A. C. Tower, J. S. Stevens) by 5 goals; Turnure Cups for pairs, won by Nicoll and Lord from Cowdin and Rutherford by 3 goals. The season at Newport was especially lively. The Association Cups, representing the championship, offered for the first time, were won by Meadow Brook

regular from Harvard (R. J. Crocker, C. C. Baldwin, J. A. Burden, Jun., and R. L. Agassiz) by 2 goals; the Consolation Cups went to the Myopias by 2 goals from Harvard; while the Sanford Cups, for scratch teams of three, were won by Foxhall Keene, E. C. Potter, and J. S. Stevens from B. Nicoll, W. B. Loring, and W. K. Thorn. The Meadow Brook Autumn Challenge Cup was won by Rockaway regular from Meadow Brook regular by 2 goals in a sharp game.

At the first meeting of the Polo Association this year safety knock outs were recognized and fixed at counting a quarter goal. It was also proposed to try a 3½ and 3¾ inch ball in place of the 3-inch, but after experimenting, the regulation 3-inch was adopted.

The season opened at Meadow Brook with the home team winning the Hempstead Handicap Cups from Rockaway by 4 goals. The scene then shifted to Westchester, where the Country Club (C. S. Bates, T. A. Havemeyer, R. L. Beckman, E. C. Potter) won the Herbert Trophies from Second Rockaway (L. J. Francke, R. J. Francke, J. S. Stevens, L. Turnure, Jun.) by 7 goals; and Nicoll and Lord secured the Turnure Cups for pairs from Groome and McKean by 6 goals. At Orange, a week later, Rockaway First team secured the Governors' Challenge Cup by defeating the Country Club of Westchester, 18½ goals to 13½. The play had been fast in all these games, so that many teams, to rest their ponies, scratched for the events at Cedarhurst. The best game of the season up to date, however, was the one for the Association Cups between Meadow Brook and Rockaway. It was hotly contested from start to finish, the latter team winning by 1½ goals. On the same grounds, a few days later, Lord, Thorn, and Nicoll, of Morristown, won the Clark Cups from Cheever, Cowdin, and Rutherford by half a goal. Following these, Oyster Bay week brought together for the club cup the home team and Morristown in the finale, the latter winning by a quarter goal in the last two minutes of play.

This brings the record of polo in this country down to date.

The history of American polo would hardly be complete without some comment on the top players of to-day.

Foxhall Keene, who is handicapped 10 goals, is undoubtedly the most brilliant player in the several polo clubs; he has an equal in England; certainly he has no superior. Most players show some especially strong features, and I have watched Keene for several years, trying to determine on his particularly strong points, but without discovering them. He is an all-round player, with a marvellous quick eye, sound stroke, and dash of play that is most fascinating to watch. He enters the game with his heart in his work, and always plays to win. Some of the strokes he makes on the field seem impossible. I have seen him reach the ball over his pony's quarters after he had passed it. Forehand, overhead, and backhand are all at his command, and whenever he hits the ball it is invariably sent towards the opponents' goal. His play often varies with his disposition from brilliant to erratic, but it is always good, and he never lets up in pace from start to finish.

John E. Cowdin stands next to Keene on the handicap list, being called upon to give 8 goals, and together the two are invincible on a team, each excelling in qualities where the other is weak. Cowdin is not a brilliant player, but certainly the most effective in this country. He is never showy, but he is as steady as a rock, and when he sits down in the saddle and rides, he invariably accomplishes what he sets out to do. He is not a bitter, and though not so expert in backhand and overhead as Keene, is none the less very accurate. He is, by all odds, the most valuable man any team could have.

Thomas Hitchcock, Jun., is one of the oldest players in America, and the third best, being handicapped 7 goals. He mixes the rare combination of brilliancy and steadiness, and is strong in each. Mr. Hitchcock possesses another trait, probably equally as rare, in his invariable good temper. No amount of "riding off" apparently destroys his good nature. He is always a sportsman in his truest and best interpretation. Undoubtedly his strongest feature of play is his backhand work. He has not so powerful a backhand stroke. He always plays hard, has wonderful nerve, and is seldom if ever rattled.

If an American team ever goes to England, August Belmont should unquestionably be its No. 1. In this position he is head and shoulders above any player in the country. He is invariably well mounted, rides superbly, and has nerve enough to "ride off" the very old Nick himself, even though he weighed 300 pounds. Mr. Belmont was one of the first in this country to take up the game, and has been one of its warmest supporters and most persevering exponents. He is handicapped 6 goals.

O. W. Bird is also handicapped 6 goals, and in play he is very much like Mr. Cowdin. His position on the team does not permit of his making any showy play, but he is very steady, and his work always counts for his side. He rides well, is very sure on the ball when in form, and is a thoroughly able player. He is one of the organizers of the Harvard Polo Club, and has been an earnest worker and liberal for the advancement of the game.

Douglas Robinson and W. Rutherford,

each handicapped 6 goals, are the best "backs" in the country, and which is the better of the two is difficult to say. They are both very steady, though probably Mr. Robinson is just a bit more indifferently to surroundings calculated to rattle one than Mr. Rutherford. The latter is very sure on the ball, though, and makes some remarkable plays. His career in polo has been a long one, filled with magnificent work for his team. Mr. Robinson rides at about 220 pounds, and consequently cannot be "ridden off." He is sure on the ball, and his powerful strokes are very telling.

E. C. Potter, handicapped 6 goals, is another back who is very close to Messrs. Rutherford and Robinson, and he has probably made the greatest improvement in the last few years of any. He is a most enthusiastic player, and, like Keene, plays to win from start to finish. At times his play is brilliant, but it is good always. He is pretty sure on the ball, and a good all-round man.

R. D. Wintthrop, handicapped 6 goals, is the "back" of the Meadow Brook Club, and a strong, determined player. There are times when his game is equal to the best, and his performances this season have shown that he has the material, with practice, to reach that point and stay there. He is plucky and a good all-round man. Another improving man is J. D. Cheever, who is now handicapped 4 goals, but has shown occasional play too good for that limit. T. P. Farr is a steady player who has fast ponies. When he gets the ball away he is very hard to catch, but he is not fond of a scrimmage, and is the least effective 6-goal man in the Association.

It would hardly be fair not to say a word about the ponies that have done their share toward developing the game. Away back in the very first days of polo, and when the ponies were 13 hands, Mr. Bennett, Hermann Oelrichs, and Mr. Griswold owned three little fellows that were remarkable for their speed and endurance, but these had only a short day. The greatest two of the earlier days, H. L. Herbert's Fox and August Belmont's Brick, stand out most prominently. They were both hardy, wonderfully fast, and evidently enjoyed the game, for they followed the ball closely and with rare intelligence. Fox was a wonder, indeed. He was ten times a winner at the horse show, and died at an old age. His owner to-day has a lasting memento of him in a pair of riding-boots made from his hide. Of later day ponies are Mr. Hitchcock's Dorothy and Mr. Cowdin's Clover. The former won at the horse show year before last, but was beaten by the latter year. Clover is probably the best polo pony on the field to-day. Strong and fast, she follows the ball like a cat, and requires very little guiding from her rider.

And, finally, I come now to the possibilities of polo in America. Earlier in this article I said the game was greatly misunderstood. The popular impression that only those with long purses and leisure and abundance may play polo is quite erroneous. The expense of the game is by no means so great as generally supposed, but like every other sport it can be made very costly. You may have the barrel of your gun covered with etchings if you like, or your yacht resplendent in brass trimmings, but you do not add to the effectiveness of the one nor the speed of the other. So with polo. You may, if you wish and your bank account permits of it, have half a dozen ponies, but it is not necessary to have so many in order to play the game. There is no tangible reason why, in any community where six or eight men will chip in to keep a field clipped and rolled, polo should not be played, and much sport had with one pony to each player. Every man who rows does not immediately set up a racing shell. Every man who rides a bicycle does not change his roadster for a racer. Why, then, should those inclined to play polo refrain from so doing because they fancy a stable of ponies is necessary?

It is an unfortunate mistake that such should have been the impression all these years, else we should have had polo teams to-day throughout the country. One pony is enough for sport; if in a town where rural teams struggle for sectional supremacy, two ponies are ample, and when you improve enough in play to contest a game with the crack teams, you will require three ponies. More than any other game, polo offers great inducement to business men who have sufficient regard for their health to go in for a little sport. To begin with, during the summer season, the playing can be done during the pleasant and cooler part of the day and after office hours. Out of season, the polo pony, which costs only from \$100 to \$200, is the most useful four-legged animal on earth, work in harness and under saddle improves him, and his keep is less than full-sized horses. Of course a player with one pony can't take part in match games; but he can play polo, and get much sport out of it, and I am authorized by H. L. Herbert, Esq., Chairman, to say that the Polo Association will furnish rules and full particulars to any wishing to take up the game, even if they do not aspire to become members of the Association, nor play in the tournament's matches. As to the healthful side of polo, it is the greatest bile-breaking, chest-expanding, blood-stirring, and muscle-making game on record. If you don't believe me, try it, and discover what you have been missing all these years.

VOLUNTEER SAILOR-MEN OF MASSACHUSETTS.

THE White Squadron, the beginning of our new navy, the pride of every citizen, has resolved itself for the time into a peripatetic training fleet. The naval militia of Boston were taken in hand on Tuesday, July 7th, and the volunteer blue-jacket was initiated into the mysteries of big guns, torpedoes, flash-lights, and a score of other naval duties. The night previous to the first lesson they slept in hammocks—or, to be precise, they tumbled into the hammocks on board the *Wabash* with the avowed purpose of sleeping. It is stated that but a few men fell out of their unaccustomed beds; but a ship at anchor in a harbor is not addicted to plunging during calm weather, although the treacherous nature of a hammock upon solid earth is proverbial. At the unsatisfactory hour of six in the morning the reveille bade all men "tumble out," and it may be that those who had performed that feat during the night were but practising in order to be perfect when the time came. Then the militia-men stowed hammocks and performed their toilet, arraying themselves in their nice white service rig, after which they had breakfast. This important preliminary was followed by muster and drill call, and a little after nine the battalion took to the boats and were ushered upon the decks of the new men-of-war. Then the sure-enough sailors and gunners were brought into contact with their civilian brothers-in-war. A dozen men were told off for each gun, and took their places alongside of the regular gun crews, each man being ordered to note the movements of the particular service man to whom he was assigned. Then the naval officers began the drill, and as it proceeded explained to the volunteers the workings of the great guns, what to avoid, and what to watch for, laying stress upon minute particulars regarding the handling of explosives. During this drill the amateurs did not participate actively, but a second drill followed, when the professionals were dismissed, and the volunteer sailors of Boston did the work. The verdict was that they did it well, and there was no qualifying phrase which meant "as well as could be expected." This was all done without the introduction of ammunition, but after dinner, or "mid-day mess," or whatever they call the noonday meal in naval parlance, the militia-men were taken below and properly presented to the substances that may make an epoch in his geography, with revised maps. On all the vessels of the squadron the same tactics were gone through with, according to programme, and at half past four the battalion were returned to the *Wabash*. Putting on blue uniforms, they ate their evening meal, and then dilated upon the enchantment of real ship life until they went again to their hammocks, at an early hour.

On Wednesday the morning ceremonies of the day previous were repeated, until they stood again at the guns in the positions assigned them upon the war vessels. Then they were made a part and parcel of the ships' crews, and alternated instruction below with drill at the great guns, and the lesser ones. Primers were on the guns this time, and the realism was added to. They ate at noon, and then had more drill, this time with their own officers. At 2.30 they took to the boats, which were equipped with all the necessities actually used in case of war, including a scattering of marines to guard them from danger. The different manoeuvres were then gone through with as directed by the signal flags from the flag-ship. The volunteers worked with the energy of the regulars; and there was a great deal of work about it, too, for men-of-war carry large boats, and large boats with the full complement of passengers are not light by any means. When it was all over they regaled themselves with a little wine and beer, and then, tired out, they went out about five miles, until they reached a position about a mile from Minot's Lodge Light-house. Real missiles were fired at a target six and eight hundred feet away, and sometimes the shots struck, and generally landed in the immediate vicinity of the mark. The batteries were manned entirely by the militia and their officers, the vessels steaming along in line and firing rapidly when the target came in range—first from the star-board, and then, countermarching, from the port side. The results were very satisfactory, and Admiral Walker expressed his delight at the quick and able work of the volunteers. It was a day of incident and excitement, the presence of an enemy only being needed to make the entire thing real.

A little after nine o'clock on Friday the squadron again raised anchor and set out for Deer Island. Everything had been arranged for a sham battle, and everybody knew just how it would turn out; but there was pleasure in it for many, and practice for the volunteers. A force of men was landed for the defence of the island, and when they and their guns were in position, the remainder of the men on board the fleet were sent out to wrest the disputed island from their brothers-in-arms. Men fell before the fire of blank-cartridges from both sides, and the relief

corps were busy in aiding the wounded and dead. They carried in both, because it was difficult to distinguish between them, although the unfortunate could assure them on both points. The guns on the big boats aided the invaders by an incessant fire, and after a severe fight and many evolutions, terms of capitulation were arranged, and the victors and vanquished together sought the ships, accompanied by the wounded and killed, who declined to be left behind, and marched with the rest to the landing-place. Then they went back to Boston, pleased and gratified with their performance, and received the compliments of the officers who make it a life work to know how such things should be done. And in the evening the volunteers were once more as good as anybody, and danced on board the *Wabash* in company with their late commanders, and emphasized their value in the social way. At 10.30 taps were sounded, and the volunteer sailors went home and relapsed once more into private citizens, but possessed of a knowledge that would prove unpleasant to an enemy if the government should need their services.

ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO.

In Bernalillo County, New Mexico, of which Albuquerque is the county town, the name perhaps survives of Fray Juan Bernal. This pious friar of the seventeenth century, the Father Custodian of New Mexico, was murdered at Galisteo by the Pueblo Indians in the great revolt of 1680. East of the Gorieta Range his name is perpetuated in Bernal Mountain, with its sloping sides and shaft-like "table-top," surmounted by *penitentes* crosses—an elevation often known in modern days as Starvation Peak. Bernal, however, the general dimensions of which are 130 miles from east to west, and 75 miles from north to south, is distinctively the sheep-raising district of the Territory, and for centuries great fortunes were made by the early ranch-owners. Vast arid tracts, worthless for cultivation owing to lack of water, provide unfailing pastures for sheep and cattle summer and winter, with no need of care save that of herding the animals.

The region is rich in minerals. Copper mines are extensively worked at Copper City, at the head waters of the Rio Puerco of the East. The Sandia Mountains to the north-east, and the San Mateo and the Jemez Mountains to the north-west, and at its southern base, the general dimensions of which are 130 miles from east to west, and 75 miles from north to south, is distinctively the sheep-raising district of the Territory, and for centuries great fortunes were made by the early ranch-owners. Vast arid tracts, worthless for cultivation owing to lack of water, provide unfailing pastures for sheep and cattle summer and winter, with no need of care save that of herding the animals.

Albuquerque, the altitude of which is 5026 feet, is situated about seventy miles from Santa Fe, on the left bank of the Rio Grande. With a population of 8058 inhabitants, it is the largest town in New Mexico, slightly outnumbering Santa Fe, the next in size. Until the coming of railroads about ten years ago, the old town of flat-roofed adobe shops and houses built on the river-bank was wholly Mexican in aspect, and was characterized by many spacious houses, each built about a *placita* or court-yard, and envied by gardens, orchards, and vineyards. Many Spanish Americans of wealth and distinction resided here, and it was the trading-point of an extensive district, occupied, as now, by stock ranches and by the inhabitants of a dozen Indian pueblos.

San Felipe Neri de Albuquerque, to give its full and early title to the New Mexican emporium of the Rio Grande Valley, was founded by Spaniards about the middle of the seventeenth century. It was named in honor of Francisco Fernandez de la Cuerva, Duke of Albuquerque, who was Viceroy of Mexico during the periods of 1599-1600 and 1701-11. According to that eminent authority, Professor Adolf F. Bandlerer, the town during the seventeenth century occupied a different site from its present one. It was a small plaza among the ranches scattered along this part of the river valley, which the proprietors held by force of arms against predatory savages, while their Indian vassals tilled the alluvial bottom-lands, and tended the flocks and herds in the plains to east and west. The hidalgos left the country in haste in the perilous time of the great uprising of the Pueblo Indians in 1680, and on the return of white settlers to this locality, after the Spanish reconquest of New Mexico a dozen years later, the town was located in its present place, which had become the hacienda of the Lieutenant-Governor, Alonzo Garcia.

Through the century and a half that followed the reconquest, Albuquerque was a place of note among the Mexican settlements strung along the Rio Grande from Taos to Socorro, and after New Mexico became a part of the United States, the town increased in importance. With the extension of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railway to this point in 1880, the part of Albuquerque known as the "new town" was laid out about the railway station, and at once became a centre of business activity, with a considerable population. Unlike most Western railroad towns, it has never had a "boom," but in the place of that ephemeral excitement, usually the prelude to collapse, it has maintained a steady and substantial growth. The new district lies in greater part to the west of the railway station, about a mile east from the old town, with which it is connected by a street-car line. It is built of wood, brick,

and stone, and modern and tasteful residences, surrounded by grounds beautified with trees, flowers, and shrubbery, extend from its business quarter southward down the valley, or westward along the avenue leading to the old town. It has street railways, gas-works, electric light, water-works, telephones, two daily newspapers, good public schools, and eleven churches.

The new town is built after the modern fashion, its main streets—Railroad and Gold avenues—with their substantial business blocks, presenting the usual appearance of a thriving young Western city. All the principal streets are graded and provided with sidewalks. Many important additions and improvements have been made during the past year, including the expenditure of \$50,000 by the city government in beginning a complete sewer system for the town. In Albuquerque are held the sittings of the District Court of the Second Judicial District and the United States Court. The court-house in the old town, a modern and handsome building, contrasts oddly with the vista of antique portals which front the street, with a wind-mill in the background.

The scenery about Albuquerque is strange and picturesque. Eastward a mesa ten miles in width extends southerly, parallel with the river, between the valley and the mountain bases. In the northeast the lofty oblong summits of the Sandia (Watermelon) Mountains rise above this tableland, their rocky, partly timbered sides revealing in the afternoon sun varied hues of blue, brown, red, and gray. South of the Sandias lies a lower range of mountains through which Tijeras, Coyote, and Hell cañons afford passage from the eastern plains down to the valley and its city among the sands, and to the southeast of these rise the low hills of the Jemez, Manzanara range. The western bank of the long southward stretch of river is marked by low rolling bluffs, back of which rise from the plain the peaks of the detached mountain group, the Ladrones, a rendezvous in former times for robbers. Westward a chain of brown hills breaks the view, and in the northwest, seen, blue in the distance, the San Mateo and Jemez mountains.

Rising among the mountains of Colorado, at an altitude of 11,920 feet, the Rio Grande, on its way to the Gulf of Mexico, flows through New Mexico from north to south—a distance of about 360 miles measured on the meridian, with a fall of 2200 feet in that course. The river, at its mouth, is a broad ground, percolating the sands, so that water may be found anywhere in the valley by digging to the depth of the river's surface. In the spring and summer overflows its muddy current deposits in the valley a sediment of volcanic, granitic, and silicious soil, forming alluvial bottom-lands of great depth and inexhaustible fertility.

The Rio Grande, in its landscape setting has a rare picturesqueness as unusual and individual as that associated with the scenery of the Nile Valley. Along its waters, deriving their sustenance from fields enriched by its overflow, are Spanish American and Indian villages of low rectangular adobe houses, and the quaint massive church standing against a background of mesas, mountains, and sand-hills. The stretch of thick muddy water, with its distant sheens of blue and silver, winds its long way amid prevailing gray and red landscape tints interspersed with the deep green of cotton-wood groves and low thickets which fringe its banks, and the lighter verdure of growing crops. Mud-walled fields and gardens, irrigated by means of rude ditches which conduct the water from the *acequia madre*, or main ditch, leading from the river, surround the adobe houses scattered along the valley.

The vine and fruit lands along the river begin at a short distance above the town of Bernalillo, some ten miles from Albuquerque, and from that point southward are many orchards and vineyards new and old. Apples, pears, quinces, apricots, peaches, and plums have been abundantly raised here, with little care, by the native inhabitants since the first settlement of the country by Europeans, and now all the small fruits are successfully cultivated. Especially is this part of New Mexico favorable to vineyard culture, and the grape of the Rio Grande Valley will compare favorably in juiciness, sweetness, and flavor with the product of any other locality in the world. The variety most generally cultivated is the Mission grape, introduced at an early period by missionaries, but the Muscatel and other kinds are successfully produced and also found.

By the aid of irrigation every plant of the temperate zone may be successfully raised in the Rio Grande Valley. Corn and wheat yield abundantly, and oats, barley, beans, and alfalfa are staple crops. Vegetables of all kinds grow to great size, and are excellent of quality. All the New Mexican fruits are of fine flavor, and they bring a much higher price in market than the similar California productions. At various estates up and down the river the business of wine-making is conducted on a considerable scale, and with the due improvement of its advantages, the valley of the Rio Grande will take a high place among the wine and brandy producing districts of the world. The old method of treading out the grape by the feet of men and women has been mainly succeeded by the use of wine-presses and other labor-saving and more efficient processes.

As the leading town of this fertile valley and the market for a wide mining and graz-

ing district, Albuquerque is destined to maintain a high rank among cities of the Southwest. The machine-shops of the Atlantic and Pacific Railway are located here, furnishing regular employment to from 350 to 400 men. The 25,000,000 pounds of wool annually produced in New Mexico, which is principally shipped at Albuquerque, is carried to distant Eastern mills to be manufactured into cloth, blankets, carpets, and in three forms much of it finds its way back to the people who produced it. As a seat for prospective woolen manufactures Albuquerque has a great advantage over Eastern cities in the matter of freight, in cheapness of fuel and of raw materials, and in the assurance of a home market for its products in wide surrounding territory. The thousands of tons of ore from the mines of New Mexico and Arizona which pass weekly through Albuquerque to the smelteries of Colorado, Omaha, and Kansas City could as well be treated at this place; canning factories would find at hand an abundant supply of fruits for their purpose; and manufacturing industries of many other kinds, particularly machinery, could be introduced to the profit of manufacturer and consumer.

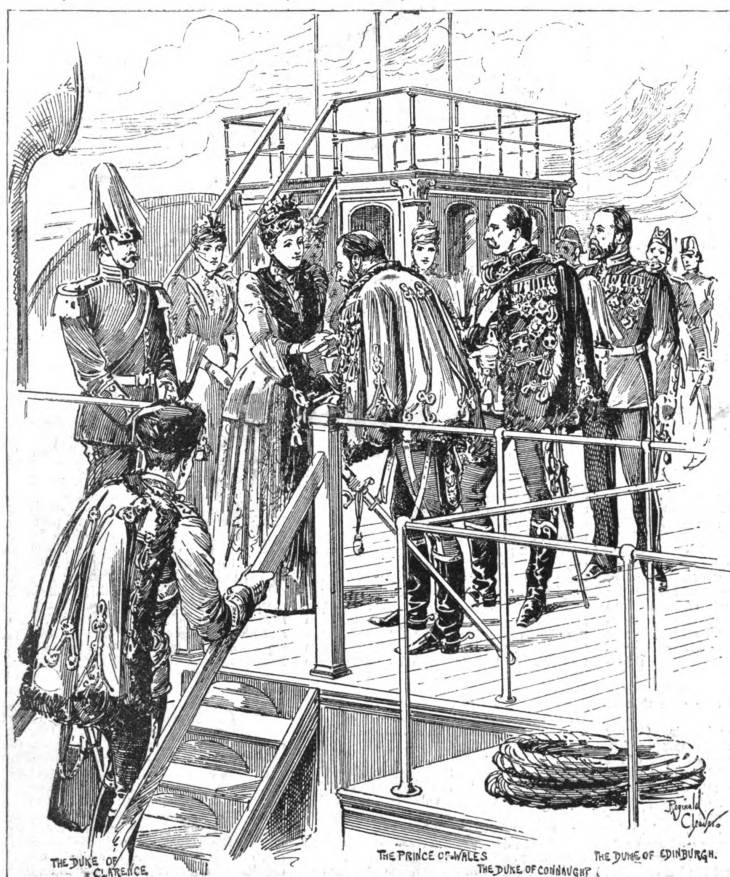
Albuquerque is noted for the energy and public spirit of its citizens. Its Board of Trade is represented by the Commercial Club, every member of which makes it his business to talk up the town, and lend a hand at all times to help its prosperity. The leading business street, Gold Street, viewed from the railway station, presents striking features of an enterprising Southwestern city. In the foreground, enclosed by an iron railing, is the appropriate statue of an Indian with bow and quiver, and far down the avenue, between the rows of business houses, appear the tower and cross of the Catholic church, indicating the prevailing religion of the people. Six-mule teams and ox teams from camps and ranches, carriages, sulky and tandem rigs, cowboys and vaqueros on horseback, Mexicans riding upon burros, Pueblo Indians driving donkeys laden with fruit or pottery, and groups of wild-looking Navajos, who have come from their reservation on errands of barter or curiosity, are common features of the scene. Mingled with these are miners, Chinamen, tourists, and sometimes strange visitors from the Orient—a party of Turks or Arabs peddling trinkets or exhibiting a troupe of performing bears.

The old town, following the religious faith of its founders, the Conquistadores, makes much of the saints' days, its most noted festivals being those of our Lady of Guadalupe and of Corpus Christi. Headed by church dignitaries, the religious procession on these days, with canopy and guildons, marches to the music of a band through the street, reverently regaled by the crowd of spectators that crowd the sidewalks or crouch along the sidewalks and the plaza fence.

The city is well provided with schools of various kinds. Here, upon a beautiful site, stands the University of New Mexico, maintained by an appropriation of \$25,000 a year from the Territorial treasury. The Albuquerque College was opened in 1889, for both sexes, with a regular college curriculum, and 180 pupils were enrolled in this institution last year. Its faculty consists of a president and six assistant instructors. The New West Educational Society has at this city its headquarters for the Southwest, and the academy of this association, recently completed, is one of the finest school buildings between Kansas and California. The Albuquerque Academy, organized and incorporated in 1888, occupies a new three-story building, with a good library and large lecture-room. The Presbyterian Board of Missions have maintained here since 1847 an Indian boarding-school, which is conducted by a principal with a staff of nine teachers, two women and a half from the city is situated the Government Indian Industrial Training School, with extensive buildings and grounds. It is in charge of a principal, assisted by an able corps of teachers, and its attendance last season was 200 pupils. The Presbyterian church and the Sisters of Charity have schools at Albuquerque, and there is also maintained here a small private school for girls.

Situated practically at the junction of the two great Southern overland railways, Albuquerque possesses a commercial position of great advantage. From it the Atlantic and Pacific Railway runs westward into California through a country which from the Rio Grande to the Colorado River is a fine grazing, mining, and timber region. Crossing New Mexico from north to south, the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railway makes a junction with the Atlantic and Pacific road at Albuquerque, and continuing southward, connects with the Southern Pacific Railway at Deming, and with the Mexican Central and its connecting roads at El Paso, Texas; so that Albuquerque has a railway communication with the great channels of trade on the north, south, and west. Several prospective railways, some of which are now building, will connect with this city or find it a terminus. The extension of the St. Louis and San Francisco road westward from the Indian Territory to a junction with the Atlantic and Pacific Railway, a possible cut-off by Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railway from Kiowa, Kansas, southwest to the Rio Grande, and a road connecting the city with the Texas system of railways to the southeast, are among these projected lines.

CLARENCE PULLEN.



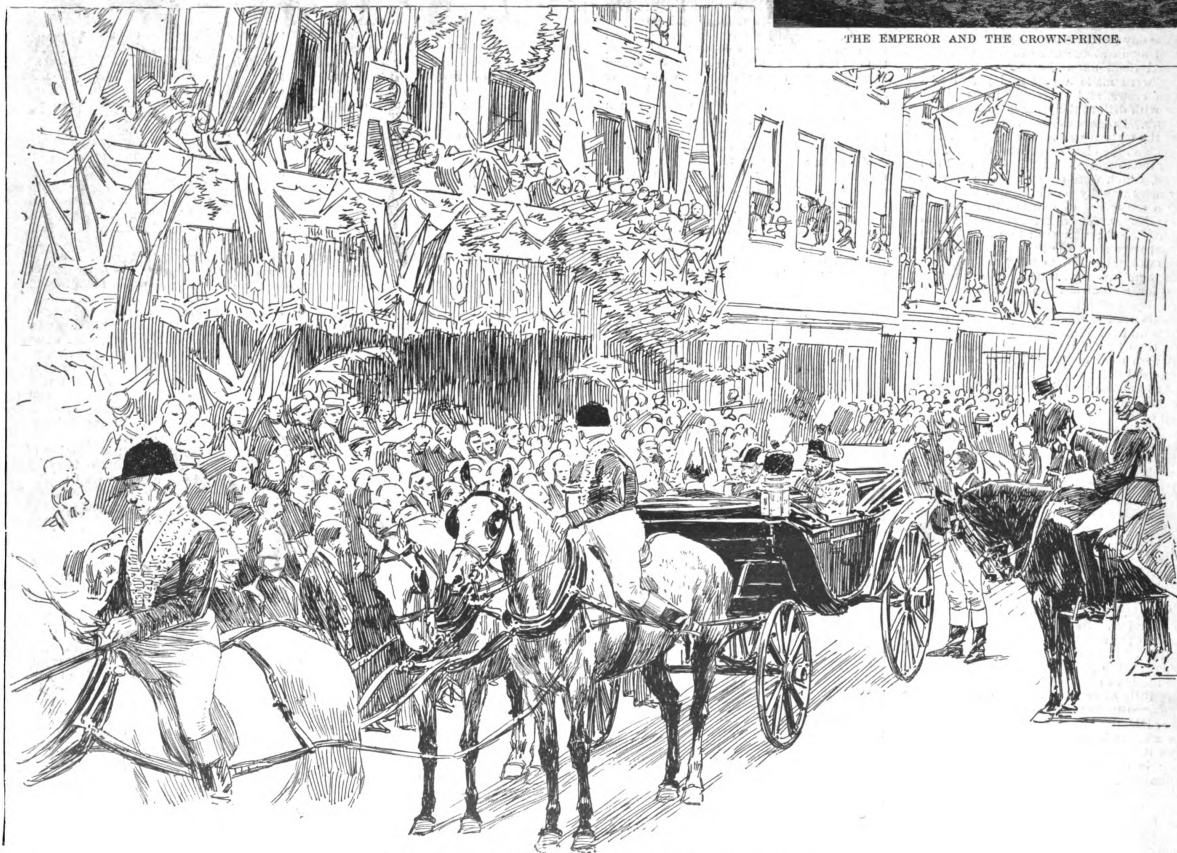
THE ARRIVAL OF THE "BOHENZOLLERN" WITH THE GERMAN EMPEROR AND EMPRESS AT PORT VICTORIA.—THE PRINCE OF WALES KISSING THE EMPRESS'S HAND.



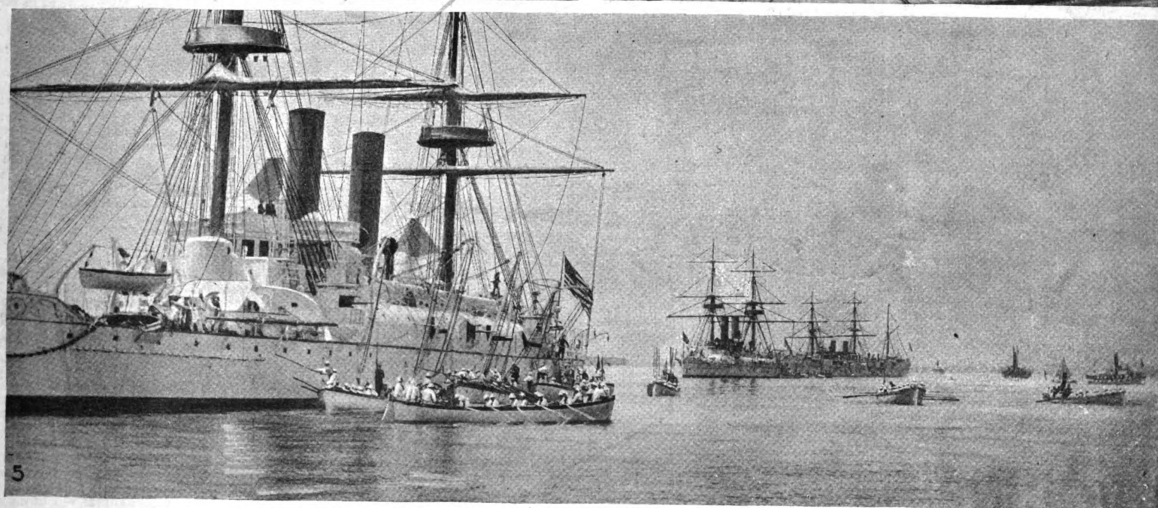
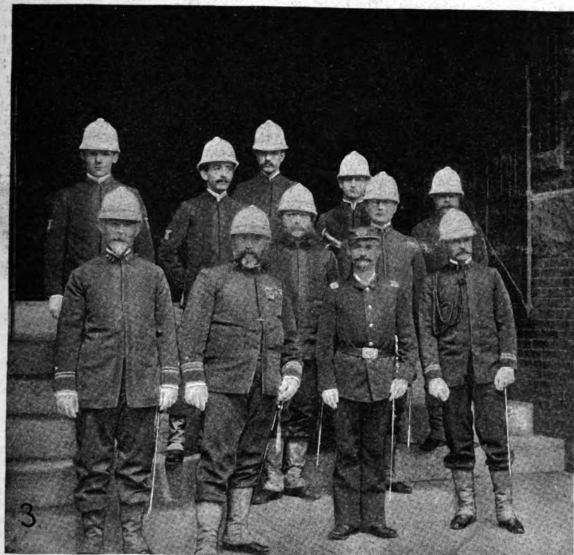
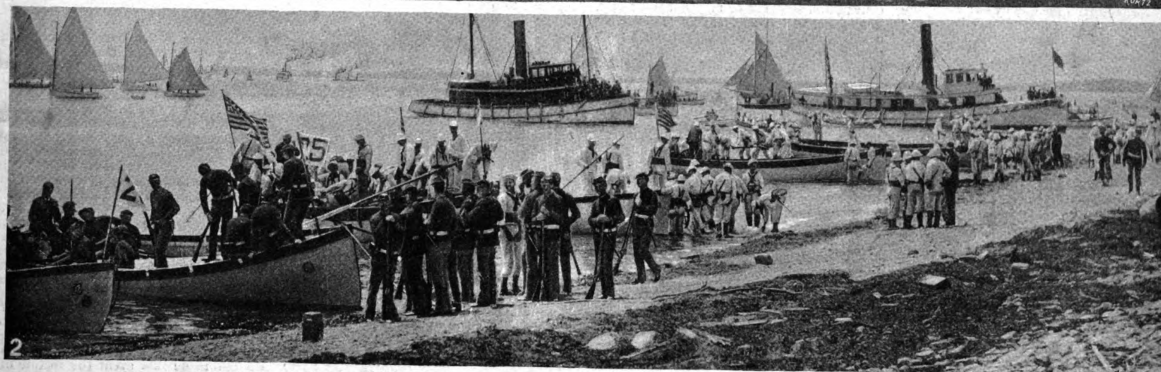
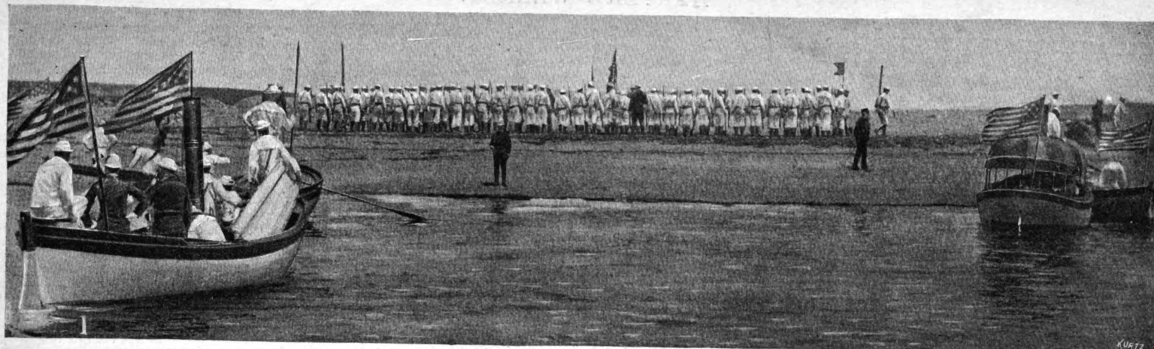
THE EMPEROR.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING HIS YOUTH.



THE EMPEROR AND THE CROWN-PRINCE.



THE RECEPTION BY THE MAYOR AND CORPORATION AT WINDSOR.
THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S VISIT TO ENGLAND.—[SEE PAGE 586.]



THE DRILL OF THE MASSACHUSETTS NAVAL RESERVE.—[SEE PAGE 583.]

1. On Deer Island. 2. Embarking from Deer Island. 3. Lieutenant-Commander J. C. Soley and Staff. 4. A Group of the Men in Working Uniform. 5. Leaving the United States Steam-Ship *Boston*.

EMPEROR WILLIAM'S VISIT TO ENGLAND.

THE recent visit of Emperor William to Great Britain will remain on record as one of the great historical events of the long and glorious reign of Queen Victoria. Independent of all political and social considerations, it is of interest as having been the first visit in state of a German Emperor since close upon four hundred years ago. The last occasion on which a German Emperor set foot on English soil was when, in 1519, Charles V. crossed over the Channel, Antwerp, and landed near Folkestone for the purpose of calling upon his uncle, King Henry VIII.

No more striking demonstration of the onward march of enlightenment and civilization can be obtained than from a comparison of the published accounts of William's reception with those of Emperor Charles V. The former was escorted up the shore by the guns of the forts, was saluted by the deafening discharges of 100-ton guns, and was welcomed on board his splendidly appointed steamer-yacht by his very *fin du siècle* uncle, the Prince of Wales; whereas Charles V., the mightiest monarch of the Middle Ages, was received on his huge slave-propelled galley by Cardinal Wolsey, who brought him ashore near Polkstone in a gilded barge amidst salutes fired from 6-pound guns, and escorted him to Dover Castle, where the Emperor was welcomed by his uncle, King Henry VIII. The aim of Charles's visit, like that of Emperor William's, was to wig Great Britain over into a coalition against France, and the marks of favor and consideration bestowed, with this object in view, by the German Kaiser of the sixteenth century upon King Henry's all-powerful minister, Cardinal Wolsey, find their counterpart in the analogous and similarly interested demonstrations of good will on the part of the young German Kaiser of to-day toward Queen Victoria's minister, the Marquis of Salisbury.

Probably the most successful and notable feature of the entire visit of Emperor William was his triumphal progress through the city of London to the Guildhall. No German Emperor had passed within the boundaries of Temple Bar since 1416, when Kaiser Sigismund visited the city while staying with King Henry V., the Prince of Wales of Shakspeare; and it may safely be asserted that no foreign potentate, nor yet any statesman, ever received such a tribute of respect, deference, and one might almost add servility, from this the most important commercial centre of the world, as did Emperor William. Extraordinary and yet comprehensible was the anxiety with which these great city magnates met the moving spirits of the trade of the universe—scanned the features of the young monarch, and strained their ears to catch every word that fell from his lips. For they realize full well that the maintenance of peace is indispensable to commercial prosperity, and that war means ruin to many if not to most of them. They know, too, that Emperor William, impulsive, quick tempered, and headstrong, is practically the autocrat of a powerful nation of 40,000,000 Germans, besides being the absolute and irresponsible master of an army of 3,000,000 men, admittedly the most powerful military force on the face of the globe. It is upon the caprice and whim of this young German Emperor, who declares himself answerable for his actions, not to his people or to the world, but to God alone, that depends the maintenance of European peace. He has it in his power either to assure the latter, or to involve the Old World in all the horrors of war. Under the circumstances it is not surprising that the City Fathers of London should have been eager to propitiate and earn the good will of a monarch who, with the power of peace and war vested in his hands, is able to control the continuance or the decline of their commercial prosperity.

It is fortunate that the Emperor's stay in England did not extend beyond a week, for the admiration and astonishment created among the steady and easy-going Britons by the restless activity of their imperial guest were on the point of giving way to a feeling of intense weariness, when he took his departure to go whale hunting off the northernmost point of Europe. Perpetually on the go during twenty hours out of every twenty-four, he literally did not give his entertainers a moment's rest, and left them practically panting for breath when he bade them adieu. While the impression which he has created in England appears to have been excellent, it is tempered by a sentiment of relief that he occupies the German and not the English throne. They admit that he is a man of action, full of vitality, and neither slothful, self-indulgent, nor idle; but they prefer their own *not finished*, so perfectly and admirably exemplified by their constitutional sovereign. The German Emperor's visit has had the effect of increasing their loyalty towards their own monarchy. Having enjoyed the opportunity of obtaining an insight into the characteristics of the restless German King, they have come to the conclusion that they infinitely prefer their own inactive Queen Log. The populace that lined the Strand to see the German Emperor pass were disappointed, according to many accounts, owing to the Empress holding her parasol in such a way that the Emperor's head was almost hidden under its silk covering.



THE performances last week of *Beatriz* and *Oceene* have done much for Eastern yachtsmen. They have been lifted completely out of the depths of despair into which the *Gloriana* had cast them, and some of the more enthusiastic are actually discussing the possibility of *Beatriz* winning the Corinthian Sweepstakes at Newport next month. If there is anything in comparisons, or if the form shown by the 46-footers in their previous races can be counted upon as a basis, one is fairly safe in saying that, accidents excepted, Mr. Morgan's boat must prove the champion 46-footer of '91. As this column set forth last week, however, the *Gloriana* is putting on new and larger canvas, and she may or may not sail faster. While the crews of *Beatriz* and *Oceene* have not developed a champion, they have shown clearly that the *Gloriana* will be called on to do her best, or lower her colors to either *Beatriz* or *Oceene*. I say either one or the other of these two, because, notwithstanding the fact that the centre board has been twice from the *Oceene*, it has been in weather just to her liking and by a small margin that might readily be overcome. Last week I said that in a good stiff breeze *Beatriz* was likely to prove the faster of the two, and she has; but we must see her in light and fluky weather before acknowledging her superiority.

THE VICTORY OF "BEATRIZ" was a very popular one in Eastern waters, where so many yachtsmen cling with desperate fondness to the centre-board type. Of course all attention was concentrated on her and *Seymour*, the latter having sailed with the *Gloriana* and been beaten. In the first day's event the *Seymour* broke her bolstary when about half the distance had been sailed, and put about for home, making comparison mere guesswork. On the second day, however, she went over the course, and *Beatriz* beat her by about four minutes; *Gloriana* had won from her on a margin of about ten minutes; therefore, as I have said above, if one can judge from these facts, Boston must be content with second honors this year in the 46-foot class. The *Albion* has shown no improvement. There are some who believe she will yet come up in good shape and show speed, but these are very likely carried away by their faith in her owner. General Paine is a sportsman and a yachtsman; if there is any "go" in *Albion* he will bring it out, but the query is, has she any "go"?

THE CHERRY DIAMOND YACHT CLUB will hold much wisdom if it secures, before sailing its second special race for 46-footers, men on its Regatta Committee who have previously attended at least one yacht race, and know enough to go in when it rains. It is bad enough to choose men who have no qualifications for office, but when indifference to duty is added to ignorance the case becomes exasperating indeed. Captain Somers's efforts deserve more success than attended the race last Saturday. Of the 46-footers the *Mineloa*, *Jessica*, and *Nautilus* started; the *Mineloa* took the lead and held it, until, reaching the point where a stake boat should have been, Mr. Belmont discovered that the very intelligent Regatta Committee had overlooked that little detail, and he very properly withdrew his yacht. The race should be declared off, and sailed over.

THE ATLANTIC YACHT CLUB cruise, which came to an end off Shelter Island last Thursday, was one of the most successful the club has ever had, not particularly in the extent of the fleet, though it was of a very creditable size, but in the more practical and likewise pleasant side of cruising. There was no racing from port to port, the yachts got under way at their leisure, and every one recorded a good run. The management was excellent.

THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB begins its 47th annual cruise next Monday, August 3d, and it is likely to prove a memorable one in the club's history from the fact of its rendezvous being at Glen Cove, Long Island, and within reach of so many of the club's friends. There are to be the usual runs from port to port, with a "squadron run" prize given in each class where two or more start. The Goelet Cups will be sailed for August 7th, off Newport, as well as contests for the Owl and Game-cock Colors. The steamboat *Mythra Star* has been chartered for members desiring to visit the squadron at Glen Cove.

RESUMING THE DISCUSSION of the general suggestions for the future of yacht-racing deferred for want of space a few weeks ago, I take up general propositions "D" (no time allowance between boats of the same class) and "E" (single-gun starts, and the first boat home to win), which remain to be disposed of. In connection with what will be here said, reference should be had to these columns in the WEEKLY of May 16th, 23d, and 30th, for these last two general propositions depend largely for their utility in practice upon propositions "B" and "C" being

in use, viz., that boats should be classified by measurement, and that the classes should be numerous.

IN TAKE PROPOSITIONS "D" and "E" in inverse order, it appears that both the object and result of single-gun starts (the effect of which is that no allowance is made to a boat for any delay in starting) are to increase efficiency in handling boats on the part of owners and sailing-masters, and incidentally to improve the spectacle afforded the public. In brief, it makes the sport keener. The boats' relative positions at any time during a race are their actual positions (admitting that there be no time allowance). The work of sailing committees is vastly simplified. The interest on the part of those sailing the boats is increased. The importance of neglecting no opportunity is enforced upon each competitor. It is just as much a part of proper handling to get a boat to the starting-line, to obtain an advantageous position on the line—which means a position from which the line can be promptly crossed with good headway at or near its weather end—and to get away smartly and promptly, as it is to sail the boat during the race itself. Clearly also the effectiveness of the race to the on-looker and the interest therein are greater than if one is compelled to consult memoranda, and add or deduct differences of start, and mentally allow one way or the other for time allowance, and make an estimate based on these elements and upon the distance between the two boats, before one can decide which is really ahead in the race actually taking place before one.

MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE, however, the result produced in practice, to wit, a shortening of the interval between the crossing of the line by the first and last boats of a class, tends distinctly to prevent any accidental advantages or disadvantages arising during the course of the race to one competitor or the other from one experiencing better or worse conditions of wind, tide, or sea than the others. The boats are more or less apt to cross approximately together, and to sail pretty much the same courses. One competitor is more likely to stick to another than to go off and "hunt for luck." Lingered behind the line in light weather which gives indications of a better wind coming has often sent a boat across the line five or ten minutes after her competitors (according to the intervals allowed by the conditions of the race) with a much better wind, and brought her down upon them with a breeze of which they have not felt the effects, but which she has carried with her over the course, thereby picking up a perhaps very considerable distance, when, had they been subjected to similar conditions, a fairer race, a better test of the merits of the boats, and possibly a different ending would have resulted.

THE ARGUMENTS IN FAVOR of doing away with time allowance are, as above noted, to a very great extent, dependent upon the subdivisions of boats into numerous classes. This must come (in time) from the steady increase in the number of yachts, which, be it observed, is a normal condition of the sport of yachting, as population and wealth increase. Where but few boats exist they will be of great disparity of size, in accordance with the purses and ambitions of their comparatively few owners, but where boats are numerous and classes are increased in number, each class will "fill." Divide the, say, 4000 yachts in this country into 25 classes, with the "size" of "waters" growing gradually greater between classes, and we shall have a fair number of representatives in each class, and a sufficient number, for all practical purposes, at the head of each class.

THAT THE FULL BENEFIT of building at the head of classes may be attained, such classification should be based not upon one element alone, but upon all the elements that at the time acceptedly enter into "size." Two boats, for instance, might be at the head (or practically at the head) of, let us say, Class "X." One of them might exceed the other by several feet l. o. a., while at the same time she herself might be exceeded by her competitor in l. w. l. Either of the two might have the greater beam, and either the greater draught. One might have a much larger sail spread than the other. Yet, on whatever at the time was the accepted rule for ascertaining relative "size" in boats, they might (and properly so) be determined to be of equal size. If designing were not a science, if it had not its accepted formulae, if knowledge of the principles which control it or are involved therein did not exist, then indeed it would be probably unfair to do away with time allowance. But it is within the capacity of every even fairly good designer to produce a boat which *must* come out, when the elements entering into her measurement have been computed, of a certain determinate "size," whether that size be expressed by the term "tons," and be computed in some fashion on her cubic capacity, or by her "raire" (the expression in England at the moment for the result of the application of their present rule of measurement to a boat), or whether that size be called "sailing-length" (as the result obtained by applying our present system of measurement to a boat is herein styled).

IN OTHER WORDS, A DESIGNER can build a boat which in measurement *shall* equal another boat, whatever the rule of measurement is, and yet one which shall differ greatly from her by the favoring of some elements neglected in her, and the neglecting of others which she favors. This being so, and since openly and avowedly time allowance is a mere approximation (an attempt in a rough way, and in a rough way only, to equalize disparity in size), it is apparent that greater truth for the purposes of comparison of model will be developed where boats are compelled to be built of equal "size," under the penalty of the disadvantages which are the attendant results of being smaller.

THAT THE DRAWING UP of the cruiser as well as the handicap rules which have appeared in these columns is timely is evidenced by late utterances in the columns of several journals. In *Forest and Stream* of June 18th the question was editorially asked as to what provision it was proposed should be made concerning the measurement of boats for such races, whether they should be measured when in compliance with the rules or when stripped for racing, and what the result would be where they were found to exceed class limits when in ordinary sailing trim. So, also, in a late number of the *London Field*, the editor argues the question as to whether racing boats should be allowed to enter handicaps. Both these questions are disposed of in the rules which we have printed for these classes of matches, and, as it would seem, fairly and satisfactorily.

LACK OF SPACE necessitates completion of argument in later issue.

THE MEADOW CLUB'S TENNIS tournament at Southampton last week was successful, as usual, but there was considerable disappointment among the cottagers that none of the highest-class players could be induced to enter. Campbell and Huntington were present during the week, and their competing in the doubles made that event the feature of the tournament. But what interest would have been excited by another meeting in singles between those two fine players! The presence of such men as the Hall brothers, Ford Huntington, A. W. Post, and Richard Stevens always insures good play and an interesting tournament, but V. G. Hall is the only one of these who last year ranked among the first ten players, and it is doubtful that his form thus far in the present season would entitle him to so high a position. It is a noteworthy fact that outside of Westchester, where the players were especially invited, and a particularly good time assured, the lawn-tennis enthusiasts in the vicinity of New York have had no opportunity this year to enjoy a meeting between two first-class players. Those of the highest skill seem to avoid each other in the early tournaments. This is very different from the condition of affairs four years ago, when the best men were accustomed to compete annually in the spring meetings at Orange, Hastings-on-the-Hudson, and Hoboken.

IT IS ALL VERY WELL to say that a match between second-class men is just as pretty to watch. But it is not, nor does a tournament with none but men of this class attract spectators. There is something in a match between players such as Huntington and Hobart, who played at Westchester, which appeals to the eye much more than an encounter between two of the second class. A tournament in which none of the first-class men compete loses half of its interest; and when any one of those men is able to enter, he should undoubtedly do so in the interests of the game. Without tournaments, lawn-tennis would quickly lose a large share of its popularity.

THE MOST INTERESTING and best-played match in singles last week was that between the Hall brothers in the semi-final round. The contest was close, but the elder brother this time turned the tables, and as he showed in better form than in any previous tournament of the season, he will probably improve from this time on. His easy victory over Ford Huntington in the final round, with the score of 6-2, 6-4, 7-5, earned for him the title of champion of Long Island, for Howard A. Taylor, who has held that honor for the past three years at least, did not appear to defend it. As already stated, however, the doubles event was quite the feature of the week's play. The good showing of the Torrence brothers, of Canada, excited great surprise. It was creditable to win a match from A. W. Post and Richard Stevens; but even more so, perhaps, to capture a set from Campbell and Huntington. The final match between the last-named pair and the Hall brothers was a pretty fight, and as E. L. Hall is more accustomed than Hobart to his brother's play in doubles, the winning of this match by Campbell and Huntington is something to indicate the probable result of the championship contest at Newport—assuming, of course, that Campbell and Huntington will defeat the Western pair.

THE FINAL MATCHES in two tournaments postponed on account of the rain of the week before were played off on Monday of last week. The most important was that at Chicago, where Mr. S. T. Chase, by defeating Mr. Cummins, became champion of the West, as

the present holder, Mr. C. A. Chase, defeated in the championship round. During the last year S. T. Chase has improved more perhaps than any well-known player, and may give some of our Eastern "cracks" a surprise at Newport. He is not yet up to the form, however, which wins against all comers. At Montclair, Larned, of Orange, and Millett, of the New York Tennis Club, played a very pretty, and, as every one had expected, an extremely close match. The latter needed but one or two points in the fourth set to secure it and the match by three sets to one; and when he failed to capture these, he seemed to lose heart, and was easily beaten in the fifth set. Larned, whose score was 4-6, 6-1, 5-7, 9-7, 6-1, played a plucky up-hill game throughout the match, and deserved the prize, but I think Millett, aided, as he will be, by practice with the numerous skillful players of the New York Club, will prove the better of the two in a year.

THE SEABRIGHT CLUB tournament played a week ago attracted but little attention, although it ended with a very well-played match between Richard Stevens and A. W. Post, in which Mr. Stevens proved himself to be an admirable stayer. After being badly beaten in the first two sets, he braced in a surprising manner, and won the next three quite as easily. The score, which was of great importance, was 2-6, 1-6, 6-0, 6-3, 6-2.

THE ENGLEWOOD FIELD CLUB tournament, though a closed affair, being for the club championship cup, developed some play, especially among the women, worthy of comment. For the second time M. F. Preyer secured the cup, which another winning will make his own property. His only rival was Sheppard Homans, Jun., the Princeton "full back," who is playing good tennis; and his occasional games on the club's nine prove him to be an all-round athlete of some ability. He won first prize in the tennis singles, and, with his sister, captured the mixed doubles, and second prize with Herbert Coppel in the men's doubles. The playing of Miss Annie Burdett, Miss Lulu Mowry, and Miss Sallie Homans was excellent, and we shall undoubtedly hear of these young women in some of the coming open tournaments.

THE INTERCITY CRICKET MATCH between Boston and Philadelphia proved by no means the walk over that had been expected for the Quakers. Indeed, had the Boston men wielded the willow with skill equal to that with which they handled the ball, they would have won readily. As it was, however, they played well enough to visit a surprise upon their opponents and convince Philadelphia men that if they wish to maintain the supremacy, their best eleven must be sent on to the field. It should not be forgotten, however, that the Philadelphia team, to its credit be it said, was composed exclusively of amateurs, whereas the bowling of the Longwood professional was mainly instrumental in keeping down the Philadelphia score.

I SHALL HAIL WITH PLEASURE the day that records the formation of a cricket association having power to act on this professional question. We have no more right to play professionals on cricket eleven than we have on base-ball nines, foot-ball elevens, crews, or any other team of gentlemen organized in amateur sport. The day, when we were learning the game, that the services of a professional were necessary and instructive; but that time has past. We have now become proficient, or at least we have learned our lesson, and there remains no excuse for continuing the professional as a member of an eleven. Especially does this apply to match games. Every club should put itself on record as opposed to playing professionals, and some regulation should be made to that effect.

THE ANNUAL MATCH between Canada and the United States furnished another uncomfortably close finish for the American cricketers. The large score made by our representatives in Philadelphia last season is undoubtedly fresh in the minds of all followers of the game. This year the Philadelphians were entirely at the mercy of the Canadian trundlers, but the loyal subjects of her Britannic Majesty displayed their old weakness at the bat, and being in consequence unable to take advantage of their opportunities were compelled to sustain another defeat.

THE ROSEDALE CRICKET CLUB, of Toronto, may be a very good club of its class, but it is evidently trying too high when it undertakes to contest a game with the Germantown Cricket Club, of Philadelphia. The all too confident Kanucks recently had the unenviable distinction of enabling the crack Quaker City organization to complete a score which is likely to stand as a record for some time to come. Going in first on their own ground, Germantown rolled up the enormous total of 631, to which F. E. Brewster contributed 141, "not out"; G. S. Patterson, 135; F. Ralston, 92; F. H. Bohlen, 70; and W. Brockie, 63. Against this large score Rosedale was able to place only 59 runs in the first inning, while five of their wickets had fallen in their second attempt for 28 runs. As if to convince the Rosedale players that the first match was not altogether a fluke, Germantown met the Canadians again at

Toronto, making short work of the opposing batsmen, and running up nearly 300 runs for the loss of three wickets. G. S. Patterson, who seems to have an especial liking for Canadian bowling, was "not out," with 146 runs to his credit.

WE HAVE BEEN HEARING from time to time of English women indulging in cricket on the other side, and now it comes our turn to talk a little about what our girls can do at the game. A week ago last Friday, on the lawn of Mr. H. H. Houston, at Wissahickon Heights, Philadelphia, a match was played between eleven ladies, captained by Miss E. R. Carpenter, and an equal number of the sterner sex. The conditions were that the men should bat, bowl, and catch with their left hands only, and permit the ladies to bowl at wickets composed of four stumps instead of the regular number. The ladies had, moreover, the benefit of a crease shortened at both ends for their bowlers. So well did Miss E. Pettit bowl, and so ably were her efforts seconded by her fellow-players, that the gentlemen were compelled to yield to their superior prowess by a margin of twenty-seven runs. There remain very few new fields of conquest for our girls. They have already been quietly practising polo at Newport and Meadow Brook. They ride infinitely better, in proportion to the number indulging, than we do. They drive single, double, tandem and four with equal skill, play tennis, shoot, hunt, row, sail, swim, and finally enforce our complete capitulation by capturing our hearts. Verily we are not "in it" nowadays.

THE NEW CLUB-HOUSE of the Germantown Cricket Club is nearly finished, and will be opened with appropriate ceremony about August 1st. The building is designed on a scale of magnificence hitherto not attempted by any similar organization, and is a fitting crown to the handsome ground on which it stands. The membership of the club having reached the limit mark (1000), the annual dues will be raised, in accordance with the original intention, from \$10 to \$25. It is a pleasure to congratulate the club on the great success it has achieved, for it is thoroughly deserved. It has always been American in sentiment, amateur in principle, and confined its membership to gentlemen. Such clubs are corner-stones in American sport.

THE FINAL GAME for the Oyster Bay Challenge Cup last week (Monday), between Oyster Bay and Morristown polo teams, proved to be the closest in a season of many close games. Morristown won, but by an accidental safety knock-out in the last three minutes of the game. The home team was allowed 11 goals, and made 3, while the visitors earned 14 goals. Team play in this instance, as it will in every other, won the day; the criticisms I made last week on Oyster Bay's want of team practice proving to be entirely justifiable; though they did do better than in the first game, for Morristown put up a harder game than had Essex, notwithstanding the fact that "back" Nicol, of the former, is not so good as Robinson, of the latter. The three Morristown forwards—Day, Thorn, and especially Lord—did well, backing one another up, and never getting bunched. I take occasion to say here that if the Morristowns go on improving at the same rate, they are liable to make it very lively for some of the teams that concede them goals.

THE OYSTER BAY FORWARDS, on the contrary, were more frequently bunched than strung out, and failed signally to back up one another. They rode hard and played pluckily enough, but, with the exception of Ferguson, none of them appeared to have an idea of team play. This was pardonable, and naturally the result of no practice, but a feature decidedly not pardonable was the complicity with which, when the ball had been forced over their opponents' line, they would ride about chatting as though out for a morning's airing. In the mean time the ball would be in play and down the field before they emerged from social amenities into the business of polo. Ferguson left the field, without giving notice, to landage a cut eye, and in his absence a goal was made; Thorp disobeyed orders, and sent a ball forward instead of back; while Underhill at one time got rattled, and knocked a ball directly in front of the goal posts, which cost another goal. Theodore Roosevelt refereed the game, and, as before, his work was thoroughly satisfactory. Ponies and players will now rest until August 17th, when play begins at Newport.

EVENTS TO COME.

AUGUST 17th to 27th.
At the Westchester Polo Club Grounds, Newport: Westchester Polo Club Cups. For teams of four. Individual prizes to be won outright. Open to all under the published handicap. Entries to be made before August 10th.

SEPTEMBER 2d to 12th.
At the Myopia Polo Club, Boston, Massachusetts: Myopia Polo Cups. For teams of four. Individual prizes to be won outright. Open to all under the published handicap.

SEPTEMBER 2d to 12th.
The Independence Cups. For teams of four. Individual prizes to be won outright. Open to teams

whose aggregate number of goals under the published handicap do not amount to more than twenty. No handicaps. Entries to be made before August 10th.

SEPTEMBER 14th to 19th.
At the Hingham Polo Club, Hingham, Massachusetts: Hingham Polo Club Cups. For teams of four. Individual prizes to be won outright. Open to all under the published handicap. Entries to be made before August 10th.

SEPTEMBER 21st to 30th.
At the Philadelphia Country Club Grounds, Philadelphia. Prizes and conditions not yet named.

SEPTEMBER 21st to 30th.
The Meadow Brook Autumn Cup, now held by the Hingham Polo Club, will be played for at a date to be fixed during September.

OCTOBER 5th to 10th.
At the Morris County Country Club Grounds, Morristown, New Jersey. Prizes and conditions not yet named.

THE REGULAR ANNUAL PHANTOM tour of an English foot-ball team through this country is already put upon paper. As I have heard of this same visit being mapped out for several successive years, and watched it fade away before autumn, I cannot work up much enthusiasm upon the subject. I have seen some of the correspondence of the gentleman proposing the tour, and his plans look a little hazy. In the first place, he is right in presuming that a Rugby team, in order to make any showing or claim to honors here, must get on games with some of the best college teams. But he evidently did not give, in his plans, nearly enough consideration to the fact that the rules under which his team has been brought up and those of the American collegians are by no means the same. Nor would the college teams—I speak, of course, of the three leading elevens—be willing to adopt the Englishman's rules even for a single game, at a season of the year when every day's practice is of the utmost importance to them in the way of preparation for champion contests.

THE ENGLISH TEAM, therefore, would be obliged to learn the American game after it landed here, before it could hope to get a match with the prominent elevens. Some of the athletic club teams might, however, take them on for a game or two, but even then it would probably be necessary for the Englishmen to adopt pretty much all the American rules, at the sacrifice of some of their own most cherished customs. And finally, it would be necessary for the Englishmen to show quite clearly an amateur standing before the best of the athletic clubs could venture with them. This latter element in the problem is an important one, for a team which should come over for the purposes of revenue only would find that the status of foot-ball in this country is as yet strongly amateur.

THE YALE FOOT-BALL TEAM had hoped to rendezvous at Newport for the last week or two of vacation, and put in some hard practice preliminary to settling down to work at New Haven. Unfortunately for their plans, they were founded upon the trust that the members of the Westchester Polo Club would extend them the courtesy of their grounds during odd hours. It seems, however, that the invitation was not forthcoming, and although other fields were offered, they were none of them sufficiently in the nature of private grounds to suit the Yale captain. Something in this direction, however, may yet be accomplished.

THE NEWS BROUGHT BY THE CABLE that E. D. Lange, one of the Manhattan Athletic Club's team now in England, had been disqualified in the "walk" has caused some inquiry from those not well posted in athletic matters as to what constitutes a fair "walk." Many at the recent games of the N.Y.A.C. on Travers Island could not see any difference in the style of going between

those who were stopped by the judge and those who were allowed to "walk" to the tape. It may console uninitiated ones to know that the judge himself very often experiences the same difficulty. The judge of walking has the most unpleasant office on the athletic field; his decisions sometimes give serious dissatisfaction to the disqualified walkers and their clubmates.

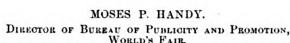
APPROPOS OF THE GENERAL IGNORANCE on this matter, we have received a letter from Mr. R. F. Foster which covers the subject so entirely, we feel warranted in giving it space: "The main points of a fair athletic walk are, briefly: *One foot must always be on the ground.* This prevents the walker overstepping himself, and converting a walk into a series of small jumps. In the spurts made by professionals to show off, this is the style adopted. Dan O'Leary used to take steps six feet in length in his spurts, which is impossible in a fair walk. A walker would have an exceptionally fine stride who could fairly go forty-four inches at a step, because he would have to stretch that distance between the toe of one foot and the heel of the other. Thirty inches is the ordinary step in every-day walking. The *knee-joint of the leg that touches the ground is locked.* When the heel touches the ground in front of the walker, the knee-joint must be rigid, and the limb perfectly stiff, and it must be kept so until the moment of lifting at the end of the step. This is to prevent the walker stooping and reaching out with the forward foot more than his natural stride. The great requisite for a walker is rapidity of action and length of stride. The first is a natural gift, like fast sprinting; the other is acquired; and one who has not learned the 'gait' has no chance with the trained stepper.

"THE LENGTH OF STRIDE is acquired by constant practice of two motions—a rolling and a sinking of the hips. If you stand upright with the feet together and the head erect, the knee-joints stiff, and then advance one foot, you will find that it immediately leaves the ground, and forms a small arc of a circle in space. While you keep the knees rigid, it will not touch the ground again until within about an inch of the other heel. But now, if you stand erect as before, and then sink into one hip, say the left, by bending the left knee you will find that you can stand with the knee bent, and the left foot at least twelve inches in advance of the other, but firmly planted flat on the ground. If you now lock the left knee, and retaining the sunken position of the hip-joint, advance the left heel, you will find that you can plant it in the ground about eighteen inches in advance of the right heel. Now as the distance from the hip-joint to the ground is about thirty-six inches, you must have lengthened the left leg about four inches to gain so much, and as you can repeat the process on the right side by sinking into the right hip, you can really add four inches to the length of your legs!

"AS THE SINKING into the hip can only be done on one side at a time, the four inches on the back leg is gained by the lift of the heel, giving a spring upwards with the foot, so as to reach as far forwards as possible without actually 'lifting' the foot from the ground until the forward heel is planted. The hips are simply rotated on their vertical axis, so that the hip-joint of the advancing leg may be thrown forward at the same time. When we consider that on a spurt a walker takes about five steps a second, and the 'lift' only occupies a fraction of the step, it must be obvious that so-called 'close' judging is really nothing but guesswork; for all scientists agree that any motion quicker than one-tenth of a second cannot be followed by the eye. A lighted stick revolved faster than ten revolutions a second looks like a continuous wheel of fire." CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

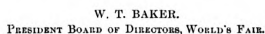


PRIZES WON BY THE MANHATTAN ATHLETIC CLUB'S TEAM IN PARIS, WHERE THE MANHATTAN MEN WERE FIRST IN EVERY EVENT BUT ONE, WHICH WAS TAKEN BY ANOTHER AMERICAN, MAPES, OF COLUMBIA.



THERE is no reason sinister that the accidents of Moses P. Handy, himself the chief promoter and publicist of the World's Columbian Exposition, should illuminate the page of any publication. For Major Handy, as the word goes, is a remarkable man. It is with no desire to open old wounds that we state that Major Handy was born in the State of Missouri. Quite the reverse. Corn grows high and healthy in Pike County: little cataclysms find sumnerous shallows there; the waters of the Mississippi are not rocky hills split the Italian blue of the sky, and echo back the roar of the eight-bell-whistled steamboat; oak-trees show yellow and gold and red over the finest turnpike roads in the land; the liquorish mouth of Pike County has rare delicacy of feeling, and the maidens are famous for their beauty.

the innocent for hands yet out into a world to which he has flung many a bone, and to which he will fling many a bone, the time to come. He has long been a child of La Bohème; formerly a soldier, when he fought with the "rebel yell" ringing above the boom of war most gratefully in his ears, as a son of the Confederacy, and hence full of chivalry. (Right or wrong, there is chivalry in the South, and so there will be until Dixie no longer has a sandy bottom.) After that he was a journalist; and it was but natural that a man of his parts should turn to journalism from soldiery. He is known to the

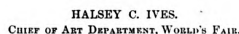


fast better in this capacity than he has to the section of his nativity, since it was in Richmond that he engaged himself as a newspaper reporter, in 1867. He was then an editor on the *Dispatch* of that city; but soon he was sent to Cuba by the New York *Tribune*, and his treatment of the *Virginius* affair was the cause of his being sent to Rome, where he was made an editor on the *Tribune*. The year of 1876 found him in Richmond again, and as a commissioner from Virginia he went to the Philadelphia Centennial in 1876. Since that time his work has been felt by the *Times* of that city and by the *Press*. He founded the *News*, among other things, and more recently the *Richmond News*, which is now published.

Since his appointment as chief of the Bureau of Publicity and Promotion of the World's Fair, numerous biographies of him have been written and published. The average biography would not be rounded out did it not refer to "Major Handy's trenchant pen." He had it perforce. He found it a necessity in his profession, and his unflinching advice to young and aspiring journalists is to always begin by buying a trenchant pen, and to keep it at hand constantly. But apart from his trenchant pen and its uses, Major Handy is a person of whom it is hard to say more. His impression of him will be that of a most sober, serious, matter-of-fact thinker, whose mind

is mostly engaged in solving large and important problems. He wears a full blond beard that, owing to a sparsity under the chin, more nearly resembles an Englishman's whiskers. This, and his calm, deep, meditative face, with the gray hair on his temples, does not do justice to the real man. For, you know, Major Handy has been president of the Clover Club for the past ten years, and even carried the election after he had left Philadelphia. He is witty—very witty—but not a bit facetious. He has been a statesman, and has made him a lion in the Cave of Harmony or in Will's Coffee-house. But bear in mind that he is witty, not humorous. And what he says at *badinage* (his forte) is all the more effective because there is not the slightest trace of a smile on his face. He is like Hook—an honest, upright, conscientious, painstaking, and scientific wit. He wants adventure, environment, and provocation, and when he has these he is a wit *par excellence*. In any other conditions he is a dullard. He is the only man who can gauge man of the world, an able writer, a powerful newspaper man.

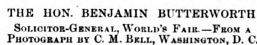
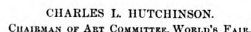
As chief of the Bureau of Publicity, Major Handy has done much to advance the interests of the World's Fair. He has made not a few far-reaching methods, all of them liberal, above-board, fruitful. He is now in Europe, and it is predicted that his work there (a work of peculiar fitness for him)



will familiarize foreigners with America. Major Handy has won to himself many good friends in Chicago since his removal thither. His department is one of the most important.

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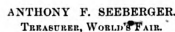
Dr. W. T. Baker is president of the Board of Directors. He is a Westernized New-Englander, and has much marvellous executive ability. He has, since his residence in Chicago, made large profits out of the grain business, yet he is not rich, as judged by the Chicago standard. A man whose ruling traits have developed along the lines offered by the Chicago Board of Trade would be found in the widest variety of a nation and a reach that are found cultivated in few other schools. Using the word in its modest and commercial meaning, Mr. Baker is a hero. That is not saying that he would have saved Waterloo, or won Gettysburg, or played one more game of bowls before obliterating the Armada. But in his own way and with his own limitations, he has been an important man. Mr. Baker is president of the Chicago Board of Trade. Soon after his election the Board was confronted with the "bucket shop" problem. These minor affairs were sapping the strength of the great mart. Mr. Baker smote them a blow that killed them not alone, but restored the Board of Trade to the glory of its best days. He ordered every telegraph wire from the floor and the ceiling of the Exchange and deprived the outsiders of their "quotations," but made the floor of the Exchange a marketplace for cereals absolutely dependent of



the entire world. This, as any well-informed commission merchant will tell you, threw more disquiet and unrest among the "bucket-shoppers," and caused a larger dismay in their ranks, than did ever Carthaginian elephants in the legions of Rome.

This is but one exemplar of Mr. Baker's radical and uncompromising energy and swiftness of attitude, decision, and action, and it certainly should be enough. As President of the World's Fair Directory he will prove a thorough master of situation, an invaluable adviser, and an aid that can always be accounted reliable, prompt, and discreet.

There is another Missourian prominent in the affairs of the World's Exposition. This is Mr. Halsey C. Ives, the chief of the Department of Fine Arts. He has been drawn to Chicago from St. Louis, where he was the highest rated among art critics. For many years he has been an admirer of pictures, paintings and sculptures of all sorts. He has no special loves in art, and the breadth of his study and education has been such as to fill him with a reverence for the beautiful in general as well as in particulars. Thus he can admire the force feeling, the degree of the kind, the angles, the columns, the Erechtheum and the Parthenon and the color tints of their walls, that bespeak the intricate culture of the Athenians in the time of Pericles and Phidias. A long step in pure art, you will say. Precisely. But the step is the necessary step, and it is a step as this was in the mind's eye of the directors when they cast about for a chief of the art department. The early enjoyment



of their wisdom was brought home when Mr. Ives, in turning in his classifications, with no uncommon emphasis boldly wrote down that architecture was—yea, is—a fine art.

Mr. Ives will take a little trip to Europe, not for the purposes of study, but to bespeak a good word among the owners of good works for the Fair. His visit to London and Paris and Berlin (and other well-known cities) will doubtless result in keen fruition for those who linger in the art galleries in 1893.

Mr. Charles L. Hutchinson is the chairman of the Committee on Fine Art. He is quite wealthy, and is a most devoted amateur of painting and sculpture. He owns no little rare bric-a-brac, and something of merit in oil. He is the son of Mr. B. P. Hutchinson, who for many years has been the leading speculator in cereal production on the Chicago stock exchange. Mr. Hutchinson is a resident of New York City. His son is president of the Corn Exchange Bank of Chicago, and president, too, of the art institute of Chicago. In no sense a Midas, Mr. Charles Hutchinson has done much with his wealth to encourage the love of art in his native city, and is now the foremost mover in the proposed establishment of a place, to which the name of the Art Institute of Chicago has been believed, and which of Chicago in the fore front of art centres, and it will be an earnest of the will and de-

sire of the leading city of the West to foster the growth of that culture in which the West has been so persistently charged with lacking.

Mr. Hutchinson is a young man, highly successful as a banker, and responsible in no small way for the success of Chicago in her efforts to secure the Exposition to itself. He is deeply interested in the new Chicago University, to which Mr. Rockefeller has given \$1,000,000, and is identified with everything in which public spirit plays a part.

Benjamin Butterworth left Cincinnati and went to Chicago when he was appointed secretary and Solicitor-General of the Exposition. Mr. Butterworth is a true Quaker, and has no extravagant ideas. In Congress he had the courage to speak against the McKinley bill, at which many of his friends rejoiced. When the roll was called, he voted for the measure, at which his friends repined. For (and it is said this day) had Mr. Butterworth held to the promptings of his soul and voted against the party of extravagance behind him, he would have been urged as a candidate for the Presidency. It is now too late for these flights, however, and Mr. Butterworth will not be disturbed in his duties during the term of the Columbian Exposition by any considerations in which the country is concerned. Mr. Butterworth, the Solicitor-General is a lawyer, an Ohioan, and rarely well fitted for the position he holds. He did the cause of the Exposition some service in Congress, and the Exposition knows it. He has been in contact with similar fairs on a smaller scale in other cities and in other years. He has done his work, and in his office of Solicitor-General will have no lack of field.

Mr. Anthony F. Seebarger is the Treasurer of the Exposition. He is a merchant and a Democrat, and has seen the city of Chicago grow up under his very eyes. When Cleveland was elected President, Mr. Seebarger was tendered the position of Collector of the Customs at Chicago, but he declined the office until he resigned, under the régime of Mr. Harrison. He was one of the earliest advocates of the World's Fair, and was made Treasurer when the enterprise was incorporated. Mr. Seebarger, while his opinions have been strong, has never been an active politician. He is a quiet, easy-going citizen, who draws his strength from his own business, and who has the leisure to work in the capacity of assistant to a great undertaking like that of the Columbian Exposition.

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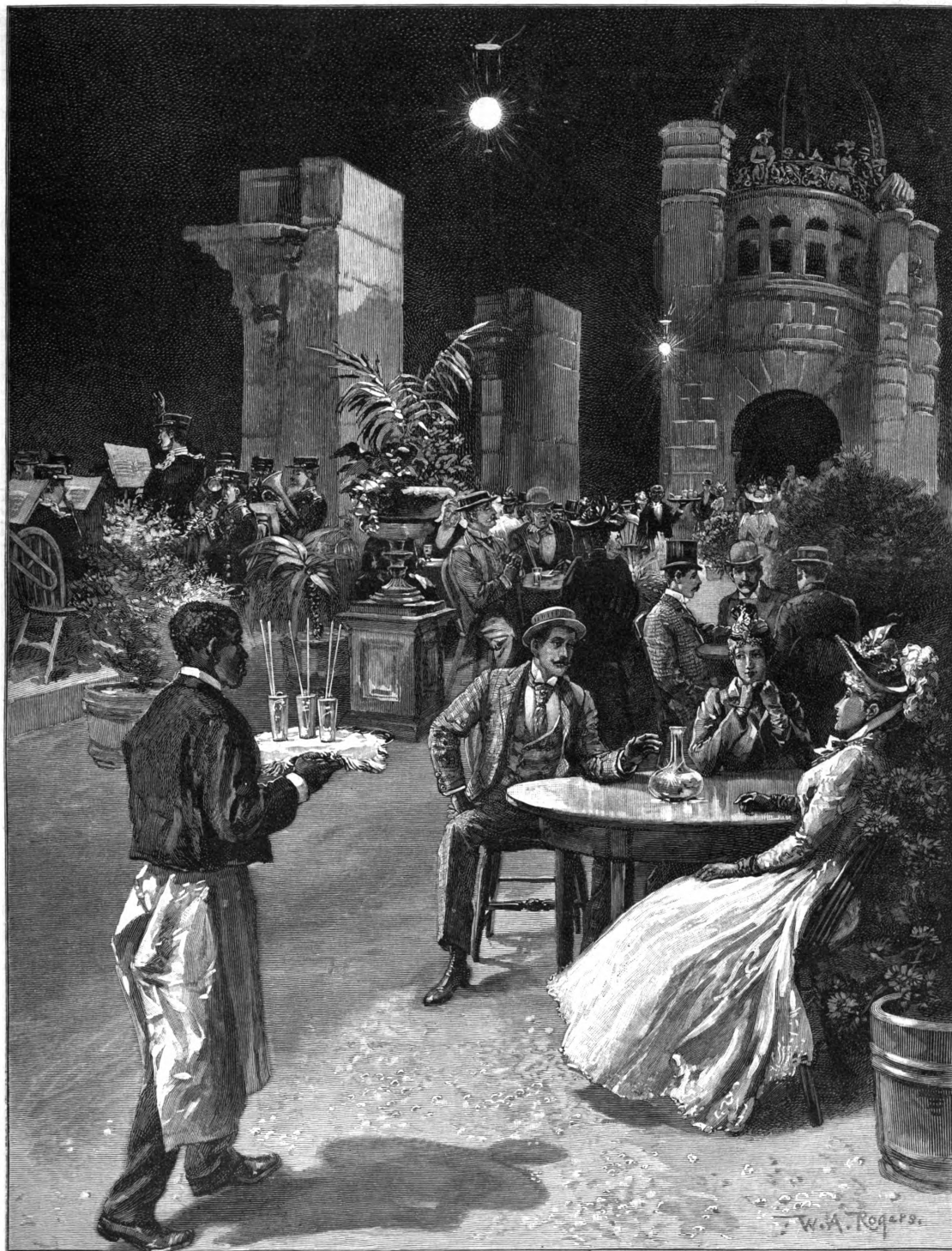
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JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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PROSPECTS IN PENNSYLVANIA.

THE most general and forcible objection to Republican control is not always considered by honest Republicans. It is not so much the injustice of a high protective policy as a deep and wide-spread conviction that it is a control based upon corruption. This feeling is not affected by the retort that the Democrats are quite as bad as Republicans, because the Republicans are the party of administration, and the protective policy is largely sustained by corporate capital. The Republican party is held by a host of intelligent people to be the party of corruption, of which politicians like QUAY, WANAMAKER, and DUDLEY are representative leaders, and the defeat of a party led by them is felt to be the most pressing political duty. This is a feeling which is not confined to Democrats or "assistant Democrats." It is perilously prevalent within the party. The Pennsylvania Republican protests and votes of last year and of this summer show the extent and force of the feeling that this leadership, with its spirit and methods, must be radically changed or the party shall be defeated. The following letter of a Pennsylvania Republican who retains the old Republican feeling and courage expresses this conviction:

"The defalcation of Senator DELAMATER to the State in the sum of \$100,000 within a month of his defeat for Governor last November created an intense hostility to Senator QUAY, and even if there had been any disposition on the part of the people to condone the Senator's offence in nominating DELAMATER in defiance of the popular will, it has been wholly removed by the recent loss of more than a million dollars by the defaulting Treasurer of Philadelphia, due almost entirely to the dereliction of duty on the part of the Auditor General and State Treasurer, both of whom hold office by the grace of Senator QUAY, and for which loss Senator QUAY will be held morally and politically accountable. "It may be brutally unjust to hold Senator QUAY directly responsible for the BARDSLEY defalcation; but the dishonor put upon the party in making DELAMATER its leader against protests from every county in the State attaches exclusively to Senator QUAY, and it will cause his dethronement should he persist in remaining in command.

"If the Republican party of Pennsylvania would court success instead of defeat, its Convention should boldly denounce the system which made DELAMATER'S nomination possible; it should fearlessly condemn Auditor General McCAMANT and State Treasurer BOYER for their wilful dereliction of duty, and then prove the sincerity of its action by nominating candidates wholly acceptable to all factions and interests of the Republican party, whose ability, integrity, and fitness must be conceded alike by independents and stalwarts, and which cannot be questioned by Democrats.

"Having so emphatically stated that the Auditor General and State Treasurer are responsible for the loss of a million dollars or more by the defalcation of JOHN BARDSLEY, and as these are the only State officers to be elected in Pennsylvania next November, I quote the law and give the facts.

"The act of May 18, 1857, sec. 79, page 570, pamphlet laws, thus provides:

"The Treasurer of the city of Philadelphia, and all county and city treasurers, every recorder of deeds, register of wills, probatory, clerk of the Court of Quarter Sessions, and clerk of the Orphans' Court in the commonwealth shall on the first Monday in July next, and quarterly thereafter, or oftener if required by the State Treasurer, pay into the Treasury, or such place of deposit as the State Treasurer shall designate, to the credit of the commonwealth, the whole amount of money received during the period preceding such payments; and such officers shall file and settle quarterly accounts in the office of the Auditor General as now required by law. In every case where a balance due the commonwealth shall remain unpaid for a period of ten days after such quarterly settlement, suit shall be commenced against such delinquent and his sureties, as is provided in case of defaulting officers."

"The act of May 14, 1874, sec. 1, page 175, pamphlet laws, thus provides:

"The Treasurer of the city of Philadelphia is hereby required to render to the Auditor General and State Treasurer quarterly returns of all moneys received by him for the use of the commonwealth, designating under proper heads the source from which the money was received; and all such moneys so collected shall be paid into the State Treasury quarterly, or oftener if required by the State Treasurer."

"On the 12th of June, 1891, Auditor General McCAMANT appeared before the BARDSLEY investigating committee, and testified under oath to this official statement:—

"The final adjustment of liquor licenses account as made March 18, 1891:

Due for licenses for 1890.....	\$100,000 00	\$827,604 18
Paid February 27, 91.....	25,000 00	
" March 18, 91.....	25,000 00	
" March 26, 91.....	25,000 00	
" April 13, 91.....	25,000 00	
" May 16, 91.....	25,000 00	
Liquor for 1890 still due.....		367,604 18
Taxes on municipal loans still due.....		58,000 80
By settlement of December 31, 90, the amount due for taxes on personal property was.....	622,013 11	
Paid January 13, 1891.....	150,000 00	
Personal taxes still due for 1890.....	472,013 11	
Out of that balance the city will get.....	109,957 07	
Net amount due for personal property taxes for 1890.....	362,056 04	
Net total amount due from the city up to the close of the year 1890.....		\$15,511 02

"The liquor-license fees for 1890 were all collected previous to June 15, 1890, by the City Treasurer of Philadelphia, and the first payment to the State Treasurer was made February 27, 1891, or more than eight months after the collections had all been made. Between that time and May 16, 1891, other payments were made to the State Treasurer on account of the \$827,604 18 collected; but on the 12th day of June, 1891, there yet remained in the hands of the City Treasurer of Philadelphia \$367,604 18 of that amount collected by him. Yet the law made it obligatory—mandatory—upon the Auditor General and State Treasurer to have all such collections paid into the State Treasury within three months of the time of their collection. The violation of the law exists as to all other collections made by the imprisoned Treasurer during the years 1889 and 1890.

"For the Republican party to condone such violations of law on the part of its Auditor General would be to invite the most disastrous defeat the party has ever known in the State of Pennsylvania. For the Republican party of this State to go to the people with the impress of Senator QUAY upon the tickets, in advance of the election, is a defeat approaching 50,000 votes."

THE LATE WAR IN TENNESSEE.

THE most remarkable of recent incidents was the war between the State of Tennessee and an organization of miners in the State. The head-lines of reports in the New York newspapers recognized the belligerent rights of both sides: "Miners offer Terms;" "Peace made with Miners;" "Convicts to return to Work, pending the extra Session of the Legislature;" "The Agreement reached by the Committees;" "Willing to let the Legislature solve the Difficulty;" "They would agree to the Return of the Convicts to the Mines in the mean time, but the Militia must be sent away." It might not be supposed that these words describe negotiations between the Governor of the State and armed violators of the law. The State of Tennessee leases the labor of its convicts to private corporations. The system is not only semi-civilized, but it is unpopular. But it appears that the State has not felt able to provide adequate accommodations for its prisoners, and a mining company employs a large number of them, with a larger number of free miners. The natural jealousy which arises under such circumstances and the increasing popular dislike of the system led to an armed expulsion of the convicts from the mines by the free miners, and a body of State militia summoned to keep the peace surrendered to the rioters. Negotiations followed with the Governor of the State, and the insurgents unanimously agreed that they would return the convicts to the mines and guarantee their safety on condition that the militia were ordered home, and that within sixty days the Legislature should be convened, during which time hostilities should be suspended.

This was simply a surrender of the State, in the form of an armistice. If at the end of sixty days the Legislature should not have repealed or modified the law in a manner acceptable to the insurgent miners, the armistice would expire, and hostilities might be resumed. This is an unusual if not unprecedented action by a State. The theory of our institutions is that when a law is felt to be unjust, or when for any reason it loses public approval, the people will elect a Legislature which will repeal it. It is not the theory of our institutions, nor has it

been hitherto the practice of States, when a law is resisted in arms, to agree that it shall be repealed if those who dislike it will keep quiet until a legal repeal can be effected. The organized free miners are not a privileged class. What they may rightfully do every other body of citizens may do with the same right, and the opponents of a law have but to organize and arm, and open negotiations with the authorities of the State for the repeal of the objectionable statute.

This is the significance of the late events in Tennessee. One report says, "Never in the history of labor agitation have illegal acts been committed in as orderly fashion as were those of the Coal Creek Valley miners." There is no question of it. All the forms and courtesies of war were observed. But no necessity of war has been alleged, and certainly none has been shown. Every account concedes that the convict-lease law is very unpopular and felt to be unjust, and that public opinion is with the miners. There is no doubt, then, that legal redress was practicable and certain. A free people will not maintain a law which is obnoxious to them. The convict-lease system is a wretched one which ought not to be maintained. That, it seems, is the general opinion in Tennessee, and consequently the armed overthrow of the law was a precedent which is greatly to be deplored.

PLANKS AND PLATFORMS.

THERE is evidently a general feeling that the political contest in Ohio this year will be regarded as a dress rehearsal of next year's national contest. The State issues are little considered, and the platforms of both parties emphasize national questions. Governor CAMPBELL thinks that everything but the tariff will be lost sight of before the election. The Governor also says that the platform does not exactly represent his views upon the silver issue, but that he is "not going back on the platform." He thinks that his party in the State is about evenly divided upon the silver question, and that the platform declaration will make votes for the party because the Farmers' Alliance and People's Party have declared for free coinage. All these remarks are attributed to Governor CAMPBELL in reports of interviews. But they suggest several questions: What is a platform? In voting for a candidate does the voter declare for the platform or only for the candidate? May a good party man "spit upon the platform," like the free-soil Democracy in New York in 1844, and vote for the candidate; and may he also hold to the platform and spit upon the candidate? In England there are certain questions which are "open," and upon which even members of the government may differ. But in this country may the member of a party decide which of the platform declarations are open questions? May a Democrat in Ohio decide that he will stick to the free-coinage plank and spit upon the tariff-revision plank and remain in good standing?

Mr. BUCHANAN, in accepting the Democratic nomination in 1856, said, in effect, that he had ceased to be an individual and had become a platform. Governor CAMPBELL says that on one cardinal point he disagrees with the platform. But a party is an organization to secure the adoption of certain measures. Why should its candidate be supported if his success will promote that of measures which the voter disapproves? Or is the voter to aim at the result which upon the whole will probably do the least injury to the country? These are all legitimate questions, and there is one more. Does party government require us to support dangerous policies in order to secure a chance of obtaining beneficent measures? The tariff is a financial question. It is a method of taxation. Free silver is a vital question of the currency. But are not the financial principles of those who favor it radically unsound; and can the general financial policy of the friends of free silver be trusted?

The currency declaration of the Ohio Democratic platform is quite as serious as any other in that document. It may be desirable that Republican administration should be overthrown, because of the necessary corruption of a system of public taxes determined by the weight of private and corporate interests, and to that end it may be wise to use any instrument that offers. It may be considered desirable in order to promote tariff revision by Congress to vote for Governor HILL in New York this autumn, should he be nominated. But in that case party government would seem to be a less meritorious system than it is constantly declared to be. Governor CAMPBELL says that the free-coinage declaration will win votes for the Democratic party. But if he thinks it a dangerous policy, why should he wish to increase the free-coinage momentum in his party? Might not the friends of an honest currency be discomfited if they should discover that in order to get a chance to revise the tariff they had ruinously disturbed the currency? Or would they console themselves with the reflection that in this world we cannot have everything as we wish? That was a view, we believe, which did not regulate the conduct of the early Christians.

MR. CLEVELAND ON CAPE COD.

THE recent reception of Mr. CLEVELAND at Sandwich on Cape Cod in Massachusetts was a pleasant tribute of respect to an ex-President from his summer neighbors. The Governor of the State and the Mayor of Boston were among the guests. They are both of the same political party with Mr. CLEVELAND; but this fact had no significance, for the occasion was entirely friendly, and was not a political demonstration. All the meaning of that kind which it might have lay in the fact that Mr. CLEVELAND is a very probable candidate of his party for the Presidency, and whatever shows the public regard in which he is held may be supposed to favor his chance at the polls.

An attempt was made to represent the occasion as a Democratic trap to catch unwary Republicans. But the attempt was designed to give the incident a party aspect, and to prevent its effect as a sign of personal respect and good will. But it failed utterly. One of the Republican orators, the late Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, frankly expressed his regard for the guest, and alluded to him as the leader of one great party, and to Mr. BLAINE as the leader of the other, coupling the two names in praise of their ability and fidelity; and another Republican well expressed the true spirit of the demonstration in saying,

"I want to say that when an ex-President of the United States makes his home in a community with which I happen to be for the time identified, and I am asked to take part in a reception in his honor, I should regard myself as lacking in patriotism, I should regard myself as a very bigoted sort of a partisan, if I should refuse to participate simply because we did not entertain the same political views."

The incident was interesting as an illustration of the ability of intelligent Americans to unite in an expression of regard to an eminent citizen, and as a tribute to high personal character in a public man. Mr. WILLIAM EVERETT, in an exceedingly felicitous speech, recalled the two Massachusetts ex-Presidents, and quoted DISRAELI's famous remark to Lord JOHN RUSSELL when he withdrew a reform bill. His opponent said that the withdrawal could not injure the reputation of the noble lord, whose character was one of the precious possessions of the House. The fury of party assault has certainly not injured the character of Mr. CLEVELAND. But if, as reported, because of the words we have quoted, the Republican who used them has not been made chairman of the Platform Committee of the next Republican Convention, it is exceedingly low tide in Republican Massachusetts.

SPECULATING UPON THE COPYRIGHT LAW.

In some friendly remarks on the new copyright law, the London *Times* says that it is a subtle question whether the effort to command the vast new public which is opened to him will not modify the aims and the style of the British author. May not the desire to please a large and uncultivated public somewhat degrade the character of British literature? For, says the *Times*, "it is an humbling thought that the widest circulation that any American author has attained during recent years was reached by a certain Rev. E. P. ROR, who lately died. Now Mr. ROR, with all his virtues, was not a man whom clever writers should set themselves to imitate."

The *Times*, however, might reflect that although the largest circulation attained by journals in London is that of those of which little is known, the fact does not affect the quality of the *Times* or the *Spectator*. Moreover, the writers who set themselves to imitate others do not found a literature, nor is their imitation due to the desire to find an audience. It is the instinctive tribute to a power which fascinates and commands. The imitators of Byron merely expressed in that way, but unconsciously, the force of his fascination. It was not a device of authors to sell their wares.

The *Times*, however, says truly, "The best work of which a man is capable—this is what is most likely to bring him success." For the production of such best work fair play is a cardinal condition, and that is largely provided by the new law, which embraces artists no less than authors. Even if nobody should be peculiarly benefited by it, everybody will feel better.

CHRISTIAN COURTESY.

THE long illness of Mr. SPURGEON has served to furnish another illustration of the relaxing of mere sectarian bonds. Mr. GLADSTONE's very warm letter of sympathy has been published, and the wife and daughters of the Archbishop of Canterbury have called to inquire about the health of the arch non-conformist. These are pleasant incidents, because the moment that differences of religious belief are regarded as but honest differences of opinion, and are not deprecated and denounced as impeding the soul's salvation, the kingdom of Heaven is visibly nearer.

It is this feeling which interprets the late ecclesiastical discussions in this country. The public mind refuses to admit that rectitude of life and intellectual honesty and spiritual aims are not as essential elements of religion as uniformity of speculative opinion or dogma. Without denying that harmony of view may be essential to ecclesiastical co-operation, the good sense of the community holds such co-operation to be wholly independent of the vital religious spirit. To speak of Bishop Brooks as a "dangerous" preacher is to talk nonsense, if the phrase means danger to the essence of religion.

In an old-fashioned country community in which there might be two or three different churches when there should have been but one, it was generally true that the members of each differed more warmly as sectaries than they agreed as Christians. As Christians they could not differ about the essential faith. Their divergence was about non-essential forms or dogmas of faith. The wars and persecutions and

burnings and unspeakable crimes against God and man that have been wrought in the name of religion have been disputes of such forms and dogmas. But when TORQUERMA inquires tenderly for the health of a Jew, the millennium is at hand.

THE NAVAL DRILLS.

THE naval drills in the bay of New York, at Boston, and in Long Island Sound are a preparation in peace for a time of war. Armaments and fortifications and torpedoes are proposed, and an organization of naval militia. Connecticut is vitally interested in the defence of the entrance of Long Island Sound, for a hostile fleet penetrating the Sound would threaten her long water-line. New York has been long exposed to a sudden naval assault, and there has been an uneasy feeling that our general condition of coast defencelessness placed us under onerous bonds to escape fighting at all costs.

There is, nevertheless, a certain absurdity in the strenuous and costly competition among great nations to surpass each other in deadly inventions, and in every form of aggression and defence for possible wars. The ability to maintain an actual conflict is, perhaps, exhausted by the effort to prepare for it. It is, however, a bloodless police system. It may keep the peace of the world at an enormous expense of taxation, but it is perhaps the cheapest way, for it spares men to perform the labor of production, and it permits commerce and industry to proceed unimpeded.

The exhortation to the great powers to reduce their armies and to relieve the heavy tax upon their population does not avail. Who will bell the cat? Who will reduce his army first? Who will guarantee the good conduct of the rest? Our remote situation has befriended us in many ways. We can be assailed only by a fleet, but what other naval state could strip itself of its fleet to punish us without anticipating punishment at home from its neighbors? The situation is of the kind that used to stir the satire of SWIFT. But even his satire would not defend the coast of Connecticut.

"HARPER" FOR AUGUST.

"HARPER'S MAGAZINE" for August contains the second part of Mr. HOWELLS's new story, "An Imperative Duty," and the third part of Mr. DU MAURIER's "Peter Ibbetson." The latter is a work which has been awaited with great interest, for the author's reputation as an artist of certain aspects of society suggests that if his hand is as obedient with the pen as with the pencil, the result will be remarkable. Anticipation cannot have been disappointed.

The work thus far is a picture of the life of a French-English youth now become a man. There is something strange—hypnotic, perhaps, or "spiritual"—apparently imminent, but the interest is very genuine. The first part, published in June, is a charming idyll of life in France. It is original, of a fresh humor, full of delicate observation and sympathy, with delightful touches of god-natured satire upon certain things English. The tale thus far is less a story than a series of scenes; but the figures are definite and very suggestive, and there is a mellowness of tone which attests the artist and the habit of careful study.

Mr. HOWELLS will not be accused of delaying to begin in his new story. Already in the second part we are face to face with the substance of the theme, if we must not say plot, and it is a theme peculiarly American and of the profoundest interest. Mr. HOWELLS has already proved his artistic command of his own sympathies, so to speak. As it is evident in reading SCOTT that he is a Tory, so in reading HOWELLS it is plain that he is not. But it is only as in reading MOTLEY it is evident that he is a republican. The novelist is deeply interested in work not only as an artist, but as a man. Critics object to his canons of literary criticism. But in his stories we are concerned not with criticism, but with life. Is it life that he describes? Are these figures puppets or human beings? Is this the actual play of human emotion, passion, character? To such questions there seems to us but one answer. If there be a living storyteller of finer insight or of greater literary skill, we do not know him.

REFORM OF THE SENATE.

MR. WENDELL P. GARRISON contributes an interesting paper on the reform of the Senate to the *Atlantic Monthly*. In the constitutional provision for the election of Senators he finds the root of much of the political mischief which it is now the object of intelligent citizens to correct. The chief function of the State Legislature is the election of Senators of the United States. This necessarily gives to national politics the ascendancy in the State, subordinates State and municipal interests to those with which they have no connection, and leads directly to the boss and the machine.

The law of July 25, 1866, regulating the election of Senators confirms the evil tendency in Mr. GARRISON's view, by insuring the machine and boss control of nominations by party pressure and bribery. Mr. BRYCE saw the trouble, and says in his *American Commonwealth* that "every vote in the Senate is so important to the great parties that they are forced to struggle for ascendancy in each of the State Legislatures, by whom the Senators are elected." The result, as Mr. GARRISON states it, is that the Senate is "in large measure a medley of millionaires, 'bosses,' and the representatives of selfish interests."

While this condition continues the fittest men for public life will find it extremely difficult to enter upon it, and the remedy proposed by Mr. GARRISON is simple and practicable. It is, in brief, the popular nomination of candidates, resulting in a list of a limited number of persons from which the Legislature shall elect the Senator by ballot. This would make the election so uncertain that the inducements for corruption would practically disappear. The system of such popular nomination was formerly familiar in Connecticut in the election of assistants or councillors; and the Constitution

of Nebraska provides for such nominations, but does not require a selection from the list. Whether the requirement would invalidate the constitutional right of the Legislature to choose is a possible question; but, in the somewhat similar case of appointment of minor officers from an eligible list, the Attorney-General held that the discretion of the appointing power could be properly exercised among three or more persons. Mr. GARRISON's paper offers a striking suggestion.

NOTES CONCERNING THE CENSUS CHART

PUBLISHED IN "HARPER'S WEEKLY" OF JULY 18TH.

Insane.—In Massachusetts and other States where the number of insane is shown in the bottom section of block, right-hand side, for "male + female," read "in public institutions + in private institutions." Example: Massachusetts, 4055 inmates public institutions plus 252 inmates private institutions, instead of 4055 males + 252 females. Males plus females were shown in original plan of chart, but a revision was made for good reasons: notice of such revision being, however, inadvertently omitted in the text.

Minerals and Manufactures.—The minerals and manufactures shown in States represent only what has been officially reported, the figures being given in the table at the bottom left-hand corner. It does not follow, though certain minerals and manufactures are not shown on the chart for a certain State, that such minerals, etc., do not exist there.

PERSONAL.

ARTHUR BRAND, the Liberal, who was recently elected to Parliament from Wisbech, was materially assisted in his campaign by his wife. She is an accomplished musician, and captivated the voters at political meetings by singing songs during the intermissions between the speeches.

Dr. HENRY T. HELMHOLD, who made over \$10,000,000 out of patent medicines, and whose rivalry with JIM FISK in the line of vulgar street display was the talk of the town twenty years ago, has been recently committed to an asylum as incurably insane.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE, the newspaper man and humorist, fills a pulpit occasionally, and does it with great acceptance.

Hert von DONNER, a Hamburg merchant, is so grateful to Dr. MICHELSEN, of Wiesbaden, for the latter's successful treatment of his wife that he has given two million marks for a hospital at Hamburg, the chief physician of which is to be Dr. MICHELSEN.

The monument to JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE, the author of "The Culprit Fay," "When Freedom from her Mountain Height," and other well-known poems, at Hunt's Point, has recently been renovated by the Brownson Literary Union.

HENRY M. STANLEY fell the other day while climbing mountains in Switzerland, and broke his left ankle-joint. His activity will be checked temporarily by the accident, but serious results are not feared.

ALONZO STAGG, the famous Yale pitcher, has temporarily given up his theological aspirations to become the physical director in the new Chicago University, which opens in October.

The Scotch are proverbially generous in their recognition of genius displayed by members of their race, and when a statue of BURNS was unveiled at Ayr the other day, over thirty thousand people helped to make the occasion a notable one.

A feature of the summer schools at Lake Side, Wisconsin, and Bay View, Michigan, this season has been a woman's council conducted by Mrs. E. P. TERHUNE (Marion Harland) and Mrs. MARGARET E. SANGSTER, the editor of HARPER'S BAZAR. The success of these councils has been so flattering to Mrs. TERHUNE and Mrs. SANGSTER that they have been urged to conduct others, but they cannot spare the time.

It is proposed to honor the memory of the late JOSEPH LEIDY, the naturalist, by establishing a chair of anatomy at the University of Pennsylvania, where he taught for many years. A fund of \$50,000 for a LEIDY memorial museum may also be raised.

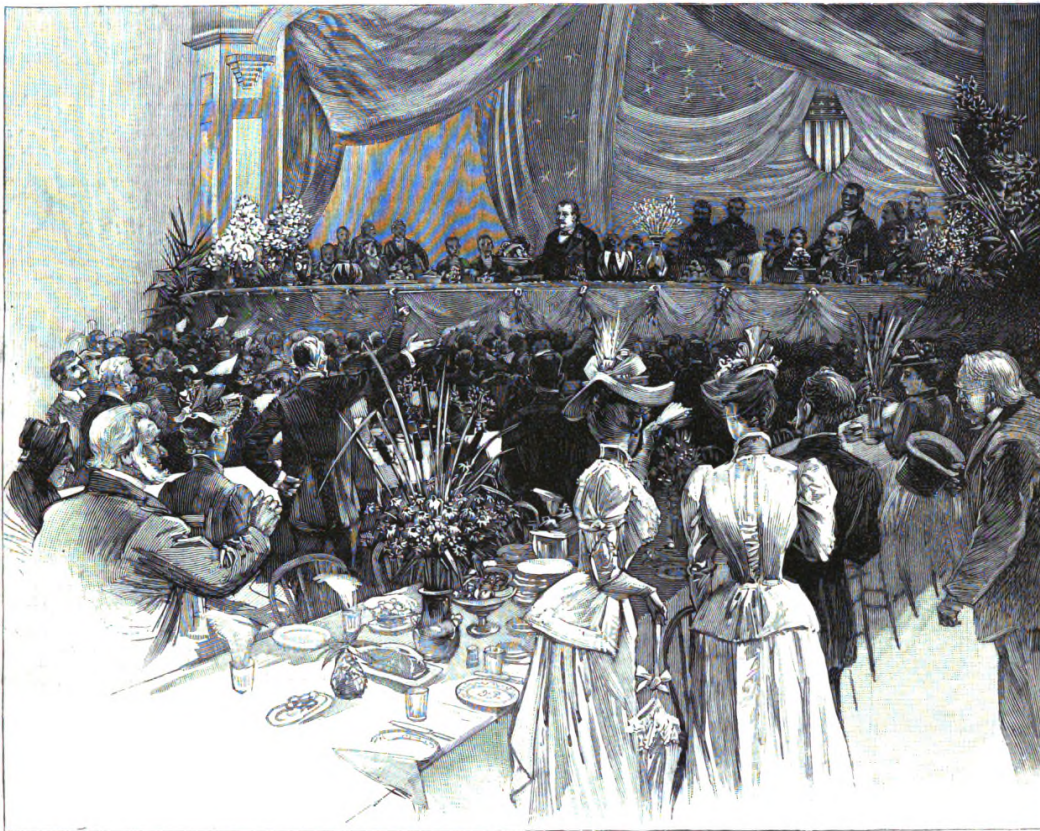
Emperor WILLIAM has been a continual surprise to the world ever since he came into power. Having demonstrated his strength of mind and purpose in the conduct of German affairs, it only remained for him to prove that he is not the physical weakling which some have represented him to be. This he did during his recent visit to London, by undergoing without apparent fatigue an ordeal of reviews, parades, and receptions that would have upset some men of stronger physique.

The wife of the late EDWARD BROESS, the yacht-designer, was a Miss CAROLINE L. SULLIVAN, of Columbus, Ohio. She was descended from an old and aristocratic Virginian family, and was so beautiful a blonde that FAGNANI, the Italian painter, chose her for the model of Erato, the Muse of lyric and amorous poetry, in his well-known picture of the nine Muses.

Politics does not seem to have agreed with BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSSON, the novelist, for he has retired from the activities and absorption of a public life to his literary pursuits.

Rev. Dr. T. DE WITT TALMAGE claims to have broken the record for rapid long-distance travelling by railroad. To meet a recent lecture engagement in Iowa, he was forced to take a special train from Dubuque to Storm Lake, and covered the distance of 254 miles in as many minutes. There were only four persons besides the lecturer on the train, which consisted of the engine and one car, and Dr. TALMAGE says he is not anxious to repeat the experience.

The burning of his books may be said to confer a distinction on an author when the work of destruction is decreed by the censors of an autocratic government. Consequently Professor LESTER F. WOOD, of the United States Geological Survey, is probably not losing much sleep over the recent cremation of 12,000 copies of a Russian translation of the first volume of his book, *Dynamic Sociology*, by order of the Russian Imperial Council of Ministers. It is a first-class advertisement for the writer, but the publisher loses 3000 rubles by the confiscation.



THE DINNER AT SANDWICH TO NEIGHBOR CLEVELAND.

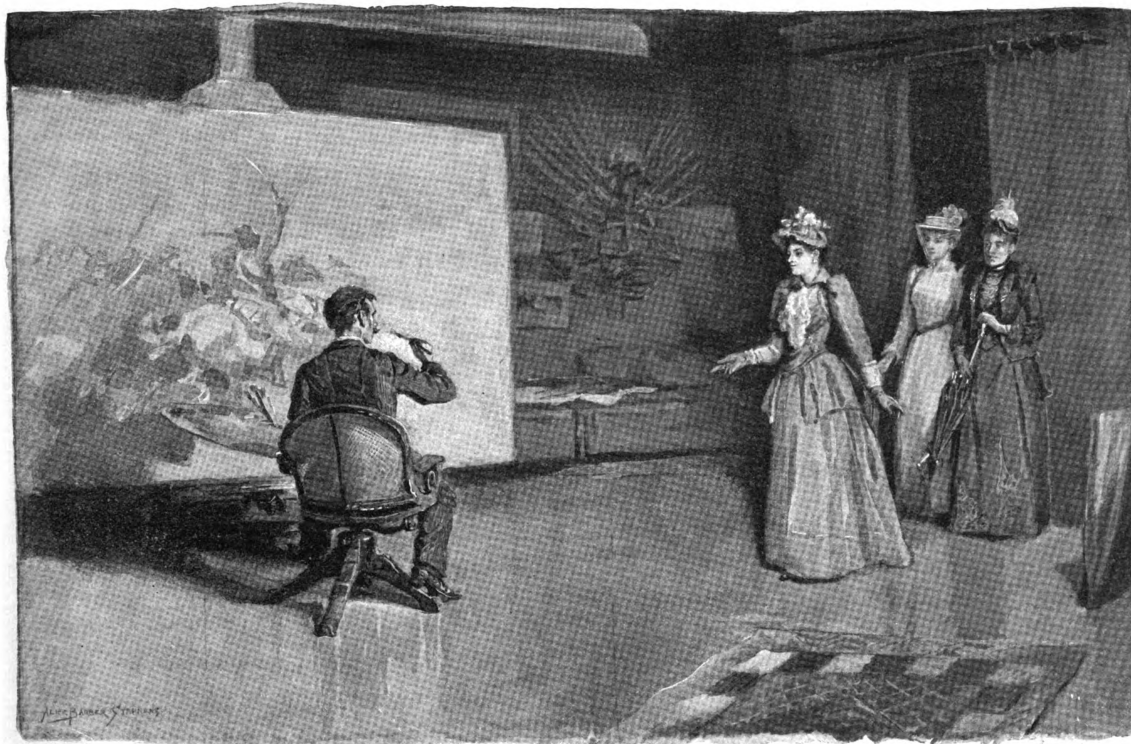


SOME OF EX-PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S NEIGHBORS.



Neighbor Gilder

INCIDENTS OF EX-PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S VISIT TO SANDWICH, CAPE COD.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 598.]



MALONEY'S MASTERPIECE.

BY ELIA W. PEATTIE.

MALONEY was nearing fifty when he married the widow Hotchkiss. "He did it with perfect coolness and deliberation," his friend Rayburn used to say, as if he were speaking of a suicide. But it was only Rayburn who took such a gloomy view of the situation. What could there be gloomy about the possession of a wife who was at once rich, handsome, and good-natured? That is what Maloney used to say to himself in the days when he was deliberating about the matter. This deliberation had gone on for several weeks, when one day Mrs. Hotchkiss brought some friends up to the studio.

Maloney was in corduroys and bedaubed with paint, sitting before a canvas that covered the side of the room. He had fifty struggling horses blocked in on it, and was in a frenzy. He felt himself little short of immortal when he painted horses, for he knew that when a picture-dealer said, "I have one of Maloney's horses here," it conveyed an impression of accuracy to the mind of the possible purchaser even greater than if the dealer had said, "Permit me to show you a horse by the Creator." It was therefore only natural when Maloney was in the midst of fifty magnificent animals, all mad with battle fear, plunging and falling, wild manes atoss and eyes glaring, that he should feel irritated at an interruption. It is also true that there was another reason for disturbance of temper. He had not had quite enough to eat. His funds had run out. Maloney had forgotten to make the proper calculations. He never did think about funds anyway till they were gone. And the widow Hotchkiss looked vexatiously prosperous, as if she had had dinner enough and to spare. The very diamonds in her ears would have kept Maloney in dinners for a year if the price of them had been judiciously doled out to him. Of course Maloney always spent by night all that he had in the morning. He had a genius for that sort of thing, just as he had for painting horses.

Mrs. Hotchkiss and her two friends, to whom she referred as "lady-friends" in a compound sort of way, seated themselves without waiting for an invitation.

"I do run in on you rather unceremoniously, I know," said the widow, conscious of the look of annoyance on the painter's face, "but it is so pleasant to know there is one man living with enough generosity to always look at things in their right light. Besides, this is the only place in town where I can see a picture. There are plenty of other studios, Mr. Maloney, and there is no end of paint more or less injudiciously scattered over many miles of canvas; but, all the same, I am reduced to coming here when I want to see a picture."

The ladies nodded and smiled. They thought Mrs. Hotchkiss so very adroit.

"My 'Battle of Clontarf' is to be here soon," said the artist, almost won out of his ill humor. "That is the one picture, madam, that I shall really take pleasure in showing to you and your friends."

"You must have a reception," cried Mrs. Hotchkiss. "We will have it quite informal and altogether bohemian. I always thought I had a great capacity for being bohemian, but circumstances have forced me to be very commercial."

"You might not have succeeded as a bohemian, you know," said one of the lady friends. "And just think how you have succeeded as a woman of business!"

"Hush, my dear!" cried the widow, holding up a warning finger. "Whatever you do, do not mention money or anything that pertains to it here. I always feel that it is a sort of profanation." She was laughing, and Maloney could not tell to how great an extent she was earnest. "I think myself that genius ought to be protected from all anxieties of a money sort. If I were a genius, I should think the Muses owed me a living."

"You couldn't find a tailor or a boarding-house keeper within a radius of fifty thousand miles to agree with you," cried Maloney, gaily.

"No," returned the widow; "I suppose not. They are such literal creatures. But speaking of boarding-house keepers reminds me that I came up to ask you to dinner to-night. You shall be alone or not, just as you like; you shall talk or not, as you please; but you must come."

For a moment the artist regarded her with anger and suspicion. Was it possible that she suspected his hunger? He was on the point of flatly refusing, when he came to the conclusion that his suspicions were absurd.

"I will come," he said, gravely; "and I would like to bring Rayburn with me. I have a particular reason for wishing him to meet you." He looked at her meaningly. She looked flattered, as she was bound to do, and lifted her eye-glass to give his picture one parting glance.

"It is thrilling," she said, softly, pointing to the canvas. "I can almost hear those poor brutes cry out with fear. It must be almost a pain to be able to paint like that. We commonplace folk are saved a deal of torment, Mr. Maloney." It was a delicate compliment, and in the glow of it Maloney accompanied his visitors to the elevator.

Two hours later found Maloney in a long dark rathskeller, reeking with the smell of beer and tobacco. The floor was covered with filthy sawdust, and from the ceiling waved innumerable fly-specked paper ornaments. Four young men, conspicuously white-aproned, with pallid faces, perspired over their orders for "steins" and "tulips" and "schooners." Maloney, with the step of one familiar with the place, pushed his way to the rear end. There, at one of the tables, was the group he expected to find—a group made of ill-assorted men. There were politicians there, and men who were almost gentlemen; men, too, who never threatened, even remotely, to be gentlemen; some who looked as if they never walked forth except at night; some with the imitable swagger of the gamester; and one or two who merely looked like bohemians. They were all listening to the dogmatic tones of a man of thirty-five or less, who harangued them with an emphasis that was new to their excitement.

"I tell you," the man was saying, "if Fitzgerald allows himself to be nominated on that sore-head ticket, the Sixth Ward won't be large enough to hold us both. You know what Fitzgerald was, boys. A sot! Black with his own mud, wasn't he? You know who taught him how to get up and walk erect and look God in the face. I gave him honest work. It was the first he ever had. I told you to put him in the Council, and you did it. We kept him there for

two terms. And when he hadn't wit enough to know what to do, he knew mighty well where to come for it. I've kept him on the small-change of my ideas—it was the only change of any kind I had. And now he is willing to accept this mugwump nomination because he lost the regular convention through his own pig-headedness!"

As he ceased talking he took off his soft felt hat and tossed back the hair from his forehead with a feverish gesture. His eyes were hot and angry, quick as rapiers, and cruel; his mouth delicate and refined—a continual protest against the fierceness of his words.

Maloney stood listening to this with some amusement. When his friend had reached a period, he motioned to him. The young man got up and left his companions without apology, and mechanically made his way to the bar, and waited for the blue and white "steins," which one of the pallid young men set down without question.

"I should think you *would* be thirsty," said Maloney, snapping down the lid of his jug. "Why don't you get out of this?"

The other frowned at him from under his brows. "There's only one other place where I'm welcome," he retorted; "and it's hot there, they say."

Maloney laughed easily. "I've brought you an invitation for dinner, Rayburn. It's from a lady—that I'm interested in."

"Eat with a woman? I've already been eaten by one. I thought they were all cannibals; and so they are, old man. Don't sit down at a feast that is certain to be made off your own bones."

"I say!" cried Maloney, impatiently. "I am tired of having you always spectacular, Rayburn. Here's a widow without any brains to speak of and a good deal of money who wants me to take dinner with her. She likes my pictures. I swear I think she does not particularly object to the artist who paints them. And I want you to see her, Rayburn."

Rayburn looked at his friend and laughed whimsically. "It's no use your trying to appear mercenary. You can't do it."

"Don't flatter me, Rayburn. I'm pretty tired of stopping every time I get a fine subject under way to paint a vile portrait for somebody, only to keep myself in a crust."

"Well, you do paint portraits vilely," the other confessed. "I wish myself that you were placed beyond the need of it."

"I didn't mean exactly that," said the artist, with the un concealed pique of a child.

"Of course not," said his friend. "I was just keeping in mind your instruction not to flatter you."

So entertained was Rayburn at the manner in which he succeeded in keeping his friend miserable, that before he realized it the artist had got him up to his room and in the midst of a toilet, and a little later both of the men were listening to the vivacious remarks of Mrs. Hotchkiss. The dinner was perfect—the very sort of a one that two men with rather jaded palates would be sure to enjoy.

"I never offer flim-flams to gentlemen," said Mrs. Hotchkiss. "When I am to have ladies to luncheon, I say to my cook, 'Give me flim-flams.' And she does. She makes them perfectly. They are generally pink or yellow. Some-

times they are frozen. Sometimes they are hot. But they are all a delusion and a snare. But when I have gentlemen—"

"You provide a feast fit for the gods," interrupted Maloney.

But Mrs. Hotchkiss was anxious to talk about art—Maloney pronounced it "art."

"Art must have elbow-room," said she, as she deftly carved a duck of dark tint and perfume rank, which filled the two guests with epicurean anticipations. "You can't expect it to grow beyond the dimensions of the place in which it is confined. The thing is an obvious impossibility. Take a thousand petty worries and make four square walls out of them, and place art inside, and there isn't much to be expected. Freedom from responsibility is the first thing necessary to a successful artist. If I," she paused to help herself to jelly, and to smile above the quivering crimson mould—"if I owned a genius, do you know what I would do? I would say: 'I will break down your barriers. I will tear down the walls that hem you in. Now grow! It will be my reward to watch you.' But I do not own a genius—"

"There's your cook," interrupted Rayburn.

"I stand corrected," acknowledged Mrs. Hotchkiss. "But you know we never appreciate the blessings we have."

"You are mistaken," said Maloney, with a bow of Hibernian urbanity, as he sipped his claret. "There are various blessings that we appreciate in the very enjoyment of them."

Mrs. Hotchkiss motioned to the servant to refill Maloney's glass. The poor artist was in a maze. There was no mistaking the significance of the smiles which his hostess bestowed on him. These covert assurances, too, of a willingness to be the humble waiting-maid of "art," touched Maloney inexpressibly. But Rayburn was sceptical.

When the evening was over, and the two men were out together on the street, Rayburn broke in: "So you are going to commit bigamy?"

"Eh?" said Maloney. "What are you talking about?"

"Well, you're already married," insisted Rayburn. "You know you are. Art has owned you body and soul these many years; and it is a good many, too, Maloney. No new mistress would suit you so well. For the matter of that, I don't know that any other mistress would be able to get along with you. You're not an easy subject, my boy."

"Thank you," said Maloney, resentfully.

"Oh, you're not! You've ideas—a thing a man has no business with when he is married. And you would find them a superfluity anyway if you were so rash as to unite your fortunes with those of the lady we have just left. She would have all the ideas that were required in the matrimonial market."

"I don't see what you have against her," said Maloney, sullenly. "I should think you might wait till you have the taste of her meat and drink out of your mouth before you fall to abusing her."

"I haven't said a word against her," protested Rayburn, rather hotly. "I think well of her—as a money-lender. That is her occupation, you know, and it seems a profitable one. I should think any occupation would be desirable that procured one a cook like that."

"I suppose she did the only thing she could turn her hand to," ventured Maloney. "I suppose she did indeed," admitted Rayburn. "The poor, helpless creature could find no way of getting on in the unfeeling world, so she took to mortgaging homes, and—"

"That's all nonsense!" cried Maloney, angrily. "You don't know anything about it, and you have no right to look down on her business just because she is a woman. If she were a man, you would call her a broker with manifest respect in your tone."

"Oh, very well; it doesn't concern me," Rayburn stopped to light his cigar afresh under a gas lamp. Then, suddenly, he turned to his friend and laid a nervous hand on his arm. "That's a lie!" he said. "It does matter to me. Even if you were no more to me personally than these human terrors barking at my heels, who go around with me in a noisy pack from morning till night, I should care, because I do not want to see genius killed. On the whole, I am indifferent to the progress of the world. Indeed, I never saw much of it. But genius is the life of life, and I put out my preserve in the face of destruction as instinctively as I would knock a centipede from your shoulder if I saw one crouched there."

He suited action to the word, dramatically. The artist did not answer. He was under the spell of his friend's magnetic and egotistic personality. "And I care for another reason, Maloney: I care for love's sake. I know you are as incapable of love as you are of treachery. If you had ever dreamed what it was, you could not contemplate for a moment the idea of taking a woman into the secrets of your life until her soul stood out before the eyes of your understanding like a flaming star in mid-heaven. Love, Maloney, is a thing that filters into the heart like the rain into the thirsty earth, and where it falls there grow up wholesome and beautiful things, and the earth is clothed with greenness. If a blight comes, the spot remains barren for evermore. Mind that, Maloney. In the earth, it is different; where the oak dies, the pine springs up. But in the heart—"

A policeman passed, and involuntarily paused at sound of Rayburn's impassioned tones.

"Hollo!" Rayburn cried; "it's Tim Murphy, I say. Murphy, I've got some juicy news for you. They say Jansen has set in among the boys up at the Seventh, and made them pledge to support—"

Maloney heard no more. He broke away and hastened down the street. When he got in the midst of that consummate distraction which he was pleased to call his studio, he tore off his coat, and lighting every gas jet in the room, sat down before his plunging war-horses.

Rayburn and his jeers were far away. The artist was alone, and he looked at the tremendous pictured strength before him on the canvas, where half a hundred splendid creatures vented their nurtured force in that deathward plunge, till he felt himself quivering in every limb.

Possessed of a little money, he could dare to paint like that every day. It was a luxury to dream of and not be ashamed. To work uninterruptedly at such a subject as that, his tragic ideas unbroken with any pettiness, the sieve or necessity well stopped up, and his finest thoughts no longer percolating through it to be lost like spilled water, his solitude insured, the days yielding to the weeks of unbroken effort; it would be worth—it would be worth marring for even.

Two months later Rayburn met Mrs. Hotchkiss in Maloney's studio. He bowed to her, and then sniffed the air impatiently.

"It looks like a millinery shop here," said he to Maloney, who rushed forward and shook him by the hand. "What have you been doing to the place?"

"Been making it habitable," said Maloney.

"Your idea of comfort, Rayburn, is a beer table before a fly-specked mirror, and sawdust on the floor. I think myself this looks like living."

There were muslin curtains up at the windows, and affected bits of velvet thrown around over easels to catch the light, as the widow said—as if the light were some wild animal that was snared with difficulty and retained with peril. The floor had rugs on it—rugs of American manufacture that must have set Maloney's teeth on edge, and some badly carved things, for which there seemed to be no particular use, cluttered up the apartment. Mrs. Hotchkiss seated herself on one of these.

"Yes," she said, complacently, smiling at Maloney; "I have always had my idea of what a studio ought to be, but I never dreamed that I should have an opportunity of fitting one up, or, indeed, that I should ever take such a deep personal interest in one."

Rayburn seated himself disdainfully in a wicker chair which was run through with old-rose ribbons. "Just the thing for a battle painter, I should think," said he. "My picture is all ready for exhibition," interrupted Maloney, who, if he was a battle painter, did not like a fray between live combatants in his studio; "it is in the next room."

Rayburn noticed that he cast an imploring glance at Mrs. Hotchkiss as he lifted back the curtain that covered the great canvas. It was apparent that he was most anxious that she should think well of it. He must have been exceedingly gratified, for a gleam of pleasure shot into her eyes.

"It is very impressive," she cried. "I was prepared for something magnificent in a way, but really I did not expect anything so—so really—grand."

Rayburn was staring at it fixedly. "God!" he cried, setting his teeth. "It makes me want to die, Maloney. Damn it, yes, Maloney, die like a hero!"

Mrs. Hotchkiss looked very much shocked. "It is a great picture," she acquiesced. "And I'm sure I'm as proud of it as if I had painted it myself."

Rayburn looked at the widow a moment, caught the smile she fixed on the gratified painter, and walked out. The first thing he heard on the street was a rumor that the widow had paid all of Maloney's debts.

"Curse it!" said he to himself. "It's all right. It's a business transaction in cold blood. I've no call to feel any sympathy for Maloney. I dare say he's driving his part of the bargain."

The municipal elections came on after this, and Rayburn gave no thought to his artist friend. Periodically, this singular man got drunk on ward politics. A scholar, a man of refined and fiery eloquence, of irresistible magnetism of intellect, he had a dozen different directions, he chose to consort at times with the coarsest, the most noisy, and useless characters. Over them he asserted a sort of contemptuous leadership, from which he seemed to derive no satisfaction. They, on the other hand, were his enthusiastic followers, and some of them, under the inspiration of his emphatic language, really imagined that they were good and disinterested men, who in some way not quite clear to themselves were suffering for the good of their country, and were ready to die for her liberation, though what she was to be liberated from they never paused to inquire.

"I'll tell you what is the matter with me," said Rayburn once, in one of those bursts of candor frequently produced in him by the generous use of well-selected liquor. "Some time I had an ancestor who was a martyr. Perhaps he was a refugee from his country. Perhaps he was hanged for some sort of pa-

triotic revolt. Perhaps he was a lofty sort of anarchist, and fought for the people against the laws. At any rate, he bequeathed his courage and his fierceness to me. And the thought of it is that I don't know what to do with them. I have never been hungry nor oppressed. The country seems to be doing the best it can. I haven't found anything that I wanted to die for. But I make just as much fuss as if I had."

The elections did not go to suit Rayburn this year, and the murky gloom of his utterance, added to the vinous depression of his followers, threw over them an opaque curtain of blackness, through which they were able to see no gleam of hope for the nation. That was how it came about that Rayburn did not know that every one was talking about the "Battle of Clontarf," the masterpiece of Maloney, the distinguished battle painter, and an Indian beggar with blankets, as well as he could a Kentucky thoroughbred in the smoke of battle, with a dying patriot clinging to his neck.

Thus it came about that the announcement that the "Battle of Clontarf" was on exhibition filled the hall where the picture hung with fair-sized crowds every day of the week, including Sundays. To be sure, five-sixths of the folk who visited the gallery had very misty ideas of the battle of Clontarf, and who fought in it. But it was Maloney's masterpiece, and the American public, which wants a chance to see the best of everything, went to look at it.

Rayburn went too, but not to see the picture. He wondered what had become of his friend. He had not responded in any way to the cards announcing the wedding; they had not included an invitation. The hall in which the picture hung was imposing, and at the door sat Mrs. Maloney, dressed in a costume of Parisian elegance, taking the admittance fees.

"What is the admission?" said Rayburn, stopping before her, and not taking the trouble to lift his hat.

Mrs. Maloney looked up. "Oh, it's you, Mr. Rayburn. There is no admission for you, of course. Go right in."

Some one passed in just then, and deposited fifty cents on the table. Rayburn laid down the same amount and entered. At the end of the hall hung the great picture, and before it stood a group of twenty persons, trying to get out of the comfortable atmosphere of their commonplace peacefulness and prosperity sufficiently to sympathize with men in the thick of patriotic murder. Rayburn swept his eye over the apartment. In a corner, half concealed behind a screen, sat Maloney. Rayburn went to him, and the artist grasped his hand silently.

"Sh-h!" whispered Maloney, looking around anxiously. "I don't want to be known here. I am not on exhibition with the picture, you know."

Just then a gentleman left the group before the picture, and walked to where Mrs. Maloney was sitting.

"Madam," he said, "where is the author of this remarkable picture?" Maloney shrank back behind the screen. "He is in this city."

"Yes."

"But not in the room? Where can I see him?"

"He has a studio. You can see him there. I am at liberty to make an appointment for you if you choose."

"Well," said the gentleman, hesitatingly, "I don't know that I have any legitimate reason for requesting a meeting. I'd like to meet him, but it is more from a personal desire to make the acquaintance of a man who can paint like that, than for anything else. Still, there are other reasons, too, why I should like to see him. I come from California. We are building a picture-gallery there for the public, and we intend to put some fine pictures in it. For what price would you suppose that picture could be obtained?"

The artist grabbed Rayburn's arm, and leaned forward to hear the answer.

"He has already been offered thirty thousand dollars for it, for a gallery at Washington, and refused it."

"How long did I understand that it took him to paint it?"

"Five years, I think."

"Seven—seven!" whispered Maloney to his friend. "It took me seven years, Rayburn, and I started while I was doing it."

"The price seems high," said the man.

"Not for the picture, you know; but I mean it seems more than we ought to pay for one picture."

"It would be a very fine foundation for a collection, in my opinion," went on Mrs. Maloney. "In a public gallery I think one large canvas like this is needed to fill up. And it attracts the public. The public likes size; don't you think so?"

Maloney turned appealing eyes to Rayburn.

"Come out and have a drink," said Rayburn. "It was the only consolation he could think of offering on the spur of the moment."

"I haven't had a drink for two months," said Maloney, with a melancholy intonation.

"I don't drink now."

"What, you?" cried Rayburn, regardless of consequences—"you, who knew better than any one else just how much sugar to drop in a steaming glass? You, who distilled a subtle inspiration from the aroma of your toddy, and converted it into visible eloquence like that over there on the canvas! I dare say the 'Battle of Clontarf' is solidified hot toddies; isn't it, Maloney?"

Maloney nodded with one of his old smiles.

"And you've given up your glass! Well, well! Perhaps I was mistaken. I believe you must be in love, after all, old man."

Maloney did not answer. "I'll go out and take a drink of soda-water with you," said he.

Rayburn acquiesced, and followed in a daze. Maloney drinking soda-water! Rayburn felt as if he had seen Ed Jansen, the boss of the Seventh Ward, join a sewing society.

Maloney shivered as the soda-water went over his throat. "It looks pretty cheap, doesn't it?" said he.

"What—the soda-water? It certainly comes cheaper than good whiskey, if that's what you mean."

"No. Confound you, Rayburn! The running the picture this way—in opposition to the dime museum, you may say. I couldn't hold up my head again if any of the boys I used to paint with back in New York should come along. You don't appreciate it, I suppose, Rayburn. You naturally wouldn't be up in the chimes of our profession. I'm doing something that is considered the last resort of the snide artist, and doing it, man, with the 'Battle of Clontarf'!"

"Oh, I understand," said Rayburn. "I'm not so dull as you think me. But if you hate it too, what makes you do it?"

"What makes me do it? It's very simple. It's a point of honor. I'm horribly in debt. I must have money."

"Horribly in debt! I thought Mrs. Maloney paid your debts," blurted out Rayburn.

The artist turned scarlet. "So she did. It's to her I owe the money. I told her she could do what she liked with the picture."

"Did—she—tell—her—that—your—own—accord?" asked Rayburn, slowly.

"No, no. The position was peculiar, you see—"

"Oh!" interrupted the other. "You mean she made that arrangement with you before she paid your debts?"

"Well, yes; naturally she wanted to know where her hard-earned money was going to, Rayburn."

"Of course she did! She made the arrangement in writing, eh? The arrangement has even had witnesses. It's what you call a mortgage, isn't it? Well, I must say you are a bigger fool even than I took you for. But I haven't a particle of sympathy for you. You walked into the slough with your eyes open. But if you want money, why don't you finish the picture you were working on? I thought you were to have leisure to finish that."

"Well, you see, it would take two years. Mrs. Maloney never supposed it would take so long. When she found that out, she hesitated about advancing the money for our living expenses. She made calculations, and showed them to me. Considering that the sale of the picture would be doubtful after it is finished, I think very likely she was right in refusing. So I have taken to painting portraits again. It brings in money quicker than any other else."

"Well, you'll never paint mine," cried his companion, fiercely. "Not if it was to keep you from starving. Your portraits would make a cat bite herself, Maloney, and you know it."

"There's a good deal of truth in that," admitted the artist, feebly.

"Then don't you think enough of art to refrain?" cried the other. "Art, which has clothed and fed your soul, been your earth and your heaven, shown you wonders of which few men dream, made you what you are, Maloney—one of the modern immortals. Does it deserve nothing better at your hands than this prostitution? You have given up finishing your picture, you say. Then you mean you have given up your ambitions, resigned your dreams. You are going to be a gatherer of dirty pence. You are going to collect coin for the better filling of your stomach and the better clothing of your back. You are going to turn into a self-indulgent animal who thinks of the thickness of his coat and the texture of them, and crams his body with horrid stuffs to hasten his inevitable decay. And for what—for what, Maloney? Is it for love? Is that what love does to a man?"

"Love!" gasped Maloney, setting down the glass which had contained the tainted soda-water. "Love! My God, Rayburn! what have I to do with love?"

"Sure enough. What have you?" returned Rayburn, cruelly. "What have you ever done that you should be rewarded with the sweetness of a woman's devotion? For whom have you ever made sacrifices that you should expect sacrifice in return? Whose responsi-

bilities have you assumed? Whose burdens have you carried? What part of the race-making have you had anything to do with? There rises to heaven continually, Maloney, from those million homes of earth the incense of sanctified love. It is made up of all that is best and most unselfish in the human heart. It is sweet to the nostrils of the angels. But of this you know nothing, and have tried to find out nothing. You have lived for another mistress; you have lived for art. You remember I told you long ago if you ever married, you would be committing bigamy. I suppose you thought I was trying to say something epigrammatic. You were mistaken. I was trying to tell you the truth."

"I don't see what all this is for," said the artist, querulously.

"Don't you?" exclaimed the other, towering over him and darting out impassioned gleams from those wonderful eyes of his.

"I am saying that if you have been despoiled of something, it is your own fault, and the mercy is that you have not been the despoiler. You might have been the criminal. Fate has protected you, and you are only the victim. You are complaining because a woman has got the better of you. If she had been cursed with a heart and a sensibility, you would have got the better of her. What could you give to a woman? Nothing but a name, and women don't like husks any more than pigs do, though, like pigs, they sometimes eat them. That's all. Summon your philosophy. I admit that you need it."

He left the artist abruptly and rushed back to the hall, where Mrs. Maloney still sat at the door, smilingly taking in silver half-dollars.

"I've come back, madam," said he, leaning over the table and whispering in her very ear, "to tell you, for your own sake, as well as for the sake of your husband, to beware! I don't think you've very much tact, and you may make a mistake. You have to be cautious in dealing with a man when he is at once an artist, a gentleman, and an Irishman. It's a combustible combination. Remember that." He frowned at her from under his forehead of unkempt hair, and went out, leaving the lady naturally indignant, and, to tell the truth, honestly amazed.

Two months later Rayburn read the following in the leading local paper:

"The great historical canvas which has been on exhibition at Friebank's Hall for the last two months, 'The Battle of Clontarf,' known throughout the country as the 'The Battle of Clontarf,' the great battle painter, was found this morning cut in a thousand pieces by the knife of some iconoclast. Not the body of a horse, not the form of a warrior, was left intact. It would have been impossible to tell what the subject of the picture had been by an examination of these scraps. The artist's name was anywhere. His wife was seen, but knows nothing of his whereabouts. She said the picture was about to be taken to the city hall, and had brought the parlor of a well-known barber there, and had brought the sum of \$30,000 in cash. It is said this barber has his floor paved with silver dollars, and walls of Mexican onyx."

Rayburn threw down the paper with a shout of excitement. "It was all for 'airt,' John-Maloney," he cried. "It was all for 'airt!' You have been true to your first love!"

THE ROOF GARDEN AT MINNEAPOLIS.

A CHARMING innovation of recent years is the summer roof garden, which, as the name implies, is a garden situated upon the roof of a popular place of amusement or large business block, and is used as an evening resort by people who find it inconvenient to remain away from their business interests at a season when it is more comfortable to be at the sea-shore or in the mountains. The idea of the roof garden was suggested to the mind of American caterers to public amusements by an old-time German institution—the beer-garden. The summer garden as the Germans knew it was improved upon by enterprising Americans, who extended their commercial advantages by developing the novel method of elevating them a few hundred feet. This improvement upon the original is purely American, and in its new form has become a very popular institution in the amusement world. The idea of situating a garden upon a house top, when introduced into this country was so unique as to at once catch the public fancy.

In Mr. Rogers's admirable sketch the roof garden at Minneapolis, Minnesota, is shown, which gives an excellent idea of the appearance of roof gardens in general. The subject of the picture occupies the top of the Guaranty Loan Building, a magnificent twelve-story structure, Romanesque in its architectural detail, and regarded as one of the most imposing buildings in that thriving Northwestern city. The building itself was completed in May of last year, and the garden upon its roof was opened a few weeks later. From this delightful and refreshing spot, two hundred feet above the ceaseless traffic of the streets, an excellent view of the cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul (eight miles away), with their picturesque environments, is obtained, and the garden has already become a favorite resort for visitors. In the center of the roof is the skylight, situated directly over the main corridor of the building. Around this skylight is arranged a system of flower-beds, in which can be seen in season every flower and plant that thrives well in the

Minnesota climate, tastefully placed at intervals along the outside wall or guard-rail, in a variety of designs. At the intersecting corner of the building, which is approached by an entrance from the garden, is a tower rising thirty feet above the roof, which commands an instructive bird's-eye view of the country for many miles on either side. Gravelled walks wind their sinuous ways among the brilliant foliage and plants of the garden proper, and rustic tables and seats are strewn about for the accommodation of guests. Light refreshments are sold and served from the twelfth story, which is exclusively used as a ladies' and gentlemen's café and billiard-room. During the summer months a nightly concert is provided, and attended in great numbers by the best people of Minneapolis and St. Paul, whose liberal patronage has made this garden such a great and distinguished success that it has already taken its place as one of the most important points of interest in a city that promises to be one of the greatest in this country.

MAJOR RANDALL'S DUEL.

A YARN OF THE NAVY.

BY COMMANDER ROCKWELL, U. S. N.

THE flag-ship *Martingale*, of the South Atlantic Squadron, was moored in the beautiful harbor of Rio Janeiro. The flag of Rear-Admiral Sansonport flew from the mizzen-trunk. The war between Brazil and Paraguay was progressing slowly, but as it affected many interests of foreigners domiciled in both countries, a large number of war ships were on the South American coast, and the metropolis of Brazil was gay with uniforms and the constant festivities consequent upon the presence of so many strangers.

The days of duelling were past. The larger courtesy consequent upon better education, and a more careful regard for personal rights, had practically condemned it, and the naval and military regulations of all nations threatened severe penalties for its exercise.

The night was calm, dark, and starless, and the *Martingale* lay listlessly at her anchors off the plaza landing.

The officer of the deck lounged over the captain, and thought of home and longed for his uninteresting watch to be over. The band had ceased its evening concert, and had been dismissed. The charming strains of the old-time "tattoo" with fifes and drums had died away. "Two bells" had been struck, and the boatswain and his mates had "piped down." Lights had been reported out, and a perfect stillness succeeded the stir made by four hundred men, who had retired to their hammocks.

"Boat aloft!" sang out the quartermaster. "Boat coming alongside, sir; can't make out the answer." The messenger-boy, with a lantern, flew over the gangway and down the ladder, and soon a brisk draped little man came on board, and presented himself to the officer of the deck, with a graceful salute.

"Sir," said he, "permit me to introduce myself. I am Baron Knockoff, of the Russian legation, and I have had a personal difficulty with a Brazilian gentleman on shore. I am going to shoot him in the morning. We have no Russian ship in port, and relying upon the friendship that exists between our nation and the United States, I have come on board to ask one of your officers to act as my second. Is Major Randall on board?"

The officer of the deck woke up in an instant. Here was some mischief out of the common line, and he could scent some fun in the air that would relieve the tedium of his watch with a vengeance.

Grasping the baron by the hand, he shook it warmly, delivered a brief address to him reciprocating his friendly sentiments, and assured him that he had come to the right place and at the right time to get accommodated.

Unfortunately the gallant major of natures was on shore, but might return at any moment. Something must be done to keep the baron amused for the present, so the officer of the deck sang out,

"Orderly, ask the captain if I can see him."

Captain Tompion had eaten an excellent dinner. The better part of three bottles of claret had disappeared down his throat, and he was at peace with all the world. He belonged to the fighting men of the "Old Navy," and any hint of a fight was music to his ears. To him appeared the officer of the deck, with the little baron in tow.

"Sir," said he, "I have great pleasure in introducing to you Baron Knockoff, of the Russian legation service. He has had a personal difficulty with a Brazilian on shore, and as there are no Russian officers here, he has come on board to ask one of ours to act as his second. I have assured him of our sympathy and assistance, and he desires to consult with you, and await the return of Major Randall, who is on shore."

Captain Tompion was on fire in an instant. Shaking the baron warmly by the hand, he sang out: "Steward, a bottle of champagne. Baron, be seated. Orderly, call the first lieutenant, and tell him that I wish to see him. Going to shoot him in the morning, eh, baron? Bless my soul, this seems like old times indeed. Sit down by me. Orderly, will, my boy. Have another glass of wine. Steward, cigars."

Lieutenant Lawrence, the first lieutenant, came up the hatch—tall, stern, erect as a soldier—and passed into the cabin. The pop-

ping of corks ensued, and the conference began.

The officer of the deck caught a stray messmate, and sent him to the wardroom with the story, and soon an interested group gathered on the quarter-deck, eagerly awaiting developments.

Such punishment as a court martial may adjudge may be inflicted on any person in the navy who sends or accepts a challenge to fight a duel, or acts as a second in a duel."

This is the language of the articles of war which were framed to regulate the conduct of these gallant officers who were aiding and abetting the baron.

The officer of the deck was summoned to the conference. During the continued use of champagne it was determined that it was a solemn moral duty to stand by the baron, and another bottle was opened. Still the missing major came not. Time was passing. Something must be done, so Lieutenant McKillen was sent for.

After he had been introduced to the baron and hearing the case, the captain informed the lieutenant that our honor was at stake, and that he would have the high privilege of acting as the baron's second, when, just at this juncture, Major Randall came on board.

With a flower in his button-hole, his coat thrown back from his ample chest, humming a popular air from *La Grande Duchesse*, and apparently at peace with all the world, the gallant fleet marine officer stepped from the outer darkness upon the quarter-deck. He was probably the most peaceful warrior in the world at that time. Correct in habits, mild and gentle in demeanor, with a profound respect for regulations, and a great care not to break them, he seemed to be the last person in the world to assist in a duel.

Upon him pounced the officer of the deck.

"Major," said he, "prepare your mind for something very serious. You will require all your fortitude for a painful and trying duty: one that you must perform for the honor and credit of the flag, and of the uniform you wear," and before the astonished soldier could utter a word, the deck officer rushed him into the cabin.

"Oh, major, you are just in time. You have just come very near to losing a chance to distinguish yourself in a serious matter. Have a glass of wine."

So spoke Captain Tompion, while the baron shook him effusively by the hand.

The matter in question was explained to the major, while the captain and the first lieutenant impressed upon him his duty in the case. Lieutenant McKillen, who was now out of the fight, took great pleasure in helping the major with friendly advice, while the steward opened another bottle of champagne.

What passed through the pacific mind of the soldier no one knew at that time. If he mentally beheld a vision of a gory field of battle, with one or possibly both combatants stretched upon the grass wounded or dead, if he thought of his own arrest and trial before a court martial, he gave no sign of his feelings. On the contrary, like one waking from a sleep, he suddenly exclaimed, "Baron, I will act for you in this case with much pleasure. I am quite at your service," and after each had shaken him solemnly by the hand, they all took a drink.

It was getting late. The major, saying nothing to any one, carefully arrayed himself in his best uniform coat, and accompanied the baron on shore.

The next morning an intense but quiet excitement pervaded the after-part of the ship. In low voices the officers discussed the matter in all its bearings. Had the duel come off, a court martial, he gave no sign of his feelings. On the contrary, like one waking from a sleep, he suddenly exclaimed, "Baron, I will act for you in this case with much pleasure. I am quite at your service," and after each had shaken him solemnly by the hand, they all took a drink.

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that I am the victim of grief, or of a hurried flight from a tragic scene. I beg to assure you that it is not so. There is nothing the matter with me but conviviality, and that of the strangest kind. I hereby renew my offer to act as a second in any further duels that may come our way," and the major leaped back in his chair and patted his swelling breast approvingly.

"I need not tell you, gentlemen, that when I started ashore last night with the baron I could not see my way out of what promised to be a very serious scrape. After reaching the baron's room, over a bottle of champagne, he gave me his case. It seems that at a ball the previous evening, the Brazilian gentleman spoken of by the baron had given him offence by something that he had said, and the baron was determined to demand satisfaction. He was ready to fight at daylight with either sword or pistol. I at once demanded that my principal should put himself unreservedly into my hands, and be governed by any arrangements that I should make. Fortunately, I knew the Brazilian well, and as the baron insisted on haste in the matter, I proceeded at once on my mission, although it was after midnight."

"I assumed a severe expression of countenance, and summoned the Brazilian to a conference from his bed. He received me very courteously, but expressed some surprise at so late a call."

"I said, 'My dear sir, you have given great offence to my friend, Baron Knockoff, and he has desired me to demand satisfaction of you.'"

"The gentleman was greatly surprised, and said that he knew the baron very well, and regarded him as one of his friends, and was utterly unconscious of giving him offence at the time mentioned, and that the baron was mistaken. He said that he had no desire to fight without cause, and that in this case he saw no cause."

"I thought this was a good time to get in a bluff. I can only say that it did not work. I said, with a frown, 'Am I to understand that you refuse to meet my friend?'"

"The result was not just what I anticipated. The Brazilian gentleman jumped up and said,

"You can tell Baron Knockoff that I shall shoot the top of his head off, if he gives me just cause, and that I won't stand any nonsense about it either."

"Boys, I came near falling off my chair, and it took about half an hour to pacify the fellow. At last he cooled off and opened a small bottle."

"After some talk, he said he did not know where to look for a second at that time of the night, and at last he asked my advice in the matter."

"You are a military man," said he, "and are accustomed to these affairs. What do you advise?"

"I answered that I thought that if he would write a note to the baron disclaiming any right of giving offence, I could arrange the matter. He said: 'That would look like an apology. I won't apologize to any man that hauls me out of bed like this. I would rather fight him.'"

"I hastened to assure him that he had mistaken my meaning."

"Well," said he, "you write out such a note as you think I ought to send, and we will see how it looks."

"So I wrote out a pacific note expressing regret that the baron had taken offence, and stating that none was intended."

"The Brazilian read the note, and said he did not like it. At last he said, 'Major, you are a military man; if you were in my place, would you sign that note?'"

"Boys, I meant all I said when I answered, 'I certainly would.'"

"So he signed the note, and after mutual expressions of good will, I returned to the baron."

"I found him with a bottle of wine before him, smoking a cigar. He jumped up when I entered and said,

"Well, major, which is it, swords or pistols?"

"Baron," said I, deliberately, "I am the bearer of a communication to you from your antagonist to which I beg your earnest attention."

"I handed him the note, which he read with a frown on his face. He threw it down on the table, and said: 'The fellow is trying to get out of this thing. I won't accept his note.'"

"I at once arose and buttoned up my coat. 'Baron,' said I, with all the dignity I could assume, 'I will remind you that you put yourself unreservedly into my hands. In view of your remark in reference to this note, I must at once withdraw from this affair.'"

"My dear fellow," said the baron, "don't be offended; let us talk this matter over." He read the note again, and after some conversation, he asked, 'Major, you are a military man, if you were in my place, would you accept this note?'"

"I can again assure you, brethren, that I spoke with much feeling when I answered, 'I certainly would.'"

"Then I will accept it," said the baron, "we will go and get the gentleman up, and shake hands over a bottle of wine."

"We did so, and have been shaking hands in the same condition ever since."

"So, gentlemen, bring all your duels to me. I will be your second," said the major.

It was at once voted that for bravery and diplomacy the major took the prize.





HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY WILHELM II., KING OF PRUSSIA, GERMAN EMPEROR.

CAPE COD NEIGHBORS.

SOME spots on the earth, like some people on the earth, are born great, and others have greatness thrust upon them.

Niagara Falls and Mont Blanc were born great, and any number of mortals of much importance at home can walk under the one or climb over the other, and scratch their names across the visitors' books without adding in the least to the greatness of the waterfall or of the mountain.

The fact that Oscar Wilde did not think very much of Niagara Falls did not cause a conspicuous falling off in the number of its annual visitors; and if Napoleon, when he crossed the Alps, had marched his army up one side of Mont Blanc and down the other, it would not have added in any way to its dignity. But when Napoleon went to a little island and died there, the little island became as well-known as the big island of Australia itself. Buzzard's Bay was not born great, but Mohammed has come to the mountain, and it is famous, and gets its name in the daily lines of daily paper almost every morning.

This is because several people in whom the public are interested have gone there for their summer months' vacation. People of public interest are always interesting whether they are at work or at play, and the public likes to read about them as much when they are merely fishing as when they are taking the oath of office, or making the public thoughtful as Hamlet, or happy as Bob Acres, or rejecting the public's war articles. The picture of Von Moltke in undress uniform bowing to the school-boys as they pass him in the street, is just as interesting as the one of Werner painted, showing him covered with decorations and dignity, and telling General Wimpfen that the whole French army must become prisoners of war. There will be a companion picture to that some day, and it will not be a German artist who gets the commission to paint it.

And so Mr. Rogers, who has drawn celebrated people doing very fine things, has this week shown the same people enjoying themselves in the peaceful, friendly way, and helping to make Buzzard's Bay celebrated.

They show their neighborly spirit in many different ways. Ex-President Cleveland dines with about eight hundred neighbors at Sandwich, and goes fishing with three or four; Mr. Joseph Jefferson supplies the local base-ball nine with uniforms and bats, and has the club named after him; and Mr. Edwin Booth sits on Mr. Jefferson's porch and smokes; and Mr. Gilder gives receptions in his studio to all sorts of interesting people who write and paint and talk and listen well. And every one, even those whose poems Mr. Gilder has rejected, and even those who didn't vote for Mr. Cleveland, will wish all these neighbors a very happy summer's rest, and plenty of good fishing.

IN THE CAVANAGHS' ORCHARD.

BY FRANCIS ASHETON.

It is a gentle May day, and the apple blossoms are breaking thickly over the tops of the Cavanaghs' orchard. Rhode Island is never luxuriant, and in May is often grudging of her favors, but this spring she seems to have been seized by a kindly caprice, and adorns herself for the benefit of her children. One does not have to be of the soil, however, to be grateful for her loveliness, and Miss Humphreys, though an alien, is aware of her privileges. She is sitting on a flat stone, resting and talking over past times with her companion, a man whom one would describe as long rather than tall, and who occupied in making excavations on a small scale among the roots of the tree under which he is sitting.

"I never could understand why the Dennisons asked me on their party at all," Miss Humphreys is saying. "I was so excessively bad terms with Charles Dennison at the time"—her companion looked up significantly—"and Carrie and I quarrelled every day and several times an evening. I went because I was utterly bored with life just then, and intended to be amused at any cost—and I was." She then, as the young man's eyes for a moment, and then turned away and went on: "Do you remember our impromptu ball? You played fiddle!"

"And you danced with Charley," finished the other, "with whom you were on such excessively bad terms."

Dolly laughed. "Yes, with all his faults he danced like a—"

"Dream," cut in the young man, sarcastically. "That is the correct expression."

"I never knew you to have such an envious and bitter turn of mind. I thought you were above it."

"I find in the course of thirty odd years that I am above nothing but cheating at cards and telling tales." "What a gloomy outlook for Miss Dolmer!" said Dolly; but the constraint of her manner took the lightness from her speech, and Aikens was as serious as he answered.

"Yes, but Miss Dolmer does not expect much."

Dorothy flushed. "The fool!" she said in her soul; outwardly she was silent.

"I remember," began the young man, slowly, trying to paint in words the picture that rose before his eyes, "that night in the big west room as though it was yesterday, the roaring fire snapping and blazing on the wide hearth, the Christmas holly green and dark everywhere, its glistening floor, and the old square

piano pushed up in the corner, behind which it was my hard necessity to sit and play while you danced, Dolly." His dark eyes, in which the pupils seemed points of light, flashed into hers.

"Whose fault was that?" she returned, reproachfully.

"Yours," came the answer, bitterly—"yours—yours. It was all in your hands, and you chose to throw me away like a—"

"Hush!" she interrupted, the beautiful color mounting to her cheek. "That is not true, and you must not say it."

He was calm again, and went back to his reminiscences.

"It was wet and cold and blustering outside, and I spent ten pleasant minutes standing in the rain to cool off some of my superfluous spirit." And he smiled sadly. He was what most people did not care to look at, without being ugly. No one could be ugly with that straight fine-cut nose and the cloquence and fire of his eyes; but the long, rather laggard face was thought sinister, and the thin lips cold and hard. "Did you enjoy those dances, Dolly?" He leaned forward and looked into her eyes.

"Yes," she answered, blushing. "I loved the movement, and I knew all the time—"

"That I was eating my heart out," he interrupted, scornfully; "and you liked that almost as well as making a fool of poor Charley Dennison."

"Don't," said Dolly; "you hurt me, and you have no right."

"No, I have no right to upbraid you, poor girl! You had too many lovers and too light a heart not to make some of them unhappy. Only I wish I had not been one of the sufferers; that is all. Oh, Dolly, I think I could have withstood any heartache, but that day on the river in the autumn, when you tried your best to wile the heart out of me, and—"

"Failed!" said Miss Humphreys, steadily. "I have never had your heart, Mr. Aiken; it has been in your own undisturbed possession ever since I have known you. If you had cared to have mine, you have gone away from the Dennisons' without a word."

His eyes blazed, but he said nothing. "This is all very unprofitable," she went on, leaning back against a tree; "let us change the subject."

Aikens' eyes wandered away through the orchard. "By all means," he said, and then again fell to studying her face.

Two years and over since they had parted that Christmas Day, and he had never seen her since. Two years had made a change. Two years ago he had a cherished theory that it would be impossible to bring tears to those brilliant gray eyes. Somehow to-day that theory was destroyed. Two years ago she could laugh at you, mystify you, allure and deceive you, but love you never, so he believed.

"The summer, fiery summer,
Upon thy cheeks divine;
The winter, icy winter,
In that little heart of thine."

"But to-day—to-day! Suddenly a hope, a slight but exquisite hope, stirred within him. A slow fire of passion darkened his searching eyes. Miss Dolmer, to whom he had intended to propose in the course of the week—Miss Dolmer, to whom he had paid a number of business-like attentions—sank swiftly out of sight. He remembered a dream he had had the summer before, in which Dolly Humphreys had been walking by the sea and he had kissed her, and waked to spend a week of utter misery in blotting out every memory that crowded into view.

"Where were you last summer in August?" he asked.

"I was at the sea-shore," she answered, and colored a little, that same delicate pink that he remembered with a vividness that was half joy, half pain. "I spent hours literally on the beach. Nobody else had any liking for it, they preferred gayer spots, but I became quite a solitary last summer, and used to watch the waves through the long afternoon. Mamma got rather nervous, for I refused any company, and she was divided between the idea that I was meeting an ineligible suitor or getting a bit touched in my head. I will say that she might have had some reason for the latter theory, had I told her what queer fancies I had, for I got quite under the influence of the curling green waves."

"A modern Lorelei," said Aiken.

"I was much more like a shipwrecked mariner," said Dolly, smiling softly. "I had one idea, I remember, that if I waited very patiently, the waves would wash up at my feet a treasure. What the treasure was, I did not know, but something that would rejoice me forever."

"The jewels of some poor mermaid who had mislaid them," suggested Aiken, watching her, with that hope growing in his heart.

"I had a fancy, also," went on Miss Humphreys, rather shyly, "that some of my old friends might turn up; you among them. That you might suddenly appear walking along the smooth tawny sand, and we would have a friendly talk together."

"If I had only known," said Aiken, between his teeth. "But," he added, smiling a little, "I wouldn't have come as an old friend. I never was one." Dorothy looked into his face with a hurt wonder, which changed as he added, "I was your lover, dear."

"What were you doing all last summer?" she said, hastily, leaning forward and setting six small stones in an even row, while her cheeks again colored pink.

"I worked," was the brief answer. "All the time?" raising soft pitying eyes to his.

"Most of it; but I did not mind the work; it took my thoughts from other things, and I had nothing pleasant to think of."

"What a melancholy young man!" said Miss Humphreys, lightly. "You should have called on me to visit as I did, and found solace for your ills."

"Did you need solace also?" asked Aiken, eagerly. "Were you not happy too?"

"What an impertinent question!" and Dolly laughed a little. "Why should I not be happy?"

"I thought—I hoped," went on the young man, earnestly, with intense pleading in his eyes, "that perhaps you were lonely too. That perhaps you had a little of the heartache that was with me night and day, and has been these two long years and more. I hoped that you perhaps regretted your cruelty to me at the last, and would at least let me try again. I know I have no right," he continued, "to cherish any hopes—you certainly did your best to crush them out—but we had been so happy before I grew quite mad about you, and you had seemed to like me then, and so it suddenly comes to me that now, after these years, you might give me another chance. God knows I ask nothing better than to spend my heart and soul in trying to make you love me. Speak, Dolly; give me some answer. Am I gone mad again, or—"

He did not try to touch her hand or make her look at him, but waited in a passionate silence that somehow made itself felt in the quiet spring air. Slowly Miss Humphreys heaped her six little stones one on the other, as she stood on the ground she turned and looked at him and smiled, a wistful, deprecating smile that steadied his hot impulse to express his utter joy, and yet gave him full measure of it.

"Don't say anything now," she whispered. "I could not bear it," and her eyes asked for a merciful gentleness from him, and not in vain. Controlling himself, he turned away from her and looked about the orchard with happy eyes that noted every beauty of color and form.

"We have never been together anywhere in the spring, have we?" he said, still looking away to the flowering trees. "In the summer, in the autumn, in the winter, but never in the spring. I see it with new eyes; I always have seen things differently when with you. To-day the apple blossoms are a shade more pink, the sky a deeper blue, than when I walked here yesterday. Will you go down to the lake with me? There is a boat, and I could row you in and out the little islands that are still brown with last summer's leaves."

"Yes, I will come," she answers, smiling, and springs lightly to her feet. "Which way is it? I have never staid here before, you know."

"That little path through the trees. But first I want you to give me something." She raises frightened eyes to his. "Neither your money nor your life—don't be afraid!—but that violet in your dress."

Dorothy looks down at it, and draws her breath quicker between her parted lips. "And if I do?" she said.

"If you do," he returned, "I shall ask you to give me the white hand that picked it."

With a swift movement she took the flower from her dress, and held it towards him, and Aiken caught her hand in both of his, and raised it to his lips.

AN INDIAN OBERAMMERGAU.

BY GILBERT PARKER.

The Member of Parliament paused. He had been listening to the long oration of the beauty of British Columbia, and as we rolled across a dark cañon in the Rockies he paused.

"And where shall I go first?" he said.

"To the Sechelt Mission. Look at that glacier!"

"And for a time glacier and shining peak and shaggy mountain streams were all we saw. And then the Fraser River came, with its 'perfect monotony of sublimity,' as Nicholas Flood Davin terms it and the long sweeps of bottom-land and glittered cattle and plethoric villagers, and Sechelt was forgotten. But at Vancouver, walking through one of the prettiest natural parks in the world, beside a giant cedar the Member turned, and said, 'We'll go to the Sechelt Mission on Tuesday.'"

And I went.

"A pity," the Member said—"a pity! To have travelled across the mountains with good Father Lacombe and not to know it nor to know him!"

Father Lacombe was going to the Sechelt Mission, and I should see him there.

And who is Father Lacombe? Wait!

Between forty and fifty miles off the coast from Vancouver is a beautiful peninsula, which ought to be called Presque Isle, so narrow is the isthmus that makes it one with the mainland. It is called Sechelt, and there it was I saw that curious Indian Oberammergau. In Italy, in Spain, in Quebec, the religious festivals are many, and to the eye of the worldling picturesque, at least; but this was different from them all.

To begin with, it was Indian in its personality and character. Then it was dramatic. The early morning found us in the bay at Sechelt, and the Indian village and the mission were before us. My mind went swiftly

back to halcyon mornings in far-off seas, when I had waked up to see long shores of green and opal, the virgin wood thrilled by soft-eyed savages; and all the wonder of a tropic world—Hilo, Nookakeeva, Apia, Norfolk Island, Pitcairn, Colombo. But still they were not like this. Instead of the stately cocoa-palm, with its wide but far-up-unsheltering leaves, is the pine, the cedar, and the maple-tree. There are no low thatched roofs of bamboo and flowering magnolia, but stiff white board cottages range in line along the beach, and a church of warlike red and white stands in the centre. Across the church's front a great red cross lies at much the same angle that the figure of Buddha is placed to repose at some shrine in a holy grove. Hundreds of white tents are set along the shore, and from many quarters come the sounds of music, somewhat brazen, but familiar. At each end of the long lines of tents and houses, against the foliage, stand lofty shrines hung with little lanterns, looking nothing beautiful thus by day, but to be caught in a blaze of glory. Before them are wide green spaces roped in, and near the church are huge tents, which serve as chapels. Indians through the shore, but none hurries. A lazy happiness reigns this day at Sechelt. A black-robed figure points toward our vessel; young Indians push out in the long Swahili canoes with lofty prows, such as artists give to ships of antique days, and in them, and by the aid of a windily scow, we land—priests, nuns, and all.

And now there is some stir. Another day's ceremony will begin in an hour or so. Some one in a purple robe crosses the line of vision. That is Paul Durieu, O.M.T., D.D., bishop and missionary. Nay, missionary and bishop! Thirty-six years before, a young priest of Lyons came to the Indians of the Pacific armed with his crucifix and a valiant heart, and that was Paul Durieu. And neither hardship nor Indians have killed him; the food that he has eaten, nor the want of it; and the former is as significant as the latter. Young seal and raw bear are quite as nutritious as a wasting vocabulary. But the thin, nervous, rheumatic, and dyspeptic bishop works on, more priest than bishop, and perhaps more man than either. There comes to meet him a bronzed and bearded figure. That is Father Maurice, who has come nine hundred miles from the far north and east, bringing six Indians with him, to this festival. He tells of one of his Indians that travelled three weeks on snow-shoes in order to get here. From mountain and from stream they have come, these savages, eight tribes, and two thousand altogether. By name they run, Shuswap, Stewart's Lake, Thompson, Fraser River, Squamish, Douglas, Schliamtin, and Sechelt.

As for me, I incline toward the Squamish tribe. Perhaps not justly so. But where is there pure justice? The bias in this case comes from Squamish Joe. He shall have an immortality as great, at any rate, as this article. He was my guide, philosopher, and friend through one lengthened day, and when I sought for him at night to "tip" him, he was evidently gone and hid himself. He could not or he would not be found. Up to the time of my departure he was constantly at my side, instructing, protecting, and encouraging. He knew when I must go. I hid nothing from him. But at the golden moment he vanished. It may be he had instructions, but then the phenomenon only changes venue.

Nowhere perhaps in all the world may such a sight as this be seen. Two thousand savages meet in conclave. That has been. But in such conclave and under such circumstances, never! Watch them as they wind along—grotesque enough; let that be granted—in their rude garments of brutal color, but steady and peaceful in eye, and reverent and absorbed in manner. And singing, all of them, down the line a quarter of a mile long—singing, to sweet old-fashioned airs, the story of the cross and passion. Wise men, these black-robed priests! They have chosen catching and simple airs from all sources to attract the heavy sympathies of the Indian nature. Here is one from the lanes of Ireland, quaint and sweet; there one from the airs we were rocked to sleep with in childhood; and there another from pleasant France or sunny Italy. The Salvation Army at one pole seeks the lower orders with rough picturesque but popular simplicities; the Roman Catholic Church, at the other pole, uses the same methods with a much greater degree of refinement, the vast difference being that the function to the first is only to attract; with the latter it is full of portentous meaning. For, look at that vast crowd kneeling! Do you see the bodies swaying to and fro with emotion, without a sound, but swaying? Do you see the tears running down the cheeks uplifted to one the most dramatic tableaux that have ever fallen before your eyes? There is deep feeling in this; not excitement, not overstrained nerves.

High on a platform stands a crucifix, and the naked figure in the sunlight seems blanching with pain. Around it stand the Roman soldiers, in full armor, all. One lifted up the spear as if to pierce the side of the Christ; others hold scourging cords, the hammer, and the nails. One raises up the sponge upon a reed, one bears a ladder, and another a bucket of vinegar and water. Of strange high-colored stuffs were the old Roman costumes made—yellows, reds, and browns; but the copper-colored actors in this high tragedy

carried themselves with amazing dignity, because they felt the mission would be the task set them to do. The splendid simplicity of their manner supplied the place of art and all the rest. Close by the soldiers, with mild eyes fixed upon the face of the crucified, stands St. John the Divine. And on the other side, with bowed and overwhelmed mien, waits Mary the Mother. At the pierced feet kneels Mary the Magdalene, her hair of glossy black and wondrous length falling about her face, a figure of mourning inexpressible. And slow red drops of blood dropped from the brow, torn by the thorns, upon the flowing hair.

And said sight.

And I looked round me.

The splendid simplicity had conquered. There was not a spectator who was idle now, not a seker after curiosity to be subdued. The head of every on-looker was bared, many an eye was dim, and all were hushed.

But there never was a moment from the time the procession started which had not its reverent influence upon the senses and visitors. Through the throng ran the simple tunes arranged to the Chinook language. Chinook, for it must be remembered that every one of these eight tribes speaks a different language, and must meet on the ground of this jargon that they all knew—Spanish, French, and Indian—arranged by the Hudson Bay Company's people many a year ago. Every tribe had its "haze band," and these nations of people met upon this parade-ground of their religion, and were one. Along the green shore they passed to one shrine, then on to the other; at the end of the brilliant line coming the acolytes swinging censers and sprinkling the rose leaves in the path of the bishop (the Bishop of Victoria), who, under a canopy of gold-colored cloth, carried the host to the place of crucifixion. The air is filled with dramatic feeling and picturesqueness. It is all very real—so real, that when one Indian half rises from his knees at the place where the tragedy is being presented, another plucks him by the sleeve, and says, with reproach, pointing to the figure on the cross, "Do not rise. He is not dead yet." He still sees the blood dropping upon the hair of the Magdalene.

And out over all that multitude, and through that Indian village with its thousand flaunting banners, there was passing a wave of strong feeling which fell little short of the divine. At night the procession of "Our Lady of the Cross" was formed, and again the two thousand voices rose, blending in two good old airs that have been lullabies to many a generation. And the town was one sparkle of light. Thousands of candles burnt in the windows, and every Indian in the army of worshippers carried one. The shrines blazed with color. Whenever the host was lifted, a cannon was discharged, and great tableau fires burned. And the silent forest was behind, and the long wash of Pacific seas made music in the occasional silences that fell upon the shore.

The night before there had been processions on land and on sea. The Siwash canoes, with light in bow and stern, went in and out, the paddles dipping to the sound of homely music. But what this day had been was only a dull page of interest beside that of the Sunday before. On the morning of that day there were tableaux representing the Passion and the stations of the cross, and, in the evening, the trial of the Christ, the scourging, the crowning of thorns, the fall under the cross, and the crucifixion. This, with pontifical high mass, and processions by land and sea, made an impressive ceremony.

Over all the world are missions, Protestant and Catholic, are priests and preachers working, and in many lands the writer has seen native races under the benign influence of religious function—in groves of sarnand and algaroba of Hawaii, in the arid and unhappy hazzaro of Molokai, in the low matted sanctuaries of Samoa and Tonga, beside mangrove swamps in Queensland, under the shade of India's upas-tree, and upon hot sands of Araby. But never anywhere has there appeared such simple yet such powerful religious achievement and ceremonial effect. The laborious mind of the Indian of British Columbia has been reached, moved, excited. He has been taught by dramatic representation. Through object-teaching he has come to feel the force of the tragedy enacted on Calvary, and what it means to the world. To him Pontius Pilate is a man and not a myth; the high priest a fact and not a tradition; the Light of the World a theme and not a vision, a present suffering but compassionate Saviour, not "a beautiful fiction."

It is not hard to see that no other methods save those would have touched the heavy Indian nature. First color, then sound, then form, then feeling; and night feeling, even in the raw, the senses are quickened again to be recognizing the fact—recognized ages ago—that the mind and heart receive an education through the senses. The first English actors were monks and priests. In the miracle plays were the same force and purpose working that are to be found at Oberammergau and Sechel; and it would appear that the Church is drawing nearer to the stage, and taking little by little from it aids to religious teaching. And why not? The preachers have been doing so all along. If the best of them do not get many arts of speaking direct from actors, they are caught from others who do. A consideration of the

methods of the best preachers of New York or London would tell us that. The dramatic arrangement of their discourses would suggest the practices of the dramatist, and not often of the best dramatists.

As a work of dramatic art one could not set the ceremonial at Sechel in scope or worthiness on the plane of Oberammergau; but the intention is the same, and up to a point the practice is the same. The Sechel function is a series of impressive out-door tableaux; it is not a dream; but the scene is almost as unique in its character as that to be found in the village at the foot of the Bavarian hills.

It must be remembered, in thinking upon the success of the Roman Catholic missionaries among the Indians of British Columbia, that these tribes are not like the Crees and Blackfeet and the other tribes on the east of the mountains. On the Pacific slope the natives are of a gentle and peaceful nature, given to industry, and with a taste for art. In that they resemble the Bavarians of Oberammergau. Some of their carving in wood, stone, and metal is admirable. In the art of the gold and silver smith they are as expert and graceful as the East-Indian and the Japanese, and much of their carving, statuary, and relics suggests an Aztec origin. Whence came they? They are not of the same beginning as the Eastern tribes. They resemble the Japanese in face and form; they have the same docility. They till the ground, work in the lumber camps, and catch salmon. Their reserves are cultivated up to the hilt, and they have something of the acquisitiveness of the Chinese.

"Their reserves represent some of the best land in the province," said the Member.

"They have not much good land for their support," said a priest.

One did not know which to believe. Perhaps both were right.

"We have very good time—work hard; take the blessed sacrament; make them believe quite. All right," said Squamish Joe. And he looked at the medal on his chest which bore the legend "Police," and pointed to another policeman, going through the crowd, bearing aloft on a stick a silver watch, and crying, "Who lost it—eh?" It seemed hard to find an owner.

"Indian fellow do wrong," said Captain Squamish Joe. (We called him that when we saw that by so doing his respect for us increased.) "Find him out. Get him quick. He got up when priest comes on in mass. See he go wrong. Pretty sorry. All right. Get him penitence. Take blessed sacrament. All right."

There was a time when the extreme Protestant sects taught this discipline, this public acknowledgment of wrong and the principle of reparation, but it now remains for the Roman Catholic missionaries to the Pacific slope to establish this public confessionals as a scheme of tribal government and a native police system.

Not so easy, not so successful, has been the task of the missionaries in the east of the Rockies.

Ask Father Lacombe about that," said the Member.

But where was Father Lacombe? In the ceremonies of the early part of the day we had seen him absorbed in his impressive duties. The white head, the quiet figure, the slow kindly look, the peaceful solitariness of the figure one could not soon forget. What said King Harry on the eve of Agincourt to Sir Thomas Erpingham? "A good sort of pillow for that good white head." A better than a churchly turf of France. That would be the thought suggested by a glance at "Mon. Père Lacombe." For forty odd years this man has moved in and out among the Blackfeet and Crees of the Northwest Territories, preaching, persuading—one of that class of men who in the days of De Plouffe and Lalor erected the standard of the cross in the barbarous land of the Indian savage, and lived a life of hardship, exposure, and constant danger for their cause. And this Father Lacombe has been the most heroic of pioneers. He saved his old friends the Blackfeet from massacre twenty-five years ago; he helped to save Canada from bloodshed and massacre in 1885.

"Keep the Blackfeet quiet at any cost, and charge all to me," telegraphed Sir John Macdonald from Ottawa in the April of that year. And he kept them quiet. He pleaded with them, he advised them, and influenced old Crowfoot, the chief, until it was said to the envoys from the Crees: "We shall not fight the Great Mother over the land; we are friends to Canada." And Father Lacombe mounted his horse when he knew that the south was safe, and moved away alone toward Edmonton, in the north, that he might keep the braves quiet there. Of that hard ride and long the histories of the Canadian rebellion are silent. They are based on ill-considered military—colored newspaper—reports, which were chiefly concerned with applause of General Middleton and "our brave boys." It was the same in Samoa in 1888 and 1889. Few knew or considered how far the pacific influence of the priests went toward mitigating the dangers and terrors of that war between Mataafa and Tanasse, in which the German authorities played so unenviable a part.

That spring time ride of Father Lacombe over hundreds of miles of bleak and rolling prairie was one of great hardship and danger. But simply, uncomplaining, he did his part, and for what? For such reward as the

knowledge of a good deed can give in a naughty world—no more. He might reasonably have grown discouraged long ago. For but few of the Eastern and prairie Indians have been converted. Crafty, subtle, sophisticated, they are good actors, and such religion as they profess is largely assumed, and is political in its purport. They love display, and have a keen eye for effect. And so it is, as Henry North Dixon pointed out twenty years ago in his *New America*, the tawny savage going in all picturesqueness into the East and into great populations, gives society the impression of "a noble savage, a kingly race." His fine speeches are tricks, his play upon departed glory and first ownership is rhetoric; his immobility, he knows, is striking. Geronimo, the Apache chief, captured four years ago by General Miles, made on his trial a beautiful speech, but he was a deceiver, a cutthroat, a perjurer, a robber, and a scoundrel, for all that. There have been few Tecumsehs. It is in the blood of the Indian to the east of the Rockies. Craft is his chiefest quality. Thrift he is slow to learn; a graceful society he is not. The function of Sechel would be impossible at Calgary or Fort MacLeod. The races have risen from different sources. The Piegiens, the Sarcees, the Crees, and the Blackfeet would make a drunken carnival of an attempt at a Passion Play.

Though this endeavor on the part of savages to copy docility, in the life of the Christ, would be considered but crude and stumbling beside the beautiful, grave, and powerfully theatrical representations at Oberammergau, it must stand singular and potent after its kind. Dignity, sweetness, and sincerity were infused in the ceremonies, and the acting was refined in its suggestiveness and composition. With scenes of pine trees as a background, and the opal beach for a foreground, with a rose stream belt of green shore for a proscenium; with wings of brown rocks, and flies of stars and sun and fleecy clouds and the infinite blue; with the music of two thousand human voices, through which there was running just enough of the native monotone to give solemnity, and the great liquid metro of the time keeping, as it were, a far-off melodious time—the spectator could not but feel that he had encountered a force in the religious education of the world as powerful as it is beautiful.

THE BLACK REPUBLIC.

HAITI is on the eve of one of her periodical revolutions. The preliminary massacres have already drenched the streets of Port au Prince with blood, and every craft that sails from Haitian ports is crowded with natives of the Black Republic flying before the gathering storm of war. The latest advices from Haitian sources indicate that the coming conflict will be the most sanguinary in the history of the unfortunate country. President Hippolyte has, it is said, retained the support of that great mob of armed but undisciplined men dignified with the title of army, by the recent disbursement of \$128,000 among the officers of superior rank. His devoted adherent, Jérémie, has repudiated him, and presents a new aspirant for martial and, if successful, Presidential honors in the person of Manigat, a new figure in Haitian affairs. The situation is further complicated by the presence at some point on the adjacent islands of Hippolyte's old adversary, ex-President Légitime, and an active band of his devoted adherents. The latter are therefore three "Richmonds in the field," and people conversant with Haitian affairs predict that the next advices from southern seas will be to the effect that the carnage has begun, possibly initiated by the assassination of the blood-crazed President.

On the feast of Corpus Christi, June 5, 1889, a Haitian Prince presented a gay appearance as that war-worn, dilapidated, and filthy capital could assume. The fighting was at an end, and Haitians were elated with the hope that the administration of President-elect Hippolyte would insure peace and bring prosperity to the republic. On the outskirts of the city, spanning the main road from the market square, a picturesque triumphal arch had been erected. It was topped by a dome of blue and white, flanked by the Haitian coat of arms. Below was the motto,

A l'été du 9 Octobre 1889,
Régénérateur d'Haiti.

Regenerator, Hippolyte has indeed proved himself to be; but hardly of the sort desired by the Haitian citizens. Seated in an open barouche, probably the only one in Port au Prince, flanked by gorgeously uniformed aides-de-camp, drawn by a team of coal-black horses, with a black driver and footman on the box, the President-elect proceeded along the Grande Rue to the cathedral, where the inaugural ceremonies took place.

The market square, which covers several acres of ground in front of the sacred edifice, was crowded with the people of Port au Prince and the surrounding country—a poverty-stricken, famished multitude. Absence from this religio-governmental function would be construed as a mark of disloyalty to the incoming administration, and Haitians have had experience enough to know that death has resulted from even slighter causes; consequently every one who could walk or ride was at the cathedral on that bright June morning. It was in this same church that Hippolyte was summoned from his devotions last Corpus Christi, May 28, 1891, to

put down, with a merciless slaughter which has not as yet ceased, the first outcroppings of the impending revolution.

After the church dignitaries had invoked the blessings of Heaven on the newly created head of the state, the inaugural procession advanced along that filthy thoroughfare the Grande Rue to the Palace of the President—the Haitian White House—situated at the other end of the city. The strong black face of the President was wreathed in smiles, and he was constantly engaged acknowledging the salutations of the spectators. Behind his carriage marched the file-and-drum corps of the Palace Guards. Following them rode the chief of the Palace Guards—a combination of a French field-marshal, a General Boum, and a mid-African potentate. He was an elderly man of ebony hue, with snow-white wool and chin whisker. His head was covered with the gold-laced chapeau of a French field officer, topped with a huge pom-pom. His blue coat was profusely trimmed with tarnished lace, and on his shoulders rested enormous epaulettes with heavy gold-braided fringe. This, with the addition of blue trousers, is the usual uniform of every one above the rank of captain. There is considerable rivalry in regard to the height and breadth of the big plumes in the chapeaux, and the tedium of blue trousers is frequently relieved by trousers of scarlet or white—not cheap white duck, but expensive white cloth. Fated to their riding boots are also popular. Generals are conscious of their position in Haiti. The title of General is conferred not on men of the better class, but usually on ignorant but useful politicians. Behind their chief marched the Palace Guards, the flower of the Haitian army—very much over-armed, and wearing antiquated and worn-out French army uniforms, but differing in other respects from any other troops ever existed. There is as much military form and cohesion about a Haitian regiment on parade as there is about the different parties in Haitian politics. The soldiers march in little groups, as if they were entirely independent of one another. Shambling along after the Palace Guards, interspersed with many deafening life-and-drum corps, came several hundred as blood-thirsty-looking and ragged as armed mob as one could see anywhere. They were in full dress; that means, in the Haitian army, that every man who had boots or shoes wore them.

As soon as parade is dismissed, the foot-guards promptly removed, and slung over the shoulder until the next full moon. The impression produced on the mind of the North American observer by the military spectacle was that it was ludicrous in the extreme were it not for the business-like rifle slung over the shoulder of every man and the loaded cartridge-box at his belt. Some of the corps of sappers and miners reminded one of the old-time pioneers who marched at the head of New York target companies, with enormous bear-skin caps and leather aprons. Ignorance and vanity are the prevailing traits of a vast majority of the people. The average Haitian is an African savage with a French veneer. The Minister of War, in a report on the army published in 1887, placed its numerical strength at 20,000 men, of which number 13,500 were general officers, staff and regimental officers, and 6500 were private soldiers. As each revolution brings forth a fresh batch of officers and kills off a number of private soldiers, the proportion of officers to privates has not been materially changed. The nominal pay of a private is \$12 a year, but even this amount cannot always be collected from the paymaster. By an order of President Hippolyte no regiment is permitted to remain in the same post for a longer period than one month, for fear that the soldiery may conspire against the government with disaffected civilians.

The undying enmity of the blacks for their colored or mulatto brethren has been the root of all the Haitian troubles. It is a hatred that will outlast Haitian independence, and compel the inevitable French or American or joint protectorate of the country to be administered with a hand of iron. The constantly recurring revolutions, the periodical conflagrations of incendiary origin, and epidemics have reduced the city of Port au Prince almost to ruins. Situated at the head of a great bay and possessing every natural advantage resulting from a good location, the accumulated filth of a century blocks its streets, and the excrement of the animals has obliterated the channels of the bay and made fetid its waters. Most of the houses in the city are mean-looking wooden structures. The cathedral resembles a barn, and the only edifice of any architectural pretensions, with the exception of the palace, is the church of St. Joseph. The Senate, House of Representatives, ministerial residences, and other were all swept away in the revolution of 1888. The President's Palace, which stood on an eminence overlooking the bay, was destroyed at the same time, but has been rebuilt. The grounds surrounding the Presidential abode are uncared for and overgrown with rank tropical vegetation.

Since the overthrow of President Guffrand in 1887 travel in the interior has not been safe, voodooism and cannibalism have increased, and the country, one of the most fertile and richest in minerals in this hemisphere, has been rapidly going to ruin.

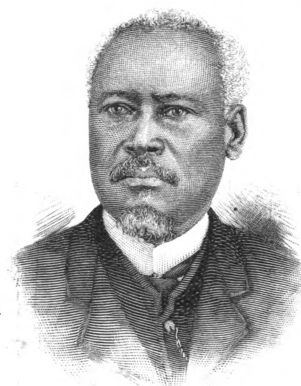
WILLIAM H. BENNETT.



The Palace of the President.
Port-au-Prince.
Hayti.



The Color Company - Palace Guards.



The President's Carriage.

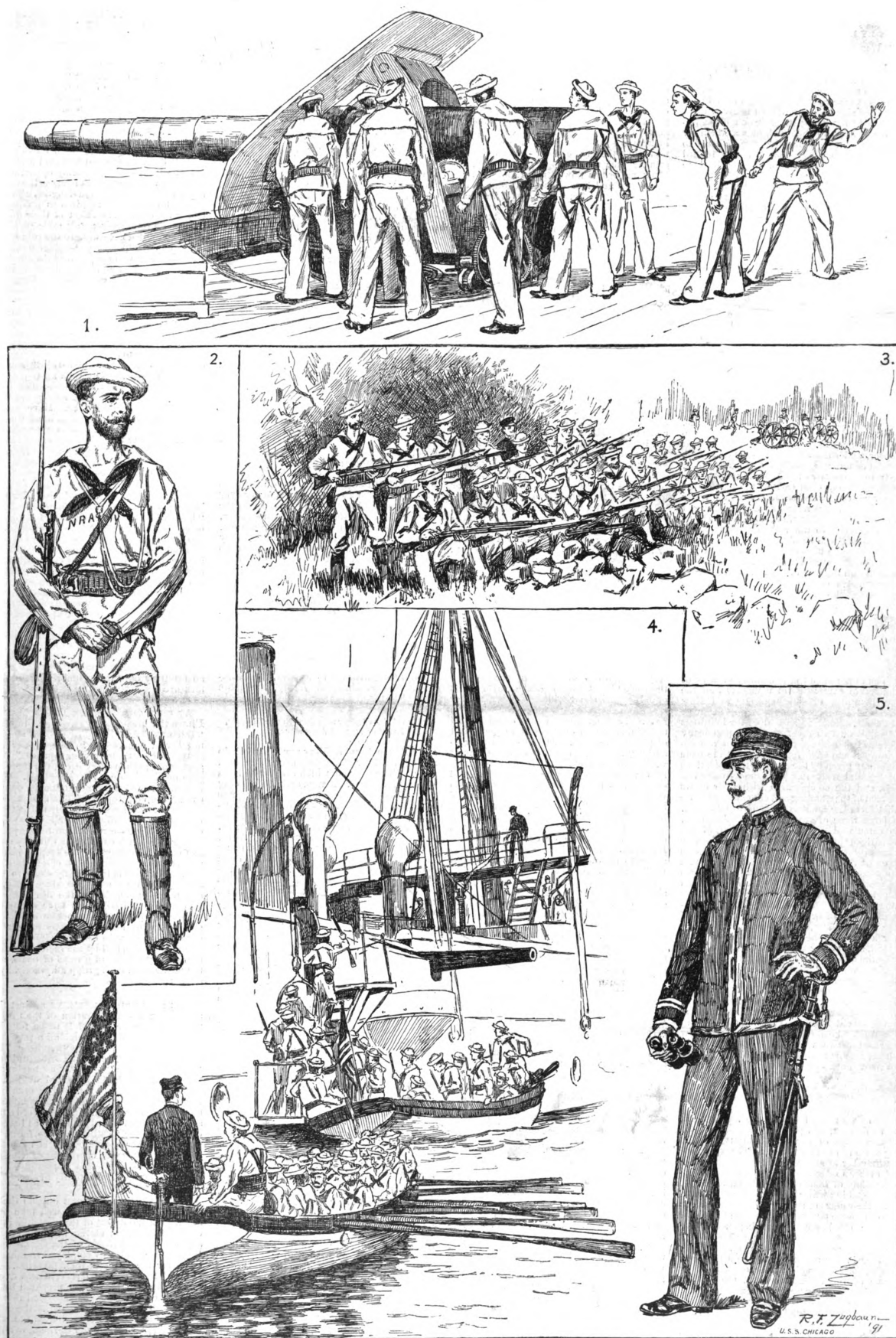


Cathedral and Market
Square. port-au-Prince.

PRESIDENT HIPPOLYTE AND PORT AU PRINCE, HAITI.—[SEE PAGE 599.]



AN INDIAN OBERAMMERGAU.—DRAWN BY W. P. SNYDER.—[SEE PAGE 598.]



WITH THE NAVAL RESERVE.—DRAWN BY R. F. ZOGBAUM.—[SEE PAGE 602.]

1. Great Gun Drill—Ready to Fire. 2. Able Seaman, Naval Reserve. 3. Shore Drill. 4. Boat Drill. 5. Officer, Naval Reserve.

THE NAVAL RESERVE ARTILLERY.

BY RUFUS FAIRCHILD ZOGBAUM.

"Well, sir, I really think they like it; they work as if they did, and they catch on so blamed quick it makes you wink. And our men like to have them aboard too. There ain't no nonsense about them gentlemen, but they just take right hold, and go ahead with a darned better will than many of them as is paid for doing it. It won't do sailormen any harm to have such men as them for shipmates for a while, for they're sure to find out something about the men for'ard here, and I'll leave it to you, sir, if there ain't worse men than you'll find aboard this here ship or any other man-o'-war once you come to know 'em. But what gets me is, what do they do it for? Why, there's a gent as I'm told his governor owns one of them ocean steamship lines, and he's got money enough to buy out this here whole hooker. There's another, him there that's just sponging that \$1000 a rifle off on the port side, I heard him called as Able Seaman Dr. Blank, and cussed out roundly too by one of them reserve officers, as they come alongside in their boat this morning, and Mr. Able Seaman Dr. Blank didn't handle his boat-hook quick enough to please the lieutenant. Anyhow, they're doing things in good man-o'-war shape, and if they take interest in what our work is, why, all I've got to say is, so much the better for them and for us too."

And the brawny boatswain's mate was right, for nothing but good can come of this frank and cordial association of the men of the regular naval establishment and the civilians composing the newly organized militia. Officers and men of Admiral Walker's splendid command have done everything in their power, under the wise and efficient direction of the commander-in-chief of the squadron, to train and instruct the amateur man-o'-war's men, and have been met on the part of the latter with eager and earnest attention, ready submission to the restraints and discipline of an arduous and difficult service, and a full obedience to the rules and regulations governing Uncle Sam's marine forces. The Naval Reserve has commenced its existence in the right way. There has been no absurd jealousy on the part of the volunteer towards the regular, no assumption of superiority on the part of the blue-jackets and their officers towards the reserves, who freely and frankly placed themselves under the instruction of professional seamen and naval gunnery experts, who are best qualified to teach them something of the practical side of their duties as men of a fighting auxiliary naval force.

The importance to the country at large of the recent exercises and maneuvers of the naval militia of Massachusetts and New York cannot be too highly estimated. Our sea-coast, extending as it does for hundreds of miles on two great oceans, is practically defenceless against the attacks of a well-equipped and well-trained foe, and the wide publicity given by the press to the operations of Admiral Walker's fleet of modern war vessels, and the co-operation with their crews of men of the standing and education of those that form the nucleus of it, is to be hoped, a large force of reserve naval artillerymen, is calculated to call the attention of the American people generally to the absolute necessity of providing adequate means to prevent the capture of our rich seaports, and to arouse their interest in the ways and means of doing so. Admiral Walker has given hundreds of young men, taken from among the most intelligent and well-informed citizens of two of the most important cities of the United States, an opportunity of serving for a time on the cruisers under his command, thus aiding them in their efforts to attain the object of their organization.

No more appropriate spot could well have been selected for the maneuvers of the fleet and the exercises of New York's Naval Reserve Battalion than the waters adjoining Fisher's Island, at the eastern entrance to Long Island Sound. The island itself will eventually be fortified to guard the narrow channel between it and the Long Island shore, forming one of the main approaches to New York city from the sea, and, as the object of a reserve militia would be mainly that of home defence, it is obvious that this force should be made as familiar with the waters in which it would be obliged to operate in the event of war as the limited time at its disposal would permit.

The ships of the now famous "White Squadron" presented a beautiful appearance as they lay at anchor on the smooth waters of Fisher's Island Sound. Six fine cruisers as any of their class formed a long line, the glistening white hulls and the tall masts, with their mazes of rigging, reflecting straight down into the blue waters beneath. Strict order inshore the low-lying fish-shaped torpedo-boat and the sharp-bowed dangerous-looking dynamite cruiser lay motionless on the glassy surface of the summer sea. In a little bay the steamer *Stonington* made the temporary home of the militia-men, and the whilom peaceful passenger boat was transformed into a man-o'-war for the time being. Strict order and discipline were maintained on board, and it was astonishing to note how rapidly and readily the men of the battalion settled down to the routine of every-day life on a war ship. While much of this readiness to adapt themselves to circumstances was due to the superior intelligence of the gentlemen composing

the ship's company, their officers, many of whom are graduates of the Naval Academy, are fully competent to command them, and to inspire them with respect for the authority conferred on them by their commissions.

There has been no fuss and feathers, no parades and ceremonies, other than those necessary for the maintenance of order and discipline and for the rendering of honors, and downright hard work has been the order of the day during the entire time that the militia-men have been associated with the fleet. Their white duck working-suits, which looked so spick-and-span and so painfully new when the cruise was commenced, grew grimmer and more dingy day by day, the black sailor-ties flowed more loosely, faces and necks and hands became bronzed and toughened, and after a few days it was hard to distinguish the amateur sailor-men from the hardy tars, as they were grouped together about the great guns on the decks of the war ships.

Aside from the routine and discipline of a ship of war, no attempts were made to instruct the reserves in the details of a seaman's duties, that take years of experience on the salt ocean, with all the hardships and vicissitudes of a sailor's life, to familiarize men with, but the time was mainly occupied in the teaching of the fighting drills of the man-o'-war's man, the handling, care, and firing of the heavy ordnance and the machine and rapid-fire guns, the manning and manœuvring of the boats, and the exercises of landing and fighting as a brigade for shore duty. The militia-men showed great enthusiasm, mingling freely with the sailors of the fleet, who received them cordially, and spared no pains to show the citizen "Jackies" that they were welcome on the ships.

I hope the gentlemen forming the Naval Reserve will take back to their homes as good an impression of our American blue-jackets as they left behind them on the fleet among the honest fellows for'ard, and that whatever may have been their idea of our tars before being shipmates with them, they will have learned to admire a class of men as brave, willing, kind, and hearty as ever wore the honorable simple uniform of a sailor in Uncle Sam's navy.

WITH A FLOWER MISSIONARY.

BY M. C. WILLIAMS.

It is eleven o'clock. Madison Street is full of glare, of noise, of smells that are almost visible. Two women come out into it with baskets heaped with flowers. Any resident of the quarter will tell you they "belong to these King's Daughters, and are 'most always around here late." By consequence the basket-bearers are looked at with a sort of half-proprietary pride. Way is made for them and their baskets along the thronged pave. They go up and down and in and out of a labyrinth of streets, all equally full of noise and smells. At last they turn into an alley so narrow the two of them cannot walk through it abreast. It pierces a business block, the business of it quiet, and gives upon a court, so-called, that is walled and fenced about with tenements of the most squalid type; not so very tall, but bare, ugly, forbidding, beyond words. It is a gray ugliness—flags underfoot, and walls of rough brick painted exactly flag-color. Even June sunshine is wan and watery as it sifts down in the long narrow break between wall and wall. A tall man can span it easily.

If lovers lived on opposite sides, they might almost kiss across it. Nowhere any earth—not even for charity's sweet sake. The swarming children, black with city mool and grime, never knew the delight of clean dirt in their lives. Yet they run clamoring to the flower-bearers. "Give! give!" is the cry, as twenty eager clawy small hands are thrust almost into the basket.

"Clean faces first," say their guardians, smiling cheerily.

Instantly there is a dash for the pump, followed almost immediately by a return with faces where the skin's true color is discernible at the tip of the nose and on the cheeks. Each gets a posy. Then the round of the houses begins. In and out of tiny bird-box apartments, up and down stairways half worn away with misery's constant passing, the flower missionaries go. As they pass an open window, two horribly dirty small heads appear.

"My babies wants flowers too," says the mother from a dim background of stove and tubs.

"Yes; here they are. Flowers go best with clean faces," comes in to her from the outside. In the next room a clean old lady sits quietly sewing. The place is small and bare like the rest, but there is more than decent cleanliness all about. A glint of sunshine struggles through the bit of window to fall on a fading nosegay set in a wide-mouthed bottle.

"The ladies gave me them last week, and they are right good now," the woman says, with a caressing nod to the daisies and mignonette.

Asked what she would like from the flower store, she says, "Whatever you'll give me." Then, after a minute: "I'd like a rose. I'm going out Sunday, and I want to wear it then." Adding, half shamefacedly: "We had roses in England. That's my country. And when I was young, I made artificial flowers, and it always seemed roses were sort of company for me."

Out in the alley again the infantry charged in solid column, crying: "Flowers for me gran'mother; fer the baby." "Me mother ain't had none." "Ye skipped the top floor." "Gimme er flower." "No, I ain't had none." "A flower! a flower!" "I don't want daisies." "Change those for pinks." "I love them blue ones." Then, all in chorus: "Som'thin' fer Tommy's gran'mother."

"Hush! Where is she?" says the missionary, holding her basket high out of reach.

"In there," cry a dozen, indicating a dark doorway.

It frames her like a shrine, and she might be indeed a martyr of toil. Tall, pale, patient, with a worn, lined face, and smooth gray hair. She stands with outstretched hands, the very moral and pattern of endurance.

"Do you like bright flowers?" says the missionary, holding out a clump of dewy peonies that but yesterday were nodding in a country garden. She has never been in the court before. Her comrade touches her, and says, very low:

"Tommy's grandmother is blind; give her roses as well."

The two leave her with both hands full of bloom, and go in where three Italians are elbow-deep in suds. It is dark, dismal, steamy, yet you see the faces light as by magic, and hear broken words of thanks as the givers flit away. Outside they find themselves again in the rank of small sturdy beggars, who come with empty hands and newly smudged faces, declaring loudly:

"We ain't had no flowers."

But there are cases of conscience among them. One slim dark slip of Italian girlhood looks anxiously at a cluster of scarlet poppies; yet when it is held out to her with a cordial smile, she does not reach for it, but says, "I had some; at the first," showing a few bunches of pansies in the hollow of her hand. Next minute she has kissed the poppies, and rushed away with them to her cypress on the upper flights. Long before half the baskets are empty, and the bearers go back for a fresh stock. Almost everywhere in the poor homes they have been welcome as sunshine. It is no mere lip thanks that has rewarded their kindly effort. A few perhaps misprize; but in how many rooms are these flowers carefully tended and kept long past their time of bloom, than once you see a faded leaves and stalks pinned against the wall under a dead baby's picture. And the tot who wears a pansy posy on her frock plays daintily, instead of sprawling and kicking on the dusty stairs, or maybe even keeps a clean face half the day. Better than even the uplifting wrought by flowers is the kindness of this kindness. Truly, it is more blessed to the givers than to the receivers!

"Like chains of silver seen through crystal beads, Let love through good deeds show."

sings Edwin Arnold. Very many hands help string this silver chain with crystalline good deeds. The mission, which is separate from the regular Flower Mission, and its rival only in good works, is maintained by over three hundred circles of King's Daughters. Flowers come to them from as far south as Richmond, Virginia, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, New Jersey, join hands with New York. The blossoms given out to-day grew, many of them, in the Catskills. Most of them come readily tied in bunches. If they are not, there is never a lack of willing fingers to group them deftly, and fasten to each a card printed with some text of Scripture. Out on the Orange Mountains there is a wonderfully handsome house that is never without visitors the summer through. Upon a high plain, in the grounds, where the outlook is poetic, there stands a summer-house with a big table in its centre and rustic benches all around. Just under the roof you read, in illuminated letters, "Oh, all ye green things upon the earth, praise ye the Lord!"

Flowers abound; the garden overruns, the way-side is bespangled. Every Sunday, from three to six in the afternoon, the family and its guests gather there with lavish hand, and sit about the summer-house table tying them up for the Flower Mission. Many flowers come from children—boys and girls in near-by towns. Sometimes—most times—they are very carefully culled and sorted. Yet they are no whit more welcome than the hundreds of clover and bits of sweet stuff and straggly short-stemmed roses that come with a note saying, "My babies picked these for the children who have no flowers."

Flowers are not the limit of the work. These gentle missionaries crave all good gifts for their poor people. Fruit, food, milk, money, they will receive and put to use with thankful hearts. They tell you proudly of one gift that has come from far off Texas: a poor blind old lady sent fifty cents "because some one had read to her a paragraph about their work, and she wished to feel that she had helped it, if ever so little." Other alms came in like manner from Denver. Any who are minded to send flowers or fruit or any sort of parcel need but to put it in the nearest express office, addressed to the King's Daughters, 91 Madison Street, and it will be forwarded free. Indeed, without such courtesy the Flower Mission could hardly exist. In fact, look at it from what point you will, it is one of those things that go far to reconcile us with our kind.



CONTINUING THE DISCUSSION from issue of August 1st, concerning "no time allowance between boats of the same class." No present scale of time allowance in use in any country is, in a single instance, the full amount which it is believed represents the real differences in speed attributable to differences of size in boats; to quote the accepted shibboleth on this subject: "The rule adopted by naval architects is that within economic limits opportunities for speed vary in different boats as the square roots of their respective lengths. Strong winds, however, are required to produce in larger vessels the full effect of their greater size, and presumably a full scale of allowances computed according to the rule would not be adapted to average summer weather." Therefore the various yacht clubs allow various fractions (roughly speaking, from 45 per cent. to 60 per cent. of what the allowance due under the above-mentioned and somewhat empirical rule would be). Clearly all this is approximation, and approximation merely. In very light airs the percentage adopted by any one of the clubs is doubtless too much. In heavy weather twice the allowance due to the rule would not begin to offset any considerable disparity in size between two boats. Why then all this uncertain blundering? Let them build their boats of equal "sizes" under the rule of measurement existent at the time. Have classes enough to allow of this being done without compelling owners to build the boats appreciably larger than they can afford, or appreciably smaller than they desire. Do away with so-called "time allowance," and in each class let the race be boat against boat.

ANOTHER BAD EFFECT of time allowance is that it introduces one more rule to be "beaten" by the astute. It is bad enough to be compelled *ex necessitate* to have some arbitrary rule of measurement—for rules of measurement, one might almost say, exist only for the purpose of being built around; but to introduce still another rule—by avoiding or evading which a further advantage can be gained—within the limits of a class or in certain weathers, is to pay a still further premium for the production of abnormal types of boats. For instance, to-day "sail area" (so-called, not actual sail area) enters into the computation of "size" for time allowance in practically every yacht club in the United States. The rule for measuring sail area is an arbitrary one; the actual sail area is not measured.

AT ONCE THE QUESTION ARISES, how can I have the greatest sail spread and the least "sail area," i. e., be taxed on the smallest number of square feet? The answer is a simple one—"Shorten your topmast." The gain is not perhaps very great, but there is a gain on shortening a boat's topmast. Well, first, this is not very attractive in appearance. Stumpy topmasts don't look well. Moreover, naval architects tell us that it is unwise to artificially hamper the free exercise of intelligence in relation to the proper relative proportions of *spars* quite as much as to hamper arbitrarily the employment in a boat of any element that enters into the hull. That this is true hardly seems to need argument. Why not, then, since designers can build practically at the head of each given class, and (since we have enough of a yachting population to make it feasible) classes can be numerous—why not abolish time allowance, with its approximations and its uncertainties, and let the racing yachts of the country consist of groups of boats, with the members of each group all practically of a size?

ONE LAST BRIEF ARGUMENT against time allowance: A demonstration of the unsatisfactory character thereof is to be found in the fact that to-day in England a very large percentage of the races are "handicaps" and not "open races," and the substitution of "handicaps" for "open races" has during the past few months attracted distinct attention in this country, as witness the rules for such matches printed in these columns in our issue of June 20th. In other words, time allowance is not found sufficient, as between boats, for some weathers, and is found too great for other weathers. It is no proper gauge, under varying conditions of wind and weather, of the different opportunities for speed attributable to disparity of size.

CRICKETERS who reside outside the favored city of Quakers may well take heart of grace in the defeat of the erstwhile invincible Philadelphia eleven at both Toronto and Chicago. Friends of the Germantown Club have been busily employed framing excuses for the upset of their favorites. We are told that their first reverse was due to the poorness of the wicket prepared by the Toronto Club—it being overlooked that the home club likewise used it—while the defeat sustained at Chicago is attributed to the absence of Mr. Brockie, the Germantown captain. Probably these excuses may prove a salve unto the wounded *amour propre* of the average Philadelphian, but it does occur to most people that it would be more sports-

man-like to keep quiet and take the medicine like "little men."

WE ALL KNOW THE GAME is uncertain. Where is the one that is not, and what would be the sport if the result was always to be a foregone conclusion? In its uncertainty lies much of the charm of cricket. A thousand and one little things may contribute to the defeat of a travelling club, but we don't care to have them related to us. Philadelphians are proverbial for administering unpleasant surprises to over-confident and venturesome visitors to their own city; they should therefore be prepared to swallow a few doses of their own prescription without making wry faces.

OUR QUAKER CITY FRIENDS must not expect to find grounds equal to their own in every city they visit, nor must they allow every hit of their courage to evaporate at the sight of a bumpy or uneven field. Above all, they should bear in mind that it is not necessary to find an excuse for every defeat. A few defeats will not injure their reputation, and they will be happy encouragement to their successful opponents. In view of a possible meeting of Philadelphia and London for the championship of the United States, the experience of the Germantown eleven in the Windy City constitutes a warning to them which cannot be ignored with impunity. The Chicago cricketers are entitled to a deal of credit for the victory over their redoubtable opponents. They have undoubtedly risen in the estimation of the cricket community, and should they continue to improve as they have in the past few years, they will make the Philadelphians work hard to retain the championship. Cricket is continually improving throughout the country, and the time is not far distant when the present supremacy of Philadelphia will not be so marked.

EVERY EFFORT IS BEING MADE by Philadelphia cricketers to induce a team of English amateurs to visit America in the autumn, and it affords us much pleasure to announce that success is likely to follow the attempt. It is the desire of the Germantown Cricket Club to celebrate the opening of their new home by an international match, and it is to be hoped they will attain their wish. The time is now ripe for another visit from our English rivals, and such contests are immeasurably interesting in determining the degree of improvement in our play. There is every reason to believe that we are in a better position to-day than we have ever been to give our friendly invaders a warm reception in more ways than one, and it may not be inopportune to suggest that they bring along their best players. It would indeed be a feather in the cap of the Philadelphians if they could commemorate the opening of their new grounds by a victory over a representative English team, especially as the Philadelphia eleven is composed of amateurs and Americans.

IF THE LEGISLATION of the Amateur Athletic Union is always as sound as that prohibiting Sunday games, on penalty of disqualification, its career will be commendable in the extreme. The protest from St. Louis against this ruling and the subsequent secession from the A.A.U. of some of the clubs and resurrection of the old Western Association have been the means of setting back athletics in that city to the condition from which it had just emerged. The Board of Managers of the A.A.U. is entirely right in standing firmly to the letter of the law, and should have the unequal support of all amateur clubs. There is no room for argument on the question of Sunday games, any more than there is doubt as to the extreme good sense and sportsmanship of Mr. A. G. Mills's ruling on the subject in the reorganization scheme. Apart from the moral side of the question, concerning which is outside the province of this column, the feature of Sunday games has a most unwelcome effect on sport. It gives the public an erroneous impression of athletics, generally speaking, and it attracts spectators that are by no means in the majority at our club games nowadays.

THE MOST REPRESENTATIVE feature of the matter, however, is the class of athletes it draws into competition. To assert that the people in St. Louis are a different order of beings from those here is absurd. The progress of eight years of my life were spent West, and possibly I may know something of them. The difference lies entirely in the men that advocate Sunday games. Athletics in the West, Detroit excepted, have by no means reached the standard that we are accustomed to set here, and St. Louis appears to have been particularly slow in the element which I do not intend, by any means, to infer that there are no thoroughly active clubs and no amateurs in St. Louis; quite the contrary, there are one or two progressive and well-organized clubs, and as for amateurs, in proportion to the number competing, I believe there are more amateurs at heart than we have in the East. At the same time the element which to a very large extent is the active one in athletics out there has not been fitted by early training to carry on unassisted the work of reorganization in the amateur field.

IT IS NOT THAT THOSE who may have participated in a few Sunday games are forever

lost to the amateur fold, or that they might not continue competing on the seventh day and remain Simon-pure amateurs; but the mere fact of Sunday games has a demoralizing influence on athletics; it lowers the tone of the sport, and retards its proper progress. To be sure, there are here athletic clubs, so-called, that hold picnic games and give Sunday excursions at which dancing, running, and jumping and beer are liberally distributed throughout the day's entertainment. But these clubs are not members of the Amateur Athletic Union, and their entries would not be accepted by the game committee of any one of our amateur clubs. Yet these people are all very well in their way, only their way is not ours, that's all. Cultivated people throughout this country recognize the observation of Sunday, at least to all outward appearances, and no organization that hopes to include the best of its membership roll can afford to do otherwise. To say that the people of St. Louis are less respectable than those of any other city is nonsense. The Amateur Athletic Union is well rid of clubs that clamor for Sunday games.

THERE IS NO SPORT that excels canoeing in point of absolute recreation, and there are none but amateurs who paddle or sail the frail little craft. There are no mug-hunters, no "tramp" athletes, in canoeing. Those who go in for it do so from pure love of the glorious sport. On Thursday, August 6th, begins the eleventh annual meet of the American Canoe Association at Willsborough Point, Lake Champlain—one of the most picturesque points in the entire lake region. The meet lasts until the 27th, and those who have never been in camp, and have friends there, should avail themselves of the opportunity. There will be, of course, all sorts of races—padding, sculling, a combination of both, and club fours, etc. But the great sport to the canoeist is the cruising, of which he will be able to get considerable out of the lake, and going to and coming from the meet.

AND WHAT AN INDEPENDENT traveller is the cruiser! His canoe costs him, complete, fitted up, from \$250 to \$300. It contains compartments in either end for stowing away all his traps—cooking utensils, provisions, bedding, tent, clothing, etc. He carries a complete camping outfit. In sailing he sits down in the cockpit, which is over six feet long, and if it is rough or storming, he can cover himself with snug fitting apron. He has no fear of accident, for should he upset, two air compartments prevent the canoe from sinking. At night, if he goes into camp, he can drag his craft out of the water, get out his camping paraphernalia, and feast sumptuously as he may. Afterwards he can spread out his mattress in his cockpit, erect his tent over it, take off his shoes like a Christian, turn in, and sleep the sleep of the righteous. The sport of a canoeist in this country is unbounded. He can go anywhere, everywhere, furnish his own transportation, hostelry, and service, and if he happens to be observing, can fill several note-books. There is no way at once so healthful, joyous, and economical to spend one's holidays.

THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION was formed in 1880, and its first meet at Lake George in that same year brought together about a score of enthusiasts. The following two years the meet was held at the same place, and while about fifty turned out in '81, the interest had grown so that over one hundred put in an appearance the third year. In '83 the meet went to Stony Lake, and about two hundred and fifty men attended. The Thousand Islands were chosen for three years, and then Bow and Arrow Point, on Lake Champlain. In '88 the A.C.A. went back to its first love, Lake George; and in '89 the Thousand Islands were again the site of the meet. It had always been the desire of a number of the association members to have a salt-water meet, and last year Peconic Bay was chosen, and the most successful meet up to that date held. From twenty, in 1880, the association membership has grown to about 2200, and the interest has become so widespread that it is divided into several divisions, viz., the Atlantic, consisting of the middle Atlantic seaboard and its leading rivers; the Eastern, including all of New England; the Central, including all the United States not in the Atlantic and Eastern; and the Northern, including all of Canada.

THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB'S cruise began on Monday with the largest fleet, and certainly the most notable one that has ever gathered in this country. All day Sunday the yachts were attempting with no breeze to reach Glen Cove, and on Monday morning the sight of the fleet riding at anchor was a beautiful one. Well-nigh every kind of craft was on hand, and each and every one shone again from the dressing down she had received. It was a glorious showing for the New York Yacht Club, and proved its right to the distinction of premier of this country. As we are on the press, the captains are in meeting on the flag-ship *Electra* to decide upon the plans of the cruise, but undoubtedly the run of the first day was to Huntington, and from there to New London on Tuesday. Today, unless matters have been changed about considerably, the fleet is at New London, and likely enough the *Mincola* and *Jessica* will have their match race to determine what the

special 46-footer event of the Cherry Diamond Yacht Club left very much undetermined. It is possible, however, it may not be decided until Newport is reached. Whenever or wherever it comes off, it should be extremely interesting, for both the boats have done very even work, and appear very closely matched. *Jessica* has sailed in eleven events, and has to her credit 2 firsts, 5 seconds, 3 thirds, and 1 fourth. The *Mincola* has started seven times, and has 1 first, 2 seconds, 2 thirds, and twice she was disabled.

IF ALL GOES WELL, the fleet will reach Newport Thursday night, and on Friday, wind and weather permitting, the most important event of the cruise will be in the Goelet Cup races. The race will be without time limit and under the rules of the club. It will bring together for the first time all the new 46-footers except *Electra*, and decide whether Boston or New York will have the honor of the champion in the new class. The cup for the sloops is valued at \$500, and that of the schooners at \$1000. On Saturday the run will be to Martha's Vineyard, where the fleet will probably spend Sunday. It is possible the stay may be prolonged to Monday, and a special race held by the 46-footers for a \$500 cup offered by the Martha's Vineyard Association. In this event, Tuesday, August 11th, will find the fleet at New Bedford, and the following day at Newport. A special race of the 46-footers for prizes offered by the New York Yacht Club will in all likelihood be sailed August 13th, though the exact date at this writing has not been determined upon. It may be sailed at New London the second day of the cruise; but if so, that will throw the match race of the *Mincola* and *Jessica* into the Newport week, and as the Owl and Game-cock colors are to be raced for, it is not likely the cruise will disband until Friday, August 14th. If the N. Y. Y. C. 46-foot race is sailed at New London, hence, August 18th will probably be the final day.

THE CORINTHIAN YACHT CLUB of New York will take up its cue on the disbanding of the New York Yacht Club cruise, and a few days later, Monday, August 17th, will hold its special race for 46-footers. This will probably be the greatest race of the year. Every 46-footer is entered, and will undoubtedly start, and as all will have had an abundance of tuning up, the best work of the boats may be confidently expected. Moreover, the Boston and New York boats will have an opportunity during the New York cruise to make to size one another up, so that in the final race of the season, which the Corinthian will very probably be, the very best possible work will be brought out of each yacht. There seems little likelihood that *Gloriana* will lose, certainly not if she does as well as she has already shown. The contest between *Oceene* and *Beatriz* will be probably the most interesting feature of the race. They have each started four times and each been credited with 2 firsts and 2 seconds. They are very evenly matched; but in a series of races, catching all kinds of weathers, it looks a little as though *Oceene* should score an extra point or so.

OUR TIME IS OCCUPIED so entirely with the racing of yachts on salt water that we are apt to overlook some extremely good performances of lake craft. There is a speedy cutter, *Yama*, on Lake Ontario which many yachtsmen believe can beat anything of her length in the country. She was built last year in the Wintingham yards, from Pife's designs, for the 40-foot corrected length class of the Lake Yacht-Racing Association, and is 52 feet l.o.a. and 36 l.w.l. Her owner, Allen Ames, Commodore of the Oswego Yacht Club, has raced her against everything on the Lakes, and never sustained a defeat. Since she was put in commission she has defeated all the cracks of her class, *Merle*, *White Wings*, and *Thetis*. This season her owner determined to play at higher game, and put her in the 46-foot class, where she defeated the *Orion* and *Vreda*. The success of her yacht has made Mr. Ames ambitious to meet some of this season's 46-footers; but while there is small prospect of a race this season, one may be arranged for next year.

THE BROKAW MEMORIAL FUND is growing encouragingly, several large subscriptions having been received recently, notably that of the New York Athletic Club for \$1000. It is proposed to raise \$15,000 with which to purchase the present base-ball field, for the 40-foot corrected length class of the Lake Yacht-Racing Association, and is 52 feet l.o.a. and 36 l.w.l. Her owner, Allen Ames, Commodore of the Oswego Yacht Club, has raced her against everything on the Lakes, and never sustained a defeat. Since she was put in commission she has defeated all the cracks of her class, *Merle*, *White Wings*, and *Thetis*. This season her owner determined to play at higher game, and put her in the 46-foot class, where she defeated the *Orion* and *Vreda*. The success of her yacht has made Mr. Ames ambitious to meet some of this season's 46-footers; but while there is small prospect of a race this season, one may be arranged for next year.

THE LONGWOOD CRICKET CLUB, of Boston, held a very successful lawn-tennis tournament last week. In the palmy days of Dr. Dwight and ex-champion R. D. Sears the Longwood grounds were the scene of many remarkable matches, and last week's affair was the beginning of an attempt to revive the old interest. It is proposed to make this tournament an annual affair, to be held just previous to the playing at Nahant, so that the players from New York and the West may participate in both events. With such

managers as Dr. Dwight and R. D. Sears, it may be assumed that the tournament last week was well conducted. It was especially wise to play the best three out of five sets in all matches, for the time of the All-Comers' Tournament is now rapidly approaching, and the players need the severe kind of preparation for that week of hard playing. But the three-out of five rule made all the difference in the world to some of the contestants last week, and particularly to F. H. Hovey, who might have defeated E. L. Hall in the preliminary round, and having done that, been almost certain of a place in the final round, had the best two in three sets constituted a match.

HALL'S VICTORY OVER HOVEY simply confirms the opinion, expressed in this column after the match at Saratoga between the same two men, which, it will be remembered, was also a five-set contest, and was won by Hovey. The Boston player was about exhausted at the end, however, and it was the general opinion that he would never be able to last through an All-Comers' tournament, in which he would be obliged to play a hard match, possibly of five sets, on each day. It is now said in Hovey's favor that he was not in good condition at Longwood last week; but, on the other hand, he certainly played a very clever game for four sets, and actually won the fourth, although young Mr. Hall was hitting magnificently and playing generally in a style well calculated to wear out the strongest of adversaries. It is not until the fifth set that Hovey weakened materially, and even then he played pluckily, though hopelessly, to the close.

FROM THE RESULT OF THIS MATCH I draw two important conclusions: one, already stated, that Hovey cannot win at Newport; and a second, that while young Mr. Hall may and probably will not win, no one will there meet a more dangerous adversary. It is true that his elder brother, V. G. Hall, defeated him in their last meeting at Southampton, and it is quite possible that he may do it again at Newport; but, at the same time, if I were a contestant at the latter place, and had my choice of adversaries, I should infinitely prefer to be pitted against the elder brother.

LAST WEEK'S PLAY has entirely changed my opinion of the younger Hall's game. I have always appreciated his skill and noted his rapid improvement, but at the time of the Winthrop tournament, when it certainly appeared that there were three players, and probably more, who were reasonably sure of beating him every time they met. At the present time it seems to me that he stands just as good a chance to win at Newport as any player, with the exception of Hobart. No doubt this seems a rather wild opinion, in view of the fact that the coming championship tournament will be the first in which the young player has competed; but one of the best of his good qualities is a cool head, and the importance of the occasion will not cause him to become "miffed." Surely a young player never behaved with more coolness than did Hall at Longwood last week. The drawing was much against him, for even after winning from the redoubtable Hovey in the preliminary round, he was compelled to defeat such sterling players as R. D. Wrenn, Fred Mansfield, and Hugh Tallant in order to reach the final round. In the last great struggle he had to face Philip W. Sears, a man who had defeated him at Westchester three weeks before, and who was now playing in the midst of an army of friends, all anxious for his success. That Hall did not become "miffed," and that he won the tournament under such conditions despite Sears's hard work, are facts sufficient to stamp him as a dangerous customer in any company. The Hall-Sears score was 6-1, 8-6, 6-3.

TOWARD NAHANT, THE SUMMER HOME of the Sears boys, all eyes are turned this week. During the last five or six years it has been the custom of the Seares to annually invite a few of the best players of the country for a week's play at Nahant. This week Nahant will see the greatest array of players ever gathered together outside of Newport. The contestants are the champion O. S. Campbell, R. P. Huntington, Clarence Hobart, F. H. Hovey, P. S. Sears, S. T. Chase, and the Hall brothers. It will be seen that all of the great players of last year are included in the list, except W. P. Knapp, who will be prominent entry at Newport, and H. W. Slocom, Jun., H. A. Taylor, and C. A. Chase, none of whom are playing this year. If champion Campbell is playing as well as three weeks ago, he should win. The one most likely to defeat him should be Hobart; for Dr. Haven's dirt court, upon which now of the matches are played, is very much like those of the New York Tennis Club, where Hobart is accustomed to practise. Hovey is said to prefer turf to dirt, but inasmuch as he defeated Campbell for the intercollegiate championship on a dirt court, it is difficult to account for the preference. The fact that all matches are the best two-out of three sets is a match in his favor. As each contestant plays every other, the Nahant tournament is never won by a "fluke," and it is quite probable, therefore, that any player, other than Campbell, who is victorious this week will also be the winner of the All-Comers'.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.



THE HON. J. SLOAT FASSETT, THE NEWLY APPOINTED COLLECTOR FOR THE PORT OF NEW YORK.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN.

A NEW COLLECTOR FOR THE PORT OF NEW YORK.

THE Collectors of the Port of New York has always been regarded as one of the highest and most valuable offices in the gift of the President. The contest for it has pretty generally been warm, and on several notable occasions these contests have had serious effects upon the fortunes of the party in power. It was in a fight over this office that Senator Conkling and President Garfield had a misunderstanding which resulted in the resignation of Mr. Conkling and Mr. Platt from the Senate of the United States. To the ordinary mind it would seem that what was needed in the administration of the office was a clear-headed business man of experience in the foreign trade which passes through the port of New York. Before the enactment of the civil service laws the Collector had the bestowal of a vast amount of patronage, and therefore the office was of great importance in a political sense. The clear-headed business man at that time needed, therefore, to be also an adroit politician in order to administer the office and not always be in a pot of boiling water. And even now, despite the civil service laws, it seems impossible for a man with respect for these laws to do his duty to the government and at the same time do what politicians consider to be his duty to his party.

Colonel Joel B. Erhardt, who has just resigned the Collectorship, has never been any great advocate of civil service reform, but, on the contrary, has always been a zealous partisan. But he has also always been a respectable man, and has felt that when in office his duty was to obey the laws he found on the statute-books. In his administration of the Custom-house he has therefore found it impossible to dismiss all the men the Republican party managers demanded should be turned out, nor has he found a way by which he could appoint all whose party services demanded recognition. His failures in these regards have made him enemies among the machine managers, and at length his place was made so uncomfortable that he has resigned it. The President had the resignation under advisement for over a month, and at last accepted it when he was ready to name a successor.

Colonel Erhardt, when his resignation had been accepted, very frankly gave these reasons for resigning: "I have resigned because the Collector has been reduced to a position where he is no longer an independent officer, with authority commensurate with his responsibility. I have given bonds for \$200,000. I have received for the government during the twenty months last past \$322,697,135 40,

and I am all the time personally responsible for enormous values in money and in merchandise. My duties are necessarily performed through about fifteen hundred employes. I am not willing to continue to be responsible for their conduct unless I can have proper authority over them.

"The recent policy of the Treasury Department has been to control the details of the customs administration at the port of New York from Washington at the dictate of a private individual having no official responsibility. The Collector is practically deprived of power and control, while he is left subject to all responsibility. The office is no longer independent, and I am. Therefore we have separated."

The President has named Senator J. Sloat Fassett, of Elmira, as Colonel Erhardt's successor. Mr. Fassett was a candidate for the place at the beginning of Mr. Harrison's administration, and at that time was warmly pressed for the post by ex-Senator Thomas C. Platt, whose own ambition to be Secretary of the Treasury could not be gratified. It appears that Mr. Harrison was not ready at that time to turn over all the Federal offices in the State of New York to Mr. Platt. This appointment may mean that he now feels differently. Mr. Fassett, the new Collector, is only thirty-eight years old. He was educated at the University of Rochester, took a post-graduate course at Heidelberg. When he returned from Germany he studied law, and soon after being admitted to the bar was appointed District Attorney for Chemung County by Governor Lucius Robinson. In 1884 he was elected Senator to represent the counties of Chemung, Steuben, and Allegany. He has been three times re-elected, and during the last two terms he has been the leader of his party in the Senate. During the Presidential campaign of 1888 he was secretary of the Republican National Committee. He was also chairman of a committee of the Legislature which examined into the intricate affairs of New York's city government. His committee brought to light many facts which made some of the highest office-holders in New York feel very uncomfortable. The political bias given by the chairman to the investigation prevented it from doing any great measure of good. Mr. Fassett is also the editor and owner of the *Elmira Advertiser*.

It will thus be seen that the new Collector of the Port has had a good deal of political experience, even though he is still quite a young man. Of his business qualifications the public has no knowledge. The retiring Collector was a soldier during the war, and participated in many battles, attaining the rank of captain in a Vermont regiment of cavalry. In 1863 President Lincoln made him Provost Marshal of the Fourth Congressional District of New York. This was after the draft riots. After the war he was Assistant District Attorney in Brooklyn. When he came to New York to live, Mayor Wickham made him a Police Commissioner, and he held this office for a long time, during which he was one of General Arthur's most trusted assistants in running the affairs of the Republican party in New York. When General Arthur became President, Colonel Erhardt was appointed United States Marshal. In 1888 he ran as the Republican candidate for Mayor of New York against Mr. Grant and Mr. Hewitt. He was second in the race. He was then appointed Collector. He is fifty-three years old, and in appearance greatly resembles Prince Bismarck.

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THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

THE political situation in Massachusetts is very interesting from a national point of view. From the formation of the Republican party the State has been strongly and aggressively Republican, and the sincerity of the opposition within the party to its later course and leadership is proved by the party decline. It was the opposition of men of intelligence and conviction who would not sustain everything that the party might do or approve. The original principles of the Republican party, together with its earlier tendencies toward reform, were nowhere more pronounced than in Massachusetts. If that spirit has largely disappeared from the party, it is because so many of the younger men in the State who were trained in the Republican tradition do not find themselves in accord with the party. The extraordinary result is that to secure the political ends which seem to them most important, a multitude of active and able men have left the Republican ranks; and while the older part—to whom the political associations of the last generation are precious—maintain a position of independence, the younger, free from such ties, have found in the Democratic party of to-day views more congenial with their own, and have largely influenced in Massachusetts the Democratic policy and its spirit.

This is the situation which makes it possible for men like President ELIOT and JOSIAH QUINCY and CHARLES R. CODMAN and WENTWORTH HIGGINSON and SHERMAN HOAR and GEORGE FREDERICK WILLIAMS to identify themselves with the Democratic party, and for a great multitude of former Republicans to support Democratic nominations. It is this situation that produced the revolution of last year which elected a Democratic Governor and several Democratic members of Congress. And it is this situation in Massachusetts which offers to the Democratic party in the country its great opportunity—an opportunity which has been undoubtedly imperilled by the Democratic declaration in Ohio on the silver question. Mr. G. F. WILLIAMS, one of the newly elected Democratic Representatives in Congress from Massachusetts, says that the recent growth of the party in that State is due to the courage with which it has advocated sound principles of finance and taxation and reform. When it falters on any real question, he says, it will fail. The Democratic Representatives from Massachusetts will oppose in Congress the free coinage of silver advocated by the Democrats of Ohio; and Mr. WILLIAMS says, truly, "The moment that it is understood that the Democratic party is for free coinage, that moment Democracy is a thing of the past in the New England States."

This is the appearance on the Democratic side of a spirit, a conviction, and a comprehension which are unprecedented in the State and in the country. Should they prevail, the State would become the nucleus of national political readjustment. The Democratic spirit and character, symbolized in New York

by Tammany Hall and Governor HILL, would find a foe in its own household with which it must struggle desperately to maintain its hold. The situation in Massachusetts shows a regenerating force in the Democratic party, of which the only present sign in the Republican party is the protest against the domination of QUAY in Pennsylvania. The actual extent of the popular opposition to the extreme protective tariff does not appear because of the strong distrust of the Democratic party, arising from its former course upon slavery and the war, from its proclivity to dangerous financial freaks, and from the instinctive alliance with it of the liquor interest and of the more ignorant voters in the Northern States. For all these reasons a multitude of tariff reformers will not identify themselves with the party merely because it declares for that reform. The points upon which they distrust it are more than those upon which they agree. But the Massachusetts movement promises practically a new party. Its leaders are for an honest currency, for a moderate tariff, for civil service reform. Their policy would strike at corruption and aim at honest government. It is a movement which can be withstood not by excellent Republican candidates only, but by the evidence that such candidates represent a new spirit in the Republican party.

POLITICS IN THE NEW YORK CUSTOM-HOUSE.

THE national administration of every party always confronts a factional dispute in New York. It generally involves the Collectorship at this port at which two-thirds of the whole customs revenue are received, and which commands a large patronage and immense opportunities in contracts and "facilities" and favors of many kinds. The Collector has come to be regarded as the especial lieutenant in the State of the national administration, and if a President or a Secretary of the Treasury is looking for a Presidential nomination, he wishes to feel sure of the fidelity of the New York Custom-house. The rapid growth in public favor of the principles of civil service reform threatens this tradition, but it is still very strong, and the last persons whom it will reach are New York politicians. The recent resignation of Collector ERHARDT was a surprise to the general public, because it was known that his discharge of the duties of the post, so far as the public business was concerned, was entirely satisfactory. The proper duty of the Collector is to superintend the enforcement of the customs laws promptly, honestly, and efficiently. This implies the selection of proper subordinates, a wise interpretation of the statutes, and a generally diligent and effective administration.

There was no question of Mr. ERHARDT's satisfactory discharge of his duty. Even the President says that he was surprised by the Collector's resignation. The Collector himself says plainly, however, and nobody doubts that he says truly:

"The recent policy of the Treasury Department has been to control the details of the customs administration at the port of New York from Washington at the dictate of a private individual having no official responsibility. The Collector is practically deprived of power and control, while he is left subject to all responsibility. The office is no longer independent, and I am. Therefore we have separated."

This means that he has been forced to resign not because of any failure to discharge his whole duty, but because he would not use the office to promote personal political ends. Such a resignation, as is well known, is a removal. It is a removal, moreover, by a President who said, to induce his fellow-citizens to vote for him:

"In appointments to every grade and department, fitness and not party service should be the essential and discriminating test, and fidelity and efficiency the only sure tenure of office. Only the interests of the public service should suggest removals from office."

Probably no intelligent man misunderstood the "resignation," but that misunderstanding should not be possible, the *Tribune*, the chief organ of the administration in New York, said, distinctly:

"The Democratic and mugwump papers which are mourning ERHARDT's departure mourn not for him nor for the service, but solely because they know that a large quantity of Democratic rubbish will soon be swept from the Custom-house, as it should have been swept long ago."

This is frank and unmistakable. The Collector has not made a clean sweep of Democratic clerks, without regard to their efficiency. He has administered the Custom-house on the principles proclaimed by his party and by the President elected to carry out those principles. For that reason he is forced to choose between the sacrifice of his self-respect and resignation, and he chooses as every honest man would choose.

The removal means that the power of the Executive patronage in New York is to be directed, so far as practicable, to secure the renomination of the President. Incidentally it means that the President, in the chief custom-house of the country, abandons his professions of reform. He cannot abrogate the law, but he declares in this conspicuous and representative case his contempt of its spirit and purpose. He invites all officers to neglect the law so far as they

safely can, and announces that the efforts of all office-holders to secure delegates favorable to his renomination will be regarded with a kindly eye. It means also that Mr. PLATT is now recognized by the Executive as the Republican leader in New York, as Mr. QUAY has been recognized in Pennsylvania, and that those who fulfil Mr. PLATT's wishes will be counted among the sheep and not among the goats. It would not be surprising if Mr. PLATT, contemplating the probable loss of the Governorship this year, should decide "to pander to the better element" by nominating an excellent candidate to be beaten, for the purpose of bringing Sunday-school politics into still further contempt. It has not been found, however, that the partisan manipulation of the New York Custom-house ever re-elected a President.

OBLIGATION TO PARTY.

WE observe that some papers speak with impatience of the refusal of Messrs. BLISS and DEFEW to accept the nomination for the Governorship of New York, as if the honors which they had received from their party laid upon them an obligation to bear any burden which the party might choose to impose. It is also said that Mr. CLEVELAND, having received the highest possible honor from his party, ought not to refuse to go to Ohio and speak for its candidates; and a letter to the Springfield *Republican* in Massachusetts says that although Mr. HAILE, the Lieutenant-Governor in that State, has declined to be considered a candidate for the highest place, yet "men of weight in the party openly talk of nominating him by acclamation, and then of putting on him the disagreeable responsibility of saying that he will not endure personal inconvenience and loss for the sake of the party which has already honored him highly."

This is a very droll view. It assumes that a party nominates a candidate for the purpose of pleasing or honoring him, and not for its own benefit. The letter from which we quote, however, states the reason why Mr. HAILE may be exposed to the responsibility of refusing. It is simply "that he is the one man who can carry the State against RUSSELL." That is to say, the party wishes to save itself from defeat, and will invite Mr. HAILE to save it, pleading that it has honored him by making him Lieutenant-Governor. Mr. HAILE might well reply, "Did you make me Lieutenant-Governor for the same reason that you now wish to make me Governor, namely, to save your own bacon, and is that your idea of honoring a man?" There is, of course, an honor in such a call, because it is a testimony to a man's character and reputation. But it is not the office that confers the honor. The office is conferred because the man is already so honored that people will gladly vote for him. The party wishes to make use of him for its own advantage, and pleads that a previous procedure of the same kind conferred an honor for which it now demands payment.

So with Mr. CLEVELAND. The Democratic party owes him very much more than he owes the party. He was made Mayor of Buffalo because he was honored for his fairness and courage. His election was merely the recognition of the public esteem in which he was held. He was elected to the Presidency because of the same confidence in his own party and among those who were not of his party. His election created no obligation whatever, except that of discharging the duty in the way that he was expected to discharge it. Having done that, he left the Presidency, having laid his party under immense obligation to him for largely removing the suspicion and distrust with which for a generation it had been regarded. For that party now to say to him that his election to the Presidency laid him under an obligation to the party is mere folly. A party selects the best and most available agents it can find. It seeks them for its own purposes. It would not select them, however wise and able they might be, if it did not suppose it could elect them. If Mr. HAILE in Massachusetts be the only Republican who can beat Mr. RUSSELL, he has laid his party under great obligation by consenting to give to it officially and to such a result the weight of his personal character. If he declines to do it longer, the party cannot urge his service to it as an honor which he owes to the party and an obligation to do whatever it wishes. The proper attitude of the party toward Mr. HAILE is that of gratitude for what he has done for it.

THE GREAT FAIR AT CHICAGO.

OUR great Fair seems to excite more interest in Europe than has been yet aroused in this country. Nobody appreciates probably more fully than Mr. BUTTERWORTH the humor of inviting other countries to come and show us their ingenuity and skill in making things which we tax heavily if brought here for sale. The ungraciousness of our attitude is so amusing that it loses something of its offensiveness. At a dinner in London given to our commissioners, Mr. LINCOLN said that any provisions in our Alien Act which could be construed unfavorably to foreign exhibitors would be removed. But how he was "au-

thorized" to say so does not appear, as the Alien Act can be modified only by Congress. Nothing was said at the dinner, we believe, about the McKINLEY tariff and its purposes. But Mr. GLADSTONE's letter must have suggested reflections. He wrote: "I cannot doubt that the Chicago exhibition would tend materially to advance the commercial intercourse between nations, and therewith those sentiments of friendship which are its usual result. I shall not, I hope, transgress the limits of courtesy in expressing the hope that those at least who come after me may live to see the industrial glory of America freed from every fetter, and her unparalleled natural resources turned to the best account."

The speech of Viscount CROSS, Secretary of State for India, was regarded as the most significant of the evening. It expressed the warmest sympathy with the project, and promised the heartiest co-operation. Sir PHILIP CUNLIFFE OWEN, "father of exhibitions," said that the American exhibition would surpass all others, and that Viscount CROSS's speech meant that the government would throw the whole weight of its influence in favor of the Fair. Sir RICHARD WEBSTER, the Attorney-General, confirmed the statement, which was ratified still further by the cordiality with which Lord SALISBURY had received the commissioners. In France the commissioners report similar good feeling. Mr. PECK, one of them, said that he had talked with many large manufacturers in England and France, and found a strong disposition to contribute to the Exhibition. Mr. BULLOCK found very great interest in the Fair, especially among artists. Other commissioners had been deeply impressed by the unexpected interest they had found in Europe. The French and English press was very friendly, and Mr. BUTTERWORTH said that the two governments, at least, are warmly favorable to the enterprise. The President of the Chamber of Deputies favors an appropriation in aid of the French exhibitors, and the Minister of Commerce passed several hours with the commissioners in examining reports of Chambers of Commerce whose members propose to take part.

This is all pleasant. It shows, at least, as Mr. BUTTERWORTH says, the friendliness of the governments. It is yet early for any sign of the probable extent of the foreign contributions. But the pride of Europe may be enlisted to show us the works of skill and beauty upon which our laws place a ban. For the influence and results of such an exhibition, if it be really international, are far-reaching. It stimulates the largest and freest commercial intercourse among nations. It is wholly unfavorable to narrow and restrictive policies. In the largest sense it is cosmopolitan, and emphasizes the great truth that "above all nations is humanity." Like the display at Philadelphia in 1876, it will temper a little the national bumptiousness by showing us that there are arts that we cannot yet rival and industrial accomplishment that we do not yet surpass. Whatever may be the essential humor of our position, the results of the great Fair cannot but be beneficial.

MESSRS. QUAY AND DUDLEY.

PUBLIC opinion has driven Mr. QUAY and Mr. DUDLEY out of the National Republican Committee. As the meeting of the Executive Committee approached, a part of the Republican press, conscious of the injury to the party of such official leaders, urged the necessity of throwing off so great a burden. But, as if determined to retain for the party as much discredit as possible, its Executive Committee received the resignations with the most fulsome praise and loud lamentation. It took extreme care to show that it regarded Mr. QUAY as a noble representative of the party, whose services to it had been unspeakable, and put in his place Mr. CLARKSON, of whom Mr. PLATT remarks, with undoubted admiration, "We love him for the heads he has cut off," that is to say, for the ardor and success with which he has violated the pledge of his party.

The Republican Executive Committee could not have attempted to escape disgrace more disgracefully. Instead of parting in silence with a chairman who declines to bring to justice those within his own party and out of it who charge him, specifically and in detail, with the misuse of public money, the committee accepts his resignation "against our judgment," and with an enthusiastic assurance of "the deep obligation under which he has placed the Republican party and the cause of good government and patriotism in the United States." Under the circumstances such words are an insult to every honest Republican as they are to the country.

The conduct of the committee in accepting the resignation of Mr. DUDLEY is not less offensive to public decency. On the 25th of October, 1888, when he was the treasurer of the Republican National Committee, a circular, signed by Mr. DUDLEY, was sent to the County Committees in Indiana, in which these words occur:

"Your committee will certainly receive from Chairman HESTON the assistance necessary to hold our flouters and doubtful voters, and gain enough of the other kind to give HARRISON and MORTON 10,000 plurality. Divide the flouters into blocks of five, and put a trusted man, with necessary funds, in charge of these five, and make him responsible that none get away, and that all vote our ticket. There will be no doubt of your receiving the necessary assistance through the National, State, and County Committees. Only see that it is husbanded and made to produce good results."

In receiving Mr. DUDLEY's resignation the committee say, "We feel that his action deprives the committee and the

party of the invaluable and loyal service of one who has proved himself one of the ablest and most faithful public men of his time." All this is certainly without precedent in the Republican party since the complimentary dinner to DORSEY for carrying Indiana by "soap." Even Tammany Hall, when public opinion required it to demand the resignation of delinquent members, did so without saluting them as patriots and faithful public men.

A HUMOROUS STROKE.

ONE of the humors of politics is the following plank in Mr. GORMAN's Democratic platform in Maryland:

"The existing Republican administration promised when it assumed power to give full effect to reforms in the civil service. Offices in that service have, notwithstanding such pledge, been conferred for political reasons to as great an extent as at any former period in the history of the country. The civil service of the United States, considered as a whole, is to-day a partisan organization, doing active political service for the administration by which it is employed."

Mr. GORMAN's zeal for civil service reform was shown in the days of HIGGINS, and has been trenchantly set forth by Mr. THEODORE ROOSEVELT. It would be an interesting inquiry whether there was a single delegate in the Maryland Democratic Convention who did not believe that the civil service of the United States, considered as a whole, ought to be a partisan organization doing active political service for the administration by which it is employed.

THE EX-PRESIDENT PARTY.

EX-PRESIDENT HAYES, in a late speech at Lakeside, Ohio, said, pleasantly:

"A few days ago, in Massachusetts, ex-President CLEVELAND made a sensible and judicious talk on the duties and privileges of ex-Presidents. He spoke of what is expected of them, and what he considered their duties. I consider his remarks the platform of a new party composed of ex-Presidents. It is not a numerous party, but it is a harmonious one. I will not repeat what Mr. CLEVELAND said, but it was in substance that the highest privilege and duty of an ex-President is simply to be a good citizen. I concur in every plank of his platform."

There can be no complaint that the fitting dignity of the Presidential office is not becomingly maintained by the two living ex-Presidents. Often called upon to speak in public, they discharge the task with singular propriety, and in a manner which shows their keen interest in public affairs. Belonging to different parties, they show that political difference need not degenerate into personal bitterness. JOHN ADAMS and THOMAS JEFFERSON were the leaders of the two parties that first existed in the Union, and they were most resolutely opposed. But at last, when both had withdrawn from public life, they resumed the friendly intercourse of the earlier period when they stood together for American independence.

While Mr. HAYES and Mr. CLEVELAND live there is certainly no occasion for speculation upon the question what to do with our ex-Presidents. Let all others, when their time comes, do likewise.

PARNELL ABANDONED.

MR. PARNELL must be now convinced that his marriage, however morally commendable, has not been politically advantageous to him. Mr. DILLON and Mr. O'BRIEN have just come out of prison, in which probably they have not been secluded from all knowledge of public affairs, and they have pronounced against PARNELL, while Mr. DWYER, of the *Freeman's Journal*, who has been his strong stay, now leaves him because of his marriage. Mr. DWYER not acknowledging the validity of divorce.

This last blow must have been unexpected by Mr. PARNELL, who, however, after a vain effort to entangle Mr. O'BRIEN and Mr. DILLON in a fresh "conference," went to a town which remains faithful to him, and there spoke, and was drawn in his carriage by loyal hands. Everything has now deserted him apparently but his own persistence. He has the quality most highly valued in the prize-ring, and he evidently intends to stand fast and await the chances that time may bring.

The situation is more promising than ever for the GLADSTONE cause. Whether, as Sir VERNON HARCOURT hopes, Mr. GLADSTONE may be once more Prime Minister is uncertain. Such an event would be one of the most remarkable victories in the history of English politics. But, however that may be, everything seems to show a steady growth of the Irish cause in English favor. Even the apparent tranquillity of Ireland and the cessation of attacks upon Mr. BALFOUR do not indicate the decline of the cause. The policy of the Tories in characterizing the deposition of PARNELL as a triumph of priestly control has not as yet seriously disturbed the Dissenting conscience in England. The Tory hope that the PARNELL rupture would stop the agitation is frustrated by the general abandonment of the old leader.

A QUESTION OF MINDING ONE'S OWN BUSINESS.

THE suggestion that Mr. CLEVELAND should speak in the State campaign in Ohio has led to some discussion of the question why the speaking in a State election should not be confined to the State. It does seem a little impertinent for a citizen of Minnesota to come to New York to advise us in the choice of members of our Legislature and of Governor and State officers. We may be presumed to understand our own affairs better than our friends from Oregon, or even Texas or Maine. They may be very intelligent counselors, but in regard to our own taxes and schools and domestic interests and local questions their advice is superfluous.

Governor CAMPBELL in Ohio is a candidate for re-election. How many persons in South Carolina or New Hampshire

are sufficiently familiar with his course as the Executive of the State to go to Ohio and exhort its citizens intelligently as to their votes? Mr. McKINLEY is his competitor. What argument besides his personal character and ability can an orator from Louisiana or Nebraska urge in his favor as a Governor of Ohio except that he holds high tariff views? But what has the Governor of Ohio to do with a high tariff?

Undoubtedly such a question seems to be very irrelevant, and practically it is. But that fact shows how completely national politics dominate our local elections, as Mr. GARRISON states in the article of which we spoke last week. There are great questions of immense importance in every State, as license, education, public works, prisons, charity. But when we come to choose legislative and executive agents to deal with them, instead of considering their fitness for such duties, we inquire only whether they favor protective legislation by Congress, or arbitration in the seal dispute, or a force bill to supervise elections in Alabama. Mr. CLEVELAND's views upon these subjects are known, and if the Governor or Legislature of Ohio has anything to do with those questions, he might be disposed to discuss the subject in Ohio. But it is a fair inquiry whether there is not opportunity enough to consider and argue them without taking the time which the citizens of Ohio ought to devote to their State interests. Or is the election of a United States Senator really more important than any other State interest?

PERSONAL.

AN honor very rarely conferred by the Academy of Medicine at Paris—that of an election as corresponding member—has been bestowed upon Dr. H. B. MILLARD, of New York. There were more than one hundred candidates, of whom four were finally presented; and of these, two were chosen, Dr. MILLARD receiving forty-two votes out of fifty-one, and the other successful candidate thirty-four out of fifty.

L'Abbé MOULY, a French priest, has recently received the decoration of the Legion of Honor, in recognition of heroic services performed many years ago. He was acting as military chaplain at Guadalupe about the time that MAXIMILIAN's tragic campaign came to a close, when a terrible epidemic of yellow fever broke out in the garrison of 800 men. There were many deaths daily, and all the doctors and Sisters of Mercy were carried off, leaving the brave priest for three weeks to minister alone to the sick. At that time he was recommended for the Legion of Honor, but the events of 1870 prevented his nomination, and since then the tribute, which should have been promptly paid to the hero, has been delayed for unknown reasons.

LORD MOUNT STEPHEN, the new Canadian peer, lives, while in Montreal, in a large house built of white limestone, and sumptuously furnished throughout. Here members of the royal house of England and other notable visitors have been entertained. Lord STEPHEN is said to have sunk a good deal of money in the Canadian Pacific Railway, of which he was formerly president, but is still a very rich man. When the Queen's Jubilee was celebrated, and in commemoration of that event, he, with Sir DONALD SMITH, gave a million dollars to build the Royal Victoria Hospital of Montreal. Lord STEPHEN has no son, and but one daughter, the wife of the second son of the late Lord IDDESLEIGH.

HEINRICH LANG, a famous painter of animals and battle scenes, died recently in Munich. He was a staff-officer during the Franco-Prussian war, and was actively engaged in scenes which he afterwards portrayed.

KING UMBERTO of Italy possesses none of the artistic and musical tastes that are so strongly developed in Queen MARGHERITA. His ear for music is undiscovered, and this deficiency he holds as a weapon over his wife's head to check any little annoyance to which she may subject him. He does not like to have her wear spectacles in his presence, and when she appears with them on, he says, "MARGHERITA, if you don't take off those glasses, I will sing!"

C. DANA GIBSON, the well-known artist of *Life*, upset himself and ARTHUR BRISBANE, the young editor of the *Evening Sun*, into Buzzard's Bay last week, and both were forced to cling to their canoe for two hours before a fisherman rescued them. On the day following, Mr. BRISBANE was thrown out of an upper berth of the Chicago Limited, which ran off the track and caught fire. His vacation is apparently full of interest.

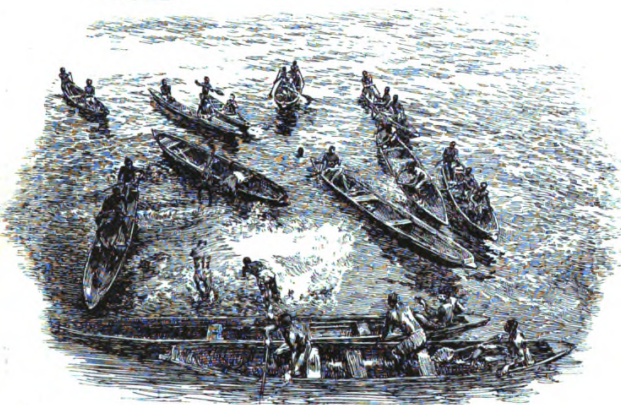
M. D'ENNERY, the French playwright, is eighty years old, but is hale and hearty, and is now writing a five-act drama. He has already produced two hundred plays that have been acted with more or less success. His continued health and strength he attributes to his regular and moral life, and to the fact that he has never allowed himself to become overworked.

EDWARD F. SEARLES, who has just inherited from his wife a vast fortune and a larger number of palaces probably than any other man in this country owns, was ten years ago employed by a leading upholstery firm in New York. He had learned the trade of a house-decorator, was conscientious, clever, and artistic, and commanded a large salary. In 1881 his health broke down, and he went to California to regain it. There he met Mrs. HOPKINS in a business way, and impressed her so favorably that later on she made him her agent and adviser. Their wedding in this city in 1887 was as quiet as a man of Mr. SEARLES's retiring disposition could have desired. Mr. SEARLES is about fifty years old, and it is said that he has none of the small or large vices. He loves art and music, and plays well on the organ, but does not care for society.

The summer home of Senator JUSTIN S. MORRILL, of Vermont, is at North Stratford, where all his life was lived till his long term of Congressional service began. The house is a Gothic structure, standing on a slight eminence, and surrounded by shade trees and extensive grounds. There is a large old-fashioned garden and a pretty artificial pond, while the stables contain pure-blooded Jerseys and fine horses. In the midst of these surroundings Senator MORRILL recuperates from his arduous labors at Washington. Although eighty-one years old, he is still fond of climbing the hills with his gun in hand, or playing a game of skittles.



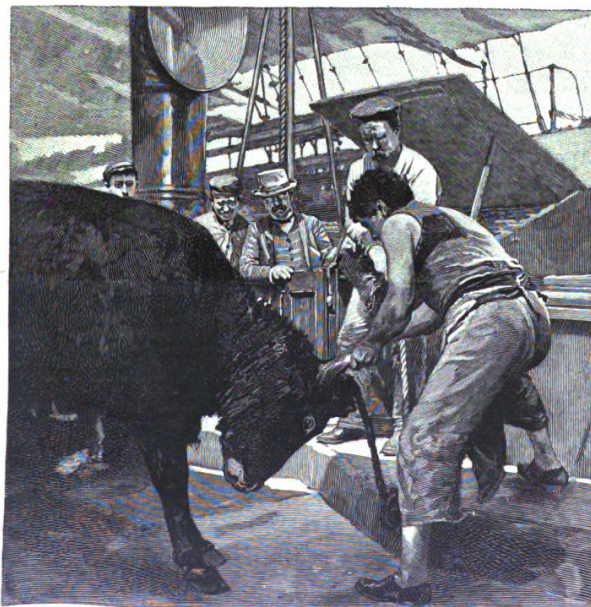
IN THE PARROTS' QUARTERS.



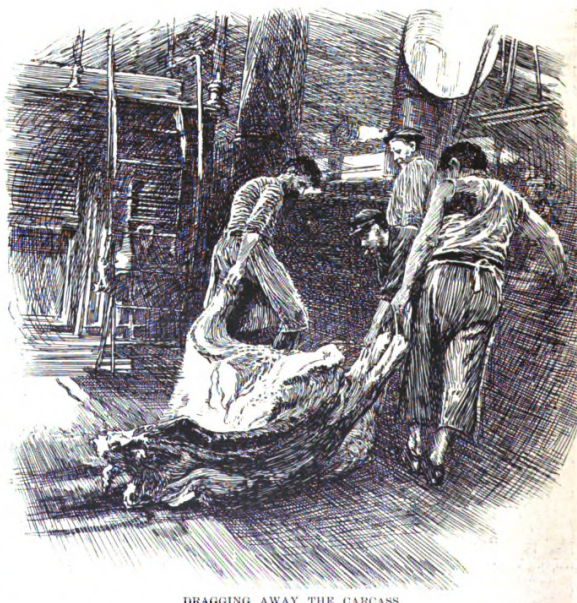
NEGROES DIVING FOR COINS.



A ROYAL VEGETABLE-DEALER AT DAKAR.



SLAUGHTERING AN OX ON THE FORE-DECK.



DRAGGING AWAY THE CARCASS.

ACROSS THE SEA FROM MONTEVIDEO TO BORDEAUX.—DRAWN BY W. P. SNYDER AFTER PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 622.]



SCUD.

BY HERBERT D. WARD.

IT was the morning after my arrival. I had just come jaded from examination papers, agued with the incessant ring of orations, abhorrent of the rustle of white tarlatans, distrustful of the future attitude of trustees, and utterly wilted from the effect of a country academy exhibition held in the heat of June in the torriddest of Western towns. I had never seen the ocean, and before my window the glorious old Atlantic heaved solemnly. Its intermittent swash upon the rocks sent peace into my soul. I found myself near enough even to throw something into the water. The longing to communicate with this new friend, dreamed of for so many inland years, overpowered me. A box of buttons was all I had, and I leaned far out into the air, pungent with a mixture of fish and kelp, and cast into the deep these feminine necessities, one by one. Now a tiny disk of mother-of-pearl would glance on the float and bounce off into a gray ripple; and then a bit of jet would clatter on the red granite rocks, and be swallowed by a lapping wavelet that seemed to rise on purpose for this strange offering. Too soon the box was emptied of its contents; then there came a mad desire to throw cologne, shoes, satchel, anything, everything, myself, from the second-story window into this mysterious, beckoning, repelling Atlantic tide beneath me. Leaning on the sill, with my whole soul absorbed into this new Nirvana, I was suddenly and yet not unpleasantly aroused by a strident yell: "Hellow, Scud! Wha'c'he got this mornin'?"

"Oh, nothin', only twenty-six little 'uns, an' a couple bucket o' bait."

The answer came back in a deep, rotund, singsong voice. It was the natural intoning of the man of the sea. Two boats shot from under a rocky headland a few hundred yards before me to the left. One of the boats made fast to some black corks that formed a huge rectangle in the water, and two men began pulling in a net. The one in the other boat, who answered to the name of Scud, stopped rowing for a moment, exchanged a word or two, and laughed aloud, then cast a critical look at the sun's altitude, and pulled lazily away. When he was at some distance, he rested on his oars, and hilloosed with that penetrating sea cry: "I hope you'll get two barr'l. I guess thar's 'nough to go all round."

That undulatory cadence is entirely lacking in landsmen's tones. Still, it was an extraordinarily joyous voice, as if the life of a fisherman were a dream without a care or a struggle. But Scud and his queer green boat disappeared behind the jagged outline of the rocks, and I turned at the sound of the first bell to dress for breakfast.

"Well, how do you like your room? I hope that the fishermen didn't wake you up too early."

My cousin offered me some smoking flakes of fish, new to my limited experience. This, he said, was inland hake, and was caught that morning in Scud's trap. Now, although I was hitherto ignorant of this delicious fish with its paradoxical cognomen, I felt that Scud and I were already friends; and gratefully informed my host that Scud had caught twenty-six little ones that morning. This piece of information was immediately greeted with impertinent hilarity.

"So Scud woke you up?" said my cousin. "He's always doing that. There was one nervous boarder here. She threatened to have him arrested for breaking the peace. But you might as well arrest a fog-whistle."

"Does he always get up as early in the morning?" I asked, apprehensively. "He must be a very energetic person. Do tell me about it. What are 'little uns'?"

I must confess to a degree of perplexity when the whole family burst into further roars of laughter at my simple question.

"Scud energetic? Why, he the easiest, the slowest, the sleepest, the most lovable, good-natured fellow on the whole coast. He makes the surest and perhaps the best living of any of the fishermen around here. If he didn't get up early he wouldn't do even that. As it is, Salt does most of the work. Salt is his oldest boy."

"I am sure Scud needs all he can make," interrupted Mabel (she was my cousin's wife), "with his dozen children and a wife to support, and only one trap to do it on."

"For my part," interposed the oldest daughter, with a pert motion of her head, "I am tired to death having to save clothes for that—You needn't look so shocked, mamma. Yes, I am. It's always 'Take care of that petticoat, Betty can use it'; or, 'That dress can be turned and made over nicely for the twins.' I declare I don't get a new dress but that the whole Scud family troop over and inspect it, and criticise it, and quarrel over it, and gloat over it, the first day I wear it. I caught two of their boys fighting over which of them should have Reginald's summer ulster when he was done with it."

"I shall give it to Tommy," observed her mother, in an absent, comfortable tone.

After breakfast my cousin rowed over to the station; the eldest two children took their guest, a boy of about sixteen, out fishing; while I eagerly accompanied Mabel across the rocks and fields to Scud's house—a little rented hut, hidden and sheltered from the east winds behind a huge barrack of a boarding-house.

How clear the day! How warm the sun! How hospitable this forbidding, granite-clad North Shore! As I look back upon that memorable morning it seems as if the bay could never be ruffled by any but the tenderest breezes, or its bright water reflect any but the dazzling glare of the hottest sun. Clouds hovered over us, delicate and fleecy as the feathers of the marabou, and white and curly as the feathers of the ostrich. They radiated from a centre in translucent films, and shot out monstrous ciliated fingers like a fan. Such a sky was never seen in my part of the country, and I attributed this ravishing cloud phenomenon to the peculiar influence of the sea, being too ignorant to notice that these streamers shot from out the west. The stillness was intoxicating after the scurry of the school room. And now even the water made no ripples on the beach. The sea was motionless, like a distilled elixir in a serrated alembic.

We stopped before a low, pitch-roofed house that looked as if it contained three rooms at most. The yard was piled up with wreckage and drift-wood. Who ever heard of a fisherman buying kindling? Within the gate four children were playing with twice as many cats and kittens. They were all fighting like animals between themselves for a plateful of scraps of fried fish. A baby would grab a piece from the plate, and offer the remainder to a grave tabby, which in turn distributed it to her offspring. Then the kittens and "humans" rolled and scratched, and shrieked and scratched again.

"Keep yer mouths shet out there, or I'll be after ye with a stick!" This maternal sentiment, spoken in a loud shrill voice, greeted us as we stepped within the gate.

"It's I, Betty. I have brought you a little something, and a friend who wants to see the children."

"Dear sakes! 'tain't you, is it?" The shrill voice was now modulated in an entirely different tone. "Ain't I glad you've come! Step right in and set down. No? Then I'll be out and see ye ez soon ez I've tended the baby."

"Baby!" I gasped, looking at the four fighting infants at my feet, none of whom looked over thirteen months. "Are these hers too?"

"These are the twins," answered Mabel, quite seriously. "They call them 'the twin.' These are the two sets, just a year apart. The baby was born a month ago. The baby isn't named. Let me see: these are Bessie and Maurie and Robbie and Susie."

"Why, I thought you knew better," protested the mother, in arieved voice. "Susie is in the house there. That's Bessie." She wiped her hands on her apron, and thrust one of them out through a rent in the mosquito-netted door. "I'm glad to see any of her friends. Yes. Good morn'. The children? Laws sakes, they're round the house like pups!"

The face was remarkable for a pair of brilliant black eyes, an inheritance of Italian ancestry. She was not yet middle-aged, and her hair had turned prematurely gray. Her hands were bony, nervous hands, indicative of great executive capacity, but the incessant work had left them trembling.

"Are all your children here?" I asked, not knowing what else to say.

"Here's four of 'em. Come out here, you in there, an' I'll count 'em." It was a pitiful sight to see these five plump, rosy youngsters pass in review before the frail, emaciated mother.

"But here are only nine," I ventured.

"Salt's missing, mother," said the eldest girl; "he's with father to the trap."

"So he is, Kittie. They've rowed round the cove with what they ketches. They'll be back d'reckly."

"But how do you manage, Mrs.—ah—Scud?" I asked. I am afraid there was a slight choke in my throat as I spoke. The mother cast a quick look at my face, and shoving her children into the house, one by one, said:

"Now go, Kittie; finish the dishes. You, Mamie, put the baby kearfally in the box. What did you hit Jim for, Sammy? Let me ketch you a hitten your little brother agin an' I'll spank you. Now get in the house, all of ye. You see, miss," turning to me, "we manage somehow. If it wa'n't fur her, we'd give up. There's that boy Jim, he took to swearing this spring. I declare it was jess awful to hear him go on. I spanked him, and Scud he switched him, but it wa'n't to no use. That boy talked jess scand'lous, till your cousin here, miss, she heard him one mornin', an' took a white powder an' put a little on his tongue. It made Jim powerful sick. And, says she, 'If I hear you swearin' agin I'll pizen ye; an' you'll die in a minute an' never see God,' and I declare to goodness he was so scared that I hain't heard him swear since. There's Scud. Where's Salt, pa? Come here an' speak to the ladies. She's brought ye some ties."

"Salt's makin' the boat fast," began Scud, nodding with

inimitable ease to his visitors. "I'm afraid there's goin' to be—"

Scud stopped short in open-mouthed pleasure when he saw a couple of brilliant red and blue ties dangling from Betty's hand. He had come to the rocky path, whistling like a boy, with every line and pucker in his face on a broad smile. If Lavater had seen this fisherman's physiognomy he would have pronounced it indicative of incomparable good nature. Indeed, Scud's good nature went so far at times as to be incomparably inadequate to the demands of existence. If he happened to go for weeks without catching so much as a sculpin in his net, and the starvation of his youngsters stared him in the face, he showed none of the common symptoms of discouragement, such as swearing, drinking, beating his wife, or cursing his bill. He only whistled the blither, ran up hills at the butcher's and grocer's with irreverent faith, barked his "claws" of his luckier mates, and laughed as if poverty were an excellent joke that Providence was cracking at him. Why shouldn't he appreciate it, even if it were at his expense?

Scud was born "easy." Who could blame him? He gave up his lobster pots because it took too much time to dry them and keep them in ripper, and it was too cold and dangerous hauling them in stormy weather off the rocks. Scud found it too troublesome to underrun his trap more than twice a day—once at six o'clock in the morning, then at six o'clock at night. Even when the mackerel or the herring struck, and every man who had a trap hovered over it night and day to keep the catch from mysteriously immaterializing, as well as to gather it in, Scud was satisfied with his diurnal visits. He "wa'n't a goin' to keep a-runnin' to see the fish swim in. If they were fool'nough to go in the trap, they could stay there till he underrun an' baited 'em out." His methods of gaining a livelihood were unique on the coast; yet it was Scud who "stocked" eight hundred and fifty dollars that summer clean, two hundred dollars above any one else in the harbor. It was the saying among some of the jealous fishermen in the cove, who were not blessed with two pairs of twins, that "nobody" turned so easy a livin' as Scud without doin' no work." But these indistinct murmurs never stimulated Scud nor impaired his good nature. Indeed, Scud was the happiest man that ever lived. What a dancing, laughing eve! What a catalogue of joys therein! What contagious, hopeful humor! What irrepressible buoyancy of spirits! Who could help loving Scud, as one loves a huge, long-coated St. Bernard dog? Scud was the laughing, joyous, piping Pan of the ocean. He smoked not, neither did he drink. He had no vices that debased him. Chewing is not a vice for a fisherman. But he did have a curious taste for candy. No present pleased him so much as half a pound of caramels or of sugar. Scud, it was the sweet animal nature instinctively laying hold of sweets.

Scud's "easiness" was unmitigated—at times it was exasperating; but this made him all the fatter, the jollier, the more companionable; and as it succeeded so well, why not? Summer boarders were appreciative of Scud. He lived upon their tips;—they did it. It was a fine show, and the money was paid.

Two sets of authentic twins! It was enough to drain a woman's heart of sympathy, a woman's pocket of money; and the summer boarders were mostly women—married women, with husbands sweating in the city to support them; single women, school-teachers and that sort.

But Scud stood looking at the ties. He seldom bought clothes, any more than he purchased firewood or paid for his fish. They came to him. Here was a pair of trousers that was once a bishop's. That coat and vest were the belongings of a poet and an artist. The cap was a yachtsman's gift, and the neckties came as a matter of course.

"Are them fur me?" (Scud was always surprised at such a crisis.) "Thank ye, ma'am. Ain't them showy? I guess they'll score the mac'el off the coast."

"I wanted you to take me out sailing this morning, Mr. Scud," I began, after a formal introduction. Scud looked somewhat gratified with the prefix to his name, and regarded me with interest. To take boarders out sailing at the rate of seventy-five cents an hour was the kind of work he would do.

"Yes, ma'am. But I'm 'fraid it'll be a trifle too windy to-day, if ye hadn't used to sailin'." He jerked his head to the westward. "Salt is a-makin' the dory fast with a new haulin'-line, ma'am. I guess we'll have a squall pretty soon."

We followed Scud's gesture and looked. A squall a day like this? The white streamers had vanished, and above us was dark, unfathomable blue. But in the western horizon, stretching far to the south, a black bank had arisen. No cloud in the physical geography was ever sketched blacker. It had come up as stealthily as a Zulu warrior. It was the hue of unpolished iron. It had a faint reddish tint. Its outline was as clear cut as a cameo. It sent ahead of it a line of jagged tentacles, broad and fine as the tip of the tip, that advanced, dissolved, and reappeared again with significant rapidity. The ocean had suddenly grown lethargic. It seemed unable to reflect the sun that still shone. It became like a platter of tarnished silver. As we looked, the sight rapidly grew uglier.

Now my cousin Mabel seemed hypnotized by it. She stood for a few minutes with her hands hanging at her sides; her delicate jaw dropped. Suddenly she pulled herself together, and exclaimed: "It is a squall! It is a squall! Then, as if seized with the full import of the scene, she cried aloud: "My children! They are out fishing in a sail-boat! My children!" She began to run towards the shore, leaving us all staring after her.

My nautical sense was not as highly trained as Mabel's, but I thought the sight terrifying and fiendish. It was part of the Eastern culture towards the education of the Western girl. But seeing Scud look sober—I had the impression that it was for the first time in his life—I pleaded: "Do come too, Scud. Is it so bad? Won't it blow over?"

"It's goin' to be as bad as I ever seen in these parts miss. I'll do what I can. 'Twon't be much, I'll bet."

I ran down to the house, followed by Scud at a moderate walk. Scud never ran. Would he have run for the drowning? I doubted it.

The clouds had arisen with terrible velocity. They coursed over the bare sky like a black bull with horns down. White cirrus clouds now darted out here and there ahead, like fluttering standards of warning. And now the sun was gored to death. The black bank advanced in one wide line. Blackness had fallen everywhere. Anxiety was visible in every form of nature—in the cries of the birds, the skulking of the dogs, the blanched faces of the boarders, the attention of the fishermen.

In the British navy, when any terrible and sudden disaster occurs on a man-of-war, such as the bursting of a gun, a collision, or striking upon the rocks, the bugler sounds what is known as "the still." On hearing it every man aboard comes to a stand-still. This momentary pause enables each to collect his nerves to meet the summons of the shock. Nature was now commanding "the still"; but the order came through the eyes. No sound was as yet heard. The sea, the air, sentient life, all souls, held their breath before the shock that must come. Men collected along the coast to meet the threatened tornado. By that subtle force which sensitive organisms will recognize, he called telepathy or psychic power or magnetism, I knew, ignorant as I was, that nature was silently preparing for a terrific struggle.

When Scud and I joined Mabel on the rocks in front of her house we found her wringing her hands, sobbing, and crying for help. It seemed that her two children, who had gone out fishing with their city guest, were in a sail-boat. This was managed by a boy about their age—none of them were over sixteen. But the lad who sailed the little boat was a fisherman's son. He was considered very expert, and had broad experience from his babyhood up. But this fact did not soothe the mother. Appalled by the color and the swiftness of the clouds, and their ominous import to the safety of the little sail-boat, we scanned the harbor and the coast; but no boat answering to the description was in sight. Scud tried to comfort the mother in his shaggy way. "The b'ys hev sailed to inner cove, ma'am. They's ashore by this time, I'll bet."

As Scud spoke, the large fishing-schooners leaving and entering the broad harbor shot, one after the other, as if by mutual impulse, into the direction of the clouds, into the wind, and dropped sails and anchors with incredible rapidity. Far out to sea vessels were now seen to ride with bare poles; it was evident that they had anticipated a formidable blow. We stood on a bend in the shore, and the broad bay lay between us and the rising storm. The rocky coast stood forth in a long, broken outline opposite to us, far down towards Great Brabant. The open Atlantic spread before us to the southwest. And now lightning flashed in angry sheets from the sea took to itself suddenly a peculiar greenish tinge. There were heard distant bellowsings. We strained our eyes for the boys. Where were they? Where were they? Two miles out ships began to rock fearfully.

"Here it comes. Look out, ledies!"

Driven by earth's mightiest, most implacable, most invisible force, a line of foam dashed across the bay. Spray from the water twenty feet below struck us in the face simultaneously with the wind. The white squall had burst upon us. I dragged my poor cousin with me to the piazza, into the house, which tottered and was laid low. I had it not, after the fashion of this bleak shore, been chained to the rocks.

Now Scud staid outside. It did not seem clear at first why. Pretty soon we saw him trying to pull the tender upon the float, that was clean washed by every wave.

Then came the fish hail. The mother ran out into it wildly. The water was green and white. Two coasters and a large yacht were running in for shelter without a stitch of canvas. They were making straight for the inner harbor.

"Look! Come here! Look! What's that boat? See! Way out there beyond the island! My God! my children!" A half-mile or more away, in the very heart of the squall, a little boat with full sail set was staggering into death. Language cannot hint at the horror in the mother's face. She had made her summer's home for fifteen years within a shell's-throw of the sea, and she knew perfectly well what this situation meant. No one could have undeciphered her,

and no one tried. She stood for a moment staring straight ahead, stretched out her arms, swayed, and fell. She was one of the fainting kind, and there was nothing to be done about it. She carried her in and laid her down. It was my impulse to trust her to her terrified servants. I was too terrified myself to know whether I was right or wrong. Irresistibly compelled, I rushed out of doors again, and appealed (with feminine instinct, I suppose) to the only man within reach. Scud responded quickly enough.

"Yes, that's them!" He pitched his round voice upon me as if he were giving a command in a gale at sea.

Men now began to gesticulate wildly at the ill-fated boat from the rocks, as if that could help the matter.

"Drop that mains'l, you—fools, or you'll go to—!" The voices struck me like a volley of bullets, but they could not have penetrated ten feet to windward.

"Scud!" I cried. "Help! Save them, Scud!"

"I can't do nothin'," he howled in my ear. "No one can't. You can't row in them breakers."

By this time the wind had increased its force. The sail-boat was near enough for one to see the desperate attempts the boyish skipper made to lower the sail. One of the halyards had become caught. The boy made wild rushes to the mast. Then the boat would rock and fly around. To save her he had darted back to the helm just in time. This sickening struggle against a diabolical knot was repeated several times. On the bottom the three passengers lay inert with terror. A twenty-foot boat with full sail, when hundred-ton schooners trembled under bare poles! Even my inexperience grasped the situation.

He's doin' all-fired well, but he can't last no longer if he's to be drownd on the rocks! They'll be drownd to—"

The rocks were now lined with men commenting in an apathetic way upon the tragedy enacting before their eyes.

"Why don't they do something?" In my ignorance of the curious stolidity which falls upon the shore in face of danger upon the sea, I asked this question. "Why doesn't somebody go? Why don't you men do something?"

The fishermen and the summer people looked into each other's eyes, but no man answered a word.

"Can't you help them?" I pleaded with another father-beater fisherman.

"I came down to see them capsize, an' I guess they'll go," said a gruff voice.

But Scud gave me a long look. He stood quite silent. An expression of rare gravity was on his joyous face. He glanced apprehensively from the boat to the house.

"She can't, Scud; she's fainted. There ain't nobody but me. I've got to do something. The children have got to be saved, Scud!" The Western girl shook him by the arm. Her very ignorance gave a force to her appeal that intelligence could not have supplied. Had I understood what I asked I should not have said: "Scud, won't you go? They are drowning. See, Scud! Go!"

The doomed sail was beaten here and there in the fierce wind; the jib was blown to tatters. The boat took in water, righted, and careened with every riotous puff. A hundred times men turned their faces away and women shrieked, expecting it to go down. A hundred times repeated miracle protected the helpless boat with bare poles.

Scud walked slowly down the heaving gangway that connected the rocks with the float. The man who came down to see the boat capsize followed with his hands in his pockets. He balanced himself on the railing with his elbows as the gangway jumped beneath him.

"What yer up ter, Scud?" he yelled above the tempest. "They're driftin' on yer trap. That'll fetch 'em."

Scud looked up. His feet were washed in the water that flooded the float at every surge. To strike the trap meant instant overturn. To become entangled in and driven on to the meshes of the broad deep net meant inevitable death. "I guess I'll go. Help me shove the dingy off." So spoke Scud, deliberately.

"You—!" The rest of the expletive was lost in the gale. The breakers made sport of Scud, and spat at him with their white tongues. "Your childer! The twin! Betty!" thundered his friend.

Scud hurriedly put in the rock locks. As he bent down to catch his cap he dashed it on the rocks. Scud shook his brown hair to the furies.

"Ye see!" yelled his companion, significantly. "Now get in, will ye?"

"Shet up, Steve! Gimme them oars. Don't ye see I'm goin'?" I wish I had my dory.

A man of course was not to be seen in the crowd as the fisherman shoved off. The light tender was twisted about and all but cast upon the cliffs before he could gain his first stroke.

And now the man of the sea set his weak mouth into petrified resolve. The wind and the water attacked his boat like assassins. They meant to kill. Scud knew that the rowed gateway, mistrustful of a cowardly feat, of an underhand lunge. The tender quivered beneath each dash of the waves, each onslaught of the squall, each hurried stroke of the oars. Scud rowed warily, lest he be overturned and buried beneath the trough and the height of the waves. The

wind howled at him. The bay showered upon him. The gale clutched him and would tell him about. The sea tossed him and turned his foamy arms about him. How now! Whence came these muscles of steel that subdued such powers arrayed against lazy Scud? How now! Whence came that indomitable judgment that baffled the elements at their own wildest sport? Fishermen stared from the shore at this unparalleled exhibition of skill, coolness, courage, and strength from Scud.

Then, with the spite of which only a white squall is capable, it thundered against Scud, and with the animosity of which only the Atlantic Ocean is capable, it rose upon Scud and well-nigh bore him under. Hope is easily dashed in the hearts of inert spectators, but Scud did not falter. The crowd stood by commenting.

"Scud! That Scud! Poor Betty! Poor widdy! We'll hev ter fish him up ter-night. Plucky fellow! Brave deed! That's grit! That's skill! Who'd 'a' thought it? Scud!"

But Scud the "easy," Scud the do-little, Scud the good-for-naught—Scud, of whom nobody expected anything—comfortable, self-indulgent, Scud, rowed on, sturdily straight out into that hell. Could he ever overtake the boat? How was it possible? If he did, the extra weight would swamp the fancy tender, built only to carry two or three at the most in light weather. How could he get one in?

"Why the— didn't he take his dory?"

asked an old man. "How in— can he bring her up with a haulin'-line an' git in from the rocks?" answered another, contemptuously.

"Scud may get 'em," ventured an expert, "but what'll he do with 'em?"

Now Scud had rowed beyond the net to the right, in order to bear down upon it the easier.

"That she strikes! God help 'em!" Cries came from a dozen throats. The sail-boat struck against the leader of the net. It swung broadside to the wind, that forced it over and under. Agonized shrieks were borne to the shore. I was glad that Mabel was a fainting woman.

For some time Scud's wife had stood apart and looked upon the scene. Her eyes were dry and feverish. She did not talk. She hugged a baby at her breast desperately. Salt held a pair of twins; the oldest girl another. Children sprawled upon the ground, clinging to their mother's feet and dress. None drew near or spoke to this pathetic group. What could one do? What was to be done? The storm swayed Betty here and there. Her hair waved in the hurricane. She had long, pretty hair. Spray drenched her. She did not cry out. She stood like the Niobe of the sea. She looked like one expecting the fate that had been only delayed. An average of two hundred men a year from this fishing town are swallowed up by the ocean that affords them sustenance, and their starving widows are left after them. Betty was only one of a thousand of her kind who stolidly concealed a desolate suspense. And now her turn had come, harder than the rest, for she was in at the death.

It is a mystery until this day how Scud reached the overturned sail-boat as he did. With a dory his work would now have been comparatively easy; but with a thirteen-foot yacht's tender it was superhuman. The two girls clinging to the wreck were lifted bodily into the boat. Scud was quick but cool, and imparted perfect confidence to the water-sodden children. At the fisherman's peremptory order, the two boys clung to each side of the tender. We could see them dragging in the water; it was the only way. Scud now began to row before the storm.

There were no cheers from the rocks. Not a man of them stirred. The fishermen, hard as they were on the sea, had been so fascinated by this exhibition of cool-blooded heroism from the least heroic of them all.

The cockle-shell dashed madly towards the shore. No power could row it weighted against the wind that beat upon it with fitful concentration. Straight before the tender was a little beach between the rocks, not more than twenty feet wide, but this was protected at its entrance by a line of reefs, easily passable at high tide, and bare at low.

The rollers broke upon most of these rocks, and the spume swirled in dirty froth upon the pebbly beach. Scud made for the opening. The gale drove him wildly along. A few men now ran to the beach and the outlying rocks, ready to do the possible at any emergency. Would Scud pass the reef or not? There was not time to answer the question. The boat rose upon a huge wave. Foam and spray enveloped it from view. There was a rumbling cry of horror. There was a dull, splintering crash. Fifty men rushed to the beach and looked up the cliffs. The boat had struck upon the last rock.

As the wave passed on, the terrible sight of black human heads appeared in a setting of white foam. But these were within reach almost. These could be saved. Ah! Men waded in, somehow, anyhow, forming a line, and pass one to shore. Saved! And then another and another. Thank God! Here comes the third on that wave! Grasp that dress! Tenderly, it is a girl. All here! All saved!

But where is Scud? Oh, but he can swim. He is strong and used to chilling water and fierce waves. The helpless children safe, and Scud gone? Impossible! Incredible! Too horrible!

Involuntarily one man and then another turned to look at the widow and the orphans, and then they turned and cursed the sea aloud.

At this moment a dark little figure shot past them all, by the bewildered men, and dashed with a shriek into the foam. What did she do? How did she do it? What could be done? A woman—a little woman—her baby only one month old—Betty! She caught the sinking hand, the drowning head—she never knew how. A dozen men plunged in now. Spectators who had not wet their feet during all that horrible scene swam now in the whirlpool for the woman's sake, and for the shame she wrought upon them. Brawny arms and steady feet bore her back. Her little hand, rigid, clutched her husband by the collar of his shirt.

Scud was carried quickly up and laid upon the piazza. An ugly bruise was upon his forehead.

The wind died down. The rain came in sheeted torrents. Betty stood in the deluge and shielded her husband automatically. The children, most of them too small to know the reason why, lifted up their voices and wept.

"Father," said Betty, softly, "why don't ye speak to me? Dearie, dearie Scud. I loved ye. Hain't ye nothing to say to me, Scud?"

"You'd better go into the house," said some one. "Leave Scud to us awhile." For in truth not a man or woman of us but believed that Scud was dead.

"You jess get us to a kitchen fire," said Betty, quietly, "and leave him to me." And it was repeated with many a trembling lip far down the coast that night that Scud would live.

It was the morning of my departure, and it had come by the last express the night before. It had been kept a profound secret, for we would not risk a cruel disappointment. Scud had been with him, doing the rowing. We left word that they should come to the house as soon as they had put their dory up. A peremptory message was sent to Betty to come over immediately to do some work. A few neighbors happened to drop in. There might have been a dozen or so in all. My cousin did not go into town that day. He said he wanted to see me. Betty came a little early, and was set to scrubbing the pantry floor.

But Scud, a hero? He had forgotten all about it now. He was the same old fellow, just as easy, just as jolly, just as careless. Scud wasn't at all spoiled by what had happened. He was as comfortable as the sea this very morning. Who would have suspected the passing of a grand storm upon the hearts of either? Scud's sluggish blood had been "up" for one fiery hour. For one great day he had been the hero of the coast—the peer of all its heroes. Then the fire went out, and Scud became as he was. Perhaps Scud was more popular; his babies were better fed. Fishermen had ceased him with a grudging respect, and when he was pointed out to every new squad of boarders as the bravest man on the whole coast, they smiled. How could that grinning, singing Scud save a jelly-fish?

It was just eleven o'clock. With what impatience we had waited for the tramp of those rubber boots! We rushed upon the piazza and greeted Scud and Salt, dressed in their oil-skins, just as they had come from the trap. Scud halted uneasily at the front door.

"No, miss, I can't come in in this toggery. I'm all dirt. I'll go some an' change my clothes. Couldn't get here sooner. Herri'n' jess struck. We sold ten barr'l this mornin'."

But we constrained him, and Scud entered, staring about, shuffling his rubber boots and wiping them as best he might. White scales of fish glittered upon his black oil-skins. He looked as if he were mailed in silver.

It devolved upon me to fetch Betty from the pantry; but I saw as I went that all of the people in the parlor stood up as Scud entered, as if they were greeting a prince. Scud looked from one to the other uncomfortably. He blushed a deep russet red, and stared, and then laughed in a vacant way. Betty now appeared in the doorway, and the three made a most impressive group in their working-clothes, wondering what it was all about, and what the city folk were after now.

"Scud," said the master of the house, clearing his throat, "you have done the bravest deed this coast has record of for twenty years. You have saved to our children, dearer than our life. You had your own wife to think of, and the children who depend upon you for their bread. You have been a hero. To us you are always a hero, and our love and gratitude will last as long as our days. I have the privilege of presenting to you the highest tribute Massachusetts pays to her brave men—the gold medal of her great Humane Society, one hundred years old. This honor is not bestowed, but has been eagerly bestowed. May it never leave your family! It will be an inspiration to your boys. You have obtained the reward of your pluck, and you deserve it, old fellow. Now shake!" The speech broke in eloquence, but not in feeling.

"See," said Mabel, "kiss the medal for you and for my dear children's sake." She flashed it from its plush case, and placed the

solemn emblem, whose exquisite engraving glittered like a jewel, in his great wet hands. Salt turned his face to the wall. Betty put her apron over her face, and Scud's eyes ran dripping over. He opened his mouth, but no sound came forth.

"But, Betty, look here," said her mistress, in a gay, tremulous tone, "I have something for you." She held out in her delicate hand forty silver dollars, the gift of the Humane Society to Betty herself. "You are a woman, and you saved a man's life," explained my cousin, "and the society always recognizes the courage of a woman."

But Betty drew herself up in her scrubbing-dress. She had a fine look. "Thank you, ma'am," she said, "and the gentleman too. But he was my husband. I don't take no money from nobody for savin' of my husband. I'm just as much obliged to ye." Almost every child in her house was dressed in "given" clothes, but the unpaundered soul looked out of the faded green.

"Well," said my cousin, looking nonplussed, "how would it do to make it over to the twin?"

"As ye please," said Betty, shining. So the four twin babies received ten silver dollars apiece from the Humane Society for plunging into the water and saving their father's life. This was an illegal procedure. I grant it. And if the society now for the first time learneth of the matter, I am fain to believe that it is too old and too great to take account thereof.

We were rowing over to catch my train. Scud was the oarsman. He had sat quite still, and had a dazed look. Midway of the bay he stopped pulling, lifted and crossed his oars. I saw his Adam's apple rising and falling like an irresolute tide.

"I were took all of a sudden," he said, slowly, "I never felt so in all my life. My throat felt kinder queer an' dry. But I'm mightily obliged to yer. It might give Salt a lift. But I didn't know what to say, an' so I didn't say nothin'."

THE UNIVERSITY SETTLEMENT.

BY M. C. WILLIAMS.

The active work of the University Settlement Society will be begun early this fall, when it is proposed to assume the responsibility of the Neighborhood Guild. Those who do not know what the University Settlement proposes to do can get some idea by reading what the Neighborhood Guild and the College Settlement have already done.

The name of College Settlement is a trifle misleading. You may join it though you have never seen the inside of a college. All that is needed is some medium of culture, a wish to help and to comprehend your fellowman, along with a willingness to pay very moderate annual dues. Nor is there discrimination against women. Indeed, so far as the movement has gone, women have been among its most active exponents. Its seed-thought is the old commonplace, "Example is better than precept." To demonstrate it, for some four years past men and women of intelligence and refinement have lived among the people of the Tenth Ward. At 95 Rivington Street, in a roomy old-fashioned house, the young women of the College Settlement provide hot and cold baths, a reading-room, a play yard, and many other betterments for the women and children round about. Save for its spotless windows, there is no outward sign of difference from neighboring tenements. Within there are big rooms, cool and clean and home-like. Members of the settlement live in them three to six months at a time. They are charged of speech over the work. "If we talk about our neighbors, let them think we looked on them as subjects—we would lose our opportunity," they say. It is this element of personal consideration that differentiates the work from those pious and charitable ones in which the city so abounds. Kindergarten classes, sewing classes, girls' clubs, mothers' meetings, and social evenings are a few of the things to which the College Settlement has helped those round about it. Twice a week the small children come to play in the back yard, which is heaped with clean sand, and otherwise made delightful. The cost of maintenance is met by gifts, subscriptions, and annual dues, in addition to the board paid by resident members.

The Neighborhood Guild, at 147 Forsyth Street, was begun by Mr. Stanton Coit, some time a worker at Toybee Hall. First he got rooms in a tenement, made them clean and comfortable, and set about winning the confidence of the tenement people. It was uphill work at first. After a while they began coming to him with their troubles. Then a boys' club was formed, and by his help enabled to rent a cellar and fit it properly for athletic sports. Clubs of men and women for all sorts of things followed quickly. Other men came to live and work with the founder. A whole house was taken and thrown open for the work of the guild. It is narrow and forbidding, with steep stairways and naked plaster, yet the rent is twelve hundred a year. Space is precious in this locality. It is estimated that two thousand souls are crowded into the block between Rivington and Delancey streets, midway of which the guild house stands. All the first floor can, upon occasion, be thrown into one roomy hall, and a piano, a large organ, and plenty of chairs, stools, and benches.

Two kindergarten classes are taught in it five days each week. Fortnightly the dancing class trips merrily through a night. Clubs for girls and women meet there; so, too, do the men's clubs, for discussing all sorts of things—ered, and partisan politics excepted. Upstairs, the boys' room, where they bathe, smoke, play games, and go through athletic exercises, takes up the back of house. In front is the council-room, where special meetings are held and questions of policy decided. The rest of the house is given over to the house-keeper and accommodations for resident members, who pay five dollars a week for board.

For two years past Mr. Charles Stover has been at the head of the guild. Asked for results, he said:

"I cannot say honestly that the work has bettered the region, though it has unquestionably helped individuals. One trouble is the migratory character of the population here. It is four-fifths Irish, and as soon as an individual gets a taste for better things, he not unnaturally goes out from this squall in search of them. What it would please me to accomplish would be so to influence them that they would take hold of their surroundings and try to better them. The most hopeful thing in all the work to me—worth all the clubs and kindergartens and athletic contests—was the way a dozen of our young fellows at the last election saw to the enforcement of the ballot reform law. We had discussed it here, and after fair argument, they decided that it was just and helpful. In the ward here we have one of the densest populations known—about forty-three thousand souls. Three-quarters of them are Russian Hebrews, who are at the beginning of free government. They and their like can be helped to develop honest citizenship. That seems to me worth working for, for out of it must spring better social conditions."

The guild has come under control of the University Settlement, organized May 14th, with James W. Alexander as President, A. C. Bernheim, Treasurer, and J. B. Gilder, Secretary. Because Forsyth Street does not offer as large a house as is now needed, it will go elsewhere for a dwelling-place. Mr. Stover, however, will work independently along old lines in his chosen region. Later comers speak modestly of their hope to give the movement a larger opportunity. It will be very well for this republic if it shall so live and flourish that each half of society shall come to know somewhat of how the other half lives.

The list of names of those pledged to interest themselves in this new undertaking is large and noteworthy, and it is hoped that it will be still further enlarged during the summer months. Those who wish to know more, and help those who do know, should write to the secretary, Mr. Joseph B. Gilder, at the office of the *Critic*, on Lafayette Place.

A SEA-SIDE FANCY.

I WOULD, O Sea, thy destinies were mine

To shape for one short day. I'd give to thee
That which I am sure thou'dst not decline,
If thou to have thy way were wholly free.

This endless beating on the sandy shore,

This constant undulating on the leep,

The never-ceasing din of thy dull roar,

To testify the vigil thou dost keep.

Metaphors if thou couldst in quiescence lie

For one full day 'twere better for mankind—

For them that dwell the sounding coast hard by,

For them that homes unfathomable find.

And so I'd say, had I the sovereign power,

Were all that is subjected to my will

For but one day, one minute, or one hour,

'Till I am reigning, Sea, do thou be still."

JOHN KENNEDY BAKER.

WHERE EXTREMES MEET.

BY EDMUND COLLINS.

THERE is probably nowhere in the United States where extremes meet as they do on the wharf at the foot of Twenty-Sixth Street on the eastside of Manhattan Island. The wharf extends four or five hundred feet out into the river, but it is not a busy pier all day, and for hours you may see no one moving there except the pier hands. In nearing the wharf one passes Bellevue Hospital and its training-school, and the air is heavy with the smell of carbolic acid and other drugs. The passage to the wharf is through a large building, and on the side fronting the East River stands in large letters the words "Charities and Correction." There are two large rooms in the building, one being chiefly used by the women on their way to the islands up the river, and there is another room for men. If one went on the wharf when one of the steamers which run to the islands had just left, he would never surmise what is the chief traffic of this pier. On the left side, after the wharf is entered, is a flag-staff from which floats the colors of the New York Yacht Club—a blue flag with a red cross and a white star in the center. A policeman in navy blue serge sits beside the staff, ready to signal any yacht, or to receive a signal from the craft out in the river. There is nearly always a group or two of yachtsmen gathered about, waiting for friends, or discussing some topic of interest.

The long gray pier itself is covered along its top with a row of carts, mounds of cans, boxes, barrels, crates, bales, and other

things, some being marked for Randall's Island, some for Hart's Island, others for Ward's Island, and some for Blackwell's Island. The carts are large two-wheeled contrivances, with short shafts, and a bar running across at the end; so you can see that when not horses draw these vehicles when they reach their respective islands.

Two boats run from the wharf every day, and their business is to convey the unfortunate and the criminals from the institutions and the prisons of New York city to the four islands, and also to carry their food, clothing, and the other necessities of life. The Black Maria furnishes a larger traffic than any other conveyance that visits the pier, for New York city last year incarcerated over 51,000 persons, and a large portion of these passed through Bellevue's gates.

They come in the Black Maria, huddled together like cattle, often as many as eighteen and twenty at a time, though the pen can really accommodate only eight or ten, with bleared eyes, and often bruised faces, two or three being perched up on the seat beside the driver. They make a rather sharp contrast, as they bundle out of this moving prison, with the smart yachtsmen and their wives and daughters who have just landed from their yachts, or who are waiting on the wharf for their lunches to come and take them on board. The male prisoners come out handcuffed in twos, but the women are guarded by policemen, who keep them in bunches, and make their escape back through the building impossible. Then comes a conveyance with a load of insane women, some of them singing and winding their arms; another consisting of persons who are unable to earn their bread by honest means, and they are for the Charity Hospital; still another load is bundled out, and it is bound for the almshouse—and all are to be quartered on Blackwell's Island. The immigrant refugees who are ill and have failed to earn a livelihood in the great bustling city come here, very many at a time, jabbering in unknown tongues, unkempt and unwashed, insane men—and the number is great—are taken off every day, some of them subdued, and others wild and vociferous; dull-eyed idiots are taken from the conveyance and led, poor creatures, like cattle to the boats; and scores of sick babies, some of them gasping for pure air, and others dying of disease, are carried to the waiting steamer. These are the fortunates all have tickets for Ward's Island, which is for them a heaven, because they have no care there, their bread and butter is guaranteed, and they breathe every day the stinging, salty, ozone-laden air of the sea. Still other loads of sick babies are taken from the "busses" for Randall's Island, and prisoners for whom they have no room at Blackwell's Island get a ticket for further up the river. There is a certain feeling of pride in the heart of the offender who goes to Randall's; he feels himself just a little superior to him who goes to Blackwell's. Hart's Island is never neglected, for there come to the wharf every day, bound, thither, insane prisoners and those sentenced to the poorhouse.

And one and all jostle each other—the millionaire and his wife and daughters; the smart and handsome girls who are invited to go cruising on the yachts which swing at their cables a short distance from the piers; the tourists who have heard about these islands about the wicked and the wretched. The friends of the unfortunate and the vile follow the conveyances down to the wharf, and I saw a few days ago a woman sob till she sank on the planks because her husband was taken to the workhouse. On the other side of the wharf was a trim and sleek yacht, with a long cool awning stretching over the deck, rattan chairs, and cushions, polished brass everywhere, and spotless deck; and there was a party of about twenty men and women standing in a group. One girl, the prettiest in the lot, saw the unfortunate woman on the other side wringing her hands and heard her tell her tale of woe, so she stepped across and quietly put a bill in her hand, wiped away a tear human little tear, and stepped aboard the yacht.

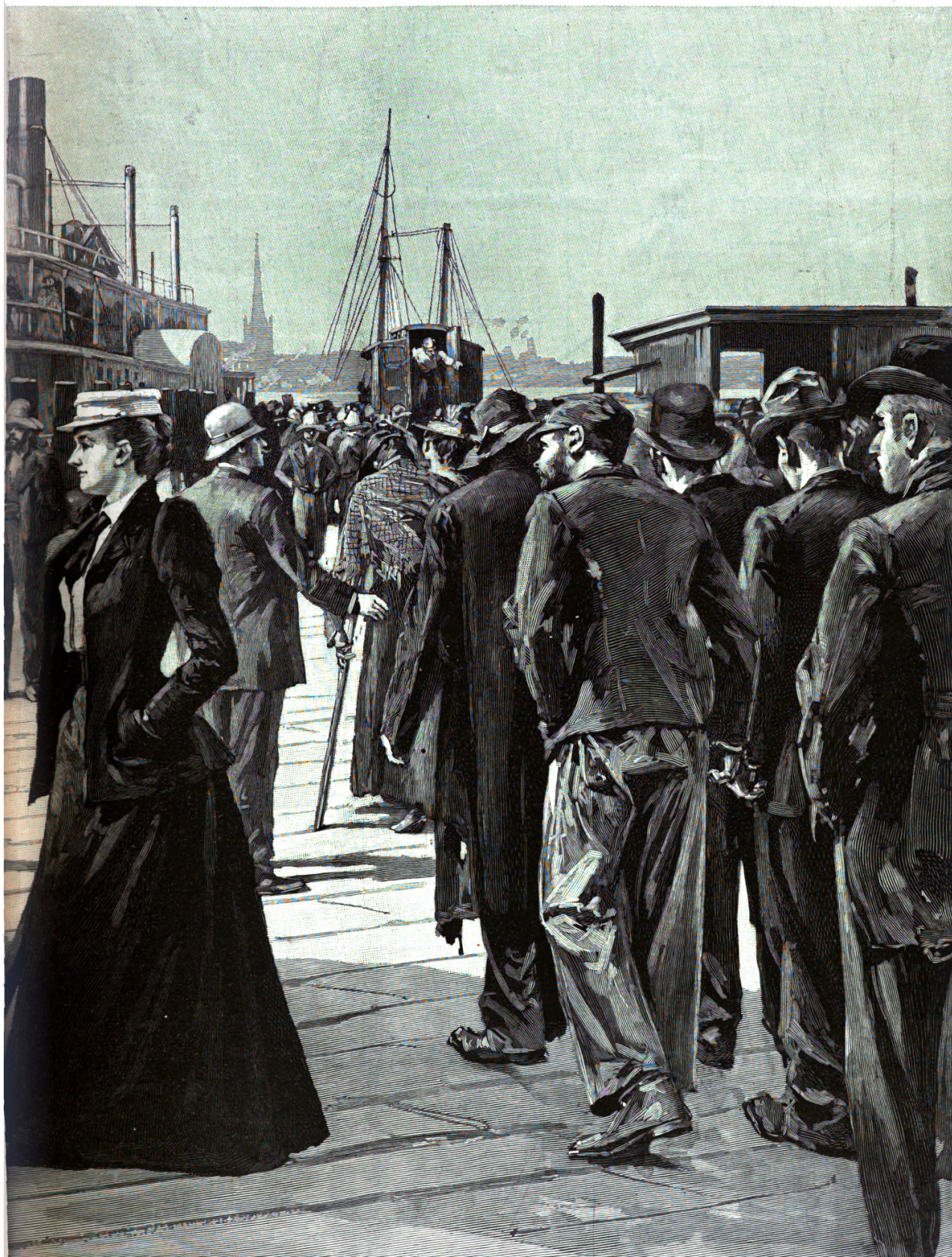
Here, too, Mr. Gerry sends the army of friendless, ill-treated, and deserted children which New York city every year produces. They are brought down sometimes by the score, and toddle off to the gang-plank, elbowing their way through the crowd. Sometimes a child is taken by Mr. Gerry's society if its parents do not properly care for it, and some mothers when sober follow their little ones down to the wharf, and beg to have them back. Not long ago a child tried to jump overboard to get back to its weeping mother; but it was much better in the care of the society.

Thousands of respectable excursionists go on the boats that carry freights of unfortunate and criminals. Most of the deck hauls on the boats are those who have been sentenced to ten dollars or ten days, and they are dressed in blue denim jackets, straw hats, and, as a rule, gray trousers. The wharf hands are also convicts of ten days' or a month's sentence.

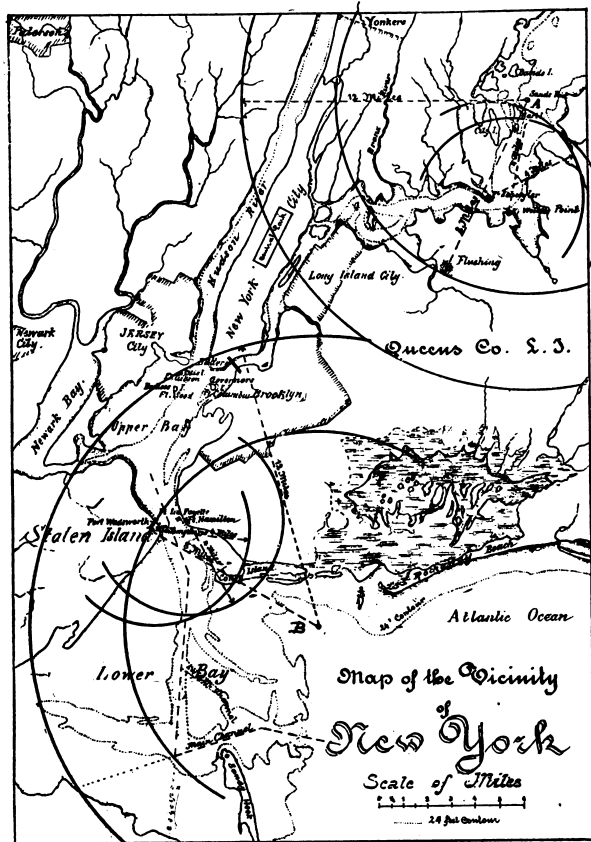
Here, indeed, is the gathering-ground of the rich and fashionable, the excursionist of middle class, the miserable, and the bad, where they jostle each other every day, always presenting the contrasts that exist in the life of this great city and in all human nature. Indeed, the Bellevue wharf is a miniature world of misery and happiness, and of the good and the bad.



WHERE TWO ENDS MEET—SCENE ON THE PIER AT TWENTY



ET, EAST RIVER, NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 615.]



THE DEFENCE OF NEW YORK.

BY LIEUT.-COL. W. R. KING,
COMMANDING FORT AT WILLETTS POINT, AND ENGINEER
DETACH.

"It would be an easy task for five well-armed ships to storm up the North River and force the payment of \$100,000,000 from the city of New York." Extract from the speech of Admiral Walker, Commander of the White Squadron, at the banquet given by the Chamber of Commerce.

Soon after the close of the great war for the Union all interest in military affairs appeared to fade away, and not only were the permanent defences of the country neglected, but even the ordinary muster and evolutions of the State troops were either omitted altogether, or were attended to in the most careless and imperfect manner. This was but the natural relaxation from the high pressure at which all things military had been carried during the four years' struggle for the preservation of the Union.

Gradually this state of things began to improve, and after the low ebb came a return tide of interest in the National Guard, followed by a revival of attention to the question of fortifications. Many interesting articles were written on the subject, and such monographs as "The End of New York," by Park Benjamin; "Our Sea-coast Defences," by Captain Griffin, United States Engineer; and more recently, "The War of the Syndicate," by Stockton; and the New York Herald special articles on the subject, have brought the defects of our defensive system prominently before the public. Public opinion, however, is like a pendulum, and swings both sides of the mark. While it is well "to know the worst and provide for it," we should also "know the whole truth." No one will claim that our forts are what they ought to be, and it is equally absurd to say that they are worthless.

The prevailing idea that immense sums of money have been expended for fortifications, and that the work would all have to be done over again in order to make an efficient defence is wrong in several respects. The entire amount spent on fortifications from 1824 to the present time—during a period of sixty-seven years, or more than two generations—has been less than \$75,000,000, or about three-fourths of the annual expenditure at the present time for pensions, and this sum not only covers the cost of the forts themselves, but of the land occupied by them, and all that has been paid for modifications and preservation and repairs. Of this sum between \$7,000,000 and \$8,000,000 were expended on account of fortifications for New York Harbor.

The forts as they now exist are very far from being worthless property aside from their value as sea-coast defences, and it is probable that many of them would now sell for nearly or quite as much as they have cost, the sites having become extremely val-

uable from the fact that in many cases the cities they were built to defend have grown around them to such an extent as to greatly enhance the value of the real estate. Sea-coast forts now require, as they always have required, a land front, to prevent capture by boating-parties who might land at a safe distance from the sea-coast guns, and by a short detour attack them from the rear. Many of our forts had these land fronts with ditches and flanking arrangements so well designed that they will answer all the purposes of modern fortifications almost as well as though they had been recently constructed.

In fact, if new sites were selected, these land fronts would now have to be built. But even the water-fronts, on which the channel-bearing guns are mounted, are not by any means useless, nor would they be as easily knocked to pieces as many intelligent people seem to imagine. A few experiments on the proving ground, supplemented by fire-spun theories and the progressive timidity that results from prolonged peace, tend to obliterate the ideas and opinions that prevail in war-time, just as the vocations and allurements of peace tend to emasculate the martial spirit of entire nations. Let it be stated that some new gun has perforated so many inches of steel or of sand, and it is at once assumed that this is a rule rather than an exception, which it is almost certain to be, since service conditions are seldom if ever attained even approximately in proving ground experiments.

Our forts are so well protected from landing-parties that we need only consider what would take place in case of bombardment from the water. In case of war a sufficient force of the National Guard could be distributed and securely entrenched in commanding positions, so as to support the garrison of every fort on our coast, and thus prevent anything like a siege or even the landing of siege trains. Any troops that might be landed by surprise or under cover of the fire of a fleet would be promptly driven back to their boats or captured.

To show that a bombardment of one or more of our forts by a modern fleet would not be altogether a one-sided affair, we have several comparatively recent illustrations—viz., the bombardment of Fort Sumter by Admiral Dupont in 1863, of Fort Fisher in 1865 by Admiral Porter, and the bombardment of Alexandria by the British fleet under Admiral Seymour in 1882. Without going into details, the salient facts of these bombardments may be stated as follows: Fort Sumter was an unfinished brick fort designed when the old 10-inch smooth-bore was the heaviest ordnance to be feared. Just at the time, iron-clad ships had come into existence, and the 15-inch Rodman guns, as well as the 100-pounder, 200-pounder, and 300-pounder Parrott rifles, had been made.

Admiral Dupont appeared before the fort with nine of the best ironclads we then had, took up positions at 550 to 2000 yards range, and began firing deliberately at the fort. Now all proving-ground data showed conclusively that the brick walls of Fort Sumter should have been promptly reduced to a heap of rubbish, and the garrison decimated, if not bisected, by the terrible fire directed against the fort. But "things were in the saddle," instead of theories. The stubborn walls refused to crumble, and the garrison not only declined to be killed off, but replied vigorously to the fire of the fleet, until it halted off to repair damages. The total casualties in the fort were 5 men wounded, none killed. The fleet fired 139 heavy projectiles at the fort from the 28 heavy guns of the ironclads, while the fort, with 40 guns, fired 810 shots at the fleet. Fort Moultrie and other earthen batteries were engaged, and the fleet received 439 hits during the action, which lasted 16 hours and twenty minutes. The fleet had only 1 man killed and 22 wounded, but several of the ironclads were seriously damaged, and the fleet withdrew, the last shots being fired from the forts. The attack was not renewed by the fleet, and notwithstanding the terrific hammering Fort Sumter had received, "it had scarcely lost any of its fighting capacity or fire efficiency; and had the fighting been renewed next day, the fort could have done better than the day before, the armament being actually increased in weight on the sea-face by some removals and changes in the night." (Report of Major Johnson, late C. S. Engineer.)

Fort Sumter was afterwards subjected to three terrific bombardments from shore batteries, the fire being directed against the gorge, which has naturally the weakest face, and the fire was kept up for 117 days, during which 40,171 projectiles were fired at the fort; but the entire loss during this prolonged bombardment was 48 killed, including 24 killed by accidents (13 by fall of flooring, and 11 killed by explosion of magazine), a loss frequently exceeded in almost forgotten skirmishes during the war.

This shows that even a most defective permanent work is not to be despised, and we may now inquire as to the effect of bombardment on earthenworks.

Fort Fisher, an unfinished earthenwork at the mouth of Cape Fear River, was twice bombarded by the fleet of Admiral Porter in 1864 and '65.

On the first occasion the fleet consisted of 33 vessels, and fired at the rate of 115 shot and shell per minute for about 4½ hours, at the end of which time, although the guns of the fort had been silenced, the fort itself was practically uninjured. At the second bombardment the fleet was still larger, and no less than 50,000 projectiles were hurled against the fort, but it remained tenable, and was only captured after a desperate hand-to-hand fight, in an assault of the land-front by overwhelming numbers.

The defences of Alexandria, in Egypt, consisted of some 13 works of various kinds, some having stone scarps, and all having parapets of sand from 12 to 32 feet thick. They were fairly well armed, and were garrisoned by the half-civilized followers of Arabi Pasha. The most powerful guns in the forts were 5 10-inch rifles. The forts were scattered along the coast for a distance of about nine miles. There were only 8 complete modern works; the balance were either obsolete or unfinished. The forts were not situated at great distances, had too few traverses, no bomb proofs, and too much masonry exposed.

The English fleet consisted of 8 heavy ironclads and 5 unarmored gun vessels. The fleet was armed with 102 heavy guns, the calibres ranging from 16 inch rifles down to 7 inches, and including also a large number of quick-fire and machine guns. To make a fair comparison of the armaments, it may be stated that the forts had 37 rifles of 7 to 10 inch calibre, while the fleet had 74 rifles of from 7 to 16 inch calibre; in other words, the fleet had double the number of rifled guns, and the heaviest of them were more than twice as powerful as the heaviest gun mounted in the forts.

The fleet chose its time and points of attack, and opened fire at ranges varying from 800 to 4000 yards. The bombardment lasted over eight hours, and during that time 3198 heavy projectiles were propelled by 66 tons of powder against the forts and batteries. That considerable damage was done to the armament of the forts goes without saying, but after a careful survey by experienced officers, it was found that the damage done by the heaviest projectiles was very much less than the proving-ground theories had indicated. Captain Walford, R.A., who made a careful examination of the effect of each shot immediately after the bombardment, states:

"If we consider the great size and weight of the majority of the projectiles used against the forts of Alexandria, and further realize the velocity at which these masses of metal were travelling at the moment of impact, together with the capacity of the common shell, and the consequent amount of their bursting charges (the heaviest of powder making the loaded shell weigh 1700 pounds), we cannot,

I think, fail to be astonished at the small effect that such powerful missiles have produced on the sand parapets, especially when we remember that the latter were, in many cases, according to modern theory, far too weak to afford any real protection. It is a fact, and one on which too much stress cannot be laid, that in only one instance was any one of the parapets pierced by a shell from the fleet."

Arabi Pasha was supposed to have had from 7000 to 12,000 men in the forts, and his loss was estimated at from 280 to 350 men, a large proportion of whom were killed by the explosion of an improperly built magazine.

It is thus seen that a powerful fleet of ironclads, sent out by the first naval power of the earth, was unable to destroy the unfinished fortifications of a weak and bankrupt state, garrisoned by a rebellious faction of that state. Had the guns of the forts been manned by patriotic Anglo-Saxons, it is more than likely that they would not have been silenced, certainly not without a much greater loss on the part of the fleet.

The lesson of these three bombardments is certainly very decidedly in favor of forts against fleets; and as our forts are, or very soon may be, made much better able to defend themselves than either Fort Sumter or the forts at Alexandria, it is an error to pronounce them worthless. There is no doubt as to the value of almost any permanent work properly located, armed, and manned, and in case of an attack by a foreign fleet nearly every work that we now have would be turned to some account. Even if we should admit, as is sometimes contended, that a man would be safer outside of a stone fort, though inside, there are plenty of men who would take the chances to stand by the guns. The effect of heavy projectiles against men in forts is vastly less than that of small-arms in the field, as will be seen from the fact that the weight of metal fired at Fort Sumter must have amounted to about 200 tons, while there were only 48 men killed, although protected by nothing better than brick walls, and by such temporary cover as could be improvised from timber and sand-bags. It has been said that a soldier in battle requires his own weight in lead to kill him, but here is the enormous weight of 40 tons of metal expended for every man killed, even including those killed by accident.

On the other hand, it must be remembered that the most perfect fort or ship that human ingenuity has invented is not invulnerable. A turret or casemate of steel, however thick, may still be disabled by an unlucky shot, either by its entering through an embrasure, or by striking the projecting muzzle of a gun.

Absolute invulnerability is therefore a thing unattainable, and the problem of defence is to build forts, or strengthen those already built, so that the garrison will be reasonably well protected. A war in which no one on our side could get hurt would hardly possess that thrilling interest generally associated with martial events. Soldiers enlisted in such a war would be like the "Home Guard" that was organized on condition that "it was not to leave its native town—unless the enemy came there." But the defences of New York could be very much improved without incurring the criticism of being too safe. In fact, they are greatly in need of radical improvement to make them reasonably safe as defences, or reasonably efficient for offensive purposes.

Probably most people who take enough interest in the subject of sea-coast defences to read this article have been through the Narrows, and know the names and locations of Forts Hamilton, Lafayette, Wadsworth, and Tompkins. If they have been up the East River, they are doubtless familiar with the location of Fort Schuyler and the fort at Willets Point, while Castle Williams and Fort Columbus on Governor's Island are too well known to require an introduction. It will also be apparent to any thoughtful person that these last two works are too near the city to be of much practical use, and that, like Fort Wood on Bedlow's Island, and Fort Gibson on Ellis Island, they might be abandoned without serious loss to the defence of New York.

The chart shows positions at A and B, B that could be taken by an enemy's fleet, where it would be beyond the effective range of existing batteries, and yet be near enough to annoy us with his long-range guns. It should be noted that the arcs showing the limits of range give the enemy the extreme range that could be attained with his guns at the most favorable elevation. This would require a special arrangement of his gun-carriages, which ordinarily allow only 12 to 15 degrees of elevation, whereas about 40 degrees would be required.

Of the forts at the Narrows, Fort Lafayette, which was once the most important work, is now in ruins. Fort Hamilton on the east, and Forts Wadsworth and Tompkins on the west, side of the channel, with their earthen batteries, have come down from a former generation; but in case of war they would be very far from useless, even in their present condition, and they are susceptible of being brought up to date at a moderate cost. At Sandy Hook an extensive casemated work was begun many years ago, but was never completed. It could, however, be utilized for several purposes in case of necessity.

On the East River entrance Fort Schuyler is much the older work, having been begun

in 1838, while the work at Willets Point was not fairly begun until 1861.

These forts were originally designed to fight wooden ships, and when the earliest of them were built there were no war vessels propelled by steam in existence. The forts were chiefly armed with 32 and 42 pounder smooth-bore guns, whose effective range against wooden ships was about 2000 yards. In those days want of room to mount the large number of guns required casemates, or the tier upon tier method of construction. It is very doubtful whether these forts would have stood a fleet of sailing vessels of that period under a determined commander like Admiral Farragut, who would sacrifice a few ships in order to capture a great city. Passive obstructions, such as booms and rafts, were thought of to retain the enemy under fire, but torpedoes were not considered as an element of the defence, although they had been tried many years earlier by Robert Fulton and others.

In addition to the modernizing of the existing forts in New York Harbor a new element of defence will be introduced in the shape of mortar batteries. As is well known, the mortar, or "bombard," was one of the earliest forms of cannon, and dates almost as far back as gunpowder itself. Not only so, but very large mortars were cast, and as long ago as 1857 a mortar was made in England carrying a shell 36 inches in diameter, and weighing, with its bursting charge, 3000 pounds. A little later Armstrong introduced the rifled mortar, which has recently come so prominently into notice on account of its great range and accuracy.

The method of using mortars in sea-coast defence is to mount a large number of them in deep pits where they will be safe from direct fire, and, after having obtained with one mortar the range of one or more of the enemy's ships, to fire a volley from the entire battery with the same charge, and in the same direction, so as to cover several thousand square yards of space, and thus multiply the chances of sinking the ships. This is something on the shot-gun principle, but as the shells weigh over 600 pounds, and fall from a height of from 1000 to 4000 yards, the penetrating effect is very great. As the decks of the heaviest ironclads are only about 4½ inches thick, and have an area of nearly half an acre each, the probability of sinking as well as of striking a ship with a battery of mortars is excellent, while the mortars themselves and the gunners who serve them are comparatively safe. This is not magnificent, but it is war.

It is proposed to have mortar batteries so located as to command not only the channels of approach to our harbors, but also the positions likely to be occupied by an enemy's fleet in bombarding our forts or cities, as, for example, at A and B on the chart.

Another important element of offensive war is the high-power rifle. The modern high-power rifle of from 8 to 12 inches calibre, and perhaps larger, these guns being very long, and using slow-burning powder, so as to give a very high initial velocity and a correspondingly long range, without overstraining the gun itself. Some idea of the enormous increase in range obtained with modern guns may be had from the "jubilee shot," so called, because it was fired in July, 1887, at Shoeburyness, during the Queen's Jubilee. This shot was fired from a 9.2-inch rifle, and attained a range of 21,800 yards, or more than 12 miles, and at its highest point was over 4 miles above the earth. This is the longest range on record, and would, of course, be of no practical use in bombarding a city or some other extensive target. The chances of hitting a ship or a fort at that distance would be very slim; but it is desirable to have at least a few long-range guns to prevent a ship which carries such guns from taking up a position beyond reach of our guns, and annoying us from a safe distance. It is in the use of these guns of equal power a fort would have the advantage of a ship in both range and accuracy of fire. The range would be greater, because guns on ships are seldom so mounted as to allow firing at high angles of elevation, while the accuracy of fire would be greater on account of the more stable platform in the fort. The rolling motion of a ship has been known to cause such inaccuracy of fire that a broadside at close range would do no damage whatever to the enemy, the shot passing harmlessly over, or into the water beneath, him.

One of the greatest dangers heretofore has been that an enemy in swift armored ships would disregard the forts and rush past them into our harbors. But this is now provided against by the use of fixed torpedoes, whose mission it is to hold the enemy in check until the guns or movable torpedoes can get in their work. The torpedoes must be planted, if possible, under the guns of the forts, so that their removal from a ship or fleet would be justified in disappearing a torpedo blockade, or in attempting to remove such obstructions as long as their shore connections are held by the defence.

In what has preceded it has been attempt-

ed to show that our defences, although imperfect, are not altogether worthless, and that even our masonry forts could be utilized in case of necessity, since plenty of men will be found to face even greater dangers than would be involved in standing by the guns in those works. This, however, is not an argument in favor of leaving our defences in their present state. On the contrary, it would be cheaper for the country, even considered as a question of dollars, to put these defences in a defensive condition, so that our soldiers would have a reasonable protection, and meet the enemy on at least equal terms. But this would be a very imperfect view to take of the subject. The honor and dignity of the country demand that our sea-coast defences should be put in such a state of efficiency as to discourage rather than invite attack, and there is no reasonable doubt of the perfect feasibility of placing all our important seaports in such a secure condition of defence that no attack will be made upon them, and this at a cost far less than the cost of pensions resulting from a war forced upon us, or rather invited, by our penurious and short-sighted policy.

The soldier risks his life in the defence of his country, and it is the country's duty to give him the proper *tools and shelter at the time*; not to get him maimed or killed, and then pension him or his widow twenty years later.

A SUNFLOWER.

BENEATH A Southern heaven
We lived four sunny years,
Without one anger-levin,
Without one mist of tears.

We loved—a love unspoken,
A love not once impure.
The pledge, unmade, unbroken,
Will long as life endure.

And though to others wedded
Before our loves begun,
Our lives have never dreamed
The witness of the sun.

DOUGLAS SLADEN.

THE GRAND ARMY REUNION AT DETROIT.

The twenty-fifth annual encampment, or "silver anniversary," of the Grand Army of the Republic was opened at Detroit on Tuesday, August 4th. Admirable preparations had been made for the comfortable entertainment of the veterans. On the day before the formal opening business was practically suspended in the city, which devoted itself to the reception of the arriving guests, and the streets were filled with the sounds of martial music and the tramp of marching men. The town was profusely decked out for the occasion, with the principal streets flaming with the national colors in every design, and their vistas almost obscured by immense flags and shields and other patriotic emblems cross-strung from the house fronts. The business places were generally decorated, and many private residences on the main street were literally hid from view under the mass of flags and bunting. There were four magnificent arches along the line of march, bearing appropriate inscriptions; and a suspension-bridge across Woodward Avenue, supported by towers resting upon the curbstones, was hung with flags, streamers, and bunting, and illuminated with blue incandescent lights at night, while from it were suspended portraits of famous veterans set off by appropriate mottoes. The triumphal arch spanning Fort Street, near Griswold, was surmounted by an elaborate floral display of tropical plants, and from it during the parade forty-four beautiful girls showered bouquets upon the veterans passing beneath. The City Hall in the evening was brilliantly illuminated.

On Tuesday, at 10.30 A.M., the veterans were all in array, and the firing of a salute from a United States steamer announced the order to march. Commander-in-chief Veazey headed the line, and after an hour's parade reviewed the army as they passed before the grand stand on Woodward Avenue. It was one of the finest processions in the history of the Grand Army organization. The day was hot but pleasant, and for six hours the fifteen thousand men in line marched, their route in parade and review covering a distance of five miles. The town was thronged with visitors, and many more veterans were present than those seen in the ranks. Upon the reviewing-stand, with General Veazey and his staff, were Secretaries Proctor and Tracy, General Miles, Assistant Secretary Bussey, of the Interior Department, ex-President Hayes, and many noted Congressmen, Governors of States, and ex-Commanders-in-chief of the Grand Army.

Out of respect to the memory of Dr. B. F. Stephenson, the founder of the Grand Army of the Republic, the Illinois Division was given the honor of the right of march. The Wisconsin Division bore upon a flag-staff the statue of an eagle Old Abe, which in the accompanying the soldiers of the Eighth Wisconsin Regiment through the war. Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, New York, Indiana, and, above all, Ohio, were well represented among the visiting States. Many ex-Governors and other high officials marched in the ranks

during the early parade, afterwards taking a place upon the reviewing-stand. With the division from his State was Ex-President Hayes, who was greeted with great and continued applause as he marched with his post. The Ohio, Michigan naturally contributed the most men to the parade. The naval veterans and the Sons of Veterans brought up the rear and closed the procession. Later in the day, after the parade had been dismissed, Ex-President Hayes, in behalf of the Grand Army, presented to General Veazey at headquarters a superb diamond badge.

On Wednesday, August 5th, the encampment met in formal session in the great hall assigned for their use, which was superbly decorated. At the head of the hall, over the platform, was a large Grand Army badge flanked by American flags, and in the rear the Grand Seal of the United States, set also among national emblems. The balconies were draped with garnet silk plush embroidered with silk and gold, and about the walls and roof trusses, draped in cream-colored bunting, the seals of all the States and Territories were set amid a profusion of banners and other decorations. Clusters of incandescent light at the foot of each tier of night illuminated the interior, to which they gave the enhanced effect of their glowing beauty. The hall was crowded to its full capacity by the multitude of veterans profoundly interested in the important questions relating to their order to be settled upon this occasion. The Commander-in-chief formally opened the encampment, and at the roll-call of the departments every State and Territory in the Union, including Alaska, was found to be represented, while the aggregate number of delegates comprised the largest attendance that has come together in the history of the organization.

In his address the Commander-in-chief recommended that his successors be empowered to create separate departments for negro veterans in Louisiana and some of the other Southern States, approved generally the bill passed by the Fifty-first Congress known as the disability bill, commending it as liberal in its provisions, even if faulty in some respects, and favored an amendment of the statutes enlarging the scope in which service shall count in procuring government appointments. In his reference to the distinguished veterans who have died during the year, he included a feeling tribute to the late ex-Vice-President Hannibal Hamlin.

The Surgeon-General's report, showing the number of deaths in the order during the past year, recorded the deaths of William Tecumseh Sherman, David D. Porter, Charles Devens, E. F. Noyes, John W. Fuller, John McNeill, and Richard C. Fabin. A letter from the Commissioner of Pensions stated that the number of pensioners upon the rolls on May 31, 1891, was 630,394, those of the civil war comprising 631,355 army and navy invalids and 115,224 widows, the remainder being survivors or widows drawing pensions on account of the war of 1812 and the Mexican war. To pay these pensioners will cost during the present fiscal year about \$115,000,000.

The Adjutant-General's report showed that on August 14, 1890, there were on the rolls of the order 44 departments, with 7185 posts and 397,941 comrades in good standing. The consolidated report of the Adjutant-General for the period ending June 30, 1891, as far as the returns—as yet incomplete—have been received, shows 45 departments, with 7409 posts and 398,087 comrades in good standing.

The Wednesday afternoon session was devoted almost wholly to discussion as to the place where the next encampment should be held, the contest lying between Washington, D.C., and Lincoln, Nebraska. After long and animated debate, the matter was settled on the first ballot, Washington being selected by the first ballot, and seven votes. The day and evening were devoted to camp fires and reunions of regimental, brigade, and other veteran associations, and in the evening there was a grand river display of pyrotechnics.

On Thursday Captain John Palmer, of Albany, New York, was, on the second ballot, elected Commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, and his election was enthusiastically made unanimous. Henry M. Duffield, of Michigan, was, by acclamation, chosen Senior Vice-Commander-in-chief; T. S. Clarkson, of Nebraska, was elected Junior Vice-Commander-in-chief; and S. B. Payne, of Florida, was elected Chaplain. Surgeon-General Benjamin F. Sennott, of Connecticut, was re-elected by acclamation.

Captain Palmer, the newly elected Commander-in-chief, was born on Staten Island, March 22, 1842, and has an excellent war record. He enlisted in the Ninety-first New York Volunteers, September 10, 1861, and was comrade with the Regiment until it was mustered out, July 8, 1865, taking part in all its engagements. He was seriously injured at the battle of Five Forks in the combined charge of cavalry and infantry. By force of his soldierly qualities, he attained successively the grades of corporal, sergeant, sergeant-major, second lieutenant, first lieutenant, adjutant, and captain. Since war he has been engaged in the fresco painting and decorating business at Albany, New York. He is one of the best-known and most popular members of the order of his State, is a charter member of Lew Benedict Post No. 5,

Department of New York, and was for several terms commander of this post, which, with headquarters at Albany, is one of the largest and most influential posts in the country. He was twice elected Commander of the Department of New York, and in 1879 was chosen Senior Vice-Commander-in-chief, acquitting himself with credit in all these important positions. Being thus placed in the direct line of promotion to the highest office in the Grand Army, his election was assured the moment the delegates from New York determined to unite upon him as their choice. He is a forcible speaker, a good presiding officer at Department and National Conventions, and has frequently been placed at the head of important committees by both State and National encampments.

The business sessions of the Grand Army were closed upon Thursday, August 6th. The most momentous and difficult question that the Convention was called upon to meet was that outlined in the address of General Veazey, referring to Grand Army posts of negro veterans. Prior to 1889 the comrades of the then existing posts in the Southern States were wholly or nearly all composed of white men. The establishment of nine negro posts in Louisiana led to difficulties in the matter of social recognition and general harmony which, strongly indicated at the last encampment, came to a focus this year. The issue to be determined was whether, in response to the wishes of the white Southern veterans, separate departments should be instituted in certain States for the negro Grand Army posts.

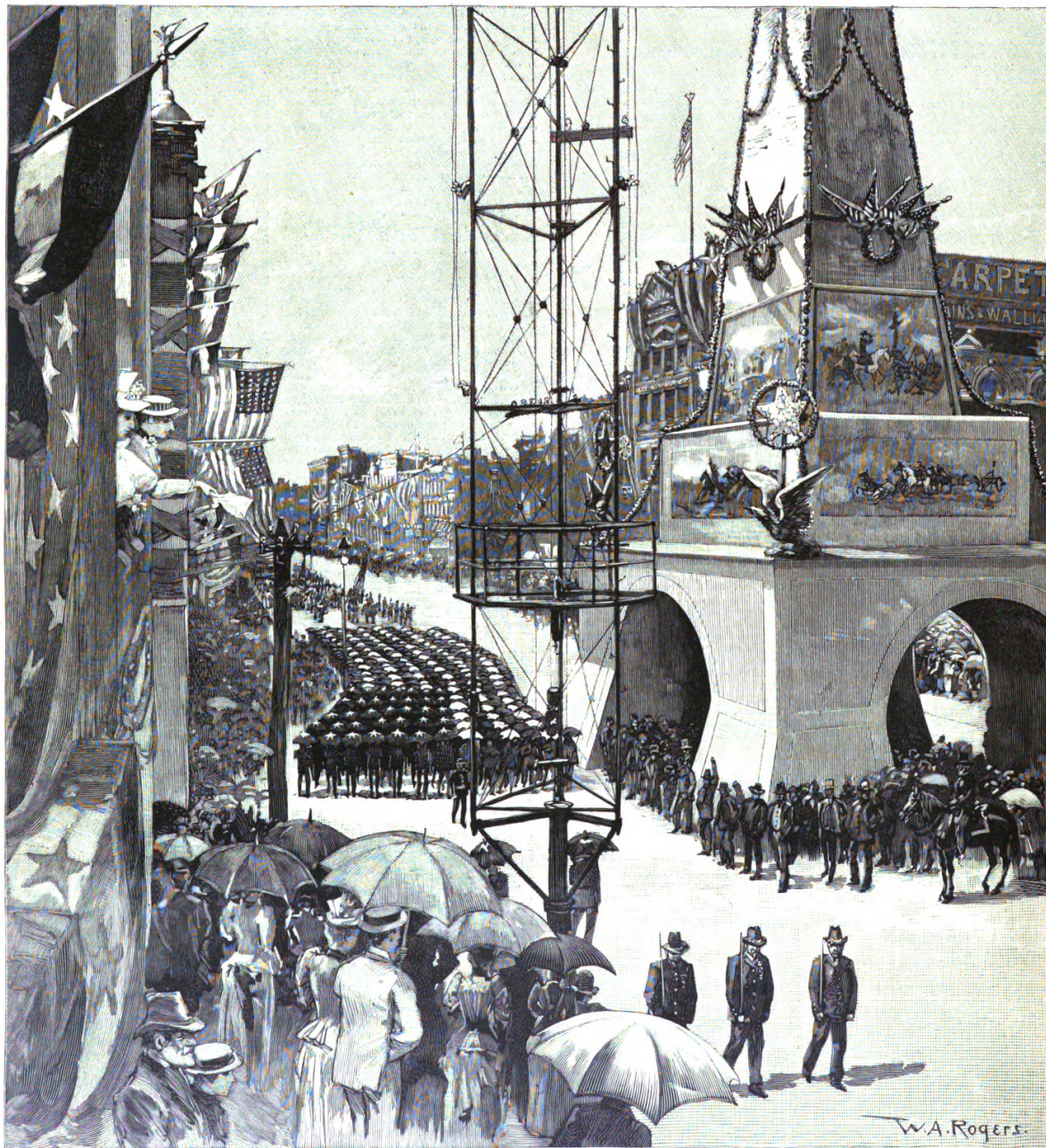
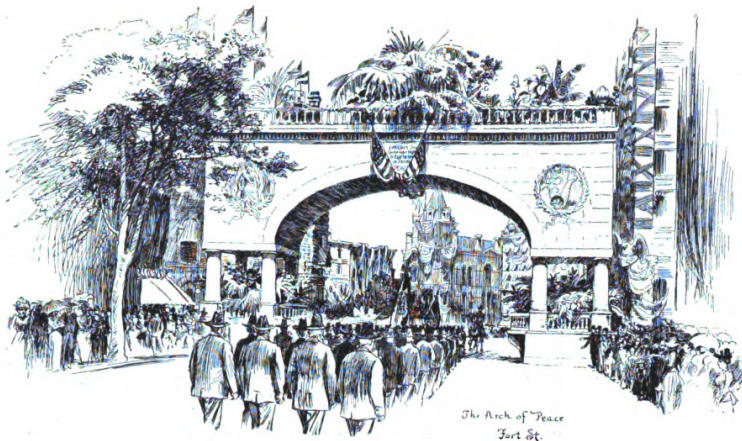
The Judge-Advocate, in an elaborate opinion, said that such a proceeding would be unlawful. This race problem was fully discussed in the encampment on Thursday afternoon, the cause of the negro veterans being specially championed by ex-Congressman William Warner, of Missouri, ex-Commander-in-chief. The encampment, finally, by an overwhelming *ratia* vote, pronounced against the institution of separate departments for negro veterans, and the empowering of the Commander-in-chief to organize new or provisional departments in States in which there are organized departments. The effect of this action is to break down all race distinction in the departmental divisions and formal association of the white and the negro veterans within the Grand Army.

The committees on monuments to Generals John A. Logan and Philip Sheridan reported that the Logan Monument Fund now reaches about \$65,000 and is closed. For the Sheridan monument, \$50,000 is in hand. The report on the Grant Monument Fund showed that this fund, which in 1890 amounted to \$11,307.80, had been augmented only \$287.91 during the last year. Of this amount, \$268.16 was derived as interest on the present fund, so that the actual increase by donation had been but \$11.75. This sum was reported as having been given by the State of Minnesota. An appropriation was made for keeping in repair the cottage at Mount McGregor. Past Commander-in-chief Burdett, of Washington, presented a report deprecating the action of members in endeavoring to secure the influence of the organization towards interference in matters belonging to the various departments of the government. The attempt to change the rules so as to read that "those who did not voluntarily bear arms against the United States" are entitled to membership of the Grand Army was defeated.

This grand reunion was the occasion of many lesser ones, eight national organizations having improved the occasion to hold their meetings. A committee of the National Association of Union ex-Prisoners of War reported a bill to be presented at the next session of Congress in behalf of the soldiers who were in prison for a period of not less than sixty days, providing that they shall receive from the government \$2 for every day of their confinement. The society known as the Comrades of the Battle-field met, and effected a national organization, with the adoption of a constitution and by-laws. Other reunions were those of the United States Veteran Signal Corps, and of the Ladies of the Grand Army of the Republic.

The ninth annual convention of the Women's Relief Corps was held at this time, and the rapid growth of this auxiliary order was indicated both by the reports of its officers and by the large attendance. The Sons of Veterans organization has continued its former rapid growth during the past year, thirty-two States and Territories having been organized into divisions, with more than twenty-five hundred subordinate corps; and over fifty thousand members have been mustered in since June 30, 1890.

Many pleasant social features accompanied this vast gathering, including a great picnic at Bellisle Park, attended by over ten thousand comrades and their friends, who during the event listened to speeches by ex-Senator Palmer, ex-President Hayes, and General Miles. There were camp fires and reunions every evening, and on Friday many of the visitors to the city made excursions to Put-in-Bay, Lake St. Clair, and other points on the river. Taken altogether, the "silver anniversary" of the Grand Army of the Republic was one of the most satisfactory and gratifying, as it has been one of the greatest, in the history of this vast and patriotic organization.



AT THE TOWER OF TRIUMPH, JEFFERSON AND WOODWARD AVENUES.

THE GRAND ARMY REUNION AT DETROIT.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS AFTER PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOMLINSON, DETROIT.—[SEE PAGE 619.]

she simply made a show of her class, beating the *Bobolink* by nearly an hour, and was the leader of the entire fleet from start to finish—*Marguerite* showing against *Mayflower*, and the very excellent exhibition of the *Constellation* after two years of practical inactivity. It was a tired lot of yachtsmen that reached New London Tuesday night, but they had a day of royal sport.

OVER ONE HUNDRED boats, from cat to palatial steamer, broke out the New York Yacht Club flag when the programme of the day began. The special race between *Mincola* and *Jessica* was to have been decided at New London, but the hard 60-mile run from Huntington the previous day had pretty well used up the crews, and on Mr. Belmont's suggestion the match was deferred until a later day of the cruise. The chances are the event will be sailed off Martha's Vineyard, unless a race is made for the \$500 cup offered by the local yachting association, in which case the question of superiority will probably be decided on the return to Newport.

IN PLACE OF RACING, yachtsmen took a day of rest, while their crews raced for the Gamecock and Owl colors, and the naphtha launches perfumed the atmosphere in an endeavor to out-steam one another. The crew races furnished some good sport, though the yachts did not turn out as it was expected they would. Five crews out of so large a fleet was not a very big showing, and while, of course, these events are only "for fun," and entirely between the sailors, at the same time they are a part of the week's entertainment, and could be a small feature of the cruise, and one highly amusing. A score of gigs crews could very easily be gotten together, and who will say there would not be considerable "fun" with an entry from at least half of the fleet. Besides, it gives the men a change from the monotony of daily toil and a feeling of pride in their master's yacht that may count in a race the following day.

THE RUN, THURSDAY, from New London to Newport was an ideal one for the landlubbers afloat. There was no sea, and just enough breeze to make the sailing interesting. One of those which, unannounced, had joined the fleet in the stillness of the night was the *Volunteer*, the "dear old sloop" no longer, but changed out of all recognition into a schooner—no, not out of all recognition, for the tremendous mainsail, used nearly intact, and the beautiful lines of her stern, would always at least pique curiosity. She did not accomplish very much on this run, but subsequent performances proved that General Paine had "fooled them all once." It was evidently *Ocenebra*'s day out; she went to the fore early in the day, and off Block Island was leading the entire fleet, and *Sayonara* nearly a quarter-mile. *Ueira* was in third place, and doing fairly well, making her first race in these waters. The fleet had divided, some of them going to the southward, and as the lowering clouds of the morning broke away before the noon sun, *Mincola* could be seen leading the stray contingent, with *Marguerite* second. In the middle of the Sound were *Katrina* and *Nautilus*.

OFF FISHER'S ISLAND, *Ocenebra* still held the lead, followed by *Sayonara*, *Ueira* and *Mayflower*, with the *Troquois* in twelfth place, closely followed by the *Volunteer*. *Mincola* continued at the head of those on the south water. When Watch Hill was reached, *Ocenebra* had left *Sayonara* at least a mile astern, while *Ueira* held third place by about half that distance, and the *Nautilus* had dropped well back. *Mayflower* was in fourth place, and leading the schooners by a large majority, *Volunteer* being a mile behind, while *Marguerite* and *Troquois* were yet farther in the rear. Wind was very light just about at this quarter, and a little later, when it sprang up, the positions of the boats were about the same—*Ocenebra* being so far ahead of *Sayonara* as to lessen the interest in the 46-footer race. *Troquois* was not doing so well as from Huntington, and the *Marguerite* was beating her. At Point Judith a good breeze came up, and the *Mayflower* catching it, began to gain rapidly on *Ocenebra*, she passed *Sayonara*, and finally finished first of the fleet, and over 4 minutes ahead of *Ocenebra*, which was second. At the Point, *Ueira* had dropped back, *Nautilus* was out of sight, to the rear, and *Mincola* was gaining on *Sayonara*; *Katrina* was following *Mincola*, with *Merlin* and *Volunteer* close up, while *Marguerite* had left *Troquois* well behind. *Ocenebra* beat *Sayonara* 8 minutes 30 seconds; *Mincola* 9 minutes 52 seconds, and *Nautilus* 47 minutes 29 seconds. In their classes, *Palmer*, *Fortuna*, *Mayflower*, *Marguerite*, *Quickstep*, *Katrina*, *Hildegarde*, *Cinderella* won.

THE MOST NOTEWORTHY FEATURE of the sloop race for the Golet Cup, Friday, was the showing of *Barbara*. Not that she came within even hailing distance of the cup, but she did so much better than in any previous race that the performance deserves especial mention. If Mr. Foster was at her helm he is to be congratulated for the very clever manner in which he handled the boat, and the good judgment he showed in standing inshore south of Narragansett Pier. He outwitted both *Ocenebra* and *Sayonara*, the former having the lead at one time, until she took a tack off shore, and ran out of the wind. The start was a beautiful one, *Ocenebra*, *Sayonara*,

Gloriana, *Barbara*, *Gracie* crossing the line in order named. For an hour the race was a pretty one and decidedly interesting, each yacht being handled to the best advantage. But now the *Sayonara* began a series of eccentric evolutions, tacking all over the bay, getting in every other yacht's way, and losing distance on each hitch. She went to leeward, nobody knows how far, got wellnigh out of sight, and finally finished 24 minutes behind the *Gloriana*.

THE "OWENE" SHOWED HANDLING that was but little better, and by no means in keeping with the reputation she had made for herself either off Marblehead, or in the run from New London the previous day. Captain Barr's hand, for the time being, seemed to have lost its cunning. *Ocenebra* was never for a moment "in it" with *Gloriana*, and was steadily losing to *Barbara*. When off Point Judith she lost her club-topsail. She put up a working topsail and went ahead for a while, but shortly put about for home. The accident to *Ocenebra* could hold E. D. Morgan's racer. They know better now, for though *Ocenebra* was disabled after going about seven miles, she had in that distance clearly demonstrated her utter inability to hold the *Gloriana* even for a little while. In fact she had more than she could take care of in *Barbara*. Form, by-the-way, in yachts seems as variable as in the more human races. In the two previous races in which *Ocenebra* and *Barbara* competed, the former had defeated the latter by about 20 minutes, respectively.

AS FOR THE *Gloriana*, her work was magnificent from beginning to end. She secured the lead before reaching Point Judith, and was never headed, crossing the finish-line 14 minutes 20 seconds before *Barbara*, the second in the 46 foot class. To New-Yorkers her work called out no especial comment, for the reason that it was expected, though she did create additional admiration by the manner in which she held her own, both running before the wind with spinnaker set and all canvas drawing. Eastern yachtsmen, however, simply gazed at the *Gloriana* and "sawed wood." The surprise of the day to Bostonians and New-Yorkers alike was *Barbara*. She cut out a pace that must have astonished Captains Watson and Barr, who had become accustomed to considering her in the race at all. Steaming alongside of her on the HARPER'S WEEKLY launch, I watched very closely how she carried herself at several points of the course. She did not fall off to leeward; on the contrary, she pointed high, and she went through the water steadily and with very little commotion. I noticed, however, that she buried her nose considerably. Indeed, it looked as though her bow was always much lower than her stern. At the Block Island mark the *Gloriana* had gained 13 minutes on her; but on the 18-mile run before the wind to the West Island mark she got back a trifle over 2 minutes, though she lost it again on the reach home. In the light of *Barbara*'s improvement, second place in the 46-footers continues an open question, to be decided probably at the New York Corinthian Yacht Club's special race on the 17th, next Monday.

THE SCHOONER RACE for the \$1000 Golet Cup was far and away the most interesting of the day as well as of the yachting season. A more beautiful start was never seen, the *Marguerite*, *Troquois*, *Volunteer*, *Merlin*, *Mayflower*, and *Fortuna* going over the line in the order named, and not over a stone's throw from the first to the last. The *Marguerite* started out bravely, and held the lead until Point Judith had been passed, when *Volunteer* began to close up rapidly, passing *Troquois*, and finally *Marguerite*. *Troquois* was also moving along nicely, and after seasawing with *Marguerite* for a time, took second place, and rounded the Block Island mark 10 minutes behind *Volunteer*—which had struck her old-time pace—and about 7 minutes ahead of Mr. Palmer's yacht.

IT WAS NOT "MARGUERITE'S" DAY, for she kept dropping back, and finally finished next to last. She made the prettiest turn of the marks in the schooners, and *Barbara* did likewise in the sloops. *Troquois* did far the best work in getting her spinnaker set. At the Block Island mark the *Volunteer* and *Gracie* fouled. Both approached the stake-boat on the starboard tack, the *Gracie* leading and being nearer the mark. Neither of them had apparently taken into consideration the strong tide. The *Gracie* tried to pinch around the mark, and luffed up, throwing her over towards the *Volunteer*, which luffed at the last minute, saving a collision that time; but an instant later, just on the stake-boat, the tide set the *Volunteer* down on the *Gracie*, and no luffing could save them. The *Gracie* lost her club topsail, and the *Volunteer* had a series of ragged haws, and punched across the mainsail two-thirds of the way up. Both flew protest flags, but if section 14 of rule 17 of the New York Yacht Club's racing rules covers the case, General Paine's schooner will

be disqualified, and the Cup go to *Troquois*, which, by-the-way, has made a good record throughout the cruise. The *Volunteer* went right along on her course, and gained steadily on the *Gloriana*, which was leading the fleet, rounding West Island mark 2 minutes ahead of her. From this stake-boat she simply flew along, gaining over 8 minutes on the *Gloriana* in the 64 miles to Brenton Reef Light-ship. The *Troquois* was only a minute and a half behind the *Gloriana*; the *Mayflower* finished 2 minutes later; while the *Marguerite* required 6 minutes more to cross. *Merlin* and *Fortuna* were 18 and 26 minutes respectively back of *Volunteer*.

"MINCOLA" HAD HER TURN at leading the way in the run from Newport to Martha's Vineyard on Saturday. It was a deserving win, for Mr. Belmont's course has been that of a sportsman throughout the season. Both *Sayonara* and *Ocenebra* were leading her off West Island light, and the only other 46-footer in the race, the *Nautilus*, was well to the rear. *Ocenebra* was very dry—an occasional puff then the doldrums. At the Sow and Pigs Light-ship the *Mincola* had gotten the lead, with the *Nautilus*, 15 minutes behind, in second place; she continued to gain, and at Tarpaullin Cove light was leading the fleet by a mile. Shortly afterward the *Marguerite* secured second place, and held it to the finish. *Mincola* crossed the line 25 minutes before *Nautilus*, 29 before *Ocenebra*, and 51 before *Sayonara*, administering about the worst beating to these 46-footers that they have had thus far. The *Troquois* had a hard time of it, and finished about an hour and a half behind *Marguerite*, and third to the *Ocenebra*'s second. *Merlin* and *Thetis* had another fight for supremacy, which resulted, as that of the day before, in the former's victory, by full 20 minutes. *Volunteer* did not race, and *Mayflower* won from *Merlin* by about 20 minutes. *Constellation* winning in her class from *Dauntless* by 2 minutes.

THE SPECIAL RACE between *Mincola* and *Jessica* is very likely being decided while we are on the press, and before this appears the cruise of the New York Yacht Club will have disbanded at Newport. It has been, taking everything into consideration, the most successful one in the club's long and notable career. Whether the rendezvous will again be the finish, *Mincola* crossed the line 25 minutes before *Nautilus*, 29 before *Ocenebra*, and 51 before *Sayonara*, administering about the worst beating to these 46-footers that they have had thus far. The *Troquois* had a hard time of it, and finished about an hour and a half behind *Marguerite*, and third to the *Ocenebra*'s second. *Merlin* and *Thetis* had another fight for supremacy, which resulted, as that of the day before, in the former's victory, by full 20 minutes. *Volunteer* did not race, and *Mayflower* won from *Merlin* by about 20 minutes. *Constellation* winning in her class from *Dauntless* by 2 minutes.

HOBART'S VICTORY AT NAHANT was won by the same brilliant, aggressive playing that he exhibited at Westchester. His drop stroke was just as accurate and effective as of old, and now and then he surprised his opponent and the spectators alike by a brilliant bit of net play. There was no question about his deserving the first prize, for while some of his matches were close, he nevertheless clearly outplayed every adversary. Three out of the four matches which he played during the tournament were won in straight sets, and in the remaining two the third and decisive set was never in doubt from the start, so plain was *Hobart*'s superiority. It was rather remarkable that Philip Sears, one of the weakest of the entries, should have been one of the two men to capture a set from the winner.

ANOTHER REMARKABLE FEATURE of the play was the signal defeat of Champion Campbell by Huntington, his rival of last year. The victory would have been more of a feather in Huntington's cap had not the playing on both sides been a little ragged. The match was played on the first day, and Campbell was entirely out of form, returning many balls out of court, and as many more into the net. Still, it was something of a feat for Huntington to dispose of the champion by such a score as 6-2, 6-1, sufficient, at any rate, to demonstrate that he cannot be considered entirely "out of it" at Newport. Directly after this disheartening defeat, Campbell displayed again his wonderful capacity for bracing, capturing a match in fine style from Philip Sears on the same day, and thus approached his previous record, in the aggregate defeat by Hovey on the second. The latter's showing throughout the tournament was extremely disappointing to his friends, but only confirmed what has been stated in this column more than once—e. g., that these same friends have shown a tendency to rate Hovey too high as a player. I have not the desire to express my opinion. I have watched his play carefully throughout the season, and while no one could help admiring his occasional brilliant streaks, I have been convinced that his chances for winning at Newport have at no time been equal to those of either Hobart, Huntington, or Knapp.

THE FOLLOWING TABLE shows in detail the work of the contestants at Nahant. The large numerals indicate the matches, and the

small ones the sets won and lost by each player:

	Hobart	Huntington	Campbell	Hovey	Sears	S. T. Chase	Nautilus	S. T. Chase	Matches won	Games won
Hobart	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	6	10
Huntington	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	4	9
Campbell	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	1	3
Hovey	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	1	3
Sears	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	1	3
S. T. Chase	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	1	3
Nautilus	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	1	3
S. T. Chase	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	1	3
Matches lost	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	14	22
Games lost	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	14	22

* Defaulted.

THE HALL BROTHERS were unable to play at Nahant last week, and Hugh Tallant was invited to fill one of the places thus left vacant. The absence of the Halls was especially regretted, for the younger brother, in view of his magnificent performances at Longwood the week before, was looked upon as one of the probable winners, and a meeting between him and Hobart would have been one of the features of the tournament. Perhaps it is just as well, however, that their meeting was postponed until the week of the All Comers', when some of the most exciting play ever seen at Newport now seems assured. At Newport we shall see W. P. Knapp, V. G. and E. L. Hall, and probably C. E. Sands, who at times may be relied upon to make an interesting match with any player, however good. With such a field the result is of course uncertain, but it is hardly necessary to add that the outcome of the playing at Nahant greatly strengthens me in my opinion that Hobart's chances are considerably better than those of any one player.

ONE OF THE INTERESTING INQUIRIES suggested by the result at Nahant is whether or not Hobart will defeat Campbell at Newport next week, if the championship battle is between those two. Hobart's victory at Nahant was quite an easy one, the champion being completely outplayed in the second set. But unless I am greatly mistaken, Hobart's game is much better adapted to a dirt court than Campbell's, and the Newport turf will tell in the latter's favor. The condition of the turf matters little to a volleyer like Campbell, but it is all important to Hobart, who cannot play his great stroke from the back court unless the ball bounds true and somewhat high from the ground. If the two men meet, it will be a battle royal, and only a rash betting man would give odds either way, though it should be remembered that while Hobart has shown his best, Campbell has not played his game there. If any other than Hobart is the challenger, however, I am quite confident that Campbell will retain the championship for another year.

THE OYSTER BAY POLO TEAM and that of Morristown played last week on the grounds of the latter club two of the most interesting games of the season. Robinson, Ferguson, Dallett, and Roby played for Oyster Bay, and Day, Lord, Nicoll, and Thorn for Morristown. Thorn being replaced by N. B. Henderson in the second game. There were no valuable Cups up, but there was genuine sport and plenty of it. The play of Oyster Bay was a revelation to the spectators, and, I fancy, considerable of a surprise to their opponents. The games were scratch. Had they been handicap, Oyster Bay would have been given 2 goals on Wednesday, and Morristown 2 on Friday. It was the first opportunity Morristown has had this season of seeing the game at home, and the number of traps on the field proved the high favor of polo in that locality.

AS FOR THE GAMES, Oyster Bay won both, by one goal on Wednesday, and 44 on Friday. The play both days was very fast, and exceptionally interesting from the fact of there being a well-trained team, accustomed to one another's play, pitted against one that had played but very few times together. My limited space this week does not permit my going into detailed comment on some features in this connection that are extremely instructive, if, indeed, not interesting. That Oyster Bay won is due chiefly, in my judgment, to the very strong play of Robinson. Morristown could neither ride him off the ball nor get it away from him when he was up the field to reinforce his forwards, and the ball was sent towards his goal. His game on both of these days I consider remarkable, and the greatest I have ever seen him or any other back put up. Dallett likewise played a very good game. He struggled the first period on Wednesday, but warmed up in the second, and was positively brilliant in the third. On Friday he was still better. His showing in these two games has been his best this season, and sufficiently good to warrant his making an effort hereafter to keep up to that standard. Ferguson, as I have said before, will be heard from one of these days; he has the making of a first-class player. Roby also put up the best game he has shown this year, and made several brilliant hits. If he improves in speed he will be valuable. Morristown put up a plucky game. Day and Lord worked hard, and covered the field well; the former stuck to Robinson constantly, and the latter played strong and fast. Nicoll covered his goal well, but seemed a bit slower on the ball than usual, though he missed seldom to hit hard. CASPAR W. WHITNEY.



THE HON. JOHN YOUNG BROWN, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF KENTUCKY.



CAPTAIN JOHN PALMER, THE NEWLY ELECTED COMMANDER OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY STEERY & COMPANY, ALBANY.—(SEE PAGE 619.)

A NEW GOVERNOR AND NEW CONSTITUTION FOR KENTUCKY.

The election held in Kentucky the other day was the first one for many years in the result of which people outside of the State took any particular interest. On this occasion there were four tickets in the field for State officers—Democratic, Republican, Prohibition, and People's (Farmers' Alliance). Usually it is conceded that the Democrats will sweep everything before them, but the Farmers' Alliance this year was a new factor in the politics of the State. The Democratic State ticket was elected, however, by its normal majority of about twenty-five thousand, and Mr. John Young Brown will succeed General Simon Bolivar Buckner as Governor of the commonwealth. It is claimed by the Farmers' Alliance that they have virtually carried the Legislature in both branches by securing, where they had no chance of winning outright, the nomination by the Democrats of farmers—farmers committed to the principles of the Alliance—as candidates for the Legislature. If this be true—and no trustworthy test can be had until the Legislature assembles—the Alliance has succeeded in securing a majority in both Houses. But it will probably turn out that the great majority of those elected are Democrats first and Farmers' Alliance men afterwards. It is not unusual in Kentucky that a majority of the Legislature should be farmers.

But the most important feature of the election was the adoption of a new State

Constitution. The old Constitution, adopted in 1849, sadly needed revision, as it was antiquated in many of its features, and even went so far as to declare that the right of property in slaves was "before and higher than any constitutional sanction." It has long been the Kentuckian's boast that in that State a gentleman went to the polls and declared his preference openly and boldly, so that all men could hear. But by the new Constitution the *rien rose* form of voting has been abolished, and the Australian system adopted. This was a long jump indeed. The new Constitution prohibits lotteries, taxes, railroads, banks, and corporations generally, and has other provisions which have long been needed. But it is also burdened with minor provisions which do not properly belong to the framework of government, but should have been left to be adopted by legislative statutes. As a State Constitution it is probably in its style the most remarkable instrument ever adopted by an American State. When its framers were learning English, the school-master must have been very far abroad, for the new Constitution abounds in passages so clumsily and inaccurately expressed as to be quite meaningless. For instance, one section provides that "no person shall be eligible as judge of the Circuit Court who is not less than thirty-five years of age." Another clause provides that the Governor shall be elected in "odd-numbered years" and Representatives in "even-numbered years," and still another that the Governor shall be elected "by the qualified voters of

the State at the time when and places where they shall respectively vote for Representatives." How the courts will construe these marvellous clauses it is hard to say.

The new Governor belongs to a well-known family of the State, and has had much experience in public life. He was born in 1835, and as early as 1859, a year before he was eligible, he was elected to Congress. He was re-elected to the next Congress, but was not permitted to take his seat, upon the ground that he sympathized with the South. The Governor refused to order a new election, and the seat remained vacant. After the war he was elected time and time again to Congress, where he enjoyed a reputation for fiery eloquence and undaunted courage in debate. On one occasion, in a controversy with General B. F. Butler, when Mr. Blaine was Speaker, Mr. Brown was called to order for being too personal in characterizing the methods which General Butler had employed as a soldier, and as a politician after the war. He received the censure of the House; and when the Speaker read him a lecture, he declared that he would wear the censure as a badge of honor. Some fifteen years ago Mr. Brown declined a re-election to Congress, and since that time has been busy practicing law. At the bar of the State he has long held a high rank.

There is a pretty story told of Mr. Brown's returning to public life at the imperative demand of his youngest daughter, who felt that her brilliant father had no right to pass his time any longer in the private practice of his

profession. Such abilities as his, she declared, belonged to his State and his country. Whether this be true or not, Mr. Brown began an active canvass for the nomination more than a year ago. It is fortunate for the State that at this time, when a Legislature of farmers will be called upon to enact statutes to make operative a new and badly drawn Constitution, the Governor, with the power of veto, should be a trained lawyer, with experience in legislation, and withal a man of mature judgment.

JNO. GILMER SPEED.

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ARCH ON WOODWARD AVENUE, ERECTED FOR GRAND ARMY REUNION IN DETROIT.—(SEE PAGE 619.)

THE CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE.

BY M. A. LANE.

THE Chicago Board of Trade sits at the head of the navigation of the Great Lakes, and controls the price of bread. It is related that a member of the great wheat and pork mart once made that challenge. Whether his information be correct or not, every trader in wheat may determine for his own satisfaction. But true or false, it is no less certain that the institution has a marvellous history apart from its bulky reports and its volumes of statistics and the pages of interminable figures that are turned out year after year by its enterprising secretary.

It is also true that a "furry"—not a small, narrow, and confined commotion that is limited to a few traders, but a real, rousing "furry"—in the wheat market of the Chicago Board of Trade will cause a ripple to be felt in every grain centre in the country, even as far as Europe. It will set in motion agile currents of electricity flying over the wires from the North, South, East, and West, and all with one central destination—the Board of Trade. It will cause the commercial minds of some of the leading citizens in the largest cities of the States to pause and wait for the news. It will interest millers and bakers, and attract the attention of the general public.

The Chicago Board of Trade in its annual report publishes a mass of statistics of concern to the general commerce of the country, and of the world, for that matter, that has been collected with the greatest care from thousands of sources. No effort is spared to make this report a thorough history of the year's business in the world of trade, and in many cases these figures are more complete than those furnished by the government itself.

A treatise on the methods of and the business transacted by the body in one day, to be at all intelligible to the general reader, would ask far more than the limits of this notice allow. It will therefore be of perhaps more interest to tell along with lines and from what beginnings the institution grew. Its bearings and its relations on the wheat market and the pork and corn markets of this country and the world are vaguely understood; but what is not known is the story of its strange birth years ago, the discouraging conditions of its early life, its narrow escape from total obliteration, the great disaster it passed through with the rest of the city of Chicago in the fire of 1871, and its final triumph and its success.

The building that is now owned and occupied by the Board of Trade is a beautiful and commanding structure, and one of the first of the lofty buildings for which Chicago is becoming noted. It stands at the head of La Salle Street, and has a frontage of 173½ feet on Jackson Street, extending 225 feet to the rear. The rear portion is occupied by offices, and is 160 feet in height. The front portion contains the hall of exchange, and is 140 feet high. From this ascends a tower 310 feet above the ground, appropriately surmounted by a ship, the symbol of commerce. This tower is 32 feet square at the base, with a superstructure 225 feet of masonry, the remainder being of iron. The main entrances are large doorways, supported by polished columns of gray granite. The edifice itself is constructed of Fox Island granite, and its cost was \$1,730,000. The granite hall measures 152 x 181 feet, and is 80 feet high. The architecture is not acropolis, but the structure is an evidence of much wealth, of great prosperity, and of vast power. It was formally dedicated April 20, 1885, and will serve the uses for which it was intended many years ago.

The history of the institution may be divided into two periods—the first and insignificant, and the second and important. The first ends with the year 1858, and the second begins with the year 1859. From the latter year to the present the affairs of the board have been most prosperous and satisfactory, and every new twelvemonth has marked an increase of wealth, influence, and power. In money, the membership of the board to-day represents millions; in its early days it represented hundreds. Yet it is acknowledged by the brightest men in it that its success has been due to the rigid following of first principles laid down by the pioneer founders; and it is also admitted that all its complex rules and regulations for the government of the trade in grain are the mere development and extensions of the reforms suggested and begun almost half a century ago.

On December 4, 1841, in the *Chicago Daily American* there appeared a card that was signed "Merchant." This merchant suggested the advisability of renting a hall in which he and his fellow-merchants could meet, buy, sell, and barter. The growing trade in cabbages, potatoes, and meats demanded, he thought, that some such action be taken. But the village merchants saw fit to ignore the voice of their *confre*, and no hall was rented. It was not until seven years thereafter that the first steps were taken that led to the organization of a commercial exchange in Chicago. At that time there were no railroads in Chicago; horses were used as power for elevators; and the clearance of a lumber schooner was an event. The two men on whose shoulders rest the great institution of the board are Thomas Richmond and W. L. Whiting. Mr. Whiting was the first grain broker of Chicago. Mr. Richmond was in the elevating business. The result of their discussion was the publication of a call, assembling merchants generally, for the purpose of organizing a board of trade. The convention was held, and a large room over a grain store was leased, at the extravagant rental of \$110 per annum. Thus did the board start out, with a total membership of 80. The organization for some time after its birth was not a corporate body. It had no legal status, and, in fact, there was no statute at that time that could have conferred the dignity of authority on an organization of this kind. Its function was therefore advisory, and its opinions carried weight because of the respected characters of its members.

The first meeting of the board was held in April, 1848, and on this occasion inspectors of fish and flour were appointed. This was the first step yet taken toward establishing uniformity in weights and measure and quality, and in the guaranteeing of the quantity of merchantable goods sold. On various other occasions improvements in business methods were suggested and adopted, and at one time and another in these infantile days of commerce reforms were put in operation that have sustained the commerce of the city, and have given it a dignity it would never have otherwise obtained. But although this was done, still it seemed that the real purpose for which the board was organized was lost sight of. Instead of a daily attendance of merchants, the hall was empty almost all the days of the week. It was only when some matter foreign to the business interests of the city was to be discussed that the attendance was good. The early officers evidently had the Chicago spirit strong in them, for they did everything in their power to encourage the attendance. Still the mer-

chants failed to congregate except when some political affair was announced as the special order for the day. This sort of thing was continued even as late as 1851—three years after the first meeting—when a record of the attendance for nine days showed that on one day one man was present, on another three, on three more only one, and absolutely none on the remainder of the days.

The officers held a special meeting, and decided that some prompt, efficient, and radical curative remedial agent should be introduced—something that would stir the public pulse and cause a renaissance in the matter of commerce, fill the hall to the doors every day; in other words, this action was taken and this remedy applied.

The officers had it made public in the newspapers that on and after that date the Chicago Board of Trade would furnish a free lunch to all of its members attending its sessions. As a further inducement to uninterested dealers in the street, it was announced that the hours of the daily session had been changed from 9 in the morning to 11.30 and 12.30 o'clock; whereby even the least enterprising members would be enabled to look in.

This prompt and far-seeing policy had its effect, and for a time the attendance increased, and almost all the merchants put in a daily appearance to take a nibble at the cheese and a sip of the ale that were provided. But whether it was that the steward of the board was not a good and faithful servant, and neglected the quality of the cheese he purchased or the quantity of the ale he supplied, or whether it was due to the never-changing character of the diet, the stimulus of the lunch soon lost force, the attendance again fell off, and the commerce of the city was in as pitiable a condition as ever.

However, the effort was not abandoned, and new rooms were secured and more attempts at stimulating finance were made. At the meeting of 1855 it was found that the secretary had not been furnishing lunch, and a general vote was cast ordering him to continue furnishing the original quality and quantity of lunch. At the meeting the following year it was found that the membership had grown considerably, and that association with the board was a thing to be desired by the richest and most influential business men in the city. Besides that it was also reported that the attendance had been good, and that the volume of the business transacted was growing monthly. It was decided to build, but there was a failure to raise the stock, and the building project was not revived for years. It was at this period of its history that the rules and regulations of the new board concerning the storing of grain and the issuance of warehouse receipts made speculation possible, and even then projected the lines on which was to rise the great fabric of gambling in wheat and corn carried on by inferior enterprises, and which the board has striven hard to annihilate. The growth of legitimate trade made speculation easy.

The Board of Trade from 1857 on took giant strides in progress. In 1857 seven and one-half millions of bushels of wheat were exported to England, and it is doubtful whether one bushel of that amount was known as Chicago wheat in English markets, or that there was such an institution as the Chicago Board of Trade on the face of the earth. In 1871 nearly twenty-three million bushels of wheat were sold in London and Liverpool, and three-fourths of this was

raised west of Lake Michigan. English buyers on the produce exchanges were telegraphed daily prices on Chicago grain. The growth of the transactions of the body, the methods of its business, the establishment of new rules and the amplification of old ones, the introduction of telegraph service, whereby such cities as New York, Buffalo, Montreal, Oswego, and others were connected to Chicago, with the floor of the chamber as a heart, the improvement of the inspections and grades, the elevator systems and their regulation, and the constantly present necessities for fresh rules to protect the individual and trade in general—all these were commensurate with the bounding advances made by the West in stock-raising and grain-growing, and, of course, found their concentrated expression in the volume of business done every day in the hall of the Chamber of Commerce.

In 1859 the board was regularly incorporated, and from that day it began to be a living factor in the affairs of the world of commerce. It figured largely, too, in the civil war, and many of its members fought for the Union. It was the centre of all movements of a civic character, and Chicago enterprises were always led by its members. It had soon built for itself a new house at the corner of La Salle and Washington streets. This was a pretty building in the heart of the old city, and was completely swept away by the fire of 1871. Two days after the disaster there was held a meeting of the directors, who voted to rebuild on the old site. This was done by a finer and grander fashion than before, the while sessions were held in temporary quarters. At noon on October 9, 1872, the new Chamber of Commerce was opened with ceremonies. A majority of the leading men of the city attended the opening, and a distinguished party occupied the platform whence the speeches were made.

In this building the board carried on its operations until 1881, when the membership was so great that new and larger quarters were necessary. It was then that the work of subscription was begun, and the final result of the last agitation toward larger scopes is found in the granite pile at the end of La Salle crowned by a ring of electric lights.

The present organization of the board consists of a president, two vice-presidents, and a board of fifteen directors. The president is elected annually, the second vice-president becomes vice-president, and a second vice-president and five directors are elected with the president. The chief committees are those on arbitration and appeals, consisting of ten members each, who are made by the board of directors, and five of whom hold over every year. The officers elected at the last meeting and in office now are the following:

President, William T. Baker; First Vice-President, J. G. Stearns; Second Vice-President, J. T. Rawleigh. Board of Directors: A. C. Helmholtz, C. B. Congdon, R. G. Chandler, Adolph Seckel, H. H. Aldrich, James T. Healy, H. F. Dousman, E. S. Worthington, C. B. Van Kirk, J. A. Edwards, W. H. Bartlett, John S. Hannah, M. C. Mitchell, John M. Fiske, and E. A. Beach.

It is hardly practicable to attempt mention of the various "corners" in pork and grain that have been manipulated at various times by Chicago operators. These are fairly well known to men of commerce all over this country. It is well to add, however, that with one or two exceptions these attempts were great failures, and ruined their authors.

MY RANGE.

BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

I T has been hinted by some philosopher, whose name I cannot remember, that the proper way to build a house is to erect a large chimney, and build a house around it. A chimney is therefore to a house what a pocket is to a pair of boy's trousers, for we feel certain from what we know of the human body that in the construction of a pair of trousers he would consider it nothing less than an inspiration on the part of the tailor to first make the pocket—one sufficiently capacious to contain at once a number of marbles, a jack-knife, a base-ball, a lucky stone, a hop-toad, and other things too numerous to mention—and then build the trousers around it.

When I was undergoing the tortures incident to building, I came in contact with a stove-man, who acted in such a friendly smiling manner that I felt I would be satisfied with anything purchased of him, if the article in question threw out only such a genial glow as he commanded during a busi-

ness transaction. He acted like a friend who would take one groping in the darkness of ignorance relative to stoves gently by the hand and lead him into the light. From his first remarks, or prelude, after looking at my plans, he led me to believe that his idea of the correct manner of building a house was to first put the range on the ground, then dig the cellar under it, and continue by building the edifice around and over it. Said he, in the calm convincing manner of a lawyer, while he rolled the plans up like a high-priced silk umbrella, "That is altogether too fine a house for a thirty-dollar range."

"Is that the kind the architect suggests?" I asked.

"That is the kind," said the stove-man, calmly, "and I can tell you one thing, the architect wants to put in a cheap range, in order to have more money for dispiriting wood-work; he would have your house a monument to his genius. Of course I don't want to interfere, but I feel it my duty to tell you that your range should be in har-

mony with your house. A thirty-dollar range for your house would be like hitching a ten-dollar mustang to a gilded chariot."

"What would you suggest?" I asked, with feelings of gratitude.

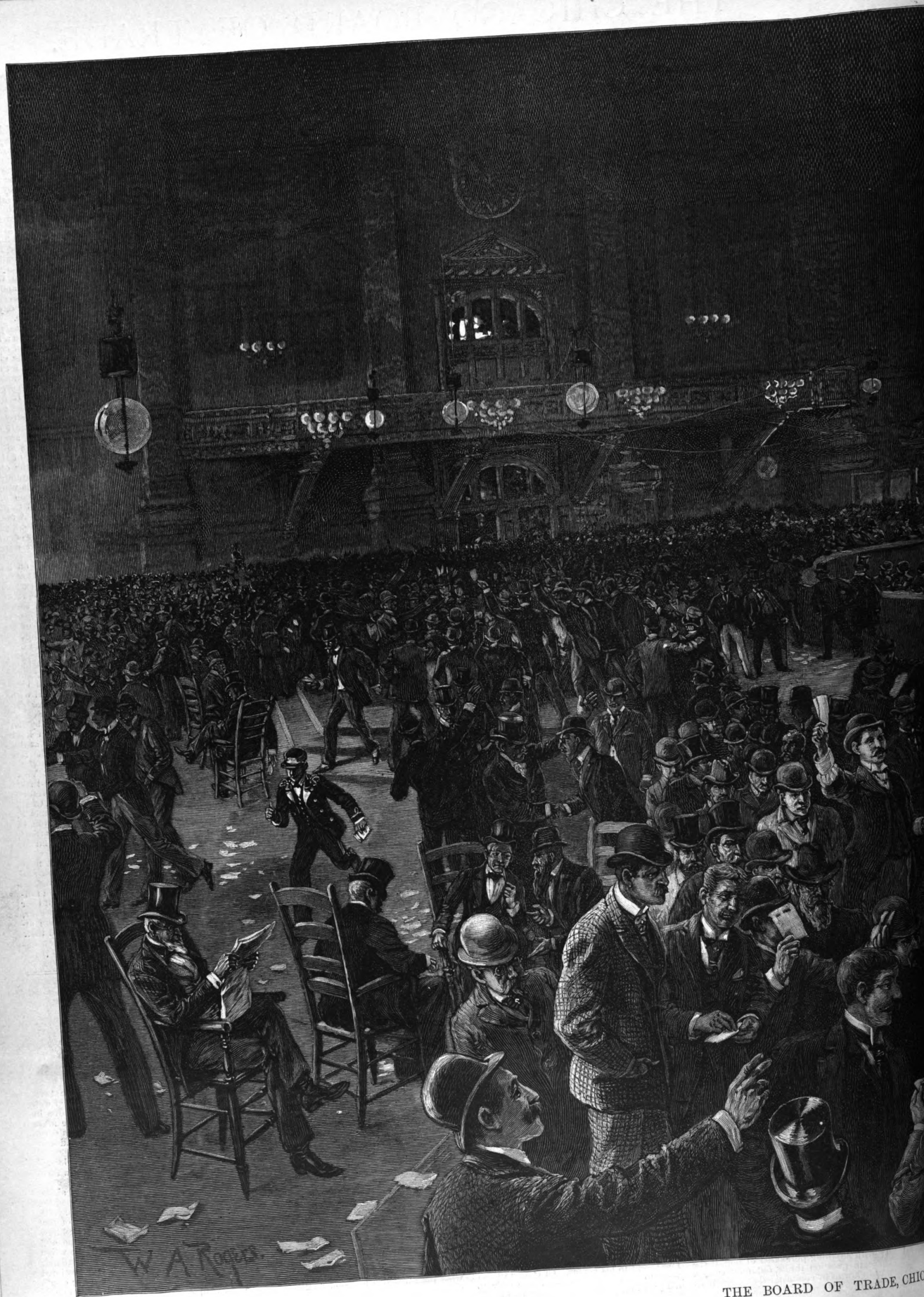
"I would suggest," he replied, "that you get a range that comes a little higher in price. We have them at forty, fifty, sixty, seventy, and eighty-five dollars. Our eighty-five-dollar range is the best in this or any other market, and any man who buys one will never regret the purchase. Of course I don't advise you to buy this one, because it is really a very high-priced article; but it is a cheap one in the end. I think you would do well to take the fifty or sixty dollar range."

I was really in doubt as to the best course to pursue. I had been building for about six months, and as a natural consequence suspected every one with whom fate threw me into business relations. I quite believed what the stove-man had said relative to the architect's having selected a cheap range in order to have more money for artistic wood-

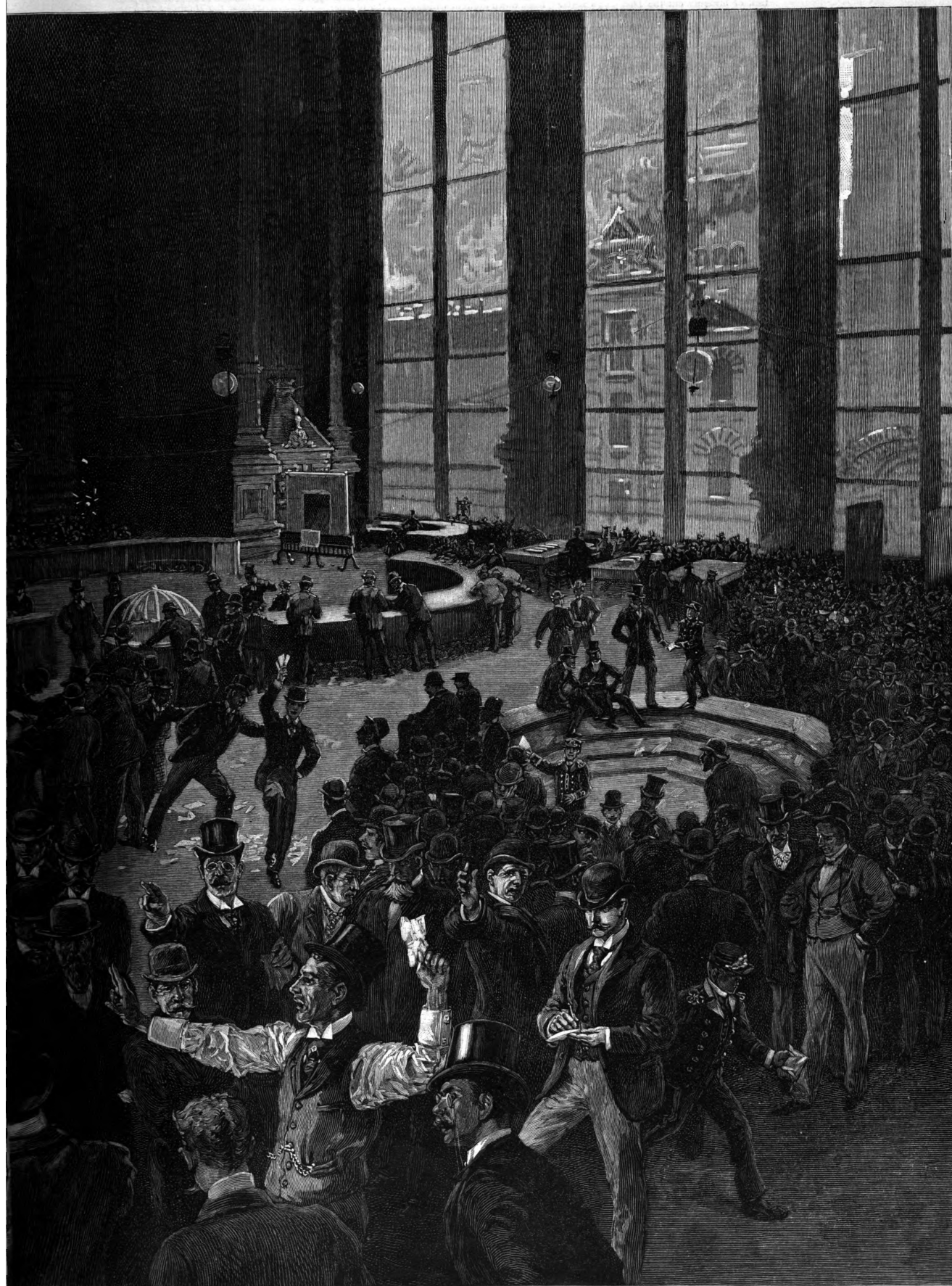
work. Yet I could not believe that the stove-man could be interested in my personal welfare. He must be a snow-white dove in human form, I argued, and yet there must be some guile in him, because of his occasional intercourse with architects and contractors.

"Come," he said, as he noticed I looked puzzled—"come along, and I will show them to you."

I followed him down a number of aisles, and listened respectfully as he explained the virtues of this and that range, and held forth on this one's economy in the matter of fuel and that one's capacity for baking, and how this one never failed to give satisfaction, and how that one was the favorite of the wives of several statesmen, and the chief particular joy of a number of celebrated professional cooks. There was not a range in the establishment that had not been awarded one or more gold medals, and it seemed that any one selected at random might give satisfaction. Yet among so many ranges, each of



THE BOARD OF TRADE, CHICAGO



which was perfection itself, I was sorely puzzled as to a choice.

"I will go home and think the matter over," I finally said, "and will let you know to-morrow."

On the morrow I called upon the stove-man once more. I told him that I had talked the matter over with my wife, and that, having figured out the fact that there is but a difference of thirty-five dollars between fifty and eighty-five dollars, and that as a range would last a lifetime, we had concluded to indulge in the luxury of the best. He smiled approvingly, and told me, in a grave tone that made his words a sort of fatherly endorsement, that it was a purchase I would never regret; that I would be in the enjoyment of a range which, should we ever desire to leave the house, would certainly win the first woman that should call to look at the establishment. He then took my order for a No. 8, and assured me as I was leaving that I was getting the bargain of my life.

II.

The absurdity of nomenclature in ranges has its parallel only in that of race-horses. We can fancy the ludicrousness of the man who would place his love of country forever on record by calling his range the Uncle Sam. The student of psychology glancing hastily over a range, and observing upon its front the simple legend *Thanatopsis*, would feel it to be a true interpretation of the calm reflective tendencies of the inventor. The Hawaiian would naturally suggest a tinge of romanticism even in the inventor of a range, while Hafiz in such a genius would bespeak an acquaintance and an appreciation of the dazzling languid poetry of the voluptuous though effete East.

Many ranges have for a title some word whose termination is "plex." The Simplex, the Triplex, and, in fact, every conceivable kind of "plex," except, possibly, the Perplex. My range was none of these, but it seems to me it would be an inspiration to call it the Dumplex, with a strong emphasis upon the first syllable, to give a slight idea of the financial disaster that I felt had overtaken me when I listened to the song of the dealer and purchased it.

When the range had been put in, we all regarded it with great pride and satisfaction. It was polished like an engine of war, and had the stolid dignity of a locomotive. Against the dull ground of its front ran shining steel bars, and it was certainly a thing of beauty, though it never produced a ray, except to the local mechanic who was frequently called in to make the attempt of regulating it.

But it was always beautiful to look upon, and we began to take it philosophically and to regard it as a great ornament. One of its features was a great iron hood that extended from the wall above to catch the noisome fumes of boiling cabbage or frying onions, and held them while a register in the flue and just beneath its ominous wing bore them up the chimney. I often wondered what the fifty dollar ranges must be when I considered the peculiarities of my eighty-five-dollar Dumplex. Perhaps its great beauty was its slowness in getting under way in the morning. In fact it very seldom got under way much before the purple afternoon, and I often thought it would be a splendid range for a man who could eat his breakfast at noon and go to town on the one o'clock train. But when it got going, it went at such a rate that the cook's only chance of comfort lay in opening the doors and windows, and I frequently suggested the departure of having our breakfasts prepared in the afternoon and partaken of cold in the morning.

I never believed there could be such a thing as total depravity until I made the acquaintance of that eighty-five-dollar Dumplex range. In the morning nothing seemed to have the power to start it up. The wood would burn out under and over the coal. The slivers driven through the coal perpendicularly would burn up without effect, and even if the coal ignited, it would not generate sufficient heat in two hours to boil an egg. I would frequently tell the cook that I would like to catch an early train if possible. She would reply that it would all depend upon the range. For even when she kept the fire in overnight, it would lose all its force before morning, and be about as good as no fire at all when it was time to prepare the maternal feast.

It got to be such a common thing to ridicule the range that after a while some one in the family would feel it a duty to make the refrigerator, as it was frequently called, an object of sympathy, as though it were human. On these occasions it would be assumed by the charitable person that its mysteries were understood by the cook, or that the coal was of an inferior quality, or that the draughts were not properly managed. The fact that the coal would not burn in the morning was certainly not an argument in its (the coal's) favor, and the more lamentable fact that it usually burned like pitch-pine in the afternoon was decidedly against its general health and virtue. In order to give the range an opportunity to show its merits, and to show the sympathizer that she was wrong in her conclusions, I tried various brands of coal with the same result; the range would not go, and the baby could never have a warm bath until three or four o'clock in the afternoon.

When the first cook resigned her position, I thought that in all probability her successor might have a wider knowledge of the man-

agement of ranges, and prove equal to the task of bringing out the Dumplex's better qualities. But the second cook had an experience precisely similar to that of the first, and through her inability to cope successfully with the morning we were compelled to resort to the painful expedient of breakfasting upon canned food that required no heating.

One day I gave a neighbor a brief history of my woes; and when I told him that I had paid eighty-five dollars for my Dumplex range, his eyes dilated while he said, "I paid only forty-five dollars for my Bald Eagle!"

"And how does it work?" I naturally asked.

"Like a charm," he replied — "like a charm. I have fresh biscuits every morning for breakfast, and it only burns half a ton of coal a month."

"What would you do if in my place?" I asked. "The local stove-men are getting rich on me, and their services are of no avail."

"Go right to the people that sold you the range," he replied, "and compel them to make good work."

I had never thought of this — the obvious thing to do — before. On the following day I called at the establishment and poured forth my woes. The manager was greatly surprised, as it was the first complaint that had ever been made against the Dumplex. "We'll fix it all right for you," he said, with a convincing smile. "We send a man out in a day or so, and you'll have no further trouble."

III.

In the course of three or four days the man representing the stove establishment came out with a kit of instruments, which he deposited on the kitchen floor, and surveyed the Dumplex with the eye of an artist. He was very grave, as though he considered his art something far above and beyond the understanding of the average layman. Having donned his jumper and overalls, he took another long look at the Dumplex, as though to make sure of something, and then bowed down before it that he might look up under the grate. His act of bowing down had in it the character of a terrier at a rat hole, and likewise the reverential serenity of a Turkish salam. He arose and unconsciously blew a mass of fine ashes from his nose and mouth, and said, "I guess the trouble is in the flue."

Then he endeavored to convince me, in a volley of technical terms that I couldn't understand, that the range was all right, and proceeded to remove the pipe from the flue. "Just as I supposed," he began, "the flue needs cleaning. I will put in a newspaper and light it, that it may clean the chimney out as the draught carries it up. If the burning paper comes down, and then flies up and comes down again, it means that the chimney has a down draught — that it is not high enough." He then inserted the paper, and lighted it, and when it had acted in such a way as to prove that the chimney was not high enough, he remarked, "Just what I thought."

Having made this statement, he went out and looked up at the chimney through his hands, which he held up before his eyes like a pair of opera-glasses, long and intently, and returned with the verdict: "The chimney should be at least twenty feet higher. There is not draught enough to make the range go."

He then cleaned it out thoroughly, and made a fire which in ten minutes would have roasted a turkey. The magician was perfectly calm in the face of our open-eyed wonder, as though his triumph was a simple every-day occurrence.

When he left we felt very mean over all the things we had said about the Dumplex. It wasn't the coal, it wasn't the coal, it wasn't the range, it was the chimney, and therefore the architect, that was to blame. Why didn't he make the chimney high enough? Did he give us a low chimney for the same reason that he ordered a thirty-dollar range — to have more money to put into wood-work. Alas! thought I, the architect, like the contractor, knows better than he builds.

All that evening the Dumplex burned away at a great rate. Each lid looked like a harvest-moon, and a flood of light bathed the floor in a genial glow that filled the household with visions of delight. But in the morning the Dumplex was as refractory as ever, and it was eleven o'clock before there was fire enough to make coffee.

"Don't blame the Dumplex," I said. "Let us be just, and attribute this late breakfast entirely to the chimney."

On the following morning the same thing occurred, and that afternoon I called upon the local stone-mason.

"What will it cost to carry my kitchen chimney up twenty feet?"

"What do you want to do that for?" he asked, without answering my question.

"Why, to make the range go, of course. The man sent out by the range establishment says the chimney should be at least twenty feet higher. He tried to clean it out by burning newspapers in the flue, until he discovered that the chimney has a down draught."

"Is that what he told you?" asked the mason.

"Exactly," I replied.

Then the mason shook with laughter, and said: "Down draught your grandmother."

Why, don't you know that every chimney has a down draught whether it is ten feet or ten hundred feet high? It is as natural for a chimney to have a down draught as it is for a cow to have horns."

This bit of information dazed me. "If you carried your chimney up twenty feet," he continued, "it would fall over and come in on you through the roof in the first place. I never do unnecessary work just to get money. I have enough to do without that. The range-man is trying to blame it all on the chimney, when the chimney is all right and the range is no good."

It was on the strength of this information that we resumed our original opinion of the Dumplex, and felt kinder toward the architect, who, after all, made the chimney high enough for all purposes.

This was early in the month of May last year. A week or two later we leased our house furnished for the summer months. Even after the lease was signed, I said nothing about the range, which, by-the-way, made a favorable impression upon the tenants when they inspected the premises.

"Did you say anything about the range?" asked my neighbor.

"No," I replied. "Did you?"

"No," she answered; "but I think it ought to have been mentioned."

"Altogether unnecessary," was my rejoinder. "They will find out all there is to be found out before long without being told. And they will probably attribute everything to the cook, the coal, or the chimney."

And we were soon in a mountain hotel inflated with nabob pride through the enjoyment of the great novelty of ordinary hot breakfasts.

IV.

As we had had no complaints from our tenants during the summer, we began to hope that the range was working all right, and that we might have no further trouble with it.

When we returned, early in October, our tenants had been gone several days, and we found the keys with the real-estate agent, who assured us that he had heard no complaints about the range or anything else. I felt very happy while I listened to his song, because it meant a future jeweled with hot breakfasts without involving the necessary outlay for a new range. When I examined the range upon arriving home, it looked as though it had had no fire in it for weeks. It was full of fresh unburned coal, under which I noticed some wood-ashes.

"They probably gave it up for a bad job," I murmured.

My neighbor with the perfect forty-five-dollar range dropped in at just that moment. After we had chatted for a while, I asked, "Did you make the acquaintance of the Pulsifers?"

He assured me that he had, and went on: "Mrs. Pulsifer liked your house very much, with the exception of that range."

"I notice it has fresh coal in it now," I remarked.

"It has been in there since the 29th of May. At that date they gave the range up as unmanageable, and went over to the Oakland House to get their meals. There was no cooking attempted on that range after the 29th of May. You see Mrs. Pulsifer could not keep a girl, and, what is more, your place is tabooed in all the intelligence offices. Every girl knows all about the range, and none of them will take a situation in the house."

Again we were eating canned goods for breakfast, and going through the daily ordeal which had been ours before the Pulsifers took our house for the summer. We couldn't engage a girl to come to the house while its effects included the eighty-five-dollar Dumplex range. And when we en-

davored to secure one on distant parts, we discovered that the Dumplex was well known in the intelligence offices of those localities. That it was considered a greater annoyance than portable wash-tubs by the inmates of these offices is a well-authenticated fact.

We had a worse time than ever before when we attempted to run the range itself; and we often thought of following the example of the Pulsifers, namely, to take our meals at the Oakland House. No matter how good-natured and obliging a neighbor may be, one doesn't like to send in a steak to be broiled, or a pan of dough to be baked, or to borrow a kettleful of hot water more frequently than eight or ten times a day. The more willing the neighbor appears to help you out of your trouble, the less you feel like allowing him to do so. But we really could not help imposing on his generous patience and good nature. I even offered to make him a present of my coal, which was a superfluous article to me, in the hope that he might appreciate the gratitude I felt. But this he declined, and assured me that I was quite welcome to send my things in to be cooked at pleasure. My wife having a lively imagination, would fancy that when a fowl came home burned that the burning was intentional, and a hint not to send things to be cooked in future. But I was sure that her suspicions were entirely groundless, and continued to use my neighbor's forty-five-dollar Bald Eagle range, which was perfection itself, and to condemn my eighty-five-dollar Dumplex for a tool-chest.

One day I was out taking a walk, when I met my neighbor in a wood, where he was gathering chestnuts. As I approached, I noticed a look of pain on his face. He was a hypersensitive creature, who was always afraid of wounding one's feelings. I could not imagine what was the matter. He nodded in a timid, half-frightened way, as though he feared that I was about to pass him without recognition. I greeted him cordially, and he finally said,

"I trust we have done nothing to offend you?"

"Nothing that I know of," I replied.

"If we have," he went on, "I would thank you to tell me what it is."

"But you haven't," I assured him, in emphatic tones. "You have done nothing to offend us."

"You have not recently sent in a steak to be broiled or a turkey to be roasted," he went on.

"No," I responded.

"Nor a pan of bread to be baked, nor a leg of mutton to be boiled."

"It is true," I answered.

"And you have not been in for hot water, or to heat a flat-iron."

"I am well aware of it — well aware of it!" I said.

"And I thought," he went on, very much relieved, "that we had done something to offend you. But may I ask how you have been managing with your cooking lately?"

"Certainly. We have been getting along first-rate; everything done to a tin, and juicy enough for an opusculum. Come in with your wife and take dinner to-morrow, will you?"

He accepted with pleasure, and continued, with a smile, "What in the world have you done with your beautiful eighty-five-dollar Dumplex range, anyhow?"

"Made a tool-chest of it," I replied.

He looked puzzled.

"Yes," I repeated, "I have turned my beautiful eighty-five-dollar Dumplex range into a tool-chest, and I am now living like a fighting cock on all kinds of French dishes, made to perfection on a little old-stove that cost just two dollars and twenty-one cents."



BALL KLINE. "It seems odd, doesn't it, old chap, that Miss Daisy should have accepted Lord Deedbrook's hand in spite of Jack Bullion's?" CUSHING CARRON. "Not at all, dear boy; she's not playing for pocket, but position."

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A SALVATION ARMY WEDDING AT THE BARRACKS ON FOURTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY.—[SEE PAGE 644.]

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

No. 616 of *Harper's Young People*, published on August 18th, is peculiarly a summer number. In its leading article Mr. EDMUND COLLINS gives clear directions for following one of the most fascinating of summer pursuits, "The Collecting and Preserving of Sea-Plants." In Part II. of the "Moon Prince" Mr. MUNKITTRICK develops a faculty for the weaving of charming extravaganzas, only equalled by that of the talented author of "Alice in Wonderland." A most timely article on "Lawn-Tennis" is furnished by OLIVER S. CAMPBELL, the tennis champion of America. Miss SOPHIE SWETT's serial, "Flying Hill Farm," a story of American country life, increases in interest as its plot thickens, which it does most decidedly in this instalment. Besides these, the current number contains capital short stories by DAVID KER, MARION DICKINSON, and HILLARY BELL; timely articles, poems, and many illustrations drawn by well-known artists.

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MR. BLAINE AND 1892.

THE nomination of Mr. BLAINE by the Republican Convention next year has become again a possibility. The reaction of feeling from the accounts of the total failure of his health has produced in many quarters a belief that he is not seriously ill, and several county conventions in Pennsylvania have declared for him as a candidate. Some papers in the western part of the State also advocate his nomination in the strongest terms, and Senators QUAY and CAMERON are said earnestly to desire it. Secretary NOBLE is reported as saying that if Mr. BLAINE should consent, he would be nominated by acclamation. The resolution of one of the conventions shows the form in which the BLAINE feeling everywhere expresses itself:

"The Republicans of Mercer County, recognizing in JAMES G. BLAINE a statesman whose advocacy of the party's principles in the House and Senate and before the people has drawn to its ranks hosts of adherents, whose dignified and manly management of foreign affairs has gained for the nation the respect and admiration of the world as Secretary of State and as a citizen, whose ability and zeal pre-eminently fit him for that high position, do hereby declare him our choice for President in 1892."

The *Pittsburg Commercial Gazette*, the chief Republican paper in Pennsylvania outside of Philadelphia, declares in a double-leaded leader that Mr. BLAINE will be nominated by acclamation; and the *Pittsburg Times*, the organ of a well-known Republican politician, says:

"JAMES G. BLAINE is a stronger and more available candidate in every way than he ever was before, pre-eminently the representative of aggressive and progressive Republicanism. It waits for every indication of his state of health with a determination which is rapidly crystallizing to make him its Presidential candidate without or against his will, if needs be, feeling, so far as his health is concerned, akin to that which prompted the Spanish chivalry of old to set the dead corpse of the Cid Campeador in the forefront of their battle, and confound the enemy with the sight of his charging banner. BLAINE is good enough to win with, with or without the Pennsylvania Senators, and they have been shrewder and earlier than the *Press* in seeing it."

This allusion to the *Philadelphia Press* refers to an article in that paper, of which our Minister to Russia is the editor-in-chief, which deprecates the preference for Mr. BLAINE, and reveals an apprehension that the great protection State will pronounce decisively for the champion of reciprocity. In all Republican meetings and conventions Mr. BLAINE's name is greeted with vociferous acclamation. No Republican leader has ever been so personally popular as Mr. BLAINE: not SEWARD, CHASE, or SUMNER; nor Mr. LINCOLN, during his life; nor General GRANT, whose popularity was not that of a party leader. Mr. BLAINE's position in his party is like that of HENRY CLAY among the Whigs sixty years ago. He is without a rival. His defeat in 1884 has not impaired his prestige, as CLAY's defeat at the election of 1832 and in the nominating Convention of 1840 did not prevent his enthusiastic selection as the candidate in 1844. The charges against Mr. BLAINE in 1884, although leading to the inglorious secession and his defeat at the polls, have not affected him in the general estimate of his party. They are classed by many of his supporters with the charges against CLAY of bargain and corruption in 1824 when JOHN

QUINCY ADAMS was elected; and by many his election as Senator, and his position in two administrations as Secretary of State, are regarded as a sufficient exculpation. His hold upon his party is shown most clearly by his bold challenge of the MCKINLEY tariff at the very moment when the party acceptance of it as the party platform was most universal and unquestioning, and by his ability to compel a Republican Congress to adopt his scheme as an essential provision of the tariff.

In that incident Mr. BLAINE showed himself stronger than his party. This is still more apparent since the election of 1890, which was held by many Republicans to be a condemnation, although, as the party held, an ignorant condemnation, of the MCKINLEY policy. But in that disastrous moment it was seen that Mr. BLAINE's reciprocity scheme opened a way of escape for the party, which gladly recognized in him its master. No Republican in the country shares with him his ascendancy in Republican admiration and pride. Mr. FORAKER's remark in the Ohio Convention expressed, undoubtedly, the general party feeling—if there were no doubt of the actual condition of his health there would be no question of his enthusiastic nomination next year. Mr. BLAINE has cast a glamour upon Republican eyes, and should he consent to the nomination, President HARRISON's supporters would be instantly condemned as a mere office-holding squad. Should Mr. BLAINE refuse, there is no other Republican who has an especially strong personal hold upon the party, and Mr. HARRISON would undoubtedly be nominated. Meanwhile the reasons that produced the result in 1884 remain unchanged.

MILWAUKEE.

A RECENT article in the *WEEKLY* upon the city of Milwaukee has been severely criticised in that city as unjust, and we have received a very courteous letter correcting some of the statements made by the author of the article, who did not conceal his name. No reader would attribute to him an unfriendly spirit, however he might differ with some of the conclusions of the article. Still less could any such feeling be ascribed to the *WEEKLY*. Generalizations and conclusions in such a survey of a great community will necessarily differ, but inaccurate statements of fact, whenever brought to our attention, we shall always gladly hasten to correct. It is evident that such misstatements occur in the article to which we refer, and we regret that they should have escaped our observation. We publish with pleasure the correction by our correspondent, which has been approved by Mr. C. C. ROGERS, President of the Association for the Advancement of Milwaukee.

After speaking of the local effect produced by the article, our correspondent proceeds in a strain of local pride which is always the sign of a public-spirited community:

"Even on the supposition that the article dates back two or three years, the figures mentioned in way of statistics are 'way off' for that time, while for the present they seem simply preposterous. For instance, your correspondent states that total manufactures for the year were \$35,000,000, when, as a matter of fact, the aggregate of our manufactures in 1890 exceeded \$106,000,000, and this year will amount to not less than \$115,000,000. The inference the reader must arrive at is clearly to the effect that the making of beer is the 'Alpha and Omega' of our manufacturing interests, and that all outside of that article is of but little consequence, hardly worth mentioning. We are fortunately in a position to prove the utter fallacy of his statements on this point. We look upon the brewing interest as one of our leading industries, and are proud to state that some of our best and most public-spirited citizens are engaged in that line of business. A large proportion of our people also believe that the manufacture of pure malt liquors, in which our brewers were practically the pioneers in this country, together with large production of pure grape wines in the West and South, has been a leading factor in the true cause of temperance reform, as viewed from the standpoint of the practical humanitarian."

"In order to show that we produce a few things besides beer, and are a pretty fair town to live in, let me mention a few facts and figures:

"During the year 1890 we packed and shipped meats and provisions to the amount of \$11,000,000; manufactured engines and machinery, \$5,500,000; other production of iron and brass, \$8,500,000; leather, \$3,500,000; men's clothing, \$6,720,000; manufactures of wood, \$4,500,000; flour, \$3,500,000; barley and malt, outside of breweries, \$2,000,000; cigars and tobacco, \$1,500,000; confectionery, \$1,250,000; gloves and mittens, \$1,500,000; tinware, \$1,500,000."

"Our population is fully 225,000, now increasing more rapidly than at any time in our previous history. The death-rate in this city is the lowest of any city of its population in the country. Our mortgage debt is the smallest 'per capita' of any large city in the country. We have and need the smallest police force of any city of its size. Our public schools are unexcelled anywhere in the world. Our public credit is first class, and our debt is very light."

"The statement that three-quarters of our population is of German origin is disproved by report of the census; but were it correct, it would only be considered as an additional fact in our favor, for there is little if any difference of opinion among fair-minded people that in the long-run there is absolutely no better class of population for settling a new section of country or for laying the foundation of a great city. Our history clearly proves this fact. It is true that for very rapid progress, ordinarily called 'booming,' the Germans may be too conservative in their methods, and their action may appear antagonistic to the interest of the 'pushers' of their generation, but they are sure to lay a sound foundation for the future, and our city is now reaping the benefits of their early conservatism, enjoying an era of great prosperity and progress, while other cities which in the past made much greater pretensions than 'slow Milwaukee' are suffering greatly from financial depression and consequent reaction. We have, it is true, ceased long ago our endeavors to rival Chicago as a commercial city, but,

on the other hand, we are rapidly coming up to her as a manufacturing centre, and hope soon to pass her in the race, for it is the opinion of many competent authorities who have thoroughly investigated the subject that Milwaukee, with her wonderful advantages, is bound to become the great manufacturing city of the West, and will soon rival its great Eastern competitors."

"In this connection it may be well to state that much has been said about the small amount of outside capital invested in this city, and unfavorable comment has been caused thereby. This fact, however, instead of being used as an argument against us, is in reality one of the strongest points in our favor. The capital invested here is largely owned by our own citizens, and while many of our neighbors are now suffering greatly owing to Eastern and foreign capital being withdrawn, our finances are thoroughly stable, and cannot at any time be materially affected by disturbances in the great money centres of the world. Some years ago the writer showed an Eastern gentleman interested in financial and manufacturing affairs through one of our immense establishments manufacturing steam-engines and mill machinery, and now employing thousands of operatives and millions of capital. On being informed that this was exclusively a Milwaukee enterprise, evolved during my recollection from very small beginnings, he was free to acknowledge that facts as presented were the very strongest arguments to prove that circumstances must be favorable for the manufacture of engines and mill machinery in this city, for the reason that the capital was all earned in the business. The history of this establishment is practically the history of nearly all our large manufacturing and commercial houses."

"There is little difference of opinion that there are no better skilled workmen than the boys of German parentage trained and educated in this country, and that the descendants of the ultra-conservative Germans before mentioned make the very best element for the building up of a great city which has arrived at the point of ours, namely, where the foundation has been laid broad and deep, and is ready for a great superstructure, combining, as they do, in a great measure the caution of the German with the progressive spirit of the Yankee."

A CLEAN CONTEST.

WE alluded last week to the fact, which Mr. CLARKSON remarked last winter, that the tendency of the young men in Massachusetts is to the Democratic party. Mr. CLARKSON thinks that this tendency should be arrested by the newspapers, which should set forth the reasons why the Republican party is distinctly the party of intelligence, conscience, good order, patriotism, sound national policy, and honest politics. But Mr. CLARKSON's observation seems not to have included the fact that the young men who were the subjects of his remarks are peculiarly intelligent and enlightened. It is, indeed, because they read and think that they have come to the conclusion that the prospects of progress and reform and honest government are fairer at present with the Democratic party, and that as what is called protection of labor is really favor to capital, upon which the party relies for the golden sinews of political war, Republican ascendancy, with a high tariff, promises general corruption of politics. It is because they read and think that they do not acknowledge the assertion that the Democrats are as bad as the Republicans to be a conclusive reason for supporting any policy or measure that the Republicans may choose to approve, or any candidate whom they may choose to nominate.

That one party is as bad as another is not a strong argument with men of convictions, ability, and courage, who see that they can control one party against another controlled by men whom they do not trust. In New York it may be said plausibly that the support of a party led by Governor HILL is not better than that of a party led by Mr. PLATT. But when such honors are easy, the young man looks at other things. He considers the views professed by both parties, the general party tendency, whether it is up or down, their recent history, their apparent attraction for young and intelligent and patriotic men, their comparative prospect of escape from corrupt control, and a thousand other circumstances, the aggregate of which determines the vote of sensible men. He is not concluded by the sole fact that Mr. PLATT commands in one camp and Governor HILL in the other. His decision is determined by a survey of probabilities and circumstances, as well as of all the facts.

In Massachusetts one of the good results of the tendency of intelligent young men to the Democratic party is the probable Republican nomination of Mr. CRAPO for the Governorship. Governor RUSSELL will be undoubtedly renominated by the Democrats, and the result will be that each party will be represented by a candidate of the highest personal character and fitness, with a public experience which, in the case of Mr. CRAPO, is of long duration. But it may be said safely that except for the Republican defeat of last year, Mr. CRAPO would not be nominated. Before this year other candidates of no superior qualifications have been preferred to him. But the party, finding that the neglect of men like Mr. CRAPO has naturally led to party disaster, now turns to him; and it is undoubtedly true that if such men as Mr. CRAPO, and the honesty in politics which they represent, had been constantly favored by the party, its young men would not now find better promise in Democratic ascendancy. If it be true, as one of the Republican leaders in Massachusetts is said to have remarked to an independent but ambitious young Republican, "If you want to succeed, you can't be always running in and out of the party," it is equally true that a party cannot play fast and loose with measures and candidates and retain the support of honest men who are politically in earnest. Fortunately the nomination of Messrs. RUSSELL and CRAPO

will insure in Massachusetts a campaign of principles and policies, and not of mere personality, and the result will be indicative of the actual political sympathy of the State.

THE GRAND ARMY AND THE COLOR LINE.

THE recent meeting of the Grand Army of the Republic at Detroit is said to have been the largest in its annals. The warmth of its welcome was evidently very great, and the parade of the line was a very impressive and touching spectacle. Ex-President HAYES's speech upon presenting a badge to the retiring Commander, General YEZEY, and the General's reply, were both exceedingly felicitous, and the Commander's speech to the Grand Army was remarkable for its treatment of the burning topic in the deliberations of the encampment, which was the proposition to draw a color line in the Grand Army. The white members of the Louisiana posts represented that the equal admission of colored members to the posts resulted in a colored majority, and so placed the white minority under control of the blacks, which that minority could not tolerate. They asked, therefore, that authority be granted to establish in the State a colored department of the Grand Army. General YEZEY, who is a Republican from Vermont, without any sympathy whatever with the harsh treatment of colored citizens, admitting the difficulty of the question, upon the whole favored the separation by color. But the proposition to that effect was defeated in the encampment by an overwhelming vote.

Any other result would have been surprising. The Grand Army, as we understand, recognizes no distinctions among its members arising from political or religious opinion, from race, birthplace, or color. All honorable soldiers of the Union are, as such, equally eligible as members of the Grand Army. They are not, for that reason, however, brought into other social relations than all members of societies for specific purposes. A proposition to organize a department of the Grand Army on sectarian or political grounds would be acknowledged as fatal to the objects of the association. A Methodist and Baptist, an orthodox and agnostic department would be as ludicrous as a Republican and Democratic and Independent classification. There were no such distinctions in the army service. All honorable soldiers were equal, and if a Methodist recruit found it impossible to touch elbows with a Baptist or a Presbyterian, he was not compelled to enlist.

It is not a question of the agreeableness of a majority, but of the conditions of membership in the Grand Army. If a sectarian minority in any department should ask to have an organization of their own sect, ought the whole body of the organization to authorize such a division? If the minority should secede, would that be a reason for reconsideration and authorizing the division? Undoubtedly intelligent men do not like to be controlled by ignorant men. But there are plenty of associations where an intelligent minority must yield to the ignorant majority or withdraw. Mr. DECKER said in the debate that there are colored churches, and why not colored departments of the Grand Army? Because colored churches are purely voluntary associations, and in the instances where the colored people are formally excluded by the whites on account of color, it is not doubted that the action is inconsistent with the Christian spirit. The proposition to draw the color line in the churches rent them asunder. If the white Union soldiers had seen fit to form a white Grand Army, with such other conditions of membership as they chose, it would have been extraordinary, but such an association would have secured uniformity of color. But as the Grand Army was formed without such a condition, it would be exceedingly unwise now to introduce it. If there are white members who regard the condition of color as imperative, they need not seek to change the basis of the present society, in which they are a minority, because it would dissolve it, and they can form a new association, if conformity to the terms of membership is impossible for them.

THE COURTESY OF THE SENATE.

DIFFERENCES between the Senators from the same State are not unknown. Mr. CONKLING and Mr. FENTON, Senators from New York twenty years ago were not friends, but their unfriendliness came to no scandalous public outbreak. That, however, is the phrase that must be applied to the difference between Senators CHANDLER and GALLINGER, of New Hampshire. Mr. CHANDLER describes his colleague in these words:

"The necessities and desires of Dr. GALLINGER were money and office. For money he was employed by SAMUEL W. HALE in his canvass for the Governorship in 1883, and no money barrel has he ever seen, from that of the Montreal Railroad in 1878 to that of General ALGER in 1891, without an intense desire to tap it and absorb its contents. Unworthy ends by corrupt means have been his unvarying aim. In 1887 he sold himself and his influence as member of Congress and Chairman of the State Committee to the Concord Railroad for \$5000 or more; and he superintended the expenditure of the money of that company among venal Republicans over the State to the amount of \$100,000 or more. With

the aid of the mercenary force thus organized he usurped the State Committee Chairmanship in 1888 and became an unsuccessful candidate for Senator in 1889.

"He originated or joined numerous wild-cat endowment orders, and is more responsible than any other living man for the injury, suffering, and disgrace caused to New Hampshire by these wicked and reckless organizations; and he took care to obtain in cash his own large fees as supreme medical examiner, and to secure for himself the earliest benefit certificates issued. With his barrel full of money obtained thus and from the Concord Railroad, he sent out during the canvass of 1890 his circulars demanding the Senatorship, and brought on an issue in the town and ward caucuses which of itself was sufficient to cause the close result in the State on members of the Legislature."

There can be but one conclusion drawn from such a publication. If these statements are correct, the facts could not have been concealed. They must have been known in political circles, and not unknown to the Republican leaders who favored Dr. GALLINGER's candidature. The article, therefore, is the most damaging assault upon the Republican party in New Hampshire, because it accuses that party of sending to the United States Senate a notoriously corrupt politician.

It is another illustration of the constantly accumulating evidence which encourages the wide impression that Republican management now relies upon illicit means. Under such circumstances Republican sneers at Democratic money barrels become rather absurd. A party which marshals flouters in blocks of five can hardly afford to point with lofty scorn at a party which buys seven more mules. But that this blow should have been dealt to the Republican party at this time by Senator CHANDLER is certainly surprising.

THE COLORED VOTE IN MISSISSIPPI.

It is not doubtful that there is a general determination among the white citizens of the Southern States that the colored citizens shall not obtain important political ascendancy. There is no unwillingness, apparently, that they shall vote, and that their votes shall be counted, until they threaten to become a majority. This is a situation which as yet defies statesmanship. The assumption that it can be remedied by the force bill, or that those who perceive that fact are in favor of preventing the negro from voting, or of cheating him of the counting of his ballot, seems to us to show more party spirit than political wisdom.

But our present point is not to argue this question, but to show that the small colored vote in many parts of the old slave States cannot be attributed exclusively to intimidation or cheating. The election laws in many of those States are designed undoubtedly to diminish legally the colored vote. That is to say, they are laws intended to annul the fundamental principle of the government that it exists by the consent of the governed as expressed by vote. The defence of the legislation, also, that it is necessary in the actual situation, we do not now discuss. But it is clear that the law can be so adjusted to the situation that an intelligent minority can legally control the result of the election.

Thus in Mississippi the registration boards decide the fitness to vote of those who cannot read, and a poll-tax must be paid by every voter at least four months before election. The time for registry this year has now expired, and the returns seem to show that three-fourths of the colored voters have omitted to register. In Yazoo County more than 6000 are entitled to register, but only 78 have registered. In the whole State the registry will be about 90,000 whites to 35,000 negroes. The white registry is also somewhat affected by the new law, but the percentage of loss is very much smaller than that of the colored vote. This is a situation which no force bill would remedy, and if no relief can be reasonably expected from a bill which otherwise necessarily alarms and irritates, wise statesmanship does not insist upon its passage.

GEORGE JONES, OF THE "TIMES."

MR. JONES died, after a short illness, at the ripe age of eighty, and he leaves the unsullied name of a thorough, able, and upright "newspaper man." He had taken all the degrees, from the lowest to the highest, and was a past master of the art. His sagacity, energy, diligence, and courage were essential elements in the rapid development and advance of one of the great journals of the country, the New York Times, and the achievement of such success in such a branch of activity is the proof of uncommon personal force. The general course of the paper was supposed to be largely determined by his judgment, and the power of its advocacy of wide reform and of a progressive and truly American policy is universally acknowledged. But success did not spoil the simplicity of his character, nor touch his kindly sympathy and generous feeling. For younger men in his own vocation there was no better or more friendly counselor, and the journal with which he was so long and constantly and influentially identified is his fitting monument.

THE SWISS CELEBRATION AND WILLIAM TELL.

SWITZERLAND has been lately celebrating in the canton of Schwytz the sixth centenary of its independence as a nation, and on the 15th of August the city of Berne celebrated the seven hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the town. This is an antiquity which reaches beyond the legendary epoch; for Berne was founded in 1191, and the famous hunter of Uri is said to have flourished in 1307, and to have been a member of the League of the Three Cantons—Uri, Schwytz, and Unterwalden—which finally drove the Austrians from the Alps.

But the TELL legend, like so many of the old and new historic tales, is now generally abandoned. It was observed that the old Swiss chroniclers did not mention the story, and its first full statement did not occur until the middle of the sixteenth century. This covered it with a certain suspicion,

which has gradually developed with the demonstration that the "TELL tale" is one of the legends common to the Aryan people, and is found in its chief elements in the Persian, Icelandic, Danish, and English poetry, tradition, saga, and ballad.

It is none the less an inspiring and symbolic tale of heroism, and the same tendency of history to legend is curiously illustrated in this country by the story of the mysterious white-haired warrior who suddenly appeared in Hadley during an Indian attack upon the village in King PHILLIP's war, and led the villagers to victory. Mr. GEORGE SHRELDON, of Deerfield, Massachusetts, in a paper published a few years since, traced the story to a foot-note in HUTCHINSON's history referring to a legend in Governor LEVERETT's family. But, examining dates, he discredits the story. Yet the figure of the regicide cannot be dislodged from the popular imagination, nor Hadley divested of the charm of the tradition. WILLIAM TELL and the regicide are as immortal as the heroes of Homer.

THE CENTENARY OF MOZART.

ANOTHER centenary of great interest, recently celebrated at Salzburg, is that of MOZART, the greatest of musical prodigies. He was born there in 1756, and died in Vienna in 1791. At the age of four he was a remarkable pianist and a composer, and until his death, in his thirty-sixth year, his life was a continual progress in the art of which he is so confessedly a master that he is often called the greatest composer of the world, because of the amazing variety and universal superiority of his musical powers.

His personality was equally charming with the richness of his genius. In 1788 he wrote *Don Giovanni* for Prague, and three years later, the last of his life, he wrote "*Die Zauberflöte* for indifferent Vienna, *La Clemenza di Tito* for Prague, and the 'Requiem' for himself." He was the best pianist of his time. At six he played the violin, reading at sight and without hesitation, and at eight he composed symphonies which were heard with delight. He studied Handel and Bach with the utmost diligence, and the best Italian masters. The result is seen in his works, which combine the character of the best German and Italian genius in a charm entirely his own.

The memory of such a man and such a composer as his son is a possession forever for any city. It is no wonder that Salzburg gladly and proudly celebrated the greatest event in its history—the birth of MOZART. His statue stands in the chief square of the city, with the eyes raised toward the tower of the City Hall; and in the recollection of many a traveller from over the sea there is no more vivid European impression than that of arriving in a summer sunset at Salzburg, and leaning out of the window of the hotel to see the figure of MOZART in the square below, looking, as if listening, toward the tower from which softly chimed "*O dolce Convento*."

PERSONAL.

THE son of Major ASKELO, of the British army, now stationed at Simla, was bitten recently by a mad dog. His little brother, who is twelve years of age, cut the wound open with his pocket-knife, and sucked the venom that threatened his brother's life. The pluck of Major GRANT, V.C., seems to be spreading in India.

—MR. CLYDE FITCH, who Mr. RICHARD MANSFIELD says did not write *Beau Brummel*, is the author of the play that will be presented at the opening of the Court Theatre in London this fall. Those who have seen *Don Juan*, which Mr. MANSFIELD wrote without the assistance of Mr. FITCH, will be interested to see how Mr. FITCH succeeds without the assistance of Mr. MANSFIELD.

—The tree on which bulletins of President GARFIELD's condition were posted during his last illness has been cut down at Washington. It stood just outside the east gate of the White House grounds, and was removed to make room for pending improvements.

—JOHN G. WHITTIER is so modest that his niece, who is preparing a biography of him, has found it very difficult to obtain any aid from him in her work. His strength is gradually failing, and he is forced to give up the long walks which he formerly took.

—Dr. EDWARD EGGLESTON, the novelist, is soon to marry Miss ANNA GOODE, a daughter of Dr. E. S. GOODE, of Madison, Indiana.

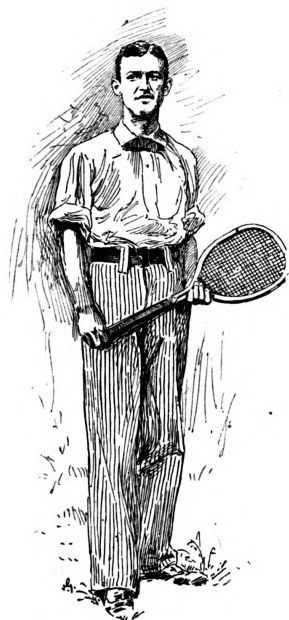
—The house which BENEDICT ARNOLD occupied when a young man in New Haven, Connecticut, is still standing. He compounded drugs at the time, and the sign which swung before his little shop is preserved by the New Haven Historical Society. It bears, besides the usual announcement, the words "from London," which show that the apothecary was not averse to practising the tricks of his business.

—WILLIAM MORRIS, the English poet, affects a singular carelessness of attire. Not infrequently he appears on the street in London wearing an old sack-coat, baggy trousers, a blue flannel shirt, and a black slouch hat. A necktie he seems to consider superfluous, and that and the collar are not infrequently missing.

—Monuments to great men sometimes grow slowly in other countries as well as our own. Paris has just erected one to LA FONTAINE, the well-known author of the fables, who lived 250 years ago, and it was eight years before the 54,000 francs which the statue cost was collected.

—A talent of great promise was cut off by the recent death of FRANK MILES, the London artist. While he made much money by painting pretty fans and such things as are known as art trifles, his landscapes had merit. He was exceedingly popular, and his studio was visited by some of the best-known men and women of the time.

—The remains of DEMETRIUS AUGUSTIN GALLITZIN, a famous Catholic missionary, who founded a church in Cambria County, Pennsylvania, in 1863, have recently been exhumed, and found to be in a perfect state of preservation, although buried over fifty years ago. They are to be exposed to public view, and then reburied with imposing ceremonies, while a suitable monument will mark their resting-place.



CLARENCE HOBART.



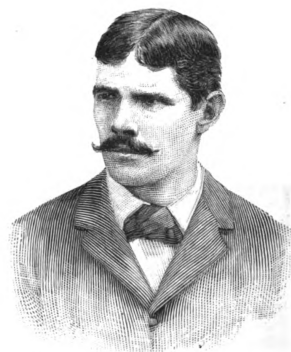
O. S. CAMPBELL (PRESENT CHAMPION.)



S. T. CHASE.



E. L. AND VALENTINE HALL.



F. H. HOVEY.

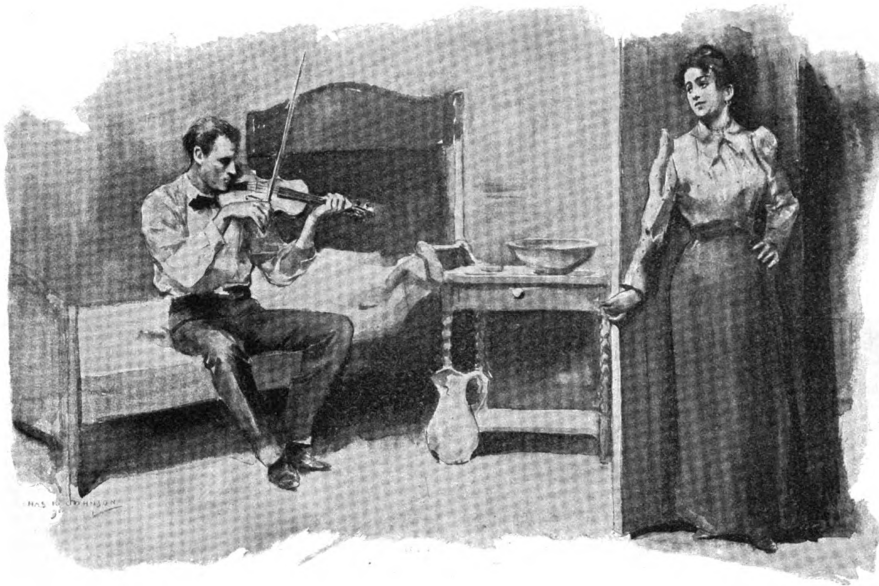


P. S. SEARS.



R. P. HUNTINGTON, JUN.

POSSIBLE LAWN-TENNIS CHAMPIONS.—[SEE PAGE 634.]



MARGHERITA OF THE EAST SIDE.

BY ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

THE Halahan children had matches, as usual, and had made a bonfire on the stairs, to put out which they employed a pail of water.

"Si," thought Margherita—"si sdrucciola; il tempo è oscuro"—it is slippery, and dark. And there was the man from the topmost room coming up. He ascended three steps, when the slipperiness did the rest. Margherita laughed.

Mrs. Halahan, on the first floor, came out. "Patsy Halahan, you'll never be a gentleman!" she screamed to nothing in particular, and re-entered her apartment.

The victim picked himself up, and carefully felt his way on the stairs.

Margherita, outside her door, met him face to face. She had seen him for a month of evenings as he went in and out and he now and then nodded to her. The light from the room curiously irradiated her this evening as she stood there, especially about the head.

"Madonna!" murmured the man. His violin struck against the wall as he turned to look at her again.

"Un Tedesco," she thought—the same nationality as Herr Schwartz, the barber in the basement. While Mr. Halahan was from Ireland and in politics, her own father was Italian, and assisted a friend in the disbursement of liquid refreshment, gaining thereby a weekly stipend, a daily headache, and an hourly increasing admiration of bar-room patois, argot, slang; the rooms above theirs were occupied by an American woman, supposed to be named Smith, who never went out, and who in all seasons was making next winter's overcoats for Mr. Strauss—never this winter's—and whose perpetually active sewing-machine rather soothed Margherita as she lay in bed and tried to forget Venezia, and to think that her father had the right to bring her here, and tell her a husband was waiting for her in Giuseppe, who was connected with the newspaper *Il Segreto*, and had small narrow eyes, and smoothed her hair, and made her frown.

She had liked music over home, and there was one gondolier whose voice used to make her think of heaven; but here she hated it, and would grit her teeth when it came up to her from the street, this music of the new home. That was until a month ago. A month ago, sauntering out in the entry to see Patsy Halahan strike his matches and burn Mary Aloysius Halahan, she was conscious of a strangeness. All at once she had left the tall east-side house and was at home—home with those she had loved since her mother died, and her father sailed over the sea and became an American. It was the fall of a violin, making no tune that was familiar to her, but played by a hand that drew from it a universal sympathy. It was in the topmost room. After that she was always on the landing when the violinist went out or came in. She was glad to-night, when he had slipped on the stairs, that his violin had not broken. He went on to his room, and she stood there looking after him.

"Dago!" yelled Mary Aloysius Halahan, as she ran up for a game of tag on the roof before retiring for the night.

Margherita went in and sat at the window. Below and above flapped white sheets, and ghostly garments slid out from casements on lines fastened to tall poles like the masts of ships. By leaning a little she could see between the American woman's wash and find a little stripe of heaven, in which there shone one bright star.

The sausage for supper was on the table, the macaroni bubbling on the stove. Beppo, the monkey Giuseppe had given her to cure her of nostalgia, was picking the hearts from some grains of corn; the statue of St. Joseph, with a bunch of lilies like diving-bells growing on a telegraph pole, was on its bracket, which had a little founce of lace. Giuseppe had given her the statue because Joseph was his patron saint.

A monkey and a plaster of Paris saint to cure her of homesickness! She looked at Joseph, and his little flat painted eyes reminded her of Giuseppe's; she looked at Beppo, and his greed, his restless head, reminded her of Giuseppe.

"Mary Aloysius Halahan," screamed Mrs. Halahan, "if you fall off o' that roof, I'll let you know it. You'll never be a lady!"

Frau Schwartz, in the basement, had sauer-kraut for tea, and the odor of that and other people's cooking edibles permeated the house.

Venezia! Venezia! how it must be over there now, with Tessa and Bettina, her little cousins who loved her so! Anima mia! was that the singing of the gondolier whose voice made her think of heaven? Nay; it was the violin in the topmost room.

How strange he had looked when he came up after his tumble! She arose and opened the door wider. What a face the man had, with eyes as blue as Venetian skies, a look in them that made her think of Tessa and Bettina when they clung to her the day she went away from them!

She slid down to the floor, her hands clasped tightly, and looked up to the bright star in the stripe of sky. Then she heard the padre's footfall, and she leaped to her feet. Beppo began to scream, and climbed to the frame of the lithograph of a distillery which the padre had brought home to brighten up the room. The padre came in with his much English, which he spoke to Margherita—not a word of Italian from him or Giuseppe, for she must learn the language of her new country.

"Grub!" he said, "and get a move on you." "Move," smiled Margherita, the ineradicable hand language of her father, land informing her more than did the uttered sound.

"The Dutchman's fiddle!" went on her father, apostrophizing the music in the topmost room. "He's a little German band; he was outside the saloon last night. Give the monkey a feed."

"Scimia! scimia!" called Margherita.

"Scimia!" snarled her father. "Say monkey."

"Monk—monka," smiled Margherita, "che mangerete?"

"No!" thundered her father. "Say, 'get onto the grub.'"

"Monka—gruba," said Margherita; and up in the topmost room the violin sang its exquisite pain.

The violinist, how young he was!—almost a boy, his face white and thin, his eyes as Margherita thought them.

His instrument under his chin, he played the song that has touched more than Margherita—even Schumann's "Widmung." "A toi—to my love, to my love!" it sang. And the player had no supper, and would have none, music not having proved remunerative in the early evening, before the busy people had time to be sentimental. Night might be better. He wanted only enough food to keep away that awful pang of hunger, and—"Widmung" was played once more. Then the violin was laid aside, and the player threw himself across the bed in the chilly room, and slept for very weariness.

Had he not paced the room all last night and many a night before? The moon looked in at him through the curtainless window, and made strange moving shadows in the room.

Mary Aloysius Halahan playing tag on the roof made him dream of a noise—a pistol shot. He woke with beads of perspiration on his forehead. He blew his breath on his cold fingers, and caught up his violin to go out to the streets. First, though, he took a little flat package from his pocket and pressed it to his lips. "Ich liebe dich, Bertha!" he said.

Margherita heard him coming down. Her father had gone away, as usual, and would not be in till late. Giuseppe would come to see her this evening, so the padre had made her put on a bright ribbon, as though the amber beads were not sufficient ornamentation. She looked up as the violinist came down the stairs.

"Madonna!" he said. A faint sickness came over him as he thought of the pitying Mother up there in heaven.

What had he to do with heaven—he who had usurped divine power over in Germany? "Madonna!"

Margherita knew that he could not speak to her so that she could understand; no one spoke to her thus in these days of unintermittent silence, amid jarring sound; but she smiled. "Violino, amico," she said, making an inward gesture with her hands.

He bowed, and went on down the stairs, meeting a small dark-faced man with eyes that made him think of things that sting. This was Giuseppe coming to see Margherita, bearing with him a copy of *Il Segreto*, in which was an account, written by himself, of an outrage by American laborers upon their Italian fellow-workmen, and calling upon the Italian government to make it an international affair.

"Maggie," he said, "are you standing there waiting for me? You are there every evening, on the landing."

He stroked her hair, and she wriggled away from him into the living room, and kept Beppo in her arms while the visit lasted.

Cielo! how beautiful she was to-night, those eyes of hers great wells of brown light! Surely she looked twenty, rather than sixteen! And Giuseppe's eyes were narrower than ever as he regarded her.

"Maggie," he said, and she thought his pink tongue was sharp as it moistened his lips, "sit close to me while I read to you *Il Segreto*."

"Non," she said—"non posso capirlo."

So Giuseppe, resolving to seek her father that very night and tell him how she kept him off, read his article, and with a curt good-night, left her.

Then Margherita took down St. Joseph, and let Beppo play with him.

She was asleep when her father with his headache reached home. Il padre went to her room and looked down at her. There was a tear on her cheek not yet dry. She looked as her mother had looked in the old days of sunshine and never-to-be-forgotten youth.

"Jo's a beat," the padre contented himself to say, and sought his own couch.

But Margherita had rested poorly ever since her arrival in the New World, so that she was awake when the violinist came in, and she heard him toiling up the stairs. She was awake when the American woman lighted her lamp and began on Mr. Strauss's next winter's overcoats. She was awake when Mrs. Halahan called out: "Mary Aloysius Halahan, go and get two cents' worth o' milk." Patsy Halahan, where are you at? Did you get that bread?

This day Margherita put on her bright ribbon and waited to hear the violin. When she heard it, she failed to think of Tessa and Bettina. The music startled her. She did not know that the violin voiced a despair, that his song was "Ich grolle nicht," into which he put all his own energy of agonized repression. Margherita had never heard anything like this. She thought of Giuseppe, and how he had tried to have her sit close to him last night. She hated Giuseppe. And that music! She opened the door. She would creep nearer to the music, as to something that cared for her, understood her.

She softly ascended the stairs. The topmost room was open. The violinist, a great blaze of fever in his face, sat on the side of the bed, playing the wild tune. His eyes were like glass with fire back of it.

He did not notice Margherita in the doorway. But she saw that he was ill. On the bed beside him lay a little thin packet; his eyes were upon it while he made his music. She looked closer, and saw that it was a small photograph.

All at once the violin fell from his hand, and rattled to the floor as he fell over upon the bed. Margherita thought of death. Then she had flown down to her father's room for a bottle of Chianti, and was up in the topmost room again. The young man had not moved; he lay there motion-

less, that fire in his face, his hand closed over the photograph.

She broke the neck of the wine bottle, got a tin cup, and filled it, and put it to the man's lips, and forced the liquor down his throat. The red in his face became purple.

She unloosened his fingers, and took the picture into her own hands. It was that of a fair maiden. There was a line of writing on the back of the card, together with a piece of printed matter pasted there. She looked at the woman's face; the rest was a dead letter to her. She felt her own cheek grow a little warm. Then she laughed.

"La sorella," she said—"la sorella;" it was his sister, that was all; he was too young for anything else. All the same, she carried the picture down stairs with her, and carefully studied the pretty face.

She knew that the young man was in his room all that day.

In the evening, contrary to precedent, her father remained at home. This alarmed her. He had said home the night he told her she should never leave the apartment unless he were with her; he had said home the night he told her if she cried any more because Giuseppe loved her, she should be starved.

"Jo's coming," he said to-night. "He's been chinning to me all day. You'll be married next week."

She did not understand his words, but his face told her something that made her think of the other two nights when he had said at home.

Then Giuseppe came—Giuseppe, who had viewed her beauty the night before in quite a new manner, and who had complained again to her father of her bearing toward him.

Beppo bit him when he came in, and he aimed a blow at the little beast. Margherita interfered, and he kissed her. The violin was singing upstairs. Crinson with shame at Giuseppe's embrace, her indignation only making the padre and Giuseppe laugh, she darted out into the hall. Giuseppe made a feint of running after her to kiss her again.

Up the stairs she flew, scarcely knowing what she did, save that she fled for protection.

The violinist's door was open.

He saw her this time—the Madonna face. "Ich liebe dich, Bertha," he said, and held out his hands supplicatingly, the violin in one hand, the bow in the other.

She knew no language save her own, but she saw love in his face. She ran to him, and he folded his arms about her, crying out with exceeding violence.

She liberated herself, thrilled, yet timid.

He went round the room, playing the violin, looking for something.

She knew what he looked for—the picture of his sister.

She ran down the stairs to get it, forgetting the padre, Giuseppe, and all, vibrating with a new feeling as she was, that deep violin music wrapping her in its spell.

She found her father and Giuseppe looking at the picture she had left on the table.

"It has 'Ich liebe dich, Bertha,' written on it in a woman's hand," Giuseppe was saying.

"But the printed German!" asked the padre.

Giuseppe read that, and uttered an exclamation.

"A big reward for a murderer," he said. "A student, nineteen years old, five feet six inches in height, light hair, blue eyes; a scar on the forehead under the hair, made by a bullet from the pistol of the policeman he escaped from; a scar on the eye of the violin. He killed the man who eloped with his sweet heart." Then Margherita was on them, had snatched the picture from Giuseppe's hand and vanished.

"Margherita!" called her father. But she had gone to the violinist. With a glad cry he took the picture from her.

"Madonna!" he said. "Queen of Heaven, who intercedes for the granting of the wishes of sinful humanity—" Madonna!"

She understood that word, and it made her happy. "Madonna, my Lady!"

"Margherita!" called her father.

"Mio caro!" she said—"mio caro!" Then her father and Giuseppe were in the room.

"Margherita!" said her father, with a black frown, "to your room. Your camera."

"Now I can account for the way she has treated me," Giuseppe said, in a still voice—"now I know why she is so much on the lauding." He went to the young German, and raised a curl of the light hair that fell over his forehead. "See the scar!"

"A reward, did you say?" asked the padre.

"Ah! here is one of my Chianti bottles! Margherita!"

"Take her away," said Giuseppe, in that still voice. "I will go to the police. The man is a lunatic!" for the German was feasting his eyes on the photograph, unheeding them.

Down in their own apartment Margherita raised her eyes defiantly to her father's.

He raised his hand and let it fall upon her face, once, twice, and a hot streak came out on her cheek. But she never wavered, and her eyes still defied him. He locked her in the room till he went up and turned the key in the door of the topmost room from the outside. Then he came down to his daughter again. She still had that look in her eyes. He called her a name that made a heat all over her, and struck her the third time. She could hear the violin singing "Widmung"; it was singing from her heart, she thought. Her

father went outside when he heard Giuseppe returning.

"We will have to wait till to-morrow," said Giuseppe. "Keep his door locked. And Margherita must be mine now or never."

"To-morrow," said the padre.

"Shall I see her to-night?" asked Giuseppe.

"To-morrow," said the padre. "She is my daughter till then."

Then the two men went away, leaving Margherita to her thoughts.

The Italian children were shouting with merriment; she could smell the smoke from their bonfire. The American woman's sewing-machine whirled. She knelt to pray.

"Madonna!" she murmured—"Madonna!"

She had knelt before St. Joseph ever since Giuseppe had given her the figure. She knelt there now; but with a cry she started to her feet, tore down the statue, and put her foot on it, grinding and grinding her heel upon it till it was a mass of white dust and fragments of clay. Then she knelt at the window, her face raised to the narrow sky.

"Sancta Maria!" she said; then lowered her head—"Madonna! Madonna!"

Her head then, her head upon the window-sill, she slept. She dreamed. There was music—"Widmung"—and blue eyes looking into hers, and a voice all trembling with passion, saying, "Ich liebe dich—ich liebe dich!" till she must think the words meant more than words ever meant before. Then in her dream a rose bore her, dense and awful, with a heat that made the brain reel. Air! She could not breathe. Was that Beppo chattering? A grinding sound, and she awoke—awoke in smoke and suffocation. The Italian children and their matches had done it at last. Dazed, bewildered, she knew not where she was, while the cracking outside scared her. Beppo was rushing round her, jabbering, hissing.

"Padre! padre!" she cried. She ran to the door. It was bolted. Oh, padre! padre! here is little Margherita, and she fears. Oh, Bettina! Tessa!

Suddenly a sweet piercing tone reached her—a violin playing "Widmung." She was stupefied at once. She opened the window and put Beppo on the sill, and saw him disappear in the darkness. There was a heavy chair in the room. She raised it and smote upon the door. The third time, and the thin paucelling gave way, and she was out on the landing, where there was nothing but rolling smoke spangled with bright cinders.

Up the stairs that trembled and throbbed under her, up to the topmost room, guided by the voice of the violin, she ran. That door was locked too. She did not know that her father had the key. She pounded upon the wood. "Margherita!" she called. "Margherita!"

And the violin sang "Widmung."

Her voice took on the melody she heard. She thought of the words that must mean more than any other words, though she did not know their meaning. "Ich liebe dich!" she sang. "Ich liebe dich! Bertha! Bertha! Bertha! Mio caro!"

There was a scream in the room, a pulling at the door; then a smiting, a crashing, and the violinist was beside her, wild-eyed, fierce, his lips parted, breathless.

"Bertha!" he shouted. "Bertha!"

Margherita caught him to her. She would save him. He was weak, but she was strong with life.

"Mio caro!"

Then she heard her name from the blackness and the singing.

"Margherita! Where is Margherita?" Giuseppe was shouting. Then he saw the two lighted up by a flare as the flames broke through, and his eyes were like two thread-like slits. Margherita had her arms wound around the man who had supplanted him.

"Mio caro!" said Margherita.

Then came the violinist's face that made the violinist push her from him and grapple with the Italian. But Giuseppe was the stronger, and he dragged the other to the stairs.

"Now as well as to-morrow," he snarled. "Murderer! Murderer!" His hands were at the German's throat.

Margherita sprang to them, and Giuseppe, releasing the man, raised his hand, and she saw the glitter of steel in it.

"Now as well as to-morrow," he said, and plunged toward her to strike, when, with a bound, the young German had caught the hand and dragged at Giuseppe; and there was a crash, and Margherita stood there alone, a yawning abyss at her feet, where the stairs had gone down, carrying the men into the raging fire below.

A sweet-faced Sister leaned over Margherita when she opened her eyes in the hospital.

"You are sadly burned, dear," she said. "Your father has been here, and Father Piozzi, but you did not know them. Ah, you do not understand me!"

But Margherita was clinging to her. "Madonna!" she was saying—"Madonna! Ich liebe dich!—ich liebe dich!"

For she heard the violin, heard "Widmung," as though very far away; she saw blue eyes looking into hers, and arms stretched out to hold her.

"Ich liebe dich!" she said, more faintly—"ich liebe dich!" and "Tessa! Bettina!"

And the Sister placed a little crucifix in her hand, and held her till her pretty head fell over and she was still. And the Sister was weeping.

POSSIBLE LAWN-TENNIS CHAMPIONS.

The tournament which began August 18th for the championship in singles of the United States will develop more good play than has ever been seen in this country. It is well known that the form of the entries, generally speaking, is of a much higher order than that of any previous year, while the play of the first half-dozen top men is championship form. Not before in the history of the game here have there been so many first-class men. In the years past, and the very recent ones at that, we have been accustomed to seeing two or three "cracks," but this year there are at least seven men between whom there is not a great deal of difference. The reason for this, of course, readily found in the great improvement made in the last two years, but especially in the season which is just now enjoying a very brilliant "beginning of the end" at Newport. Nearly all of the men whose portraits are to be found in this issue of the WEEKLY have been playing in tennis tournaments for several years, gradually improving until this year we find them showing form that was known to but one or two a few years ago.

O. S. Campbell's tennis career is so well known that to detail it here would savor of carrying coals to Newcastle. Although yet quite young, about twenty-two years of age, he has been playing in public longer than any one of those now active and promising. Knapp excepted. He began playing tennis when quite a lad, showing such marked ability that none of his playfellows—or any in Brooklyn, his residence, for matter of that—were able to cope with him. He continued to show such improvement that championship honors loomed up in the perspective. In 1886 made his debut in the National tournament, and after a plucky struggle was defeated in the first round by the player from whom, after four years of work, he was destined to win the United States championship. From the time of his debut up to this year, his improvement has been great. He has represented his college, Columbia, from which he recently graduated on many courts, and invariably with distinction. He lasted until the fourth round in '88, and in '89 was "runner up" at Newport; and in those same years was winner of the Intercollegiate doubles, with V. G. Hall and A. E. Wright respectively, as well as winner of the Tropical championship, played at St. Augustine, Florida.

Last year he defeated H. W. Slocum, Jun., for the championship, and this summer, with R. P. Huntington, Jun., won the Eastern doubles. Campbell's chances for retaining the championship this year have been extensively and variously estimated and underestimated throughout the tennis newspaper world, and his poor showing this season, quoted in evidence of his inability to hold it. All his critics appear, however, to have overlooked two important matters. First, that although young, Mr. Campbell has lived long enough to know the value of not giving his play "away," and has not played his game this season; but once he has shown what he could do, and that was in an exhibition game with W. P. Knapp on Staten Island, and his play at that time was remarkably brilliant. Second, he has made no special effort to keep in form—on the contrary, rather playing off—while those with whom he has played in recent tournaments have been trained to the hour. Consideration of these facts may save him for some of the enthusiastic Newport contingent. All things are possible, of course, and tennis is as uncertain as any game, but if Campbell does not retain the championship, the winner of the All Comers will be called on to play better tennis than he has yet shown in public. Those who think Campbell will not play so well as he did last year will be surprised to hear that Clarence Hobart is a resident of this city, and a member of the New York Tennis Club, of which he is champion. It has been on the courts of this club chiefly that he has acquired his tennis education. Although having played since '86, he has been until the last year or so more or less of an unknown, or rather to be more accurate, an unappreciated quantity. His first public appearance was in the championship doubles at Newport, when, in '88, with E. P. McMullen, they lost in the final round to V. G. Hall and Campbell. In '89 he won a number of tournaments in this vicinity, and last year at the Country Club of Westchester created great surprise by defeating Knapp, Campbell, and Taylor, and losing the cup to R. P. Huntington, Jun. With V. G. Hall he won the championship in doubles. In the singles at Newport he lasted until the next to the final round, when Knapp turned the tables on him. This year his record is clear; he has beaten every one. Beginning with capturing the Orangeville Challenge Cup, he has attracted much attention. When later he succeeded in winning the Intercollegiate championship from Campbell, he was immediately heralded as the coming champion. Mr. Hovey's attention during the earlier part of the season was given to base-ball, and he made an enviable though entirely local reputation as short stop on the Harvard nine. The present season has shown in tournaments this season has been characterized by streaks of exceptionally brilliant and very ordinary (for a "crack") work, the latter in larger proportion than the former. His chances for the championship have been

pert in different styles of game, one disastrous to the other.

R. P. Huntington, Jun., is another who is looked upon by many to be Campbell's most formidable rival for the '91 championship. To my way of thinking, however, the champion would rather have Huntington face him than either Hobart or Knapp; not that his game is not equally clever, but it is much better suited to Campbell's style of play, and then he knows Huntington's game to a T, and would have a great deal more confidence in himself. Mr. Huntington was graduated from Yale this year, where, by-the-way, he also acquired his tennis education. His first appearance in the National championship at Newport was in '89, when he was defeated in the first round by H. A. Taylor. In the same year he won the Intercollegiate championship in addition to his college championship. In '90 he made very rapid strides into prominence, winning the Westchester Country Club Cup and several other minor matches. He defeated every player of importance but Campbell and Knapp, to the former of whom he succumbed in the round next to the final at Newport last year. He plays a wonderfully good game of tennis, probably the best all-round game of any man in the country. Being six feet tall, he is a difficult man to "job" over, and dangerous, as he "smashes" with great skill. If he were not quite so slow to take advantage of an opponent's opening, he would be invincible. With Campbell as partner, he won the Eastern doubles this summer.

W. P. Knapp is not represented here, photographically speaking, but he is none the less one of the top players of this country. Of all the present "cracks," he probably has been playing the longest. He began play about in '83 while at Yale, from which university he was graduated in '85. His first achievement, and that gave him at the time great renown, was defeating R. D. Sears for the Intercollegiate championship. He won this tournament in '84 and '85, and the doubles as well, and the latter honor also in '86. He began playing in the National championship at Newport in '84, reaching the fourth round, where H. A. Taylor defeated him; in '85 he reached the final, but was again defeated, this time by G. M. Brinley. From that year until '89 he played very little, not entering at Newport. In '89 L. A. Shaw defeated him in the fourth round, and last year he contested the final for the All Comers Cup with Campbell, and lost it after a beautiful display of tennis. He is one of the hardest players to down in the land. Persistent, and trained to endure any number of sets, he would always make the champion, whoever he might be, play his best game to defeat him. If he practised more, Mr. Knapp would have as good if not a better chance to win the All Comers than any other player, and as it is he will come very near it. Indeed, on second thoughts, I rather expect to see Knapp and Hobart in the final (unless the former has "gone off" very badly), and if so, it will be a battle royal, for last year they met in the fourth round, and Hobart was defeated. Judging from what I have seen of his practice play this year, for he has not been in a single important tournament, I don't think he can defeat Hobart or Campbell. He and Huntington would make a beautiful match, and he should dispose of Hovey. What he will do with Eddie Hall should they meet is too hard to say. It should be very interesting, with chances in his favor.

P. S. Sears is by no means to be left out of consideration, but I am ever fearful to say much about him. Now and again he shows some play which, if he could keep up, would certainly land him well up; but again, when I have prepared myself to see him do well, he goes off in an unaccountable way, and leaves me astonished and disappointed. Of those I have already mentioned, he is the less formidable, though his game is a good one, and not infrequently a winning one. He and the two Halls should make some very interesting games to decide the right to about sixth place. Mr. Sears began playing tennis about twelve years ago, when he was a lad of eleven. For seven years he has been seen in tournaments, and during his Harvard course he held his college single championship, as well as the doubles in his last year, '86. He won the Intercollegiate doubles with Q. A. Shaw, Jun., in '88, and second in '89, and the singles in both these years. In '89 he also won second at Nahant, and took second at Southampton. He has won many other tournaments which we have no space to enumerate. His best work this year has been at Longwood, where he took second.

F. H. Hovey is the most recent addition to the band of championship aspirants. Until last year he was unknown as a tennis-player outside of his immediate circle at home and at college. He played in the National championship last year, and did so well through winning the Consolidated that he attracted much media attention. When later he succeeded in winning the Intercollegiate championship from Campbell, he was immediately heralded as the coming champion. Mr. Hovey's attention during the earlier part of the season was given to base-ball, and he made an enviable though entirely local reputation as short stop on the Harvard nine. The present season has shown in tournaments this season has been characterized by streaks of exceptionally brilliant and very ordinary (for a "crack") work, the latter in larger proportion than the former. His chances for the championship have been

therefore, to get rid of this ministry, which was determined not to interfere. He took advantage of the first pretext that presented itself to oblige them to resign.

Judge Prats attempted to remove a dishonest police official, and the President coolly informed him that he would not tolerate the removal of any of his friends. Judge Prats and his colleagues were thus obliged to resign, and made known the cause of their resignation.

The President accepted their resignations with unfeigned alacrity and delight, and named a ministry composed of individuals that could be counted on to carry out his criminal intent. Senator Claudio Vicuña, one of the three Senators who had shown conspicuous servility in supporting the President, and who now was promised the Presidency, was placed at the head of the cabinet; its other members were just as insignificant as himself, and men of most questionable antecedents. The first act of this new ministry was to close Congress, which had assembled for the purpose of passing the budget and the law regulating the existence of the army and navy.

The registration now took place in accordance with the President's wishes. Every outrage was committed, the army and the police were used to prevent any but the adherents of Balmaceda from registering.

The danger of a disturbance of public order now again became imminent; numerous and vehement representations were addressed to the Executive by the leading citizens of Chile, by public corporations, and by the press of the country urging him to respect the Constitution and the will of the people; but all was unavailing.

He had now resolved to force revolution upon the country, and commenced active preparations for it. Public employees were separated from their posts because they would not lend themselves to the support of dishonest measures, and their places were filled by the President's incapable and subservient henchmen; the officers of the army were obliged to sign a pledge that they would support the President in any event. Thus the men whose services and years entitled them to honor and respect were obliged to resign rather than serve in an army where self-respect and merit had ceased to be virtues. He also attempted to bribe the officers of the navy, and undertook a voyage from Valparaiso to Talcahuano, with all the fleet for an escort, with this object in view; but he had mistaken the temper of our gallant officers, who rejected his flattery and spurned his offers and his bribes with that contempt which they always inspire in the breasts of honest and brave men.

Everybody saw his preparations, but the people, accustomed to the enjoyment of tranquility under the rule of honest Presidents, did not believe that Balmaceda would trample under foot all precedent and tradition; they did not believe that he would destroy the edifice which the honesty, the prudence, and the patriotism of three generations had built up; they had just reason for mistrusting him, but they could not believe that a Chilean would be guilty of high treason to the state. He desired to name as his successor a man who would screen him from exposure and disgrace, and failing in this, he wished to assume all public power, and this was only possible through revolution. He believed that he was sufficiently powerful to quell any uprising, and that his illegal acts would produce at most some protest from Congress and some slight disturbance of order, which would furnish him with the pretext he desired for proclaiming himself a Dictator and for banishing the leaders of the revolution.

One by one the liberties of the people were taken away; their meetings were broken up by armed ruffians, supported by the police, who shot down innocent citizens; the right of meeting was then completely denied; the newspaper offices were assaulted; men were imprisoned without cause, and there was no redress, for the President and his cabinet were themselves the instigators of these outrages.

By his closing of Congress and his refusal to summon it, he rendered it impossible to carry on the government legally after the 1st of January, for the Constitution provides that "only by virtue of a law is it permissible to fix annually the strength of the army, naval, and land forces, and to fix annually the expenses of public government." But Balmaceda, disregarding these explicit provisions of our fundamental charter, on the 1st of January last issued a proclamation declaring that he had been obliged to violate the Constitution, and that he would continue to violate it. He furthermore proclaimed: "I count on the support of the army and navy who know that I am their constitutional chief, and that they are essentially obedient forces that cannot deliberate."

The people of Chile were thus given to understand that they were no longer the citizens of a constitutional republic, and that they must either rise to the defense of their liberties, or submit to the rule of a tyrant.

Congress, in view of the President's proclamation and exercising a constitutional prerogative, deposed him. The entire fleet and the leading officers of the army at once offered their services for the re-establishment of constitutional government.

As soon as the Dictator learned that the fleet had declared against his authority, he issued a decree assuming all public powers, although

the Constitution provides that "no magistrate, no person nor assembly of persons, can, even under pretext of extraordinary circumstances, arrogate to himself or itself other powers than those expressly conferred." He closed all newspapers and destroyed their presses; he imprisoned Congressmen, judges, and many of the leading citizens, and ordered others to be shot without a trial; he had men and women tortured for expressing sympathy with the revolution; he closed all places of amusement; he ordered his soldiers to pillage the farms of the leading members of Congress and confiscated their property; he converted all the leading clubs into barracks. In fact, there is no cruelty which he has not inflicted, and no outrage and no crime against the liberty of the citizens which he has left uncommitted.

The Supreme Court decided that his acts were unconstitutional, and he thereupon closed all the courts, and imprisoned many of the judges.

He abrogated the electoral laws, and in order that his Dictatorship might have some semblance of legality, declared that existing Congress to have ceased in its functions, and ordered new elections to be held for a so-called Constituent Assembly, which should reform the Constitution which he had violated.

Inasmuch as under martial law there could be no opposition, all the candidates which he designated were unanimously elected. The first act of these so-called Congressmen was to pass a law legalizing all the criminal acts of the Dictator, and by which they divested themselves of all legislative attributes in order to clothe him with irresponsible authority. They thus disclosed their origin, and manifested their abject servility to their lord and master. Although the electoral law provides that no office-holder can be a Senator or Deputy, more than one-half the members of this so-called Congress are office holders, and fully one-third are relatives of the triumvirate—Balmaceda, Sanfuentes, Vicuña.

The Congressional party has been successful from the first, and now occupies the territory comprising the northern half of Chile, which yields more than two-thirds of the revenue of the republic. It has a well-organized government, which commands the respect of foreigners as well as Chileans. The territory under its rule is held in undisputed possession, and commercial relations are maintained with all the nations of the world. The peace and order which prevail under the government of Congress is in bold contrast to the reign of terror existing under the military régime of the Dictator. Here all the courts administer justice, while under the rule of the Dictator there is only martial law. The character of the government; the extent of territory occupied; the amount of revenue derived; the wealth, character, and intelligence of its supporters; the strength of its naval and land forces; its foreign commerce—all taken together are a combination of circumstances which entitles this government to be recognized as a belligerent.

The late Francis Wharton, to whom, I think, I can cite no higher authority, in a learned opinion thus expressed himself in regard to the recognition of belligerency:

"We ought not in cases of insurrection in foreign countries to acknowledge insurgents as belligerents until the insurrection establishes itself on such a basis of apparent permanency as to put it, at least for a time, on an apparent parity with the parent state. When such a condition of things is manifest, then a proclamation of neutrality should be issued, and the insurgent vessels admitted to the same rights in our ports as those of the government which they assail."

This opinion is likewise held by such high authorities on international law as Woolsey, Dana, Wheaton, Bluntschli, Hall, Phillimore, Fiore, Calvo, and others.

There are also many precedents showing that the United States have repeatedly recognized belligerency in cases where the insurgent government did not begin to possess the character nor the strength possessed by the Congressional government of Chile.

In the South American revolutions, says Woolsey, "the concession of belligerent rights were given freely by neutrals, most freely by the United States; and as for proclamation, our government went so far as to issue one in 1838 for the prevention of unlawful interference in the civil war of Canada, where no civil or military organization had been set up."

The government of the United States also recognized the belligerency of Texas; and in the civil war in Mexico, while recognizing the government of Juarez as the rightful government, the United States recognized both the parties to the conflict as belligerents. Bolivia long ago recognized the belligerency of Peru. Why should the other governments longer refuse to do us justice?

If the Congressional party had possessed arms, there is no doubt that the struggle would long ago have been brought to a termination.

Had they been able to secure the arms which the *Itata* took from them, there is no reason to believe that the struggle would already have terminated. The *Itata* was seized on suspicion, when there was not even the testimony of one credible witness against her. She was seized because it was suspected that she intended to take on the arms of the schooner *Robert and Minnie*—an act which the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury had declared, a few days before, was "not in violation of the neutrality laws."

There was no process of law, and the *Itata's* captain was informed by counsel that the seizure was illegal. The Chamber of Commerce of San Diego also held a meeting to protest against the illegality of the seizure. The man placed on board and deputized as a marshal for the occasion was a private detective employed by the agents of Balmaceda.

We do not mean to justify the captain's course in running away with this marshal, but we consider that impartial men will be inclined to consider that the facts mentioned, while not sufficient to justify the captain's course, were at least ill calculated to command the respect due to the authority of the United States. Besides, where men are fighting for their liberty, and feel that a nation's life depends on the success of their enterprise, they cannot be expected to judge of matters with the same calmness possessed by disinterested parties. Their course was unwise, but I am certain that every American feels that one of their officers, placed in like circumstances, would have done precisely what the captain of the *Itata* did.

The exportation of munitions of war has never been prohibited by the American government.

Mr. Jefferson when Secretary of State declared that "our citizens have always been free to make, vend, and export arms"; and Mr. Hamilton said, in a Treasury circular, "The purchasing within and exporting from the United States by way of merchandise articles commonly called contraband, being generally warlike instruments and military stores, is free to all the parties at war, and is not to be interfered with."

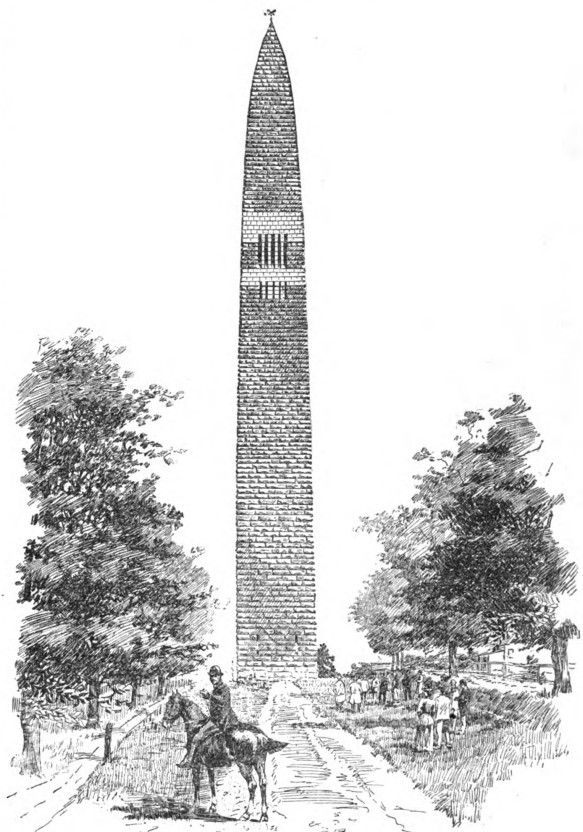
This has ever since been considered to be the doctrine of the United States, and has been sustained by the opinions of judges, Attorneys General, and Secretaries of State.

The government at Iquique, disapproving the conduct of the *Itata's* captain, delivered the ship and the arms to the American admiral, with the understanding that they should be immediately tried by the American courts

for the supposed violation of neutrality; but although the ship has now been back a month and a half she has not been tried.

The sympathy of the American people has always gone out to those struggling against tyranny and oppression, and it has been gratifying to Chileans to know that in the present conflict their sympathies have been decidedly in favor of those fighting against the Dictator Balmaceda. I know of no struggle so deserving of the sympathy of those interested in the success of republican institutions. This revolution was forced on the country by a usurper, who was bent on destroying the constitutional prerogatives of a Congress, which asked that the electoral rights of the people should be respected. The people were forced to take up arms in defence of their cherished institutions. It was not a revolt against constituted authority, but against the usurpation of a tyrant. The honest and brave men of Chile have sacrificed everything in their patriotic endeavor to re-establish the sway of their Constitution. They did not take up arms in order to gratify the ambition of any one man, but to save from strangulation liberty and self-government. If there could be any doubt as to the merits of the case, these have been set aside by the Supreme Court—the final arbiter in constitutional countries as to the illegality of any acts—which has decided the President's course to be unconstitutional. This Court was set aside by the Dictator for so deciding.

Should the fortunes of war favor the Dictator, Chile will sink to the lowest level, under the rule of the dishonest men who now surround the Dictator. The places that once were filled by the men who were the honor and glory of the republic are now occupied by gamblers, thieves, demagogues, and men whose only patriotism is that which the prospect of public plunder inspires. All the wealth, character, and intelligence of the country, all that is bravest and best, are ranged on the side of Congress. The issue of the contest cannot be doubtful.



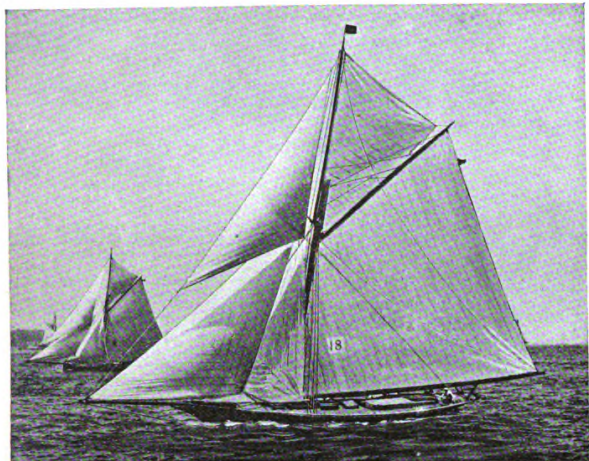
THE BENNINGTON BATTLE MONUMENT.

We give above a picture of the battle monument at Bennington, Vermont, which was dedicated last Wednesday. This monument is erected in honor of the brave old Revolutionary soldiers who gained a glorious victory over the British redcoats at the battle of Bennington. More than one hundred and thirteen years ago, under the command of General John Stark, The Americans were amassed to receive orders at mid-day. The locality was a large field, the entrance to which was the sliding-bars and tall posts peculiar to the community. Stark leaped to the topmost rail, steadied himself by the tall post, and harangued his troops as follows: "Now, my men, yonder are the Hessians; they were bought for seven pounds tennence a man.

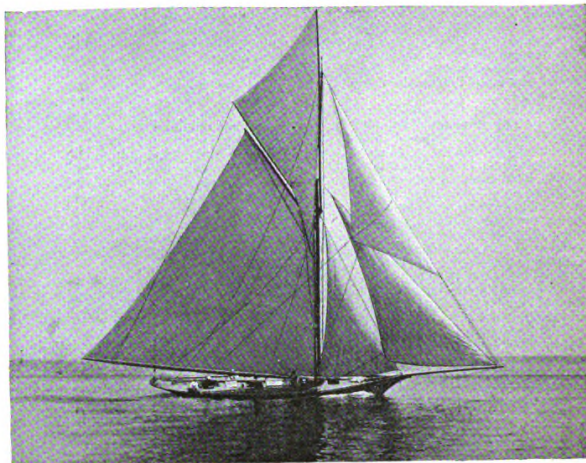
Are you worth more? Prove it. To-night the American flag floats over yonder hill, or Molly Stark sleeps a widow."

The rout of the enemy was complete. The fruits of the victory were, besides this, ammunition, cannon, horses, and seven hundred prisoners. More than two hundred of the enemy were found dead on the field. It is to the memory of these men that the Vermonters have erected their monument.

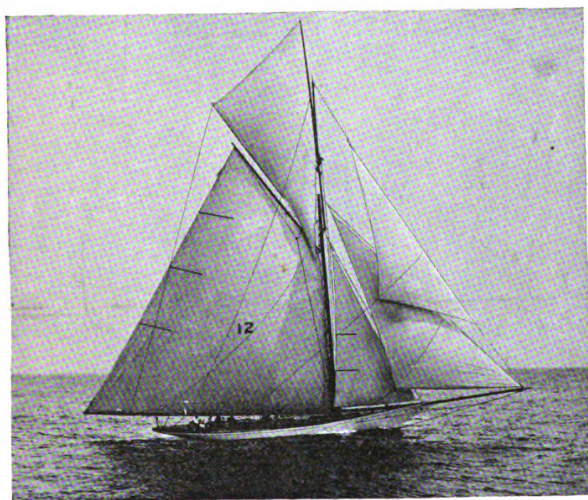
It is 308 feet high, being the highest battle monument in this country, and nearly 100 feet higher than the famous one on Bunker Hill at Boston. It was erected by W. H. Ward, of Lowell, Massachusetts, the expense being borne largely by the State of Vermont and the other New England States.



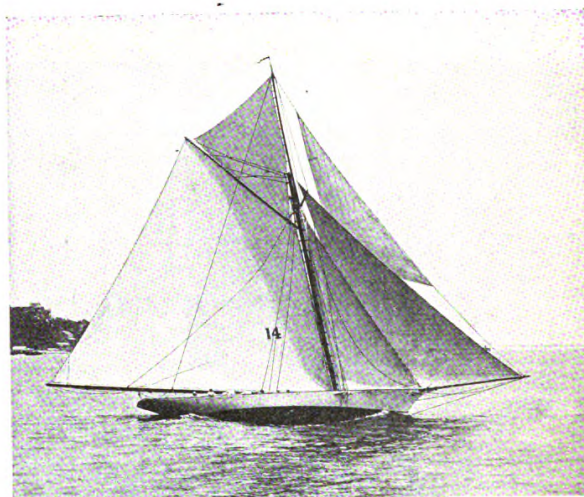
JESSICA.



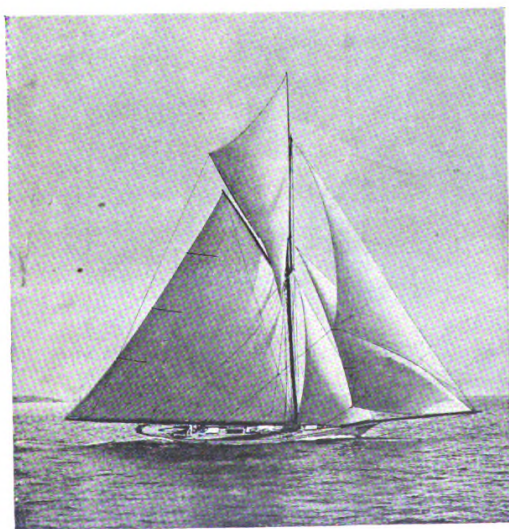
OWEENE.



BEATRIX.



MINEOLA.



SAYONARA.



BARBARA.

THE RACING YACHTS OF '91.—[SEE PAGE 641.]

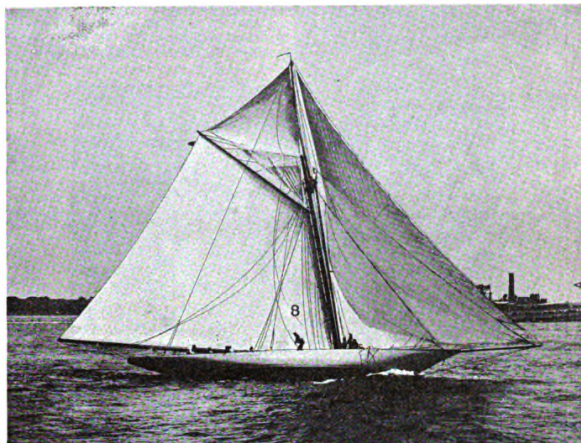
THE RACING YACHTS OF '91.

TRUE to her gender, the racing-yacht has ever been a fickle jade. Not in the memory of sportsmen has one lived out its natural life, while in the last few years each season has developed a new and different type, all tending more and more to the mere racing-machine. Two years ago some of the best

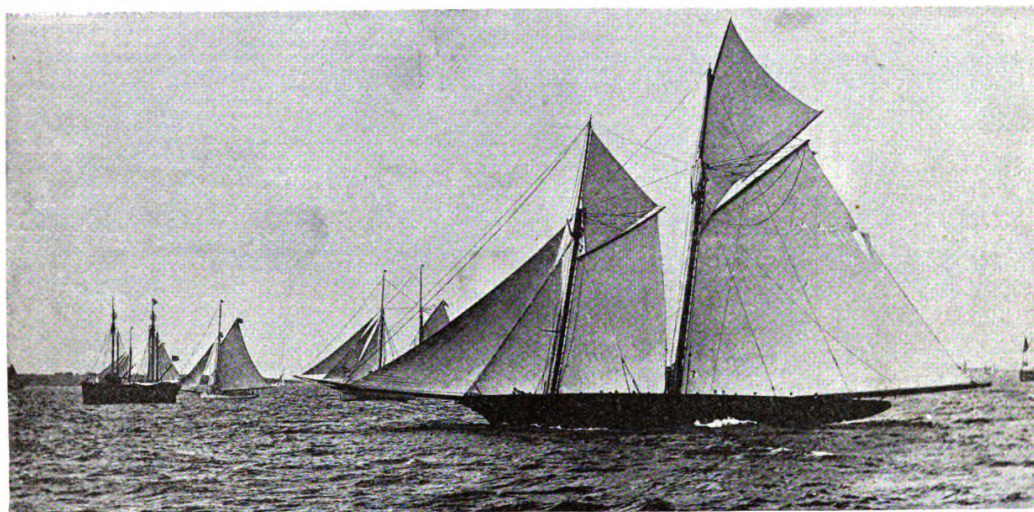
racing of the decade was furnished by the "seventies," of which class *Katrina*, *Shamrock*, *Bedouin*, and *Titania* were brilliant members. Last year a great fleet of 40-footers, containing *Gossoon*, *Minerva*, *Choc-taw*, *Gorilla*, *Liris*, *Mariguita*, *Tonyhawk*, and *Moccasin*, absorbed all attention, and



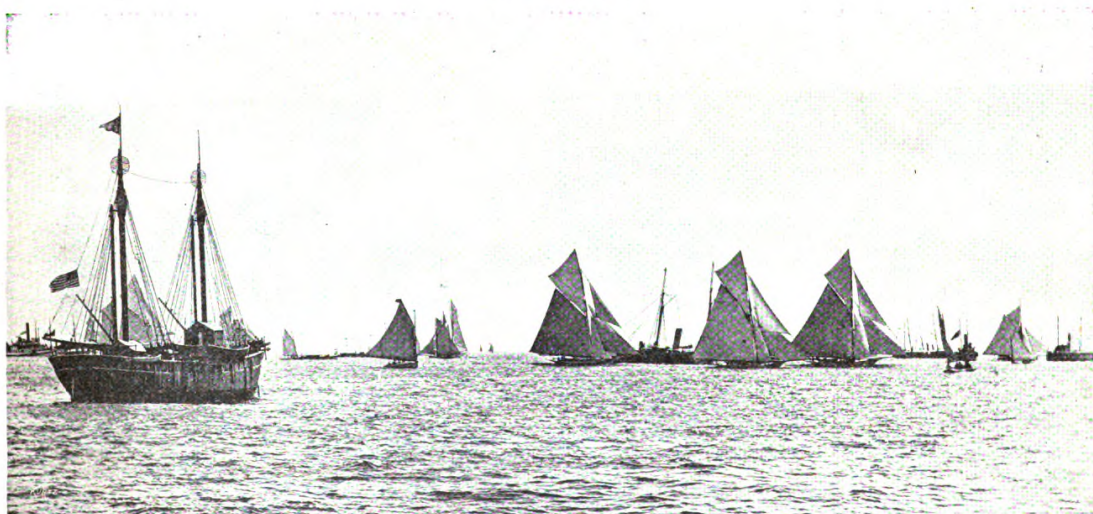
VOLUNTEER AND GRACIE FOULING.



GLORIANA.



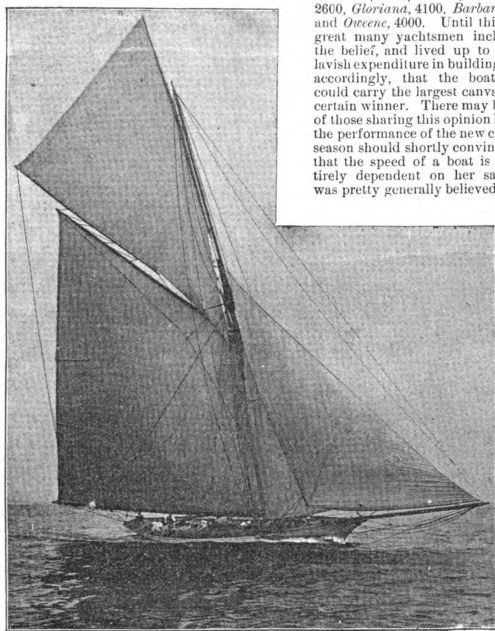
VOLUNTEER WINNING.



Light-Ship.

Gloriana. Electra. Sayonara. Owens.

START OF THE 46-FOOTERS.
THE GOELET CUP RACES AT NEWPORT.



ALBORAK.

that type became the racer of '90. The early spring of this year brought great stories of the coming 46-footer, which it was promised would develop tremendous speed, and entirely revolutionize the racing yacht. Writing now at practically the end of the season, for there remains but a few events yet to be sailed at Newport, the 46-footer does not appear to have fulfilled entirely all which was promised for it. The racing season of '91 has been unquestionably one of the most successful in our recollection. Successful chiefly because every yachtsman in the land has seemed imbued with the racing or cruising spirit, and turned out in his full strength. In point of speed nothing startling has been shown by the new type—I am writing of the *class*, be it understood—and whether particular features have been shown sufficiently advantageous to warrant the new boat becoming a fixture as the racing yacht is a matter to be decided entirely by fancy, and a verdict we shall not learn probably until next spring. As a racing class, the 46-footers are as dead as the proverbial door-nail. Out of about twenty launched during their term of favor, only three remain in the possession of their original owners. And yet this class furnished rare good sport, and to my way of thinking came never being within the definitions of its class than any we have seen in many years. It is a question whether the 46-footers, as a class, have been an entire success; it remains undecided whether they are faster than the 40's, when the difference in length and sail area is taken into consideration. Certainly their performances have been very erratic, each having taken its turn at leading the fleet. Their building has undoubtedly stimulated yachting, and for that reason alone, if no other, their coming has been a blessing. I have been writing of the new boats as a class. Taking their work now individually we find *Gloriana* stands out so pre-eminently as to make comparison out of the question. This yacht, designed by Herreshoff, and owned by E. D. Morgan, has proved not only the queen of her class, but in her way an absolute marvel. To be sure, it should be remembered that her length over all is seven feet greater than the next largest boat of her class, *Barbara*, which, in conjunction with her unique construction, enables her to virtually carry as much canvas as a 70-footer. But canvas does not alone win races, a fact undeniably demonstrated by *Alborak* with her (about) 4700 square feet of it.

It may likewise be somewhat interesting to compare the sail area of the 46-footers. Definite figures are not at hand at this writing, but approximately the *Alborak* carries about 4700 square feet of canvas, *Mineola*, 3900,

Nautilus, 3800, *Jessica*, 3600, *Uvira*, 2600, *Gloriana*, 4100, *Barbara*, 3800, and *Oceene*, 4000. Until this year a great many yachtsmen inclined to the belief, and lived up to it by a lavish expenditure in building yachts accordingly, that the boat which could carry the largest canvas was a certain winner. There may be a few of those sharing this opinion left, but the performance of the new class this season should shortly convince them that the speed of a boat is not entirely dependent on her sails. It was pretty generally believed, for in-

stance, by some of these people, that the *Alborak*, with her tremendous sail area, would walk away from the others in the class, but, quite the contrary, she has proved to be the most disappointing of the lot.

The following table of the performances of the 46 footers includes the runs of the New York Yacht Club cruise from port to port, but does not include the Cherry Diamond Yacht Club race on the Long Island Sound:

Record, August 15, '91.	Starts.	Finishes.	Fourth.	Fifth.	Disqualified.
<i>Alborak</i>	1	1	1	1	1
<i>Barbara</i>	1	1	1	1	1
<i>Beatrix</i>	1	1	1	1	1
<i>Gloriana</i>	1	1	1	1	1
<i>Jessica</i>	1	1	1	1	1
<i>Mineola</i>	1	1	1	1	1
<i>Nautilus</i>	1	1	1	1	1
<i>Oceene</i>	1	1	1	1	1
<i>Sayonara</i>	1	1	1	1	1

* Started in one or two races, but did not finish.

The *Gloriana* is undoubtedly the production of this yacht-racing age. Her every line has been drawn with the single idea of speed. She has, without question, been a success; so decided a one in fact that racing, so far as first place is concerned, was settled so early in the season as to take from subsequent events much interest. Assuming the *Gloriana*'s performances to have been due to her peculiar lines, as they are undoubtedly, not one of the others in the class can ever hope to prove a match for her; but it will be interesting, if the yacht-racing contingent go down into their pockets yet another season, to see what a new 46-footer, constructed on the *Gloriana*'s lines, can do with her next year. She has been a pioneer in a way, and certainly a model that must ever remain distinctive, for on a 45 foot 3 inch l.w.l. it is not likely a yacht can be constructed with greater l.o.a. or more overhang fore and aft, which with the *Gloriana* is 11 feet and 13 feet 9 inches respectively. Of the others in the class there remains very little to be said that has not already been exploited in this paper under Amateur Sport. Each one, at different times, has done exceptionally well. *Alborak* excepted, and each, again, has performed very poorly. The popular idea has been that either *Oceene* or *Beatrix* is entitled to second place in the fleet, but the former has been beaten by others in the class that were regarded as entirely out "of it," and the latter has not been sailed against the others enough to place her, though she has beaten *Oceene*, and, in turn, been beaten by her. The following table will furnish a comparison of the yachts' dimensions; and, as for their relative ability—well, it is too much for any one to answer:

Name.	Owner.	Designer.	Length over all, Feet.	Water line length, Ft. In.	Extreme Beam, Ft. In.	Depth of hold, Ft. In.	Displacement, Tons.	Type.
<i>Interim</i>	W. H. Vanderbilt	Burgess	57	45 10	13 5	10 0	10 4	Keel.
<i>Mineola</i>	Angus Belmont	Burgess	57	45 10	14 0	10 0	10 5	Keel.
<i>Sayonara</i>	Bayard Towner	Burgess	60	45 9	12 6	10 0	10 6	Keel.
<i>Beatrix</i>	Prince and Bryant	Burgess	61	45 9	16 1	10 0	7 6	Centre-board.
<i>Oceene</i>	A. B. Turner	Burgess	60	45 10	13 5	10 0	11 0	Keel.
<i>Nautilus</i>	J. R. Maxwell	Wateringham	62	45 9	13 6	9 0	10 3	Keel.
<i>Barbara</i>	C. H. W. Foster	Pitt	61	45 9	13 9	10 0	10 3	Keel.
<i>Alborak</i>	C. J. Palmer	Pitt	63	45 9	13 0	10 0	11 8	Keel.
<i>Jessica</i>	W. O. B. Macdonough	Pitt	61	46 5 1/2	10 1 1/2	10 0	10 5	Keel.
<i>Uvira</i>	E. P. Sands	Pitt	59	42 6	11 3	8 0	8 8	Keel.
<i>Gloriana</i>	E. D. Morgan	Herreshoff	70	45 3	13 0	8 6	10 2	Keel.

* Has not been raced.

C. W. W.



THE LAST FEW DAYS of the New York Yacht Club cruise, which disbanded at Newport Friday morning, added one more victory to *Gloriana*'s list—making it now seven straight—showed the *Beatrix* to be a formidable rival for second honors, and brought out the best performances of *Sayonara*'s career. The Martha's Vineyard Association Cup was not sailed for, but there was racing in plenty while the fleet was anchored off Cottage City. As the *Beatrix* was not eligible to the club's race for the 46-footers, the owners of *Sayonara*, *Mineola*, *Beatrix*, and *Oceene* got up a sweepstakes for the day in addition to the regular event. *Gloriana* had been left at Newport, Mr. Morgan not knowing the *Beatrix* would sail with the fleet to Martha's Vineyard. The chief charm of *Beatrix* proved to be her windward work, which appeared as good as *Gloriana*'s, but was probably not. It is extremely hazardous—if, indeed, not impossible—to judge a yacht's speed by comparison. At least such is the case this season. There has not been a race in which the 46-footers, *Gloriana* excepted, have finished in the order one might expect from previous performance. The season has been one never-ending consolation race. The yacht which was beaten out of sight one day turned up the next in winning form. It has been comforting to yacht-owners, but disastrous to the prophets.

THE WORK of *Beatrix* in this special race on the 10th was a surprise to the other yachts from beginning to end. It was more or less expected of her to do well to windward, but after rounding the first mark 8 minutes to the good, she continued to gain at a rapid rate in running before the wind, and finally crossed the line 9 minutes before *Sayonara*, 10 before *Mineola*, and 11 before *Oceene*. *Beatrix* was worked for every bit she was worth, having the *Volunteer*'s able sailors aboard, and local pilots who knew the waters thoroughly and took considerable advantage from the tide. *Sayonara* did some very good work, and *Oceene* was unable to hold her at all; in fact, Mr. Turner's boat seems to have gone "stale," if I may employ an expression so unnautical, since her very excellent run from New London. *Mineola* did well enough in this race to show that she is an improving boat, and may yet succeed in capturing second honors in the class. Among the schoolers *Marguerite* and *Iroquois* fought it out, and the former succeeded in getting revenge for her defeat in the Goelet Cup races, but lost in the class to *Quickstep*. *Volunteer* was not out, much to the regret of all, and the *Mayflower* won from *Merlin* by 2 minutes and 17 seconds.

WHEN THE FLEET STARTED BACK for Newport Wednesday its number had decreased by half. Of the sixty-five yachts that went over, only about thirty represented the N. Y. Y. C. on the return sail. In the mean time both the *Mineola* and *Sayonara* had run on the rocks, but fortunately neither one was damaged to any appreciable extent, a fact thoroughly demonstrated by their very excellent work on the run from New Bedford. *Sayonara* got across the line 2 minutes after

Mineola, which crossed first, but succeeded in working to the front shortly. The *Oceene* was holding second, when a part of her rigging broke, and *Mineola*, which had been running her close, took the place. After repairs, *Oceene* again went into the race, and so successfully that she regained second, finishing 11 minutes behind *Sayonara*, the winner. The *Constellation* made her appearance, and simply flew along, beating the *Fortuna* about 12 minutes, which, by the way, also was beaten a minute by the *Merlin*.

THE SPECIAL 46-FOOTER RACE on Thursday off Newport was the best of the cruise, because it was more of a contest and less of a walk-over for *Gloriana*. She won from *Sayonara* by the close margin of 28 seconds, and Boston yachtsmen have ever since been figuring out what Mr. Morgan's flyer would do with *Beatrix*. The probabilities are she would do with the centre-boarder as she has done with every other one of the class, i. e., beat her more or less, according to the condition of wind and tide. No yachtsman should on account of Thursday's race delude himself into thinking that the *Beatrix* or any other of the existing forty-sixes is a faster boat than *Gloriana*. *Sayonara* was so close a second not from any superior qualifications, but simply because her skipper was wise enough to take advantage of the strong tide running, and fortunate enough to catch some slants of wind that expended their force on the canvas of his boat. To use this performance as reason for an assertion that the *Gloriana* has not clearly demonstrated herself to be the fastest 46 footer to-day sailing is to put forth an argument which has not even the strength of being sophistical.

IN ALL KINDS OF WEATHER, against tides, winds, and the cleverest helmsmen in America, the *Gloriana* has administered a crushing defeat to every boat in the class save *Beatrix*. The centre-board has been seen less than any one of the 46 footers, but if comparisons are wanted, she has sailed several very close races with *Oceene*, in which she has been victorious and vanquished by small margins about an equal number of times. In fact, these boats were considered so near equal in Eastern waters that even Boston was unable to name the better. We all know how *Oceene* has come out in her tilts with *Gloriana*. Comparisons, generally unsatisfactory, are in this case supremely so; for the performance of every one of *Gloriana*'s rivals has been so erratic that to draw "lines" on future work is the merest guesswork. Every yacht which was nearest to *Gloriana* has in turn been defeated by the tail ender. The first boat in the class we know; but which is entitled to second place, whether *Beatrix*, *Mineola*, *Sayonara*, *Oceene*, or *Barbara*, is not possible to say at this writing. Any one of these might some fluky day cross the line ahead of *Gloriana*, but what would that amount to? In a series of races that would include all kinds of weather, and working the wind at every point, the yacht is not yet afloat which can out-sail *Gloriana*.



NO "ASSIST" HERE.

CENTRE-FIELDER. "Hi, there, Kid! hand up that Ball, quick."
THE KID. "Yes. Jus wait a sec till I see Tim Southers safe over der Home-plate, den I will."

"MINEROLA" AND "JESSICA" have not yet, at this writing, sailed their match race, but the former had the satisfaction of beating her rival about a minute, corrected time, in the Thursday race. There is so much going on this week at Newport with the Corinthian 46-footer race as we are on the press (Monday), and the Cherry Diamond Yacht Club events following, that it is doubtful if the event comes off before the yachts return to New York, though it may be included as a side issue in one of the club races.

THE FILING OF PROTESTS and the resultant correspondence anent the fouling of the *Volunteer* and *Gracie* in the Golet Cup race off Newport, has developed what was not known on the day of the event, i.e., that the *Gracie*, when "she found she could not weather the mark," called on the *Volunteer* to go about, as it was necessary for her to tack. If Mr. Earle did this, and such seems to be the case, for he has said nothing to the contrary, the decision of the N.Y.Y.C. Regatta Committee in sustaining the protest of the *Volunteer* is decidedly correct, and Mr. Earle's sailing-master was an extremely foolish man. The position of the HARPER'S WEEKLY launch at the time of the collision was not a hundred yards from the stake-boat, fully two hundred yards nearer than the *Electra* or any other boat, and directly in line with the *Volunteer* and *Gracie*. There was no necessity for tacking. If both had luffed a little at the same time and at the first instance all would have gone well, but the *Gracie* luffed, and the *Volunteer* refused to do so until the last moment, and then she was so near the *Gracie* that nothing could prevent the tide setting her down on the sloop. Section 14 of Rule 17, N.Y.Y.C. racing rules, would have covered the accident thoroughly and sustained the *Gracie*, but Mr. Earle settled his own case when he foolishly called on the *Volunteer* to tack. From my position it looked as though the *Gracie* had room to round the mark, and her manoeuvre was not a tack but a "pilot's luff."

NOW THAT THE CRUISE is at an end, it will be interesting to see what the yachts have done. In another column of this issue will be found a record of the 46-footers, so that I shall confine myself here to the schooners. Four of them, in their several classes, are credited with four "firsts"—*Conellation*, *Hildegarde*, *Quickstep*, and *Myflower*. *Volunteer* has the \$1000 Golet Cup, and was second in the run from New London to Newport; *Marguerite* was two firsts and one undecided; *Mertie* two firsts; *Troquet* one first. I must return to the sloops again to mention *Gossamer*, and comment on how very well she did. Her performances against the new racing-class members will bear out what I have said in another column of this issue in comparing the 40-footers with the new 46's. Of course the new boats are faster than the relegated class of racers, but the question arises are they so in proportion to the extra time, length, sail area, and money invested. As a class, no; but as to *Gloriana*, yes. If we are to have racing machines, Mr. Herreshoff has hit upon an ideal which, if copied next year, as it undoubtedly will, be, should be the pioneer in a class of wonderfully fast boats.

BAR HARBOR NEVER WITNESSED a greater gathering of expert players than last week, the Mossley Hall Cup being the bone of contention. R. L. Beckman and J. S. Clark had each won it twice, and both were on hand last week to attempt to wrest it once again from V. G. Hall, who won it for the first time last year. Both were doomed to disappointment, however. Beckman, handicapped by lack of practice and an overabundance of polo, was easily beaten by F. H. Hovey. Clark showed something like his old form, and made a desperate struggle, but finally yielded to E. L. Hall in a very close match. In the final round E. L. Hall and Hovey met for the third time this season, and for a third time five long sets had to be played before the issue was decided. As on the previous occasions, Hovey won the first two sets by wonderfully brilliant play, but immediately thereafter came that mysterious weakening, and young Hall captured the next three by remarkably nervy and brilliant work, the total score being 3-6, 1-6, 7-5, 5-8, 6-4. Each one was a bitter struggle, however, and I have never felt more sympathy for a loser, for Hovey certainly played with unusual pluck and with an evident determination to overcome his fatal weakness. The record of the three matches played between these two men at Saratoga, Longwood, and Bar Harbor shows that Hall has won eight sets to his adversary's seven, while the latter leads both in number of games and points.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH for the cup brought together the Hall brothers also for a third time this season, each brother having previously won once. When brothers play against each other the moral handicap in favor of the older is about half-fifty, inasmuch as the younger won last week's match very handsily—3-6, 6-2, 3-6, 6-4, 4-3—it seems that he has fairly earned the right to be considered the better of the two. The result of this contest sets up a new Mossley Hall champion, and the final winning of the cup seems as far off as ever.

THE LAWN-TENNIS AT NARRAGANSETT last week was a pleasant surprise. The best known of the players entered for the singles was S. T. Chase, and as no one of the others was deemed going on this week, he was left him, an unexciting tournament was anticipated. But thanks to the unexpectedly clever play of L. A. Parker, of Yale University, and Richard Stevens, of New York, the struggle was one of the prettiest ever seen at the Pier. Parker and Chase met in the semifinals, the latter having previously disposed of B. Spalding De Garmendia, while the former had won only from adversaries of moderate strength. Parker is one of the brothers of that name who have been prominent in the intercollegiate tournaments for the past few years, but particularly in doubles, neither brother having made much of a mark in singles. Last week, however, L. A. Parker, who, I believe, is the younger brother, did some remarkably good volleying in the match with Chase, and succeeded in winning it in straight sets.

THE WESTERN CHAMPION appeared surprised and somewhat disconcerted at the strength shown by his adversary, and probably did not do himself full justice. It is dollars to cents, too, that he has had too much playing of late, and has reached the point where he is growing stale, and progressing backward rather than forward. This is by no means a new complaint among lawn-tennis experts. Huntington had the same experience last year, but came again just in time to do well at Newport. Chase's attack comes too late, however, and the result at Narragansett will likely remove him from the list of possibilities at Newport. At the same time Parker is brought forward as one of those who cannot themselves win, but who frequently destroy the chances of some promising candidate.

THE BEST MATCH OF THE WEEK, and a fitting climax, was that between Parker and Richard Stevens in the final round. The former was the favorite, and a rather easy winner of the first two sets. But just then Stevens began his fine work, and gave an exhibition of pluck, endurance, and improving play exactly similar to that shown by him at Schriestrig three weeks ago, when he won from W. Post in the finals, after the latter had easily captured the first two sets. On that occasion Post could win only four games in the last three sets, and Parker suffered the same experience last week. The staying powers of the latter are apparently not good, and he will undoubtedly find it difficult to win one of the long matches at Newport, while Stevens, on the other hand, never knows when he is beaten, and will fight it out to the last stroke.

THE DOUBLES AT NARRAGANSETT were also rather interesting to the spectators, chiefly because Campbell, who must next week succeed in defending his title or else be relegated to the ranks of ex-champions, was one of the competitors. This time he had S. T. Chase for a partner, and the pair, of course, had no difficulty in winning, although Parker and H. M. Billings played very cleverly in the final round. A good word should be spoken for the management of the tournament, which was, as usual, in the hands of Messrs. E. H. Sanford and Lloyd Saltus.

THE ALL-COMERS CONTEST was begun yesterday at the courts of the Newport Casino, unless unfavorable weather caused a postponement. It is, of course, difficult to choose the winner from so large and so fair a field of contestants, but I see no reason to change the opinion hitherto expressed in this column; i.e., that Hobart has considerably the best chance. It is claimed that he was out of condition in last year's contest, when defeated by Knapp, and the same causes may operate against him on this occasion. Knapp is again the "dark horse" of the tournament, but I prefer Huntington's chances next to Hobart's.

THE SPECTACLE OF LAWN-TENNIS becoming a cat's paw to secure register-filling chestnuts for debilitated hotels is not at all gratifying one to those having the game's future, or even present, interest at heart. I have been closely watching the growing tendency of hotel proprietors throughout this country of summer resorts to hold tennis tournaments, and the result, before the mania becomes general or harmful, the hotel men themselves would appreciate the situation, be thankful for what advertising they had received, and quit. I am moved, however, to publicly comment on what appears certain to become a nuisance, and a baneful one at that, by the combination of the Long Branch hotel proprietors and the consequent formation of the Long Branch Tennis Association. It is not necessary for me to state here in cold type why the proprietors of the hotels at Long Branch intend establishing grounds and giving tournaments, but it does seem to be necessary for me to declare that the time has come for the National Lawn-Tennis Association to take some cognizance of these hotel and dealers' tournaments.

SEVERAL YEARS AGO, when the game was being introduced in this country, Messrs. Wright & Ditson, of Boston, inaugurated an annual tournament, which they held suc-

cessfully up to the present year. Although Wright & Ditson are dealers, and of course have enjoyed a considerable amount of advertising from the yearly tournament, it is only fair to say that they were actuated more by a desire to popularize the game than to advertise their business. Mr. Ditson, who is identified with the introduction of the game, is a sportsman well and favorably known, and the tournaments of his firm have undeniably done a great deal for tennis in America. But the day for "dealers' tournaments has gone, and recognizing that fact, the Wright & Ditson annual affair has been discontinued. I have devoted a little space to this firm's tournament, because I believe it worth while to point out the difference in motives, that I may emphasize what I have yet to say on the subject.

AS MIGHT WELL BE SUPPOSED, others, believing they saw a way to rent and profitable advertising, have set about to hold annual tournaments. Horace Partridge & Co., also of Boston, started one a couple of years ago. Then one hotel and another, until there are now probably half a dozen in the East which have these advertising shows. I say half a dozen—probably there are scores of them; certainly the idea is becoming very popular among hotel proprietors, for I receive notices for publication every few days from all over the country. For instance, one came a few days ago from a hotel at a Western resort which takes pains to state the value of each prize and the grand aggregate, and follows by glowing descriptions of the hotel, its beautiful surroundings, fine cuisine, reasonable rates, etc., and explicit directions how to reach it.

NOW IT IS VERY CLEAR, returning home to the Long Branch Association, that neither proprietor Hildreth of the West End Hotel nor Messrs of the Scarborough Hotel is actuated by an interest in the welfare of tennis, any more than is the hotel proprietor who adds a bowling alley to his establishment, or puts a pool table in his billiard-room. They are after the almighty dollar, of course, and certainly no one begrudges their heaven-born right to seek the elusive eagle, or denies they evince commendable activity in its pursuit. To provide implements of pleasure in proportion to the nominal sum his guest contributes daily or weekly to the family educational fund is the desire of every progressive summer hotel autocrat. But to hold tournaments for amateurs, and expend his hard-earned money in shaving-mugs and toilet sets, is not his business, nor is it the proper kind of "business" for the young men in the country. It is time to call a halt on this sort of thing. Tennis has gotten along so far without acquiring any of the unpleasant features we are so sorry now and again to record in other games. If now the players of the country cannot or will not appreciate the situation, and refrain from encouraging with their country cash tournaments, then it is high time for the National Association to pass a law making necessary the recording of all tournaments, and disqualifying those who insist on aiding grasping hotel proprietors to boom their hostility.

FISKE WARREN, OF BOSTON, again succeeded in picking at Newport in defending the court-tennis championship. H. H. Metcalf, also of Boston, was the challenger, but did not prove a very formidable one, Mr. Warren defeating him rather easily. I am in hopes that by another year New York as well as Philadelphia will have a representative at Newport to contest the result with Mr. Warren. The new Racquet Club building here and the starting of a club in Philadelphia should bear some fruit. A championship of the United States with only two entries is a sorry record for contemplation. However, we are coming on, and it will not be many years now before we count many more players at this old game of court-tennis, as well as the more vigorous one of racquets.

ALREADY THERE DRIFTS INTO conversation among college athletes a deal of foot-ball talk. It is generally understood that it will not be many days after September comes in before the college teams will be at work. Naturally the greatest interest attaches to the prospects of the three leading teams—Harvard, Yale, and Princeton—although such and such a title goes to the top in football, and the mania becomes general, the game commands a fair share of the speculation. In such a sport as foot-ball so much depends upon the captain that the favorite discussions at this stage are as to the relative executive and foot-ball ability of those filling that office.

TRAFFORD, WHO HAS THE HONOR of being captain of that team which, while not a member of the association, defeated the champions last year, is an untried quantity. He takes into his hands a legacy from Captain Cummock that carries with it plenty of hard work, for Harvard has learned how late it is to reach the top in football, and will expect Trafford to hold the place to gain which cost so much. Trafford the elder did much for Harvard, and Trafford the younger started out with better chances than his older brother. His quality as a player is well known. He sprang into that most difficult position to maintain—Freshman promi-

nence; but his second year proved him thoroughly worthy of all that was bestowed upon him, and now he has attained the most coveted captaincy in college circles.

HE HAS SERVED UNDER one of the most energetic workers Harvard ever saw, Captain Cummock—and he will reap the benefits of that work in the shape of a willing and fairly well-disciplined mass of material from which to fill any vacancies in his ranks. There seems to be some doubt as to whether Cummock will come back to give advice and coaching. In fact, there is talk about the advisability of such a move, for Harvard teams, nines, and crews have for years been proverbially ugly in the matter of accepting graduate advice, however offered. Cummock himself was by no means an exception when he thought he was being in any way interfered with, and although Trafford is not accredited with quite so much independence as his predecessor, he is pretty sure to insist upon running his own team.

McCLUNG, WHO MUST LEAD the Yale team to victory or defeat, is an old school-fellow of Trafford's. In fact, the careers of the two men have been markedly similar. Both have made records not only upon the foot-ball field, but have occupied similar positions upon the diamond, each having played first base upon their respective nines. This fall they will meet as captains of the rival foot-ball teams. McClung, though of one year's more experience as a player, has had no greater opportunity to show his ability as a captain than Trafford. He is an extremely popular man, and will have the hearts of his men with him thoroughly. The material which Rhodes has left him, while not so strong as he has been, will be more easily handled, owing to ten years of traditional obedience to captains, which has been an integral part of the Yale system. There is a vein of good nature in McClung's disposition that may militate against the relentless drive so necessary to get the best work out of a foot-ball team—the drive that has been possessed to a remarkable degree, and which came to the front so strongly in the last part of the Harvard-Yale game at Springfield last season. But those who know McClung best, say there is plenty of the unyielding master about him when he demands work.

WARREN, OF PRINCETON, has, owing to an injured knee which kept him out of play for some time, had less field experience than either Trafford or McClung. He comes also from a different position in the ranks, for although understanding half-back play, he is a forward, and it is likely that his team will show some marks of such training. In fact, I consider this a fortunate thing for Princeton, because it is the forward line with them that has most need of repairs and general overhauling. Warren is a quiet steady worker, and although he may not study detail of development as closely as did Poe, his predecessor, the movement of his forward line will be more looked after and driven with a harder whip. The material he must handle will be raw, except behind the line, for it was a desperate struggle that Princeton was forced to make last year, and there was no time to make new men. Accident and hard luck depleted the ranks faster than they could be filled.

A NEW LAWN GAME called *tema* has, I notice, been heralded in some of the English papers, and is described about as follows: A screen of wood or canvas fixed on a light frame, and having in the center a circular aperture eighteen inches in diameter, is erected. Behind the hole is fixed a bag net, and the main object of the players, who stand some distance away, is to throw a number of colored balls by means of the wand into this bag. The wand has at one end a peculiarly shaped crook for holding the ball, but some little skill is necessary to retain the ball in it for the purpose of making the throw. The number of "pot balls" to be scored by each side before it can complete the first stage of the game corresponds with the number of players on each side. When either side has scored the number of "pot balls" agreed upon, it enters upon the second stage, and it at once obtains a single "zoned ball." Whichever side then first succeeds in scoring its "zoned ball" wins the game. As a matter of fact, there is nothing new about this game at all, except the name and a few changes. Indeed, it is extremely old, being nothing more nor less than a modified Japanese polo without the horses. There is nothing new under the sun—that's old, but trustworthy.

A NOVEL FORM OF AMUSEMENT has been inaugurated about Wissahickon Inn, Philadelphia, and it occurred to me when I witnessed it a similar exhibition might well replace the miserable hunting that has been seen heretofore at Newport. The Master of the Pembroke Hunt takes his hounds on prearranged dates to a certain rendezvous—the lawn of some member's home. A hurdle have here been erected at different distances on the field, and the scent laid over a course in view from start to finish of the spectators; then the hounds are loosed, and "way they go to a regular innocuous desuetude sort of a hunt." CASPAR W. WHITNEY.



RICARDO L. TRUMBULL, THE AGENT OF THE CONGRESSIONAL PARTY OF CHILI WHO LOADED THE "ITATA" WITH ARMS.—[SEE PAGE 638.]

THE SALVATION ARMY.

BY FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

THE day had been decidedly unpleasant, but toward evening the gray clouds were hurried away to give the sun a little chance. So welcome were its rays that the streets were soon filled with a slowly moving crowd, which smoked its postprandial cigars and chattered with hearts as light as the western sky, which now began to lose a little of its glory and fade into the gray of twilight. The Poet and the Realist left their club and walked slowly down the avenue, turning westward on Fourteenth Street. By that time the street lamps were lit, and the shadows had robbed the great buildings of form.

"Hollo!" said the Poet, suddenly stopping before a low brick building, above which read the sign, "Salvation Army." "I never saw this place before."

The other smiled. "That shows," he answered, "that you do not know the world you live in—just what I've been telling you all the while. This place has been here several years; it is, in fact, one of the recognized institutions."

"Let us go in," the Poet suggested on the spur of the moment. "I have never seen one of their meetings."

They passed through the outer vestibule door, receiving a smile from the red-shirted soldier on guard, and entered into the low room. A platform faced the door and ran nearly the length of the long building, and on the stage and floor were ranged a number of seats. There were only one or two persons in the room at the time, and the pair took modest places in the rear. Above the staging read, in large letters, "Full Salvation! Hallelujah!" and about the wall were painted texts and exhortations. The hall seemed to lack an air of repose, it was so glaringly plain, and the Poet felt uncomfortable. Then from little square compartments on either side of the stage appeared, now and then, one of the army men or women. Each wore a red jersey, while the women had the addition of a belt, upon which "Redemption" shone forth in large letters; they were also the plain poke-bonnet. The audience began to come in singly and in pairs. The women went to the front seats, with few exceptions, and settled themselves with a confident air; but the men all chose the chairs in the rear. The latter were often ill at ease, looking nervously around, in strange contrast to a few who seemed to be perfectly at home and gazed at the stage blandly. The audience was plain, almost rough and uncouth, but perfect quiet reigned. The red jerseys grew in number, and at a signal the wearers stepped on to the platform, where the men sat upon one side and the women on the other.

Then from the audience came several women and the few men who were evidently regular attendants to take seats beside the soldiers. They all knelt in silent prayer a moment, and the commanding officer, a woman, then stepped forward and enjoined all to sing a certain hymn. A woman in black appeared with the "Salvation Songs," and here and there sold a copy. The Poet and the Realist each invested in one, and listlessly followed the singing. It was begun with a great amount of fervor, gaining in strength, if not in harmony, as it progressed. The chorus consisted of a refrain, which was repeated over and over again, to which were added the crash of brazen cymbals and jingling tambourines. Two verses were sung, but the chorus continued *ad libitum* until the singers grew tired, and when the sound of the voices had died away there remained in the air for several seconds the metallic echo of the cymbals. The leader then called upon a man to pray, and bending forward, he began an invocation, the greater part of which was lost, owing to the fervent interruptions of the others, who cried "Amen" and "Glory to God" with unflinching voice. The prayer

was short and rambling, and at the end the Poet turned to his friend with a questioning look. The Realist, however, saw him not; he was looking straight ahead, and on his face was written an appreciation of the gravity of this moment, which, when the Poet saw, he seemed for the first time to realize what it all meant, and the whisper that was to call his friend's attention to the fact that the man had prayed for "the homeless people without homes," died on his lips.

Then the leader announced a hymn from the *War Cry*, the official organ of the Army, and again the woman in black came forward and disposed of a few. But the many were content to look on in open-mouthed wonder. As the leader read the verses off, a woman soldier had come down and approached a young girl who sat alone. Together they returned to the platform, and the girl was given a tambourine to rattle. The second hymn has a refrain of the rollicking lively kind, and the rest of the hymn was disregarded after the first verse, and all attention given to the repeating of the chorus. The tambourines and cymbals played their part, while the feet of

the audience and the hands of those on the platform beat quick time. There was a moment's rest after this, and then one of the men rose to give his "experiences." What he said was of little moment, except that he was sure of "salvation." He lacked earnestness but not breath, and only when the tambourine of the leader rattled warningly did he sit down. The last refrain was at once taken up again, and the Poet rose.

"Come," he said, and together with the Realist, walked softly out.

"Wells" spoke the Realist, as they reached the street and mingled with the passers-by.

"No," answered the Poet, vehemently, as though his friend had asked him a lengthy question; "I will not go again. I do not believe in it. It does not appeal to me."

"But the movement is a worthy one," replied the Realist, softly. "I often go to the meetings."

The Poet shook his head. "It has no apostolic sanction, no well defined creed, no sacraments that are essential to its well-being."

"For these very reasons, perhaps, shorn of all differences, it appeals to the uneducated classes who are called upon to repent, and are promised thereby full salvation," answered

the Realist. "The laborers obey literally the mandate to go forth into the highways and byways, and invite all to be saved. Though the laborers are for the most part uneducated people, yet they are carried away by their feelings."

"The religious fervor exhibited by them," said the Poet, slowly, stopping to light a cigar, "is emotional in its order, but not deep. It seems to smack as much of true religion and to do as much good as the reading of a trashy love story may do toward furthering the course of true love. It does not seem to bring vital truths of Christianity to the 'redeemed.' The depth of religion is noticeably absent. And does not seed sown thus on shallow ground spring up too quickly, as quickly to fade and die from lack of root? And then the means whereby the end is accomplished—hymn tunes of the popular opera-bouffe order, hymns that are simple doggerel, with a refrain sometimes metrical, but always commonplace."

"There are earnest men and women engaged in the work," said the Realist, "and one of them is Mrs. Ballington Booth, a daughter-in-law of General Booth."

"Yes," assented the Poet, doubtfully.

"I saw a marriage recently at which she officiated," continued the other. "For, according to the laws of New York State, Mrs. Booth, as head of a religious organization, is legally entitled to perform the ceremony. She is a devout woman, and has undoubtedly done much good; but as regards the marriage, 'a grand hallelujah wedding' was what the cards of invitation announced, and the happy pair were Adjutant Wallace W. Winchell and Captain Ida May Harris, both of whom have been connected with the army for several years. After short preliminary exercises, including prayers and singing, Mrs. Booth spoke in regard to the ritual of the Salvation Army. The first vow which the bridal couple take is loyalty and love to God; the second is fidelity to the army; and thirdly is the exchange of vows between the bride and groom, in which each promises to keep alive in each other the work that they have set out to do. The rest of the service, as performed, is very similar to that of the Church of England and the Episcopal Church in this country. Quite a crowd was present, and the 'soldiers' seemed all duly impressed with the ceremony. After the



JULIO ZEGERS, LEADER OF THE CONGRESSIONAL PARTY.—[SEE PAGE 638.]

rites were performed there was a general chorus of 'hallelujahs,' and a collection was taken up to defray the travelling expenses of the newly married ones, who started that night for a post in the West. But that is not all," added the Realist, taking a newspaper clipping from his pocket; "here is one of the declarations made by the subscribing parties, and although you doubt the benefits derived from the work, there is a depth in this first promise that you must admit seems disinterested."

The Poet took the slip and read:

"We do solemnly declare that we have not sought this marriage for the sake of our own happiness and interests only, although we hope these will be furthered thereby, but because we believe that the union will enable us better to please and serve God, and more earnestly to fight and work in the Salvation Army."

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WALDO SILVA, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE SENATE, AND PROMINENT MEMBER OF THE JUNTA.—[SEE PAGE 638.]

SHIP-BUILDING ON THE DELAWARE.

BY HARRY P. MAWSON.—DRAWINGS BY F. CRESSON SCHELL.

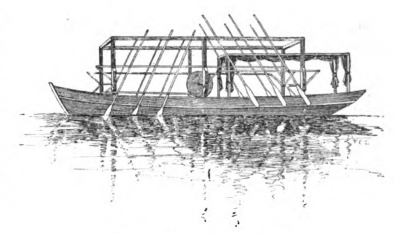
IN the early days of the American colonies the question of communication with the Old World was more a part of the daily life of each individual colonist than we see fit to make it in this bustling age. The ocean cable and five-day transatlantic liners have reduced this intercourse to so much of a commonplace, that news from foreign lands creates no more stir in our daily routine than if it came to us from some close-by inland town. In fact, we are better informed of what transpires in London, Paris, or Berlin than of what takes place in Yonkers, and vastly more interested, so that this annihilation of time and space carries with it an indifference, or at least a dulled lack of interest, in the coming and going of the great ships. But far back in colonial times the sailing or arrival of a ship brought the best part of the population of New York, Boston, or Philadelphia to the wharves to hail her safe home-coming, or wish her "godspeed" outward-bound. The masters, as they were then called, of merchant-men were persons of importance. They were the individual link that connected the colonists and their kith and kin across the sea; they were the postmasters of the ocean-bound ships, and carried the mail as regularly as it is now carried by the post-office departments of our own and foreign governments. It must not be forgotten, too, that when our Pilgrim fathers landed they found a howling wilderness and a savage people, so they were compelled to fall back upon their mother country for their supplies, and ships were easily contemporaneous in interest to them with the development of the new home they had sought their fortunes in. The ship-building

built in Philadelphia in early times, but scarcely belonging to naval architecture, were huge raft ships, similar to those constructed in Canada at a later period. These colossal structures were built for the purpose of carrying, in a cheap and expeditious manner, a great quantity of ship-building timber—of course the purpose being to break the ship up on arrival at her destination. The success of the Quaker City in this ship-building industry was due largely to the genius and skill of several of her citizens. Among these was Joshua Humphreys, Sen., who, at the close of the Revolutionary war, was offered a large sum by the British government to take up his residence there and design vessels for his Majesty's navy; he enjoys also the distinction of having been the first naval constructor for the United States navy. During the supremacy of the sailing-ship one of her principal embellishments was always her figure-head; and it was through William Rush, the son of a ship-carpenter, born in Philadelphia July 4, 1756, that Philadelphia-built ships gained much of their fame in foreign ports. He was without an equal as a ship carver and sculptor. "Walking attitudes" were then unknown for figure-heads, but all rested astride the cut-water. He originated the upright figure; and when the ship *William Penn* visited London, her figure-head, the "Indian Trader," dressed in Indian costume, excited the genuine wonder of the London carvers, who came out in boats to sketch it, and also took casts of the head in plaster. His figures of "Tragedy" and "Comedy" were owned by Edwin Forrest.

Thomas Godfrey, either the inventor or improver of the reflecting quadrant, was also a native Pennsylvanian. Fitch sent the first steamboat up the Delaware, as far as Burlington, New Jersey; and Oliver Evans, another of Philadelphia's master-mechanics, as early as 1773, invented the high-pressure steam engine, to this day in almost exclusive use upon our Western river boats. Benjamin Franklin, scientist, statesman, diplomat, and patriot, also took a great interest in ship-building, making many suggestions as to the improvement in speed lines and models, among other things being the first to call the attention of naval architects to the despised Chinaman's plan of building the bottoms of their "junks" in hollow sections. By this advice Dr. Franklin practically brought into existence the *water-tight compartment* of to-day, without which no first-class ship is now constructed. Naturally most of the vessels built on the Delaware in those early days were of very small tonnage. We read of the sloop *Adventure*, of sixteen tons, owned by John and Rich Townsend, "licensed" in 1705 to trade between Cape May and Philadelphia. This is a laughable commentary upon the wide difference between this "dug-out" and the majesty steamer *Republic*, which makes daily excursion trips to the cape, frequently carrying a thousand people on one trip. At first the foreign commerce of the colonists was mainly directed to the West Indies. Ships sailed from the colonial ports carrying timber, hogsheads in staves, and other commodities, and returned laden with rum, molasses, tobacco, and sugar. When the trade began with England, London and Bristol were the favorite ports. Liverpool in those days cut no figure as a great seaport with the colonies. Frequently, too, as the fame of the American-built ships grew in strength, the ships themselves were sold with their cargoes, always at a very handsome profit to the builders on the Delaware. With the breaking out of the war, ship-building upon the Delaware received a serious check, although the Congress, under the Prize Law Act of December, 1775, ordered the keels of four out of the thirteen frigates thus authorized to be laid at Philadelphia.

One of the curious names given to vessels in the middle of the eighteenth century on the Delaware was that of "snows." A "snow" was a vessel of three masts; the foremast and mainmast were similar in "rig" to those of a ship, while the mizzenmast was a single stick rigged with a try-sail. A "snow," with some slight variations, resembled some-

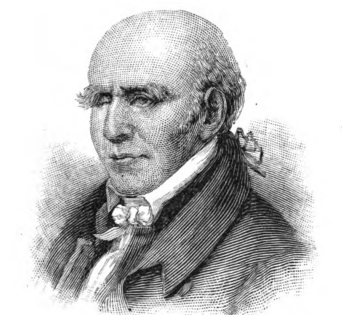
what the modern bark—a style of vessel not now so much in vogue except in very old hulls. Up to 1822 the burden of the Philadelphia-built ship rarely exceeded 500 tons; two notable vessels over this size were the *Rebecca Sims* and *Woodrop Sims*; they registered 560 and 565 tons; they were built in 1800, and were the largest vessels then in the American merchant-marine. The fate of one of them, the *Rebecca Sims*, is very interesting; after many whaling voyages, she ended her career as one of the "stone fleet" which was sunk off Charleston Harbor in 1862. As another strong point of economic value, showing how ships and ship methods have improved, it may be stated that these ships were manned by no less than twenty-five men, whereas we have many a coastwise schooner of to-day carrying 1400 tons of coal with a complement of nine or ten all told. Wages for



JOHN FITCH'S STEAMBOAT.

the ship-carpenter were excellent; as early as 1689 a good mechanic earned as much as five or six shillings a day, which, considering the difference in surroundings and diminished purchasing capacity of money, is fully on a level with what the same workman receives to-day. In 1793 there were 8145 tons of shipping built in Philadelphia, double the amount built at any other port in the United States. In those days, too, the commerce of Philadelphia exceeded by \$1,750,000 all New England; and outstripped New York by nearly three millions, and while the city of Penn has sadly retrograded since the war of the rebellion in her foreign commerce, she and her sister cities of Wilmington and Chester have practically monopolized the building of heavy ships, particularly since the decline of wooden vessels and the supremacy of iron and steel hulls.

Two men who exercised a mighty influence upon the foreign carrying trade of Philadelphia and ship-building interests along the Delaware were Stephen Girard and Thomas P. Cope. The former, a Frenchman by birth, the greatest merchant and philanthropist of his time, in dying left behind him an imperishable monument in the well-known college bearing his name; the second, the contemporary and often the rival of Girard, did much to encourage and promote ship-building in Kensington. His firm established in 1821 the first line of regular packets to Liverpool sailing from the Delaware; the first ship employed being the *Lancaster*, 290 tons, commanded by Captain Dixey. The *Lancaster* was followed by the *Wyoming*, *Susquehanna*, *Tuscarora*, *Monongahela*, *Saratoga*, *Thos. P. Cope*, etc. To give an idea how staunch the old-time ships were, the *Tuscarora* went ashore on Fenwick Island, twenty miles below Cape Henlopen, and there she lay, a thousand tons of iron in her hold, all her ports thrown open, and the wild winter storms breaking over her, and remained there for seven months, when she was hauled off and taken to New York, and finally foundered off Lisbon, with a loss of twelve lives, in 1867. Of all this celebrated line of packets alive to-day, the *Saratoga* is the



STEPHEN GIRARD.—FROM AN OLD PRINT, BY COURTESY OF MR. H. L. CARSON.

district of the Atlantic seaboard extends now, as in those days, practically from the mouth of the St. Lawrence River to that of Chesapeake Bay. The great forests of Maine furnished all of what we now call New England with timbers for her ships, that carried the fame of her ship-yards to all parts of the world. New York early took an interest in ship-building, and many great ship-yards flourished there and in Brooklyn; but all have died out within the past few years, and now there are only a few tugs built, and occasionally a river steamboat or two. One reason assigned for the decay of the ship-building interests of New York, and that upon so good an authority as Mr. Poillon, was the excessive severity of the trades-unions; but this accounts only in part for it. A greater factor was, no doubt, the superior facilities of the Delaware River, the cheapness of yard facilities there, and the great coal and iron fields of the Keystone State. The history of ship-building upon the Delaware River—or the Poutafat, as the Indians called it—dates back almost to the discovery of the river and the Dutch, Swedish, and Quaker settlers. The Dutch called it the South River, to distinguish it from the Hudson, and probably came to the river about 1600, settling at about where Gloucester, New Jersey, now stands, and where, it is believed, they built their "Fort Nassau." The Dutch were pre-eminently not only traders, but daring mariners as well, and there can be no doubt that there were many shipwrights among these early settlers from the Scheldt. They did not, however, remain later than 1633, when they were attacked by the Virginia settlers, who claimed the right to the river under the grant to the Earl de la Warr.

From that time until 1638, when the Swedes entered the river, the savages held undisputed possession of the country. There has never been a time in history when the Swedes have not been thoroughly skilled in all points of naval architecture. These Norsemen, descendants of the vikings of old, emigrants and countrymen of the gallant Gustavus Adolphus, brought with them all the seafaring instincts of their hardy race. Ship and boat building began almost at once, and Penn in 1638, in one of his letters, writes, "Some vessels have been built here, and many boats." We all know that the Quaker has a great eye for the main chance; it is not at all surprising, then, that the Quaker colonists Penn brought over in 1682 should early turn their attention to ship-building. Gradually, too, as immigration increased, ship-carpenters, ship-joiners, rope-makers, calkers, block-makers, carvers, and turners came over in numbers, and the ship-building colony at Philadelphia grew apace. They all, too, seemed to drift towards the borough of Kensington, where the great ship-yards have ever since remained, although William West, probably the first builder of any importance on the Delaware, established his yard at about the present Vine Street wharf, it is said, in 1688. Jonathan Dickinson, writing in July of 1718, said, "Here is great employ for ship-work for England. It increases and will increase; and our expectations from the iron-works, forty miles up the Schuylkill, are very great." At the time of the Revolution, Philadelphia had become among the first cities in naval architecture, her vessels being no less noted for the beauty of their lines and fine sailing qualities than for their staunchness and honest construction. A species of ship



THE SWEDISH CHURCH, SOUTHWARK, SHOWING THE BUILDING OF THE FRIGATE "PHILADELPHIA." REBUILT FROM AN OLD PRINT IN THE PHILADELPHIA LIBRARY.

only one, and she sails from the port of New Orleans under the Norwegian flag. Mr. Cope died in 1834, and the firm is still in existence, in their old counting-house at Walnut Street and Delaware Avenue, as Cope Brothers. Of ship-builders about the Revolutionary period, Manuel Eyre, Sen., was the best known; Mr. Eyre had been a colonel in the Continental army, and afterwards a member of the Pennsylvania Assembly. At the opening of the nineteenth century Samuel Grice, an Englishman by birth, was the most famous and skilful of Philadelphia's shipwrights. Mr. Grice built the celebrated ship *Fanny* for Captain Charles Macalester, the fastest sailing merchant man of her day, making her first voyage from Philadelphia to Cowes in seventeen days; this, in fact, is better than yachting-time.

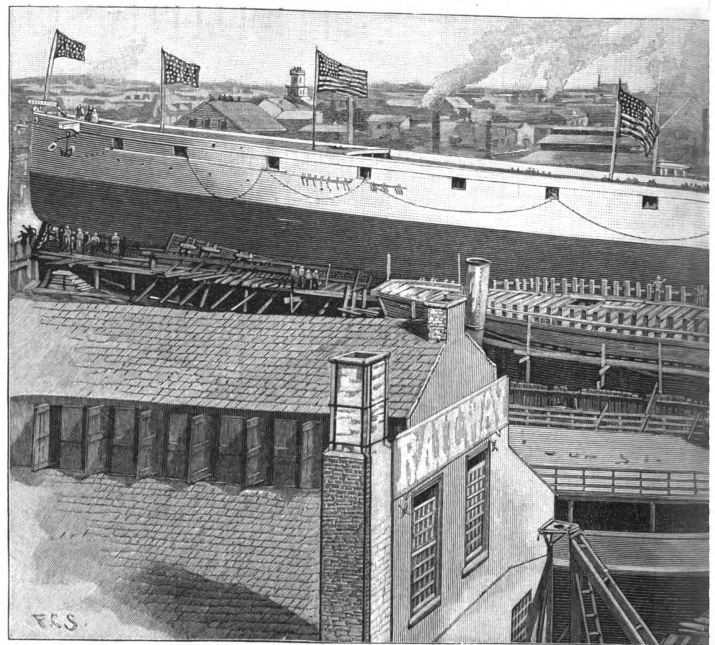
We are particularly interested in Mr. Grice, as his was the master-mind that trained the founder of the largest and most successful of American ship-yards—the William Cramp & Sons Ship and Engine Building Company. William Cramp, the founder of this great plant, was born in the district of Kensington, now the Eighteenth Ward of the city of Philadelphia, in September, 1807. His parents were of English descent, but American born. Mr. Cramp was educated in the public schools of his native city, and in 1823, then in his sixteenth year, he was apprenticed to the Samuel Grice we have mentioned, then the most successful ship-builder of that period, whose yard occupied the site which was later Vearce's Rolling-mill. After he had completed his term of apprenticeship, he worked for several years as a journeyman ship-carpenter. In 1830 he determined to establish a yard of his own, and acquiring some property in Kensington and fronting on the Delaware, he began the building of wooden vessels and steamboats. In 1860 the changes that had taken place in marine architecture induced the firm to discontinue the construction of wooden craft and devote its attention entirely to iron vessels, in which branch of ship-building it has made a reputation familiar to every maritime country in the world. The Cramps furnished the government during the rebellion with a number of ironclads and other vessels, including the famous iron-clad frigate *New Ironsides*, which rendered such effective service in Charleston Harbor. In addition to the war ships actually built at their yard, they also refitted many others. On taking the contract to build the *Pennsylvania*, *Ohio*, *Indiana*, and *Illinois* for the American Steamship Company, more room was needed, and a large tract of land in Kensington, having

became an incorporated company, having lately increased its capital to \$5,000,000, of which \$3,940,000 is paid up. They have also recently acquired by purchase the Port Richmond Iron-works of J. P. Morris & Co., which adjoin their plant in Kensington, and have thus secured a very old-established engine-building plant, which greatly increases their facilities in that direction. The plant at present covers about 15 acres and employs 2000 men, which will be doubled in the near future; they also own 57 acres on the Delaware close to where the Delaware and Schuylkill meet, and within a short distance of the United States Navy-yard at League Island. They also control the William Cramp basin, dry-dock, and marine railway, a short distance below their main plant on Beach Street, containing the largest dry-dock and ship railway in the country. From a national stand-point the Cramps have become an object of general interest to our whole country and all maritime powers because of their great activity in building up our new navy. They have launched and completed the armor-

ed double-turreted Monitor *Terror*, the pneumatic dynamite gun cruiser *Vesuvius*, cruiser *Yorktown*, and the protected cruisers *Philadelphia*, *Baltimore*, and *Newark*, the last of which has had her official trials and been accepted by Secretary Tracy, and is now at the Cramps' dock awaiting orders to proceed to sea.

The tour of inspection of this last beautiful addition to our "white fleet" showed the crew giving her the final touches before departing on her cruise; gun carriages were being overhauled, seams on deck recalced, skylights and platforms being painted, and it was just at that time of day when a savory smell from the galley betrayed the Japanese cooks in the act of preparing the noon-day meal for the officers' mess. Those of the crew not employed were squatted sailor fashion about the deck in their canvas overalls and jackets, talking and reading and chatting, while the ship's goat, quite officer-like in her dignified carriage, paraded the lee side of the ship, her beard dyed a brilliant green by some loyal Hibernian among the crew in honor of St. Patrick's day.

There are on the stocks now the cruiser *New York*, her keel about two-thirds completed; Cruiser No. 12, or the "Pirate," as she has been nicknamed at the yard, has her keel laid, and some few of her ribs are in place. The writer crawled through the piling and underneath the staging that supports the 8800-ton cruiser *New York*, and then, seated right under her keel-line, on the blocks that supported the vessel, a realizing sense came over him of the veritable grandeur of this monster of the deep, and of the enormous steam-power necessary to propel her through and against the water at twenty knots an hour, with all her complement of stores, men, and ordnance, her six 8-inch and twelve 4-inch guns, besides her masts, barbettes, shields, machine-guns, and all the paraphernalia of a modern man-of-war. Climbing upon one of the ladders, I watched with interest the fastening of her bolts, and the riveters at work deftly hammering into place one red-hot bolt after the other, every stroke bringing nearer to completion what is confidently expected



LAUNCH OF THE "CHATTANOOGA"



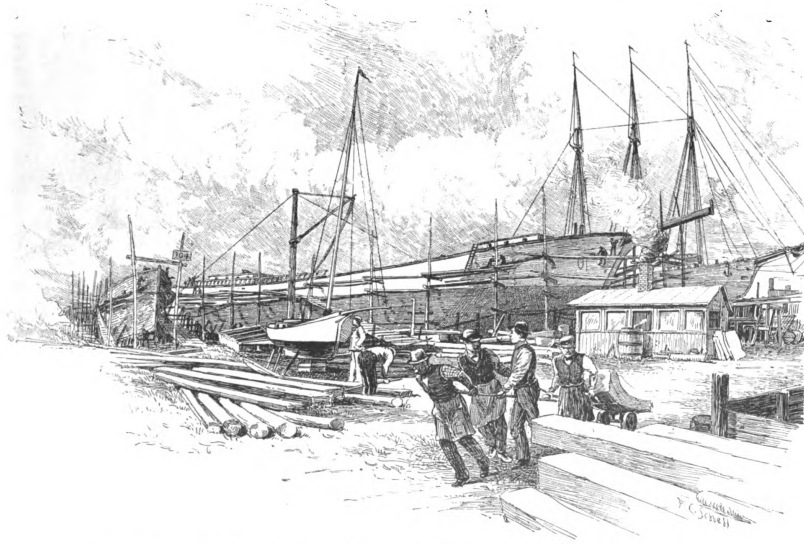
WILLIAM CRAMP.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GUTENKUNT, PHILADELPHIA.

a river-frontage of 700 feet, was acquired, and the work of building their great ship-yard at the foot of Beach and Laurel streets was begun.

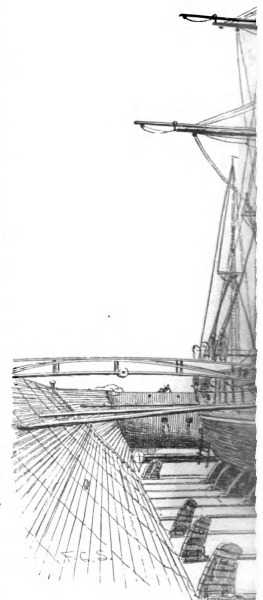
In 1876 the Russian officials who were visiting the Centennial Exhibition were so impressed by what they saw at the Cramps' yard that they persuaded the Czar's government to send the corvette *Crayser* there to be overhauled. Subsequently, when the war cloud hung over the Orient, and Britain sent her fleet to Constantinople to take care of the "sick man of Turkey," Russia built three more vessels at the Cramps' yard, the *Europe*, *Asia*, and *Zubaca*; they also altered several other vessels into commerce-destroyers; but the "Peace with Honor Congress" at Berlin brought these foreign contracts to an abrupt close. In 1871 the concern

to be the fastest and most powerful protected cruiser afloat. The conflicting elements in naval architecture are battery, armor, endurance upon a given size, and displacement. You create one or the other, and some companion part must suffer. The *New York* has been so designed as to nullify these conflicting interests. She can carry enough coal for a continuous voyage of 13,000 miles without re-coaling; her armored deck is 3 inches in the flat, with 8-inch slopes; her sides have a complete belt of water-excluding material, and in the wake of her engine spaces 5 inches of armor, while four of her heavy guns are protected by 10-inch barbettes and 7-inch shields. Fighting battle ships, however, is not her business. She is built to clear the sea of an enemy's commerce; and not only his commerce, but any commerce-destroyer he may send out. She is thus both a commerce-protector and a commerce-destroyer of the highest efficiency. Four such ships distributed in various quarters would put an effectual stop to the depredations of as many fleets of ordinary cruisers.

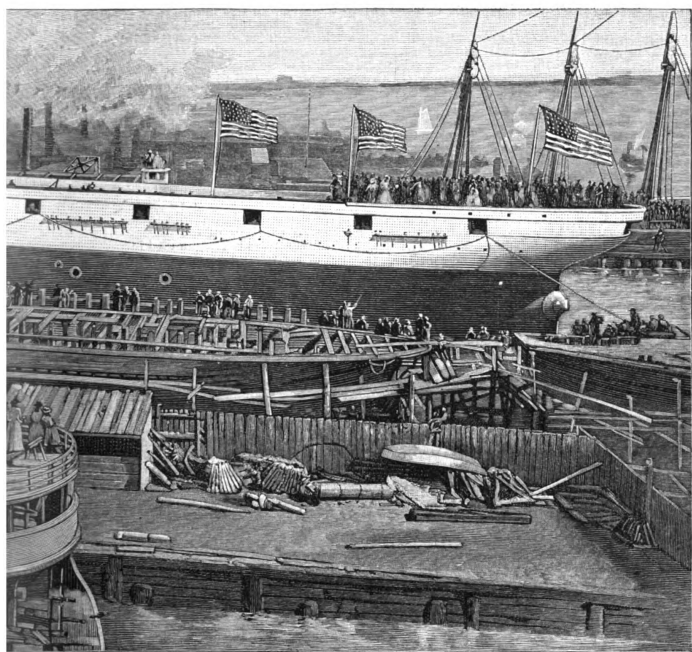
For general purposes of service in war she is believed to have a wider field of usefulness than any other ship yet designed for our navy. The contract price for the *New York* is \$2,985,000. Her keel was laid September 30, 1890, and the contract requires that the vessel shall be completed and ready for delivery to the United States on or before January 1, 1893, and with a given speed of 20 knots an hour—sufficient to enable her to overtake the vast majority of all ships of the world, naval or mercantile. The "Pirate," which is building so close to the *New York* that the wooden stagings almost touch, is absolutely without parallel among war ships. Her displacement is 7400 tons. Her battery will be composed of one 8-inch 40-calibre rifle, two 6-inch rifles, eight 4-inch rapid-firing guns, twenty 3-inch rapid-firing guns, and six torpedo tubes. The machinery, upon which rests her claim to special honors, consists of three sets of triple-expansion engines, driving three screws, the third screw being placed between and below the other two, and 15 feet farther aft. It is impossible with this triple reliance to conceive of a combination of circumstances that would render the vessel helpless, as arrangements are made so that each screw can be worked independently of its mates, or two can be driven with the third. The engines are arranged in three separate water-tight compartments, each complete in itself, so that if two were disabled, the third could still propel the ship. By means of this machinery the enormous horse-power of over 20,000 is developed. Her maximum speed will be 22 knots; with one screw



MONSTER FOUR-MASTED SCHOONER AT JACKSON & SHARP'S YARD, WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.

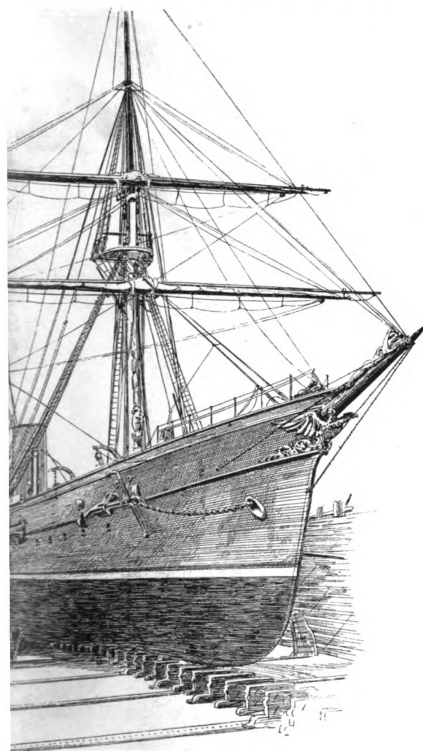


THE



FROM CRAMP'S YARD IN 1864.

ad one-third power, 15 knots; two screws and two-thirds power, 3-19; and a sustained average of 21. Finally, the coal capacity of its ship has been fixed at 2000 tons, which, at 10 knots an hour, will give her an endurance of 103 days, or a radius of action of 5,520 knots. Her contract price is \$2,725,000, and she is to be ready for delivery, everything complete, by May, 1893. The two battle ships, each to be of 10,000 tons displacement, are contracted for at \$6,040,000, the third having been awarded to the Union Iron-works of San Francisco for \$3,180,000. The four war ships thus



"LACA" IN CRAMP'S DRY-DOCK (1879).

building by the Cramps for the navy aggregate \$11,750,000. Now Italy can only be induced to postpone her warlike intentions until 1903, when we will be ready for her, our new navy building on the Delaware will be quite able to take good care of us. In connection with the evolution of ship building, hand in hand with it goes engine-building. In point of fact it is the grandeur of modern ship-engine building that has brought about these giant ships. It is not within the limits nor the province of this article to enter upon a discussion of the steam engine as applied to steam-

ships, but the outline given above of the machinery on Cruiser No. 12 of what modern applied mechanics can do is an admirable point in evidence of what the engines must have been that went into the new *New Ironsides*, launched by the Cramps during the war of the rebellion; she steamed eight knots an hour, and as she was the first armored man-of-war ever built, she was the wonder of naval architects and of the great naval powers.

Perhaps it may be interesting to know that the *New Ironsides* serves as almost an exact model for our protected cruisers. She was called in those days a frigate; she was, indeed, an armored or belted cruiser, built of wood, of course, but "protected" by an outer shell of armor. The Cramps began work upon her in May, 1864, and launched her ready for business in October of the same year. The *New Ironsides* and *Ericsson* gave birth to the present navies of the world.

Besides the government work going on at the Cramps' yard, they have also the *Pennsylvania* and *Illinois* of the American Line, which are being thoroughly overhauled, and also being supplied with triple-expansion engines; the amount of space thus gained over their old type of engines will yield each ship an additional carrying capacity of nearly four hundred tons. A tour through this ship-yard is certainly an impressive event; you see piece by piece these great ships gradually being moulded together; every man seems to know his place and his work; there can be no idlers where twelve millions are at stake.

The Cramps have launched up to date over two hundred vessels of all sizes and descriptions, from steam-tugs to men-of-war, including Jay Gould's yacht *Atlantis*, Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan's *Corsair*, the Coney Island boats *Cetus*, *Pegasus*, *Perseus*, and *Taurus*, the Red "D" Line steamships between New York and Venezuela, the Clyde Line boats to Savannah, etc., etc. It is a great industrial establishment, founded by an American mechanic, maintained by his descendants in the same broad spirit of economy, enterprise, and integrity, and of which Philadelphia and the whole country can well be proud. Mr. Charles H. Cramp is now the head and front of this great concern. There is one other iron-ship yard at Philadelphia, that of Neafie & Levy. This is an old-established firm, having begun business in 1838 as Reaney, Neafie, & Co. Their plant does not permit them to build the very largest ships, but they turn out excellent work, and are especially well known as builders of very fine engines. They have recently launched for Mr. W. W. Durant the steam-yacht *Uawana*. Mr. Durant expects to make a trip around the world in his boat, but what the foreigners will do with that name, "Uawana," and how she will be reported, is a question, especially when the simple name "Ohio" was generally spoken of in England as a "ho, a h, and a bloomin' IO!"

The only surviving wooden-ship yard is that of the Charles Hillman Ship and Engine Building Company. Founded in 1848 by John Birely, it became, in 1864, Birely, Hillman, & Strecker. They have always borne an excellent reputation as good shipwrights, but are now principally concerned in building tugs of all descriptions, and in repairs to wooden vessels.

The government of the United States has always, from the building of its first navy, recognized the advantages of Philadelphia as a ship-building centre. In 1800 several lots of ground were purchased in Southwark, and additional ones in 1801. The first keel laid there was the 74-gun frigate *Franklin*, launched August 25, 1815. Among the other famous vessels built at the old navy-yard, and indissolubly linked with the history of our country, are the ship-of-the-line *Pennsylvania*, 126 guns; steam-propeller *Arctic*, of Kane's polar expedition; *Lancaster*, 22 guns; *Yantic*, *Tonawanda*, *Onahia*, and *Quinnebaug*. Besides these government-built vessels, there were the frigate *United States*, built by Joshua Humphrey in 1797; the frigate *Philadelphia*, also constructed by Humphrey, but pressed by citizens of Philadelphia in 1799—both these were built in Southwark; last but not least, *Guerriere*, of immortal memory, built by Joseph Grise, in Kensington, and launched, June 28, 1814.

The building of the navy-yard in the southern section of the city induced the founding of a number of private ship-yards in the neighborhood; but they soon drifted up to Kensington; the last to remain were the Simpsons, with their old-time dry-dock. On the presentation of League Island by the city of Philadelphia to the United States government for a navy-yard, it was determined to dispose of the old yard at auction, the Pennsylvania Railroad being the purchaser for \$1,000,000. The navy-yard was removed to League Island, January 7, 1876, since

which time the Philadelphia Congressmen have vainly endeavored to induce Congress to keep its pledges, and establish a great naval ship-yard, but so far without success; possibly the Delaware ship-builders are not consumed by an ardent longing for a government yard, with a government day of eight hours, on the river.

Wilmington and Chester are the other two important ship-building centres on the Delaware. In Wilmington the industry is as old as her existence. The two principal ship-building concerns in the "Peach Tree" State are the Harlan & Hollingsworth Co. and the Jackson & Sharp Co., both, by a curious combination of industries, car-builders as well as shipwrights. The Swedes landed in the Delaware in 1638, upon the site of part of the plant of the Jackson & Sharp Co. The foundations of their fort are plainly visible, and Trinity Church, erected by them in 1698, with its squat belfry tower and rough stone walls, is only a stone's throw from the Jackson & Sharp Co.'s counting-house. Wilmington's ship industries, strange to relate, were founded and have remained upon the banks of the narrow and tortuous streams the Christina and the Brandywine, and not upon the deep waters of the Delaware, which flow along the eastern front of the city.

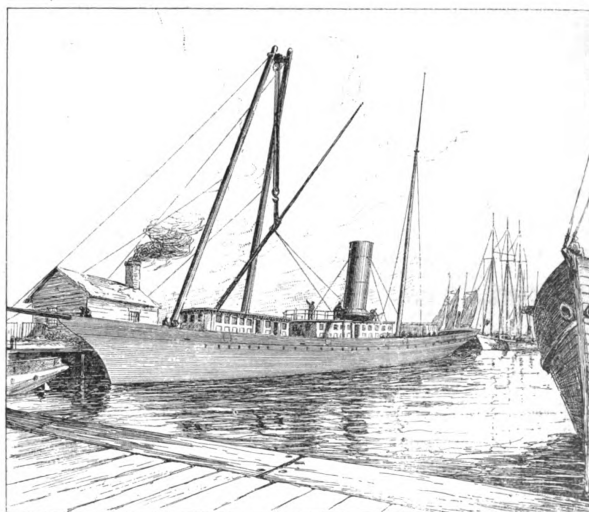
As early as 1642 they were building shallops and small trading-vessels in New Sweden, and one of the laws of the new colony stipulated that all the commerce of their port should be carried on only in vessels of their own building, a restriction that might be more widely applied to the present day. The first vessel for the foreign trade launched at Wilmington was the brig *The Wilmington*, of 150 tons, built in 1740 by W. Shipley, D. Ferris, and others, and intended for the West Indian trade. This brig made a number of successful voyages, and was no doubt the first vessel of over 100 tons built upon the river. The war of the Revolution, and later the rebellion, destroyed most of her commerce and most of her wooden-ship-yards, but brought into prominence her facilities for iron-ship building. The Harlan & Hollingsworth Co., the largest of all Wilmington's industries, was founded in 1836 as Betts & Pusey, as Betts, Pusey, & Harlan in 1837, and in 1841, on Mr. Pusey's retirement, Elijah Hollingsworth, formerly a foreman at the Baldwin Locomotive Works in Philadelphia, was admitted as a partner, and the firm became Betts, Harlan, & Hollingsworth, and incorporated in 1867 as the Harlan & Hollingsworth Co. There are at present no members of either the Harlan or Hollingsworth families in the concern, Mr. John Taylor Gause being president, having worked



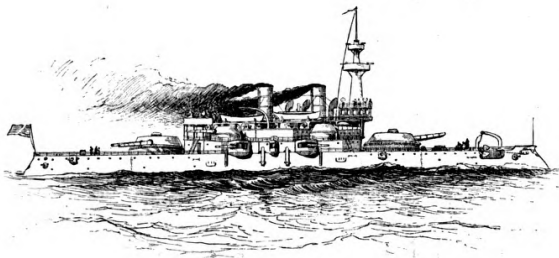
CHARLES H. CRAMP.

himself up from messenger-boy to his present proud position; Mr. H. T. Gause is vice-president; and both these gentlemen are near relatives of the poet Bayard Taylor. The first work of the concern was car-building, the ship-yard not being added until four years later. Their plant covers an area of 75 acres, being the largest ship-yard in the world, with 70 shops and buildings upon it, and a dry-dock 340 feet long, capable of docking a vessel drawing 14 feet; 2000 men find employment there, the pay-roll amounting to between \$30,000 and \$40,000 per week. The Harlan & Hollingsworth concern is the oldest iron steamboat and steamship building company in the United States. They are well known as builders of first-class, reliable ships, honest in construction, and staunch to the last degree.

During the war of the rebellion they built and repaired many monitors for the United States government, among the latter being the *Patuxet*, *Saugus*, and *Napa*. The concern has not been able to take part in the building of the new navy, with the exception of



THE NEW STEAM-YACHT "CORSAIR" BUILT FOR J. PIERPONT MORGAN.



THE BATTLE SHIP "INDIANA" (OR "MASSACHUSETTS") AS SHE WILL APPEAR WHEN FINISHED.

the double-turreted Monitor *Amphitrite*, as they are compelled to launch all their craft on the Christina, which is too narrow and shallow for "commerce destroyers" and battle ships. Mr. Gause expects the government to dredge out and pile up the banks of the "Christine," after which he believes their concern can launch as large vessels as the Clyde. Perhaps it would be a much surer method of obtaining deep water to move part of their plant to the Delaware front, and not rely upon the river and harbor bill and its log-rolling appropriations. The Harlan & Hollingsworth people are also celebrated steam-yacht builders, having constructed *Nourmahal* for Mr. Astor, *Alta* for Mr. Vanderbilt, *Susquehanna* for Mr. Stickney, *Elysia* for Mr. Flagler, *Elfrida* for Mr. Seward Webb, *Electra* for Mr. Gerry, and *Almy* for Mr. Gallatin. *Susquehanna* and *Almy* are lying at their docks out of commission. The latter is probably the most expensively fitted up yacht in the world; she has also proved herself very speedy, steaming eleven knots an hour under natural draught, and burning only five and a half tons of coal a day—a remarkable record. They have now on the stocks a 300 feet long propeller for the Merchants and Miners' Transportation Company almost ready for launching, and also a number of other vessels being refitted and repaired. When the Harlan & Hollingsworth Company make their ship-building contracts, they usually contract to deliver the vessel all ready for sea, excepting her provisions. Their facilities are so great, the plant so complete, that they can fit out every part of any kind of ship; plumbing, upholstering, joiner and cabinet work, boilers, steel plates, engines, electric lights, masts, rigging, all but the sails, are made in their own yard, and a walk through this busy place is an unusually interesting one to the thoughtful observer. One of the great sources of the success and continued prosperity of this concern lies in the fact that its founders and all those connected with its present organization have been and are mechanics, "working-men" in the fullest sense of the word; and as a result of this we see a highly perfected business concern whose career is a splendid example of the American mechanic's energy and genius.

Their neighbors, the Jackson & Sharp Company (established in 1863), are the other extreme in the ship-building line, constructing wooden vessels only, mostly four-masted schooners of large tonnage, one on the stocks now registering 1800 tons. The competition of steam has forced naval architects and those interested in wooden sailing ships to devise some means to meet this business rivalry. We therefore see the square-rigged vessels relegated to obscurity, excepting, perhaps, for very long voyages, and the fore-and-aft schooner-rigged craft, with four or five masts, taking their place. On a voyage around the Cape of Good Hope, for example, a schooner-rigged vessel, because of her excellent pointing qualities, can save, with favorable winds, 800 or 900 miles on the voyage. The average time for completing a 1500-ton four-masted schooner, all ready for sea, is about six months; formerly it took a year to build a 500-ton brig. Then everything was handwork, now they cut out every plank in the craft by machinery; then the adze and the broadaxe did the work, now it is the circular saw and planing machines. Even the "rebails" are prepared by a machine, the decks are planed, surfaced, and edged by a marvel of mechanical skill. Six men, one engineer, and the proper machinery can turn out better work and more work than 150 men without machinery. Such is the revolution in wooden ship-building. The question of apprentices, or "bound boys," as they are tersely called, is a perplexing one. In wet weather or slack times these boys could be put to planing decks or chopping out knees, and a hundred and one odds and ends that needed to be done in doors for the "skeleton on the stocks," but modern science has forestalled this condition of things, and the foreman is frequently put to his wits' end to know what to do with his "bound boys" to keep them out of mischief. The cost of a 1500-ton wooden four-masted schooner, all complete, is about \$45,000. The cost of labor and material is a trifle higher than in the Maine ship-yards, but the Delaware shipwright claims to build a stancher and better vessel. The Maine folk use too many soft woods, such as birch, chestnut, spruce, etc., while the Delaware sea-

lost. Pusey & Jones, also at Wilmington, build a marine railway, but the vessels they build are mostly stern and side wheel craft of very light draught, expressly designed for the South American trade. There are also some "wooden yards" at Milford, Milton, Odessa, and Lewes, where they build small schooners, oyster-boats, etc., which complete the ship-building industry in Delaware.

Chester, Pennsylvania, contains the only other great iron-ship yard outside of Philadelphia on the Delaware. Established in 1860 by Reaney, Son, & Archbold, it became in 1871 the Delaware River Iron Ship Building and Engine-Works, John Roach & Sons proprietors. This is a very extensive and complete plant, having the Delaware to launch upon, and therefore able to compete with any ship-yard for the building of vessels of the largest size. They have now on the stocks the sixteenth vessel for the Mallory Line, the *Concho*, of 3000 tons; they have also built ten steamers for the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, twelve for Commodore Garrison's old line to Savannah, and a number for the Old Dominion and the Oregon Navigation Company. These works were brought into very general notice by the row that took place between the late John Roach, the Cleveland administration, and more particularly with Secretary of the Navy Whitney, about the completion of the "White Fleet," i. e., *Chicago*, *Boston*, *Atlanta*, and *Dolphin*.

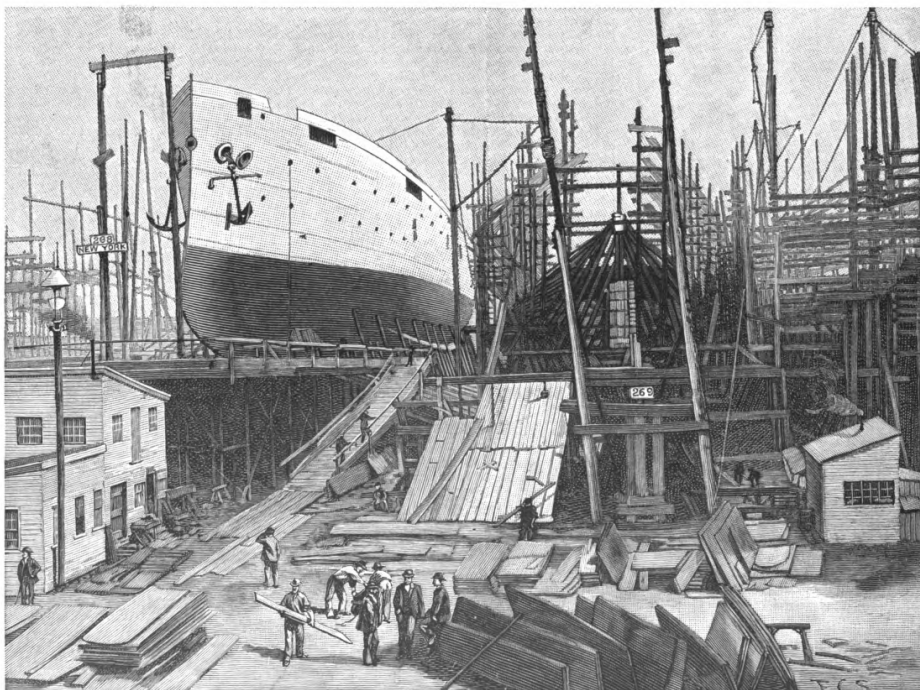
It is not generally known that this contract was made directly with John Roach, and he in turn sublet it to the works of which he was president. The government delayed the acceptance of these vessels, on the ground of sundry imperfections and failure to comply with contract specifications, the result being the financial ruin of Mr. Roach. It is not my province here to enter into a discussion of the *pros* and *cons* of this controversy, but it is a deplorable event nevertheless, for while the government finds itself compelled by lack of facilities at the navy-yards to construct most of our new men-of-war at private yards, it would have been well to have kept in the market all the competition possible. The feeling the Chester Works is exceedingly bitter, and the possibility of a change of administration compels them to decline altogether all overtures to engage in government ship-building. This is a distinct loss to the Navy Department, as the Chester people are the only competitors on the Atlantic seaboard the Cramps have.

The Jersey shore of the Delaware river and bay from Cape May to Trenton has always been engaged in ship-

building. Camden is now the centre of this industry. At Haise's Point John A. Dialogue has quite an extensive iron plant, confining his work to building ocean-going tugs and light-house tenders. At Cooper's Point there are three wooden-ship yards, with several graving-docks. These works confine themselves to large schooners, and to repairing incoming vessels to the port of Philadelphia.

One of the particular causes that has led to the supremacy of the Delaware River as a ship-building centre has always been the character of the men engaged in it. Without an exception, every yard on the river is to-day controlled by practical men, who have risen directly or indirectly from the ranks. Such a thing as a strike in a Delaware River ship-yard is absolutely unknown. The men are contented and prosperous, many of them owning their own little homes, and handing down the trade of ship-building from generation to generation. As an evidence of the esteem these shipwrights were held in, when John Vaughn died in Kensington in 1849, the day of his funeral was converted into one of public demonstration and mourning. The fire and military companies turned out, the houses were closed, business suspended, and the entire population expressed by every possible means their respect for this plain every-day American mechanic. Such men as this, William Cramp, Vandusen, John Hammit, Robert Linn, Birely, and others combined to build the industry of ship-building on the Delaware upon an imperishable foundation. The passage by Congress of the Postal Subsidy Bill will only indirectly benefit the ship-builder. Its provisions shut out of all benefit from it all sea-going steamers of less than 1500 tons and 12 knots an hour speed, and to these the subsidy is only 66 2/3 cents per mile. There are very few American-built foreign-going steamers of over 3000 tons. The four American liners built by the Cramps, and before mentioned, are 3350 tons, the only ones afloat of this size of American registry, and they are only 10-knot ships.

However, the passage of this bill by Congress is an encouraging sign that something may be hoped from government protection to American shipping, whereas the past has been chiefly productive of Congressional reverence for the "prairie schooner" and the "schooner with froth." It has always been a marvel that the government should be entirely satisfied to pay for mail transportation to the water's edge, and not beyond. But perhaps the Postal Subsidy Bill is the precursor of more enlightened legislation favorable to American shipping and ship-building interests. At all events, it is an important step towards the breaking down of an absurd prejudice against "subsidies," more especially concerning ships. England has not only fostered her commerce by subsidies of various kinds, but has thereby also established her supremacy as a builder of ships. Give the American mechanic the same policy of government help, and it will not be long before he will build ships as cheaply as his British competitor, and thus once more the American flag will carry to all ports of the world the fame of our ship-yards and ship-builders. It is an every-day cry that England builds "cheaper" ships than we can; so she can in actual dollars and cents; but when a comparison is made as to "quality," it will be found that England's "cheap" ship is a very dear one in the end. He who judges by first cost is necessarily in error; a ship is a machine. What it costs to build a vessel is of much less consequence to the owner than what it will cost to run her and keep her in good condition. Superiority of workmanship is more general in American ships than in English ones. The "crack" transatlantic liners must not be accepted as a standard; inspect, rather, some of the "slop-built" "tramps" that come out seeking cargoes, and compare these with the American ships of the same tonnage and relative cost, and the expert and candid observer will award the palm of superiority to the one carrying the American flag. In speed, both as to wooden ships and iron ones, we have always been their superiors, and in the matter of carrying capacity and sailing qualities, American naval architects and mechanics have distanced all competitors for more than a century.



CRAMP'S SHIP-YARD, 1891, SHOWING "NEW YORK" AND "PIRATE" ON STOCKS.

YOUNG MEN OF NEW YORK.

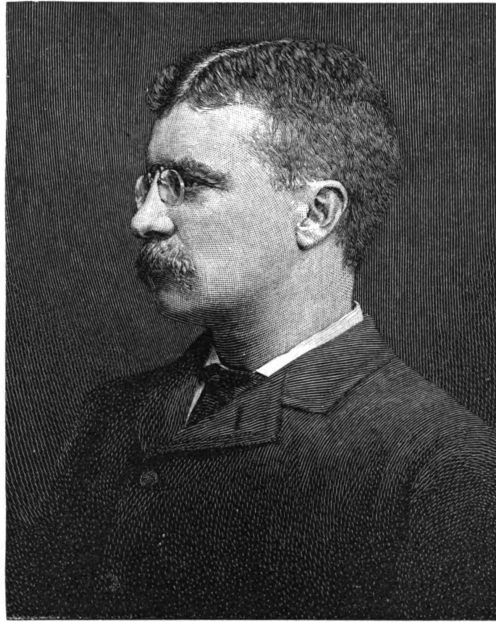
A LITTLE while ago I heard a lad of seventeen, who, of course, ought still to have been at school, but who had been in business for three months, say that he found that he must change his occupation, as he had learned that it took at least eight years for any one to master the details of the business in which he was employed and to amount to anything in it. This was amusing to me, if it was not to the boy, for I was convinced that a man who at twenty-five, or even thirty-five, amounted to anything much above the average had not only shown exceptional ability, but had been aided by rare good fortune. Time was, a few generations ago, when competition was not as great as it is now, that the generality of quite young men had more opportunity to rise rapidly than is now possible. It may be that in the professions not so much thoroughness was required as is now expected. Few men in the great cities accomplish a great deal unless they take up special branches of their professions. For instance, a lawyer devotes himself to the criminal practice, or to real-estate law, or to the law of corporations; a doctor studies the eye and ear or the nervous system, or takes up surgery as a specialty; a railroad man—this is a new profession—adopts the mechanical or the executive side of the business, and so on and so on. It is the specialist in nearly every calling that is making improvements and gaining personal distinction. Notwithstanding the difficulties which now hinder the quick advancement of young men, some there are in every community who have gained high places, and hold them with ease and authority. This is especially so in New York, which in time, sometimes sooner, sometimes later, draws many of the best men from the smaller cities. There are a score or more of young men in the first rank, but for the purpose of this article a dozen or so have been selected from various fields of labor. The brief biography of each will show whence he sprung and how he became worthy to be placed in this company, while his portrait will, to an extent at least, add in showing what manner of man he is. In this article we include a lawyer and politician, a lawyer pure and simple, a playwright, a musician, a surgeon, an artist, two railroad executives, a writer and politician, one editor, story-writer, and poet, a preacher, and an architect. Two of these young men, Mr. Walter Damrosch, the musician, and Mr. George J. Gould, the railroad executive, have been somewhat assisted in their careers by the high position held by the father of each; and Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, the writer and politician, was aided in the outset by a large fortune; but all three of them have proven themselves worthy to hold the responsible positions they have attained, and therefore it would scarcely be fair to let such accidental advantages count against them. The rest of the gentlemen have, I believe, been assisted by nothing save personal ability. The ages of these gentlemen range from twenty-five to forty-two, and the hard work each has done to attain such measure of distinction as is accorded to him should inspire my young friend of seventeen to stick to his business, and feel that he will be lucky indeed if at twenty-five, or forty-five, for that matter, he amounts to anything.

It is interesting to note that six of these thirteen young men are college-bred, and three of those who were more or less self-educated were thrown entirely upon their own resources while they were still boys.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, who is not yet thirty-three years old, comes of a wealthy and distinguished New York family.

He was graduated from Harvard in the class of 1880, and two years later entered into politics with all the vim and ardor of youth. In 1882 he was elected to the New York Assembly, and again in 1883 and 1884. From the first he made himself felt in that body, and he was always a zealous and uncompromising opponent of the unclean jobs which



THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

are continually appearing in that legislative assembly. After his second election he was the leader of the Republican minority, and was his party's candidate for Speaker. This was certainly rapid advancement for a young man of twenty-five, only three years away from the classic precincts of Cambridge. In the Legislature of 1884 he was chairman of the Committee on Cities and chairman of the special investigating committee. In the latter capacity Mr. Roosevelt says very candidly himself that he thinks he did the best service he ever rendered to the State. His effort to get Judge Westbrook impeached, though not successful, probably had a very beneficial restraining influence upon some other members of the judiciary. But even above this he counts of value the passage of the measure by which the confirming power of New York city's Mayor's appointments was taken away from the Board of Aldermen. If New York city ever has a good government, it will probably be

by concentration of power in the hands of one man, who can be held responsible by the people. Sometimes there is a good Mayor in New York and sometimes a bad one; this is as the people exert themselves; but the Board of Aldermen is always bad. Such was the problem which confronted this youthful legislator, and he attacked it with mainly fearlessness. Mr. Roosevelt's political career did not stop here. As a delegate to the National Republican Convention where the "third-term men," under the late Roscoe Conkling, attempted to force the nomination of General Grant upon the party, young Mr. Roosevelt stood up and contested every point with that imperious Senator, who in the end was defeated in his fight. Mr. Roosevelt's next appearance in politics was as the Republican candidate for Mayor of New York against Mr. Abram S. Hewitt and Mr. Henry George. He was badly beaten in this race. When Mr. Harrison became President, Mr. Roosevelt was appointed a member of the United States Civil Service Commission, and he is now serving in that capacity. His intrepid activity in this field has brought him more or less in conflict with the political spoilsmen of both parties; but he pursues his work bravely and gayly, caring for neither hostility nor favor.

This political career, it would seem, should have been enough to occupy the ten active years of a wealthy young man, fond of pleasure and sport. But he has done other things too, and also achieved a reputation as a mighty hunter. He has killed every kind of game to be found in the United States, and has led the active life of a ranchman in the Northwest. But this was for pleasure, as was also probably his many interesting writings descriptive of ranch life and the pursuit of big game. These articles, many of which first appeared in the magazines, have been embodied in two charming books, *Hunting Trips of a Ranchman*, and *Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail*. But he has done more serious literary work. He has written several of the volumes in Mr. Freeman's "Historic Town Series," and has published two historical volumes on the *Winning of the West*. This work Mr. Roosevelt intends to continue several volumes further, and to bring the story down to 1850, or thereabouts, when we had gained all of our present territory. To properly tell how our people conquered this continent is a vast undertaking, and to present the whole story in a concrete form will be a most valuable contribution to history.

Mr. Roosevelt is the president of the Boone and Crockett Club, of New York, a company of big-game hunters, and an honorary member of the London Alpine Club. He keeps up his father's valuable work in the State Charities Aid Association, and also in the New York newsboys' lodging-houses. He lives, when not in Washington, near Oyster Bay, on Long Island, at a beautiful place, surrounded on three sides by water, called "Sagamore Hill." There he has his hunting trophies and his library. It is a most charming place for retirement after the bustle and worry of public life.

H. WALTER WEBB.

Dr. Chauncey M. Depew, the president of the New York Central Railroad, went abroad last summer, as is his custom, and the employees of the road took this opportunity to strike. "Dr. Depew will have to come back," every one said. But Dr. Depew remained at Homburg, and H. Walter Webb took charge of the strike, which threatened to involve millions, and brought the company out of it safely, and became famous in New York city in consequence. Dr. Depew can continue to take his well-earned holidays abroad with an easy mind.



WILLIAM T. BULL, M.D.



H. WALTER WEBB.



HENRY C. BUNNER.



DELANCEY NICOLL.

During the sixteen years in which Mr. H. Walter Webb has been in active business he has made three radical changes in his calling. Ordinarily such conduct would have been considered vacillating, and indicative of weakness and irresolution, but the results show that in Mr. Webb's case, at least, he was but moving towards his proper sphere of action. He is a son of the late James Watson Webb, a famous newspaper editor before the war, and a contemporary in journalistic warfare and disputation of Horace Greeley and Thurlow Weed. Mr. H. Walter Webb was born in Tarrytown, on the Hudson, in 1853, and was graduated first in his class from the Columbia College School of Mines in 1873. While a student there he went with the famous Orton exploring expeditions to South America in 1871 and 1872. The expedition went up the Amazon almost to its source, coming out in Peru and returning by the Pacific coast. He did not, however, choose the kind of profession to be expected from one who had taken this special course, but when he had finished at the School of Mines, he entered the Columbia College Law School, and was graduated in 1875.

He soon began the practice of the law, and during the seven years devoted to that profession, achieved an enviable reputation as an expert practitioner in matters of real estate. In 1882, however, he abandoned the legal profession in favor of a Wall Street career. In the exciting turmoil of that short and narrow thoroughfare he spent four years, and then moved further up town to become vice-president of the Wagner Palace Car Company, of which his brother, Dr. William Seward Webb, a son-in-law of the late William H. Vanderbilt, was president. Three years later he was made assistant to the president of the New York Central Railroad. In 1890 the position of third vice-president of this great trunk line was created for him, and the duties of the office consisted in the operation of the road. His

ability was soon put to a crucial test. Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, the president of the road, was in Europe during the summer of 1890, and the Knights of Labor availed themselves of his absence to carry out by force several projects, all of which involved the principle that the railroad company should treat with the Knights of Labor as an organization in regard to grievances which any of the employees of the company might have against it.

To acknowledge such a principle was simply impossible, for the natural sequence of it was that the administration of the affairs of the company would be taken away from the owners of the property and handed over to an organization which had no property rights in the railroad whatever. In this emergency Mr. Webb acted with coolness, firmness, and courage. He deprecated a strike, but positively refused to treat with the Knights of Labor (as such) at all. Had he, as the responsible officer of the New York Central, given in to the demands made upon him, a precedent would have been established which would have gone far towards creating a revolution in railroad administration in this country. Such action on his part would most certainly have unsettled property values of every kind at once and for some time to follow. But he never flinched from his firm stand, and the strike soon ended in a miserable and cowardly effort to wreck a passenger train between New York and Albany. His action at this time gave him great public prominence, and a first-class rank among railroad men.

Mr. Webb was for four years a member of the New York Board of Education—from 1885 to 1889.

DR. WILLIAM T. BULL.

A doctor who devotes his time almost exclusively to surgery very often becomes very distinguished among his professional brethren without being very well known to the

general public. This should not be at this time, at least, for during the past little while surgery, as a science or an art, has made so much progress that the medical side of the profession in comparison seems almost to have stood still. A young surgeon does not have the very best chance in the world to show early in his career what is in him, for in private practice he is usually not sent for, and in the hospitals older and more experienced men look after what they call the "capital cases," that is, serious cases which may involve a loss of life. It is therefore quite extraordinary for a surgeon to achieve a very high position while he is quite a young man. This Dr. William Tillinghast Bull, who is now forty-two years old, did fully ten years ago; and not only that, but in one instance at least he performed a new and original operation, and pointed out a course of action which has been followed by surgeons all over the civilized world. This has enabled other men less bold than he in taking the initiative to save many lives.

Dr. Bull is a native of Rhode Island, whither one of his ancestors went with the Roger Williams colony which settled in Providence. This Henry Bull and six others subsequently purchased the island of "Aquidneck," or Rhode Island, and he was twice Governor of the colony of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations. As his share of the island he received a large tract of land, at present part of the city of Newport. The estate at the corner of Bull and Broad streets, Newport, still remains in the family, having been transmitted by will from father to son for more than two hundred and fifty years. It now belongs to Dr. Bull's father. Dr. Bull was graduated from Harvard in the class of 1869, and three years later that college conferred upon him the degree of Master of Arts. That same year he was graduated a Doctor of Medicine from the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York with high honors, and



THOMAS HASTINGS.



THE REV. THOMAS DIXON, JUN.

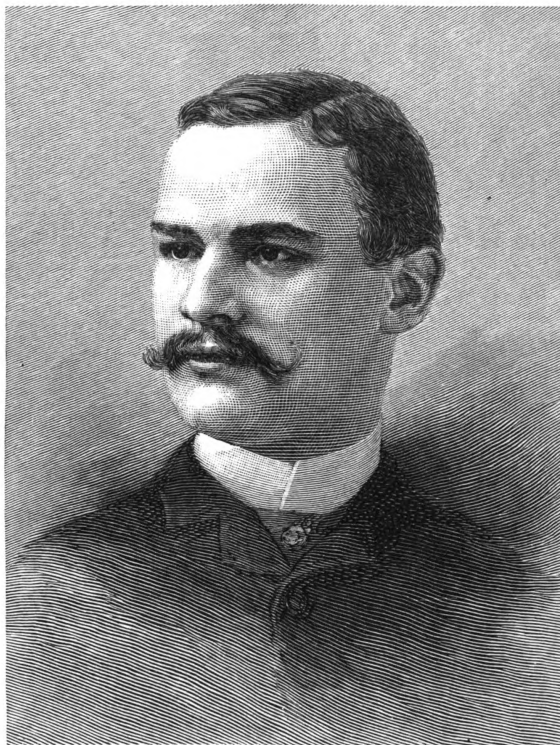
took the first prize for a thesis on "Perityphilitis." During his medical course he was also a private pupil of the late well-known Dr. Henry B. Sands.

Dr. Bull now spent a year and a half as the resident surgeon of Bellevue Hospital. Then he went to Europe for two years of study, and in 1873, returning to New York, began the active practice of his profession on his own account. He was the physician in charge of the New York Dispensary for two years, and since has been a trustee of that institution. In 1877 he was placed in charge of the Chambers Street Hospital, a branch of the New York Hospital devoted especially to accident and emergency cases, with active ambulance service. This service he conducted as exclusive attending surgeon, with a staff of several assistants, for eleven years.

It was while he was here that Dr. Bull performed the operation referred to before. Gun or pistol shot wounds in the abdomen had always been regarded as impossible to treat, and the mortality from them during the war of the rebellion was so great that of every one hundred men wounded in the abdomen eighty-seven died. And in hospital practice in the cities the percentage of mortality was almost if not quite as great. One day a woman was brought to the hospital with two pistol wounds in the abdomen. She died, and during the autopsy Dr. Bull came to the conclusion that if laparotomy had been performed—that is, if the abdomen had been opened—the intestines might have been taken out, the damage repaired, the intestines returned, and the woman's life saved. He determined, at any rate, to try such an operation the first favorable opportunity. In a short while a man was brought in wounded somewhat similarly. He performed the operation. It was successful, and the man recovered. The case was reported, and in his profession at least the young surgeon awoke to find himself famous. Since then 165 cases have been reported, and of these sixty-seven per cent. were successful.

I have told of all the hospital places which Dr. Bull has held, because every one knows how hard it is to get these. They are not bestowed upon favorites, but for merit alone. When he gave up the Chambers Street Hospital, he did so to take the larger field of surgical practice in the New York Hospital itself. Meantime he had been for four years attending Surgeon to St. Luke's Hospital, and on retiring was made one of the Consulting Surgeons, a place which he still holds. He is also Consulting Surgeon to the Manhattan Hospital and the Orthopedic Hospital and Dispensary. He is the Surgeon in charge of the Hernia Department of the Hospital for Ruptured and Crippled. He is also one of the surgeons of the New York Hospital. But this is not the end of his activities. He is a teacher of anatomy and surgery. After holding several minor positions, he is now Professor of Surgery in the College of Physicians and Surgeons—a chair which he holds in common with Dr. Charles McBurney.

This extensive hospital work is chiefly one of charity, but Dr. Bull has an immense practice outside of it, as private



GEORGE J. GOULD.

patients are sent to him from all over the country. It is safe to say that there is no busier or more active man in the whole of New York than this gifted surgeon, who day by day carves into human flesh with a skill which would seem uncanny were it not in the highest sense beneficent.

DELANCEY NICOLL.

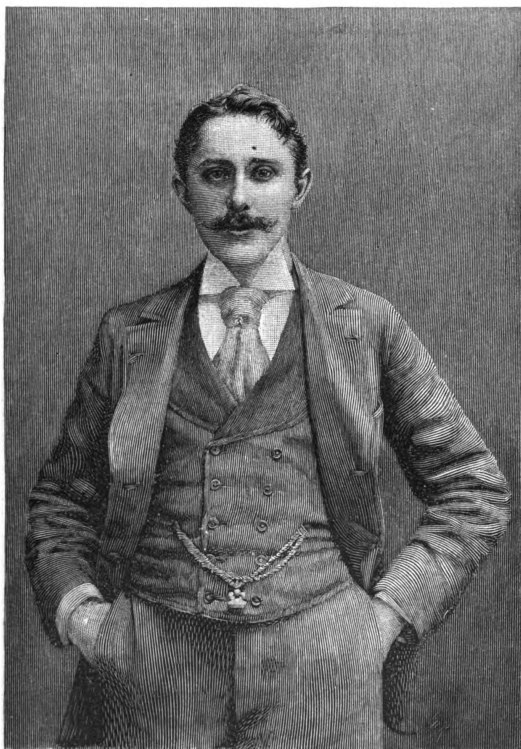
Mr. Delancey Nicoll, the present District Attorney for the county of New York, is thirty-six years old, and comes of distinguished New York ancestry. One of his forefathers was the first Mayor of New York after the colony became English. He was born at Bayside, Long Island, and was educated at Princeton, from which college he was graduated

in 1874. His law studies were completed at Columbia College Law School in 1876, and he immediately began the practice of the law. In 1885 he was appointed an Assistant District Attorney, and very soon thereafter he came very prominently before the public. He conducted the case against Buddensiek, the builder who used such inferior mortar in constructing houses that one of them fell down with fatal results to one or more of the workmen. The builder was convicted, and is still in prison for his offence. He also tried the case against Ferdinand Ward, that remarkable swindler who beguiled many old and shrewd and honored men to go into enterprises which existed in his mind only. In this case he also secured a conviction. He also conducted the case against General Alexander Shaler, who was accused of having accepted a bribe to vote for the selection of a certain site for an armory for State troops. In this case, after a long and hotly contested trial, the jury disagreed.

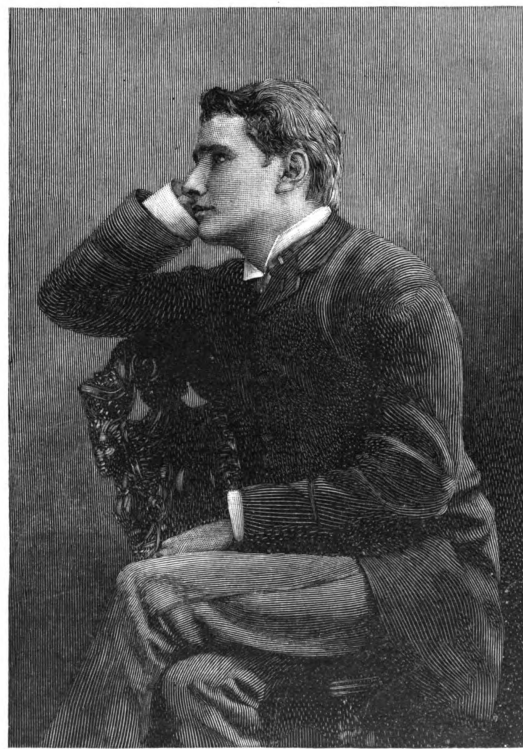
By this time Mr. Nicoll was looked upon by the people of New York as a man able, fearless, and incorruptible, and when the famous cases of the "boodle Aldermen"—they who formed what was called a "combine" to sell the franchise for a street railway in Broadway to the company which would raise the largest corruption fund—came on, the good people of the town felt that their cause was in good hands when it was confined to Mr. Nicoll. It had been always looked upon as wellnigh impossible to convict a public official in New York of bribery. Mr. Nicoll, however, succeeded in convicting four of the Aldermen, and would probably have had justice dealt out to even a larger number had not many of them fled the country when they saw that the charges were not to be neglected in the District Attorney's office. What was more even than the conviction of these miserable Aldermen was the conviction of the man who was the head and front of the company which secured the unclean work to be done. The Aldermen were only political adventurers, whose friends clung to them merely for the sake of sharing in the plunder which was to be secured by practical politics; but this man was rich, and had other rich men associated with him. But he too was convicted, though he died while some legal stay of proceedings was pending.

Another notable conviction which Mr. Nicoll secured was that of Most, the anarchist. This served notice upon such lawless people that though we had great personal freedom here, we also had exact laws, and did not tolerate actions dangerous to the peace of society.

When the term of the District Attorney under whom Mr. Nicoll served was about to expire, it was a very general feeling that Mr. Nicoll should be elected to the place. He had not then, however, become as shrewd a politician as he now is, and the nomination of the Democratic party was given to another. The Republican party, however, together with the Irving Hall branch of the Democracy, put Mr. Nicoll in nomination, and a great mass-meeting was held at Cooper



WILLIAM CLYDE FITCH.



WALTER DAMROSCH.



WILLIAM D. GUTHRIE.

Union to endorse this action. The independent people were for Mr. Nicoll almost to a man; but he was nevertheless beaten by the union of professional politicians against him.

When his term of office had expired, Mr. Nicoll at once resumed the general practice of his profession, and found plenty to do. One of his first cases was to be retained by the Mexican government to secure the extradition of Benson, the man who went to the city of Mexico, and representing himself as Patti's advance agent, sold \$80,000 worth of tickets for the concert the great singer was to give in the Mexican capital. He fled before being detected. After a short stay in England this accomplished swindler returned to America, and was arrested by means of *habeas corpus* proceedings he resisted extradition, and then Mr. Nicoll was retained to act for the Mexican government. There were new points in the case, and it was argued in all of the courts. When the Supreme Court of the United States decided against Benson he committed suicide, preferring death to the horrors of a Mexican prison.

Mr. Nicoll was also counsel in the investigation of the New York markets, and produced testimony to show that the administration of these institutions by the city officials was as corrupt as could be. As counsel for the Fasset Aqueduct Committee he uncovered many things which the "rings" would have preferred to keep in the shade, and in consequence the Aqueduct Commission was reorganized as at present constituted. But Mr. Nicoll's important cases in his private practice are too numerous to mention.

At the last election, when Tammany Hall swept the city, Mr. Nicoll was again a candidate for District Attorney. This time, however, he was the nominee of the party which in the previous race had beaten him, and he was elected. As to his present worth, the daily papers furnish full and continuous information. However able a lawyer and public prosecutor Mr. Nicoll may have been, he has cast in his lot with Tammany, and it is feared that as a politician his movements will now be hampered by the party machine that he once defied, and has later bowed to. The future will show that.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

Several years ago there was built in the old Spanish town of St. Augustine, in Florida, a marvellous hotel, which was then and still is the wonder of the travellers who seek the balmy climate when the east wind is too strong in the northern sections of the country. This hotel, the property of Mr. Flagler, the Standard Oil magnate, is called the Ponce de Leon, and was designed by Mr. Thomas Hastings when he was only twenty-five years old. It was his first work, and it gave him at once a high position in his profession. Mr. Hastings was born in New York thirty years ago, being the son of one of the best-known clergymen in the city. At eighteen he went to Paris, and spent four years at the School of Fine Arts. Returning home, his first employment was on this hotel. So many pictures of this great hotel have been published that no description of it is necessary. Its method of construction, however, was somewhat novel and interesting. The walls were built of concrete, and each course moulded into place. The concrete was formed of sea-shells, sand, and cement. This part of the construction, however, was probably in charge more of Mr. Hastings's partner, Mr. John M. Carère, who is the engineer of the firm, Mr. Hastings devoting his time and skill to designing. Besides this hotel Mr. Hastings also designed another hotel at St. Augustine for Mr. Flagler, the Alcazar, and also two churches. One of these edifices is a memorial church erected by Mr. Flagler in memory of his daughter.

The chief building in New York designed by Mr. Hastings is the Edison building in Broad Street. Besides this, he is in process of construction the Pierce building on Franklin and Hudson streets in New York, and very soon the *Mail and Express* building, on Fulton Street and Broadway, will be started. The frontage of this building on Broadway is only about twenty-five feet, and as it is over two hundred feet in altitude, it will be interesting to see how the problem is worked out. On Fulton Street there is a front of sixty feet, and here, of course, is a better opportunity for ornamentation, of which the gentleman who has given Mr. Hastings's firm the commission wishes as much as possible.

Mr. Hastings has designed and is now building a splendid Presbyterian church in Providence, Rhode Island, and at

Lakewood, New Jersey, a large hotel, which will be finished next season. The interior decorations of Mr. William Rockefeller's house on the Hudson were designed by him, but he is careful to explain that with the exterior he had nothing to do.

Mr. Hastings has an opportunity very early to show his qualities, and fortunately for him he was equal to the occasion. It is a rare thing for any architect anywhere to have had even a chance at thirty years of age to accomplish what Mr. Hastings has done. While most young men of his age are thinking about settling down to a steady pull of work, he has achieved a great reputation, and acquired, in all probability, the stable beginnings of a generous fortune.

MESSRS. HEINS & LA FARGE.

Some time since in the WEEKLY the plans submitted by the competing architects for the great Protestant Episcopal Cathedral of St. John the Divine were published and descriptions printed, together with some critical remarks upon the various designs. The Cathedral Committee, with Bishop Henry C. Potter as chairman, has chosen for architects, Messrs. Heins & La Farge, who submitted a plan in the competition. The committee evidently reached the conclusion that these architects could more nearly accomplish what was desired than others among the competitors. This form of decision does not mean that the plans of Messrs. Heins & La Farge have either been accepted or rejected, but it does mean that these gentlemen are to plan and supervise the building, and that probably the design as already published will in the main be the one to be erected. These fortunate architects were the youngest young men among those of this city.

Mr. C. Grant La Farge was born in Newport, Rhode Island, twenty-nine years ago, his father being the artist John La Farge, and his mother a granddaughter of Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry. His grandmother, by-the-way, the wife of Commodore Perry's son, C. Grant Perry, was a Miss Sergeant, of Philadelphia, a great-granddaughter of Benjamin Franklin.

Mr. La Farge's boyhood was spent at Newport until he went to Boston to the Institute of Technology. But even previous to this, his constant association with his father with artistic matters and the methods of artistic work, together with the attitude of mind of those who produce it. In this he had a great advantage over others who, having determined to follow this profession, go to a school in a state of complete ignorance, to learn not only the technical and scientific sides, but the idea of design.

Mr. George Lewis Heins is thirty-two years old and a native of Philadelphia, where he was prepared for college, and was for some time a student of the University of Pennsylvania. Much of his boyhood, however, was spent in Europe. It was in Italy, while studying with a tutor, that he determined upon his profession. When he had returned to America, he entered the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, at Boston, and here met Mr. La Farge. When Mr. Heins was graduated in Boston in 1889, he went to Minneapolis and St. Paul, and had his first practical experience in a subordinate capacity in those Western cities. Some time later he was joined by Mr. La Farge, who worked in the same office.

When Mr. John La Farge, the celebrated artist, opened an establishment for decorations in New York, these young men came to New York, and joined in that enterprise as assistants. They have built several churches, the most notable probably of which is the Church of the Blessed Sacrament in Providence, Rhode Island.

THE REV. THOMAS DIXON, JUN.

The Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jun., of the Twenty-third Street Baptist Church, comes of preaching stock, his father being a Baptist minister in North Carolina, a brother a preacher of the same denomination in Baltimore, and another brother following a similar calling in Brooklyn. Mr. Dixon was born in the mountains of North Carolina twenty-six years ago, and received his education at a local college near his birthplace. He then took a brief post-graduate course at the Johns Hopkins University, and later spent a year in New York. Here he studied elocution, and thought very seriously of going on the stage. When he returned to his home, however, he studied law, and in due course began the practice of that profession, having in the mean time been elected a member of the Legislature of his State. Here he easily made a reputation for eloquence. I do not know what the influences were which induced him to leave his profession and his political ambitions, but he did so suddenly, and was soon preaching with marked effect in Goldsborough and Raleigh.

The Baptist Church has no general church government, presenting rules regulating the admission of ministers. Each congre-

gation makes its own laws, and if the pastor be satisfactory to the church to which he ministers, that is enough. Therefore Mr. Dixon did not have to pass through any ecclesiastical course of training, but sprang at once from the bench to the pulpit, a full-fledged preacher. In some way his fame extended from the North Carolina hills to Boston, and thither he was called soon after he began his career at home. In Boston he remained about a year, and then was called to New York to take charge of his present church. When he came here, not two years ago, the congregation of his church had dwindled to very small proportions. Soon, however, the old church building at the corner of Lexington Avenue and Twenty-third Street was too small to hold the crowds that flocked twice a day to hear him. After much persuasion, he induced his congregation to hire for Sunday mornings and evenings the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association at Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue. This is said to be the largest hall of the kind in New York. However that may be, he has filled it to overflowing twice each Sunday from the beginning, and a well-developed plan is now under way to erect for his congregation and for him a great temple—a "city temple," he calls it—where there will be room for all who care to come.

The secret of Mr. Dixon's success is his lack of ecclesiastical conventionality, his earnestness, his fearlessness in saying what he finds to say, and that rare eloquence which very soon puts him in touch with those who hear him. His methods are not those of an Episcopal prelate, nor are they those of a Salvation Army exhorter. He seems rather to stand on the ground between the two. But his evident effort is to reach those people who are attached to no particular church and no particular creed. He has been criticised by the newspapers as being a sensational preacher, and it is as the youngest preacher of much repute that he is given a place in this article.

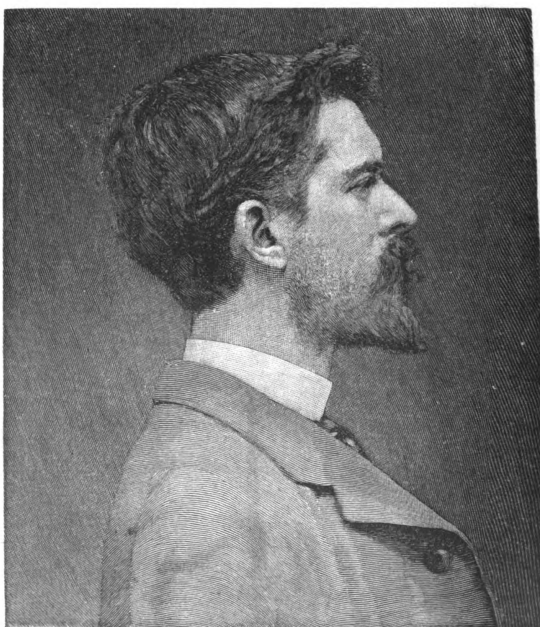
CLYDE FITCH.

Mr. Clyde Fitch, the latest playwright, is only twenty-five years old, and as he was graduated from Amherst only four years ago, his active career has been very short indeed. But he has shown that there was good material in him, and his work—unduly praised by some and too harshly criticised by others—indicates not only a delicate touch, but a keen appreciation of the dramatic art. From college he came to New York and engaged in literary work. For the *Independent* and the *Christian Union* he wrote some charming stories for children, which, I understand, are soon to appear in book form. But Mr. Fitch first came before the general public as the author of *Beau Brummel*, a play written for Richard Mansfield, the actor. When this play was produced, the chief critics at once recognized that the hand that wrote it had no mean literary skill. Unfortunately that eccentric actor for whom the play was written became so much attached to it after its success was proven that he conceived the idea that he had written it himself, and that Mr. Fitch had merely been his amanuensis. Mr. Fitch's manly, modest, and good-natured response to this attack upon him would have set all doubts at rest, even if he had not done other work which showed conclusively that he who wrote *Beau Brummel* wrote *Frédéric Lemaître*.

After finishing *Beau Brummel*, Mr. Fitch determined to devote his time exclusively to play-writing. His *Frédéric Lemaître* is a one-act comedy which has been successfully produced in Boston and New York. He has also written *Betty's Finish*, a one-act comedy, and *A Modern Match*, a four-act comedy, soon to be produced. Mrs. John Wood, at the Royal Court Theatre, will soon bring out a comedy in four acts, a costume play, by Mr. Fitch. This play has not yet been named, or at least the name has not been made public. He is now writing a play to be produced at the Lyceum Theatre in New York.

This is pretty active work for four years, and it may be that after a while Mr. Fitch may write that great American play which the critics have been calling for these many years. His friends call him a modern Sheridan; Mr. Mansfield's friends call him a pretender, a hired amanuensis, and other unkind names. His friends are almost as unfair to him as his enemies, but he has so proper an estimation of

(Continued on page 662.)



JOHN S. SARGENT

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No. 1810.

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THE REVOLUTION IN CHILI.

THE article in the last issue of the WEEKLY by Mr. RICARDO TRUMBULL upon the civil war in Chili is one of the most accurate and complete statements yet published. The war arose from the necessity of deciding whether the action of President BALMACEDA in overthrowing the Constitution should be condoned or resisted. There was no pretence of public motives in his action. The Constitution does not permit a re-election, and the President, in order to advance interests of his own, sought by the exercise of every power that he could command to designate his successor, and he is charged with resorting to criminal means. The ministry, apprised of his intrigues, resigned. But the attempt of BALMACEDA to gain a majority in Congress failed, and he named a new ministry friendly to Congress, which provided for carrying on the government. This displeased the President, who dismissed Congress, and named a ministry subservient to himself, and refused to call an extra session of Congress in obedience to the lawful demand of the body created for the purpose of advising extraordinary sessions. But on the 1st of June, 1890, the Congress met according to law, and censured the ministry, which by the same law as in England and the law of custom should have resigned. The ministry refused; but, unable to face the storm of public indignation, without attempting to justify itself, fled.

Congress thereupon refused to provide for the government. The President retorted by wholesale dismissals in the military and civil service, and the organization of armed ruffians to intimidate members of Congress. Leading citizens besought him not to precipitate the country into war, and at a critical moment the news of the revolution in the Argentine Republic alarmed BALMACEDA, and he yielded so far as to dismiss the obnoxious ministry, and to name one in sympathy with Congress. Congress and the ministry proposed at once a change in the electoral law which would have checked the President's efforts to control the choice of his successor. BALMACEDA therefore quarrelled with the Prime Minister, and the ministry resigned. He summoned a ministry of his followers, which instantly dismissed Congress. BALMACEDA then terrified and corrupted for his own ends the civil service and the army, and undertook, but in vain, to bribe the navy. Public meetings were interdicted, the press was intimidated; illegal arrests and imprisonments followed. Congress was not permitted to assemble, and on the 1st of January of this year BALMACEDA declared in a proclamation that in order to preserve public order he had been compelled to violate the Constitution. This was the end of law, and the people took up arms. The Congress solemnly deposed the President upon a detailed statement of his crimes against the Constitution and the state. The fleet declared for

the Congressional party, and on the 7th of January sailed from Valparaiso, carrying the committee of Congress, the Vice-President of the Senate, and the President of the Chamber of Deputies, empowered to restore constitutional order.

The people had no arms, and could not rise effectively against the army. The navy could take little active part, because it would not destroy the ports or any other property of citizens of the country. But the deserters from the army of the Dictator brought arms enough to enable the Congressional party to undertake the capture of the northern provinces, in which it has had almost constant success. Meanwhile BALMACEDA outlawed Congress, and ordered elections for a Constituent Assembly, and by a proclamation assumed all public power. The Congressional party now occupies the northern half of Chili, which yields more than two-thirds of the revenue of the country. Its government is well organized, and commands the entire respect of foreigners and Chilians. The territory is in undisputed possession, and commercial relations are maintained with all nations. All this is very different from the realm of the Dictator, which is held under a reign of terror. The claim of the Congressional party is that the character of the government; the extent of territory occupied; the amount of revenue derived; the wealth, character, and intelligence of its supporters; the strength of its naval and land forces; its foreign commerce, all taken together, are a combination of circumstances which entitles its government to be recognized as belligerents. The revolution is not a revolt against constituted authority, but the usurpation of a tyrant who, by the latest accounts, has issued twelve millions of fifty-cent paper money, making it legal tender, and is forcing everybody into the ranks of his army. The question for our government to decide in considering the recognition of belligerency is whether the Congressional party is effectively equal to that of BALMACEDA. It is undeniable that the facts so far as known seem to justify that view.

THE SILVER CLOUD.

EX-SPEAKER CARLISLE is reported as saying that the next Congress will pass a free-coinage bill, and that the President will be greatly embarrassed by it. Mr. MILLS, one of the most prominent candidates for the Speakership, is in favor of such a bill, but he thinks that it would be bad policy to make the question a prominent one before the election of next year. These two gentlemen are among the most eminent of Democratic leaders, and they are both from the part of the country in which the Democratic party is strongest. Their remarks show the disposition of the party in regard to the currency, which is also shown by the declaration of the Ohio Democratic Convention. Mr. CARLISLE's observation about the President discloses a singular misapprehension of the actual situation. The passage of a bill tampering with the currency and disastrously disturbing business everywhere, even although its adoption in the Senate should be due to a few free-silver Republican Senators from the new States, would furnish the President with an opportunity to appeal to the sound and patriotic sentiment of the country, which he would promptly embrace, and which would give him a stronger hold upon the intelligence of the country than he has ever had.

Republican decadence is seen in nothing more plainly than in the inclination to coquet with this question. The free-silver leaders in the Senate are Republicans. There is apparently a large body in the Republican party in the West which supports them. There is a marked disposition in many Republican papers either to advocate free coinage, or to insist that if the party as such cannot be considered sound, yet that the Democratic party is much unsounder. This is a form of the baby act upon which formerly Republicans would not have relied. There was a time when they would not have said that however bad they might be, the Democrats were worse. It is a droll position for a party to take that it will not do so much harm to a fundamental public interest as its opponent. A thief with one hand may be able to steal less than a thief with two hands, but he is a comical apostle of the commandment not to steal. The passage of the free-silver bill in the Senate shows that there is only a difference of degree upon this subject between the two parties.

The immediate danger, however, as Mr. CARLISLE's remark shows, is from the Democrats. It is universally agreed that Mr. CLEVELAND's frank and manly and unanswerable silver letter alienated a considerable part of his party. But Mr. SHERMAN's, on the other hand, has probably strengthened him, upon the whole, among Republicans. This shows that there is a larger proportion of sound views of the currency in the Republican than in the Democratic party. This is the fact which shows that Mr. MILLS's remark upon the impolicy of making free silver a prominent issue springs from a clear perception of the situation. But Mr. MILLS, who avows his own free-silver views, seems to forget that the record which his party has made and is making upon the subject, whether the

question is more prominent or not, must necessarily affect the vote next year. The disposition and sentiments of a party upon one vital subject are not changed by the fact that it is brought into power upon another. The new House of Representatives was elected largely upon the issue of the tariff. But many votes which members of the majority received would have been withheld had the tendency of the party to which they are attached been as evident last year as it is this year. When Congress meets, it will be remembered that the Senate passed a free-silver coinage act at the last session, and that the Democratic ex-Speaker anticipates the passage of such an act by the new House. Efforts to prevent it cannot hide the fact that the House, in the judgment of so shrewd a leader, is ready for it. This fact alone is of very great importance in its effect upon political prospects and upon individual voters.

MR. REED'S VIEWS.

MR. REED of Maine recently said to the Portland Club, which welcomed him upon his return from Europe, that in Europe the love of liberty has advanced almost as far as in this country, and that we must bestir ourselves if we mean to keep ahead. He thinks that our Constitution was framed by those who largely distrusted the people, and that other restraints upon the will of the people grew up under the domination of slavery in the national government. Among these, as we presume from the report of an interview with him published in the *World*, Mr. REED includes the practice of permitting Representatives in Congress not to vote when they are in their places in the House—a practice which, we were told during his Speakership, enables a minority to thwart a majority. But when Mr. REED and the Republicans were the minority they alleged, and justly alleged, that a majority must exert its power directly, and not by counting in a minority as part of itself. This assertion Mr. REED is now apparently disposed to regard as revolutionary, but perhaps permissible to a Republican minority in dealing with a Democratic majority, but not *vice versa*.

In his speech at Portland, Mr. REED further remarked that in no other country is the average of comfort and happiness so high as in the United States, and that this agreeable result is due, not to Tenderloin steeple, but to protection and a free ballot, or "the right never to be governed without his own consent." Mr. REED holds that a protective tariff secures a fair distribution of riches, and a force bill fair equality before the law, and he concluded that they assure the Republican party against any permanent disaster. Temporary disasters, like that of the last autumn, he probably ascribes to ignorance. Mr. REED did not mention the force bill, but his remarks implied that measure. In saying, "Give to every man the comforts which he needs to make life agreeable, and thus distribute the greatest amount of happiness, and thus give to every man his fair equality before the law, his right to make out of himself all that he can, and above all things the right never to be governed without his own consent," he says only what every genuine American desires and seeks to accomplish. But as this is not Republican in a partisan sense, but American in the truest sense, and he was speaking as a Republican, he meant especially to praise the Republican methods of achieving this result, and they are high protection and the force bill. Reciprocity Mr. REED did not mention in his Portland speech, but described graphically on ship-board as commerce conducted by official correspondence.

Now it has occurred to some of Mr. REED's fellow-citizens that putting a high tax on the raw materials of their labor, and adding to the price of their necessities of life, is not to distribute equally the greatest amount of happiness among them, and that to create a local bitterness of feeling against a class of citizens without the ability to protect them against the inevitable consequences of our act is not to give to every man his fair equality before the law. Those who are of this opinion may be mistaken. But they cannot be accused of the desire to deprive their fellow-citizens either of comforts or of rights. As Mr. REED truly says, these principles of action and the faithful pursuit of these objects are sure in the long-run to lead on to that victory which alone is worth the pursuit of a great people. But the manner in which that victory is to be won is a question of expedients. Mr. REED and his fellow-Americans are divided in judgment not upon the end, but the means. Even mugwumps do not aim at the equal distribution of the greatest amount of unhappiness, or at the largest unfair inequality before the law. We have even known opponents of the force bill who were not anxious that the colored voters should be either bulldozed or cheated at the polls. Their opposition must have been distressing to purists in politics, like QUAY, CLARKSON, WANAMAKER, and DUDLEY, but, however gravely in error, they were not enemies of their kind. Indeed, all Americans are tolerably proud of fair play, and to secure fair play, not to prevent it, is the purpose of their politics.

SPOILS IN BALTIMORE.

COMMISSIONER ROOSEVELT'S report on the violation of the civil service law in Baltimore is exceedingly interesting. The offence grew out of a fight of Republican factions—the office-seekers against the office-holders, the "outs" against the "ins." Mr. ROOSEVELT remarks:

"As a whole, the contest was marked by great fraud and no little violence. At present the ordinary office-seeking ward-workers and a very large percentage of office-holders have grown to believe that it is part of the natural order of things that those who hold or seek to hold the offices should exercise the controlling influence in political contests. The civil service law is doing much to disabuse them of the fact, and the further it can be extended and the more rigidly it can be executed the healthier the result will be. The ward-worker, who is simply in politics for the office, is a curse to the community, and the sooner this is recognized the better. His political activity is purely unselfish and mischievous. Take it out of the power of any politician to give him any office, and he will cease from his noxious labors in a very short space of time. As for the government office-holder, he must be given the one way or another that his duty is to do the work of the government for the whole people, and not to pervert his office for the use of any party or any faction."

The investigation showed that the law has been observed faithfully in the Custom-house, except that the Collector has exercised on political grounds his right of choice among the candidates certified to him for appointment. This practice is wholly opposed to the purpose of the law, and Mr. ROOSEVELT justly thinks, calls for severe rebuke, and, if continued, for prompt punishment. But the influence of the Post-office and Marshal's office has been used to control primary elections, and they have made systematic efforts to assess the employees for political purposes. After thorough inquiry, Mr. ROOSEVELT recommends the dismissal of twenty-five employees who have been shown to be guilty of violating the law.

"I am well aware," says Mr. ROOSEVELT, "that in recommending so many removals there is a semblance of harshness, and that among them there may be a few who have some apparent claims to indulgence. While a large proportion are evidently simply local professional politicians, with very low standards of morals, others are apparently reputable men, who acted as they did partly from real ignorance as to the law, but mainly because they did not believe the law would be or was in truth intended to be enforced, and the abuses which appear to have flourished in the Federal offices in Baltimore under the late administration made this belief on their part by no means unreasonable. Nevertheless, I adhere to my recommendation of dismissal in every case above specified, for I am satisfied that only by a severe lesson will this class of offenders be taught to respect the law, and I consider a few instances of leniency to individuals a less evil than it is to have this law generally evaded, and often brought into public contempt by the impunity with which it may be even openly violated."

The report has been adopted by the commissioners, and submitted to the President.

This is the spirit and this the method which reform. The first thing to do in offices like the large custom-houses and post-offices, in which the spoils system has long run riot, is to show beyond any doubt that the civil service law is not a sham nor a trick, but a law, like every other law on the statute-book, to be violated at the peril of the offender. It is certainly a bad augury for the new régime at the New York Custom-house not only that the new Collector was appointed at the instance of Mr. PLATT, but that he delayed entering upon his duties in order to take part in a factional party squabble.

THE NEW YORK "TIMES" IN 1884.

In an article upon its late proprietor, Mr. GEORGE JONES, the New York Times speaks of his course in 1884 in terms which are most fitting. The moral effect of the refusal of the great Republican journal to support the Presidential nomination of the party was immense. The nature of the slavery contest, followed by the civil war, had made party allegiance seem to be a sacred duty; and the prompt announcement of the Times on the day after the nomination that it would bolt, although plainly intimated before the nomination was made, was the most signal illustration of political independence for a generation.

The sacrifice involved in such a course was undoubtedly great, but the power gained by the sacrifice is very much greater. Mr. DEWEY, in his speech at the Tribune centenary, spoke lightly of the independent press. But the Times was never so truly influential as it is to-day. Indeed, there could be no greater political misfortune to the country than the disappearance of the independent press. Were the independent journals silenced or transformed into party organs, the loss would be equally irreparable.

Party division and organization are inevitable in a free country. But it is none the less true that party spirit is the most despot and dangerous foe of liberty. Like fire or electricity, it is an agent which requires the most incessant observation and most inflexible regulation. When the Times "bolted" in 1884, it showed that patriotism was stronger than partisanship. It disposed of the sophistry that because a man agrees more with one party than another he must confound his party with his country, and permit it to silence his conscience and enslave his mind. Among the many titles of Mr. JONES and the Times to honor and remembrance, the course of the paper in 1884 is not the least.

A SUGGESTION FOR THE STATE CONVENTIONS.

In agreement with the suggestion of Mr. WENDELL GARRISON to which we lately alluded, the St. Louis Post-Dispatch says that "if State Conventions of both parties would make it a rule to name their candidates for United States Senator in connection with their State legislative nominations, the election of Senators would be brought as near to the people as that of President is, and we believe the result would be a great improvement in the Senate." It must be conceded, we suppose, that the advantage anticipated by the fathers in the scheme of electing delegates to make appointments has not been generally gained. The Council of Appointment in

New York was so obnoxious that the desire to abolish it was the chief cause of the assembly of the Convention of 1821, which framed the second State Constitution. The body of Presidential electors obeys implicitly in every State the mandate of the Convention which nominates it.

Why should not the Legislature, which is the body of delegates chosen to elect a Senator, equally obey the popular direction? If, indeed, the Legislature acted solely upon large public grounds, the choice of Senators might be well intrusted to it. But it is no better a representative of the people than the State Convention of the parties, while the opportunities of corruption are very much greater in the Legislature than in the Convention.

If some delegate in both the approaching State Conventions in New York should arise at the proper moment and move to refer to the Committee on Resolutions, with instructions to report before the adjournment of the Convention, a resolution recommending a candidate for the Senatorship, the passage of the resolution by a decisive vote would have great influence upon the Legislature, and the action would soon become an unwritten law. It would save enormous corruption and lobbying at Albany, and enable the Legislature to do something else than to intrigue for the election of a Senator. Mr. HISCOCK urged constantly in the last Congress that the ratification of the Republican platform of 1888 by the election of Mr. HARRISON was a mandate to Congress to pass the McKinley bill. So the declaration of the State Convention, and the election of Assemblymen in harmony with it, would secure the Senator for whom the successful party had pronounced, and without lobbying. Who will begin the good work?

A BUST OF HORATIO SEYMOUR.

Governor HORATIO SEYMOUR, of New York, like his predecessor DE WITT CLINTON, took particular interest in the history of the State, and by recalling upon suitable occasions its great events and its local interests, sought to stimulate the public spirit which has sometimes seemed to languish among New-Yorkers. His letter on occasion of the centenary of the inauguration of the State government at Kingston, his address at Oriskany, his speech upon the Indian confederation, and his oration on the field of BROWN'S surrender, are contributions to the history of the State which are public services.

Governor SEYMOUR was fitly selected as the president of the Saratoga Monument Association, and at the late annual meeting Mr. W. L. STONE, the devoted secretary of the association, presented to the board of trustees, on behalf of the present president, Hon. JOHN H. STARIN, who was unable to be present, a bronze bust of Governor SEYMOUR, by Mr. BRISLEY, to be placed on the monument at Schuylerville. Mr. STONE mentioned the interesting fact that when Governor SEYMOUR was compelled by increasing illness to resign the presidency of the association, he summoned the secretary to urge upon the association the selection of Mr. STARIN as his successor, because, besides his general ability and energy, his successful efforts as Representative in Congress to secure the appropriation in aid of the memorial had shown his deep and effective interest in the patriotic project.

Congress, at the instance of Hon. JOHN SANFORD, has loaned to the association for the decoration of the grounds about the monument the cannon captured from BURGoyNE at the surrender, and it is confidently hoped that at its next session Congress will appropriate a suitable sum for the dedication of the monument. The gift of the bust of Governor SEYMOUR is the graceful act of his generous successor, to whose liberality and energy in the prosecution of the memorial of the most interesting military event in New York the State is greatly indebted. The evacuation of the city by the British army is in itself undoubtedly a greater historic incident, but the surrender of BURGoyNE was, in an important sense, the cause of the evacuation.

NEW ENGLISH-SPEAKING NATIONS.

MANY years ago GOLDWIN SMITH, when Professor of Modern History at Oxford, concluded a lecture upon the foundation of the American colonies by these eloquent words:

"In signing away his own empire over America George III. did not sign away the empire of English liberty, of English law, of English literature, of English religion, of English blood, or of the English tongue. But though the wound may heal—and that it may heal ought to be the desire of the whole English name—history can never cancel the fatal page which robs England of half the glory and half the happiness of being the mother of a great nation."

Of late he seems somewhat to have doubted the speedy healing of the old wound, and fancies it, we think, more gaping than it is. But the regret so nobly expressed in these words is shared by many of the most intelligent of the English-speaking race. England herself has profited by the lesson of the American Revolution. She will never attempt again, probably, to hold a distant colony by force. As colonies mature into nations, as large and prosperous and homogeneous colonies are sure to do, they will drop off the parent stock like ripe fruit.

Mr. DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY points out, in a recent paper to the Contemporary Review, that this is the situation in Australia. That remote and truly imperial colony is conscious of its own separate life, which, as Mr. MURRAY says, is developing an antagonism of feeling toward the mother country. The Australian Native Association is the nucleus of this feeling, and nothing would be less surprising than a peaceful political separation. But there need be no national severance, as in our case, of the traditional feeling for England. She may be still regarded, as Germany is regarded by our German fellow-citizens, with pride and affection. Although the visible sceptre be broken here and there, yet, under another flag, the morning drum-beat which WESTER heard, following the sun and keeping company with the hours, may still circle the globe with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England. That would mean the globe encircled by fraternal constitutional states.

PERSONAL.

Mr. ATKINSON, the eccentric member of Parliament for Boston, gave a dinner to some friends last week on the terrace of the House. The night was warm, and he wore so light an overcoat that he forgot it when he left the House, and left it lying over the back of the chair in which he had been sitting. There was \$65,000 in notes and securities in the inner breast pocket of the coat, and the coat remained in the night air until morning, when a sweeper rolled it up and tucked it away on a shelf. Mr. ATKINSON was at the House by nine o'clock, and found his valuables intact.

—The Countess CLANCARTY, who was Lady DUNLO, and who was before that BELLE BLTON, a music-hall singer, is not making her youthful husband's efforts to force her into her new part at all easy. At Homburg, week before last, the Duchess of Rutland approached her before all the smart people assembled at the tennis-courts to make peace, which the younger woman rendered impossible by remaining seated while the older woman spoke to her, notwithstanding the obvious agony of her boy husband. Everybody present was properly shocked, and KENSHAW, who was playing, served two faults.

—Memorial services were held on August 15th in honor of the late JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL in Westminster Abbey. Archdeacon FAIRBAIR presided, and delivered a glowing tribute to the dead poet. The solemn proceedings were somewhat marred by a crazy woman attempting to sing a comic song while the organist was playing the Dead March in Saul, but she was soon quieted.

—For a year and over "The Woman about Town" column in the New York Evening Sun has been read with pleasure by men and women who do not look for such a delicate high tone and such clever uses of good English in the columns of a daily paper. The anonymous woman is Miss HELEN WATTERSON, and her engagement to marry in a few weeks Mr. W. S. MOODY, Jun., the editor of the Sunday Recorder, has as much pleased those who know them personally as it will displease all who may soon no longer find Miss WATTERSON's obiter dicta in their evening paper.

—Mrs. FRENCH SHELTON, the English explorer, suffered greatly from her trip into the interior of Africa, and is said to be but a shadow of her former self. She was not only ill, but at one point in her journey one of the bearers of her palanquin slipped, and she was precipitated down a rocky embankment into a river, receiving severe bruises and being nearly drowned.

—Le Figaro of the 8th of August comments most appreciatively on M. ROSEN's article which appeared in HARPER'S MAGAZINE for August, and devotes over three columns to selections from it.

—Lord TENNYSON observed his eighty-second birthday recently at his summer home in Freshwater, Isle of Wight, and received many letters and messages of affection and congratulation. A concert was given at Freshwater in honor of the event, and the poet's songs, set to music by Lady TENNYSON, were sung. The poet lives in the strictest retirement now, and rarely uses his pen, his son carrying on his correspondence.

—WILLIAM HAYWARD, the oldest jockey on the turf, now has a stable of his own at Eatontown, New Jersey, and is worth \$60,000. The horses he rode won more than \$1,000,000 in stakes and purses.

—BARNETT BROWNING, son of ROBERT and ELIZABETH BROWNING, lives in a palace in Venice, and is a painter as well as a sculptor. His home is filled with the furniture and books which his illustrious father and mother used, and on the walls hang their portraits taken at different periods in their lives.

—Mr. BLAINE's fortune is estimated at about \$750,000, a friend of his says, and much of it is invested in railroads and mining properties.

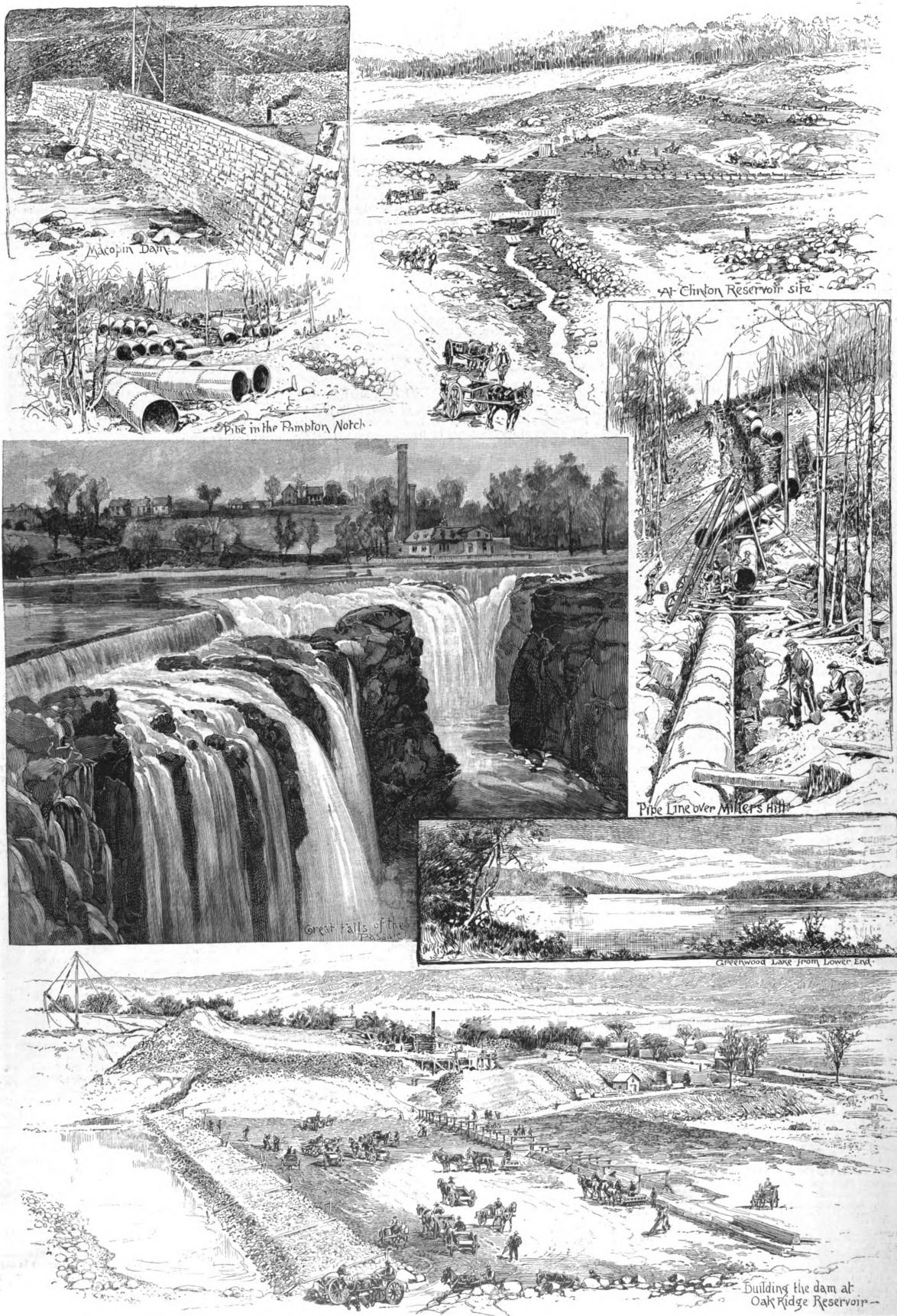
—SAMUEL KITSON, the Boston sculptor, has a partiality for religious subjects, his first marble being "Rebecca at the Well," and his second, "Isaac." He has recently completed a portrait bust of Judge CHARLES DEVENS, President HAYES's Attorney-General, and is now at work on a bust of JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

—M. ROUVIER, the French Minister of Finance, was travelling salesman for a Paris bookseller when he was a young man. Having acquired considerable wealth, he went into politics in 1869, and gained the friendship of GAMBETTA. After the fall of the empire he was elected to the Chamber of Deputies, and since then he has pushed steadily to the front.

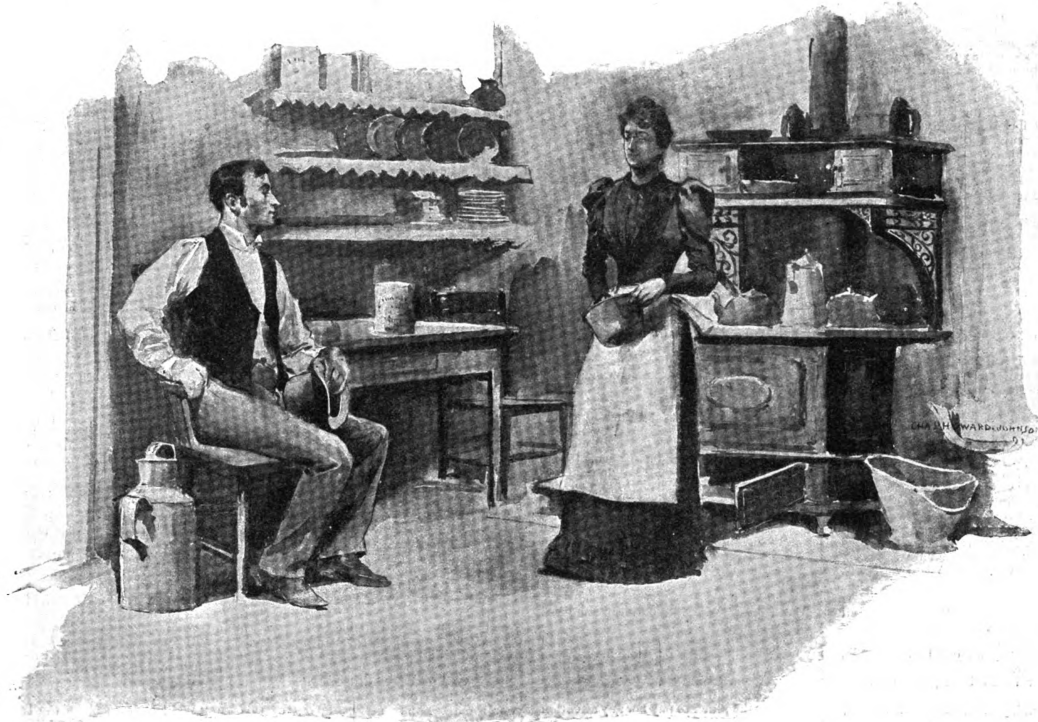
—MARK TWAIN is an inveterate smoker, and it is said that he consumes three hundred cigars a month, besides drawing much consolation from his pipe.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL's house at Cambridge, "Elmwood," was built by an old Tory merchant whose property was confiscated early in the Revolution. It stands near the entrance to Mount Auburn cemetery, and from its windows there is a beautiful view of the Charles River and its meadows.

—At the Sea-side Assembly last week at Avon-by-the-Sea Professor HAMLIN GARLAND, of Boston, delivered the morning lecture on W. D. HOWELLS. What he said was so exactly what many others have long thought that they will be glad to see their own ideas so publicly and so aptly put. "No man," Mr. GARLAND said, "stands for a more vital principle than does Mr. HOWELLS. He stands for modern spirit, sympathy, and truth. He believes in the progress of ideals, the relative in art. His definition of realism cannot be improved upon—the truthful treatment of material." It is absurd to call him photographic. The photograph is false in perspective, in light and shade, in focus. When a photograph can depict atmosphere and sound, the comparison will have some meaning, and then it will not be used as a reproach. A Modern Instance is the greatest, most rigidly artistic novel ever written by an American, and ranks with the great novels of the world. The test of the value of Mr. HOWELLS's work will come fifty years from now, when his sheaf of novels will form the most accurate, sympathetic, and artistic study of American society yet made by an American. He stands for all that is progressive and humanitarian in our fiction, and his following increases each day. His success is very great, and it will last."



THE PASSAIC WATERSHED, NEW JERSEY.—DRAWN BY E. J. MEEKER AFTER PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 658.]



A REASON FOR EMIGRATION.

BY GERTRUDE SMITH.

THE milk-wagon that made its round in Burnham in the evening was going slowly up High Street. George Dunton, the driver, was whistling a familiar tune. On either side grew great spreading elms, the branches interlacing in a green arch. The street was full of the soft light of the early evening. Between the houses the western sky was bright with the after-glows of a brilliant sunset. The houses on High Street were comfortable two-story wooden buildings of modern architecture, painted in the modern combinations of yellow and green and dull red. The idea of unfenced yards had found favor in Burnham. The houses stood a short distance back from the street, with lawns well shaven and green, and the useful black concrete walks leading straight up to the front doors. Burnham was in every respect a modernized suburban town. The trains from Boston dashed across the foot of High Street, and stopped at the little Queen Anne station every half-hour.

At the upper end of High Street was a large old-fashioned white house with green blinds, standing far back in an old-fashioned yard, with high grass and a gravel-walk. A great lilac-bush grew on either side of the gate, covered with blossoms, and the yard was full of syringa-bushes and flowering almond.

When the milk-wagon stopped in front of this house, George Dunton jumped out of the wagon, and taking one of the cans from under the oil-cloth cover, went under the lilac-bushes that were heavy with dew, and around to the back door. The door stood open, and a young girl in a soft blue muslin dress was stirring something on the stove. She turned when she heard him putting the can down on the step.

"Good-evening," he said, taking off his hat, and resting his hand above his head on the door jamb. "So you haven't found a girl yet?"

"No." Her fair face flushed. "I don't mind being in the kitchen, though. I rather like it; but papa says he is tired of eating custards and baker's bread."

He laughed. "How does your cousin like the East by this time?" he asked, sitting down on a chair just inside the door.

"I guess she likes it pretty well, but she laughs at some things. She laughs at mamma because she thinks so much of family. You know mamma is always talking about 'my father, who was a lawyer,' or 'my grandfather, who was a lawyer,' or 'my husband, who is a lawyer.' Della says everybody she meets here talks about their family. You know her mother was my mother's sister, and she went out West and married a man who had a lot of flour and feed stores in different places. He was quite rich when he married him, and he's worth mints now, but they felt awful to have her marry a man in that business. They have real nice friends, though. Why, Della belongs to an art club and a Shakespeare, and I don't know what all." She had been looking down into the basin of custard she was stirring, and now she turned and looked at him. "She knows more in a minute than I ever could know. She graduated at Lawrence—that's where they live now—and papa couldn't even get me to finish high-school."

"I guess you're just as well off and happy if you haven't had quite so much schooling. Now I wish I'd had more

chance. I had to stop and go to work when I was fifteen, and I've been at it ever since."

"Your father died and left you your mother to take care of—didn't you say so?"

"Yes, and Neddie and Cassie too. Now they're up where they can look after themselves, things go easier, but sometimes I think if I'd had half a chance I might have amounted to something more than I do."

"You have quite a good business, though, haven't you?"

"There isn't but one other milk-wagon in town."

"Oh, I do a fair business and make a comfortable living, but they don't any credit given to a rising milkman."

He stood up laughing. "Well, I must go."

The girl put the pan of custard on the kitchen table and went to the door. "It's real nice out to-night, isn't it?"

"Yes, I noticed the sun went down clear. We'll have a good day to-morrow."

"You can pick some of those lilacs by the gate, and take home to your mother."

"Thank you. She liked those violets you sent her the other day."

"Did she? You don't know how thick they were up in the woods where I picked them. The ground was just covered."

"Well, I must go. The people will think they ain't going to get their milk in time for supper."

"Della said something so funny about the working people here in the East," she said, stopping him on the step. "I thought about you when she said it. She said they don't look like the working people out West."

The girl blushed up to the roots of her light brown hair. "She said a man that looked like our grocer would be running for Congress out West."

George Dunton laughed immoderately. "I guess I'll emigrate," he said. "Well, I must go; there's no use talking. I suppose I'll see you to-morrow night at young folks' meeting? It's queer they ain't a separate sanctuary made for us low-down trades-people. You'd think they'd be some restriction to my having a pew right across from your father's."

"They don't seem to care when it comes to church relations, do they?" she said, looking away from him.

"Oh, they care, but it's part of their religion to stand it."

He turned and went down the walk. At the gate he met Mr. Richards. He had just come from his office in the city. He was a tall man with dark gray eyes like his daughter's, and a full gray beard. He wore a silk hat, and carried the brown leather bag that is commonly carried by the suburban gentleman. When he met George Dunton in the walk, he stopped.

"Well, good-evening, Dunton," he said. "How's the milk business?"

The spirit of equality was strong within the young man at that minute. He looked the gray-eyed lawyer calmly in the face and said: "Thriving. How's the law business?"

Mr. Richards looked at him in puzzled amusement, and walked on up the path.

"Did you see the milkman pulling the lilacs over the gate?" his wife asked him as he came up to the house. She had come out on the porch to meet him. "I don't mind his

taking a flower or two, but I'm afraid he'll spoil the bush if he breaks off great branches as he did just now."

Mr. Richards looked back toward the gate. The milk-wagon was rattling away down the street, and George Dunton's not unmusical whistle came back to them. He turned and went into the house, his wife following him.

"He's a queer fellow, has a free-and-easy air that is rather amusing, but I think he is apt to forget himself and be a little familiar at times." He hung up his hat on the rack, and put his cane into the decorated piece of tiling that was used as an umbrella-holder.

"Who is it that is apt to be familiar?" some one called from the dining-room at the end of the hall.

"We were speaking of the milkman," Mrs. Richards said, as they came out into the dining-room.

The girl who had called to them was sitting by the window with the evening paper spread out before her. "I saw him go by the window just now," she said. "What a handsome fellow he is! He must have been a prince in some former state, or a lawyer, auntie."

Mr. Richards laughed at his wife's deprecating smile. "Come, tell Lillie to bring on her custard," he said, sitting down at the table.

She came in from the kitchen with the glass dish of yellow custard in her hand. "I forgot to make it until so late that it is warm. It tastes a little burned, too." She put it down on the table.

"Well, your trials are nearly over. I heard about a cook to-day who says she will come. You look as if you'd burned your face, too."

"You wouldn't think there would be any trouble getting a girl here, where there are so many of them," Della said, coming to the table. "I got my lunch up somewhere along Summer or Winter Street to-day, and the counters were lined with girls eating desserts and nothing else, and pretending to be satisfied. They looked so unexpected, so settled at their pie, I longed to take them all out West, and marry them to respectable butchers, grocers, or milkmen."

She looked at Lillie, who was blushing furiously.

"Of course they were not kitchen girls, though; they'd prefer to stand on their feet all day selling things, and live on desserts."

"We have to have clerks, my dear," Mr. Richards said, smiling at her; "and of course clerking is considered a step higher than working in a kitchen."

"But an artist is no better than a milliner," Della laughed. "One that has rooms in the building appeared in Miss King's studio just as I had finished my lesson to-day. She came to complain of the dark wall-paper that had been put on her rooms. 'Now it don't make so much difference if your paper is dark,' she said to Miss King; 'your white goods show better against it.'"

They all laughed.

"That's a good story for Boston, Della," Mr. Richards said. Della tossed her head. "I think they would appreciate that in Lawrence."

When they had finished supper, and the two girls had carried the dishes out into the kitchen and were washing them, Lillie went over and shut the door into the dining-room, and came back to the sink.

"What made you look at me in that way when you said you'd like to take those girls out West, and marry them to butchers or milkmen? I could feel my face burning up, and papa was looking straight at me."

"I dread having it come on them suddenly. They'll blame me for not stopping it."

"There isn't anything to stop—there isn't anything, only I like him. I've told you that a hundred times."

"I guess he likes you too. He staid long enough to-night. I thought every minute auntie would feel it her duty to come out and help you, and find him here."

"He says he'll see me to-morrow night at the young folks' meeting. Do you think he means to walk home with me?"

"Of course he does. Are you going to let him?"

"Yes, I am."

"Then it will be found out. I believe I'll take the midnight train West."

It was long after the time that Lillie usually returned from the young people's meeting that Mr. Richards sat up waiting for her the next evening. He had become alarmed at her prolonged absence, and was putting on his hat to go in search of her when the door-bell rang.

"I thought I had my latch-key," Lillie said as she opened the door. "Did mamma find out I'd forgotten it?"

Mr. Richards did not reply, but stood one side to let her pass in. It was a bright moonlight night. The air was sweet with the lilacs. George Duntion, standing at the foot of the steps, took off his hat and said good-evening. "No one made any reply, and he turned and walked away. Lillie followed her father into the house, and started to go up stairs. He was locking the door.

"Come back!" he shouted.

She came slowly down again, and sat down in the library. "What's the matter? Hasn't Lillie got home yet?" Mrs. Richards called from the upper hall.

"Yes, she's here. Go back to bed," Mr. Richards answered her. "What does this mean?" he said, coming in and standing before his daughter.

She began pulling off one of her gloves, but did not reply.

"This affair hasn't been going on long, has it?"

"No," she said, pulling off the other glove, "it hasn't."

"I wouldn't have supposed my daughter could have been so foolish. Come, now, go to bed, and if you have any respect for your mother's feelings, don't repeat what you have done to-night."

Mrs. Richards came into the room. She looked very thin and small in her flannel bedroom wrapper. "What's the matter with Lillie? Are you sick? What are you crying for? You are crying, aren't you?"

"Go back to bed, mamma," Mr. Richards said, crossly. "To-morrow you'll be suffering from one of your terrible headaches. Lillie is coming right up."

"What made you so late, Lillie? Where have you been?" Mrs. Richards continued, taking her hat and gloves from her. "Papa was just going out to look for you."

"Shall I tell you mother, Lillian, how foolish you have been?" her father asked her.

"I don't care. I don't see why mamma is so proud. I don't believe you'd care if you didn't know she'd fuss. I'm sure your father began by sweeping out stores, and you're proud of it. I like him anyway. It's all my fault. I'm going to like him too. He's just as good as we are." She ran out of the room and up the stairs.

Della was waiting for her in the upper hall in her night clothes. "I couldn't hear what auntie said. Did it almost kill her?"

"I don't know. I wish I had made him let me come home alone, then, the corner, but he wouldn't, and he is coming to see me." She threw herself on her bed, and Della sat down beside her.

"Well, I'm glad he didn't. That would have been 'most too common."

"I don't care. I don't know anything. They couldn't even get me to finish high-school. Mamma always felt awful about that, and this will just kill her. But I can't help it. I love him, and I can't live either if I don't have him."

The hall door opened, and Mrs. Richards came into the room. Della disappeared through the opposite door into her own room, and for a long while she heard them talking and crying together. When she went down stairs in the morning, she found Lillie getting breakfast and crying still.

"You won't have any eyes left if you keep it up much longer, Lill. If I loved a man well enough to cry all night about him, I'd—"

"Keep still, papa's in the dining-room. You can take him back in to him. I don't care if he never has any. I won't take it in to him. I told mamma I would write and tell George I took back all I had promised, and papa's gone and written for me. He came out here and read it to me. It is a mean, cruel letter."

Mr. Richards was heard opening the door that led into the dining-room, and Lillie went up the back stairs. Della carried in the muddy coffee and the burned toast, and ate breakfast with her uncle in silence. Mrs. Richards was confined to her room with the prophesied headache. Lillie also spent most of the day in her room. Della staid at home from her art class and did the work, and felt righteous for giving up so much. Late in the

afternoon she answered the front door bell, and found George Duntion standing there.

"Oh, I knew you'd come," she said, when she opened the door. "I've been expecting you all day; but you must go right away. I won't let you in."

"I want to see Miss Richards, and I must see Mr. Richards too."

"Why, didn't you get Uncle Henry's letter? He don't want to see you; he won't see you. Besides, he isn't home."

"I can see him some other time, then, but I must see Miss Lillie. Did you think I was going to take those letters and not make a sign of life? That's not the kind of a man I am."

"Well, I'll let you in, and send Lillie to you; but you must go quick, before Uncle Henry comes home. He'll never forgive me for letting you in if he finds you here."

He followed her into the library, and she shut the door.

"It will half kill my aunt if you coax Lillie to do as you want her to. I know it will; there's no guesswork about it. She says it killed my grandfather because my mother married my father. She's been mourning for him all day. Pleasant for me! I wouldn't have let you in a step, but I knew if you'd made up your mind to talk to her you'd do it, so I suppose it had better be done in her own house respectfully."

"Yes, that's just what I thought about it," he said. He had sat down in a chair near the door, nervously, his hands hanging heavily on his knees.

"You were rather sudden, it seems to me. You hadn't paid her any attention, as nearly as I can find out; and last night you walked home with her, and told her you intended to marry her."

"There wasn't any other way. I knew her folks would fuss about my going with her, so I thought the only way was to marry right at once and have the fuss all over at once. We've been to the same church for six years. I've seen her every Sunday."

"And she says she let you know she liked you."

"Yes, she did, and that's all right too, in my way of thinking." He brought down his hand on his knee with a snap. "I think when people are situated as we are, a girl has to let a man know she cares for him. He'd never have the pluck to pay her any attention if she didn't."

"Well, it will kill my aunt, that's all there is about it. She's made up her mind to it. Now she's got Lillie coaxed up, you'd better give it up too. It will get nasty in a minute. Everything gets misty if you only give it time."

He laughed aloud, and rubbed his hands together, and shook his head.

"Don't laugh! Auntie will hear you, and make me tell her who it is. If I could only smuggle you out somehow without any one knowing it, I'll get Lillie, and let her tell you it isn't any use, and then you must go, quick, or uncle will be here."

She went out, shutting the door after her, and in a few minutes Lillie came in. Her eyes were red with crying, but she looked very pretty in the blue muslin dress he had seen her in so often when he came to bring the milk.

"You must go right away. I know you got my letter, so there's no excuse for your being here. Go, quick! Papa's train will be due in a minute."

She held the door open for him, as though she expected him to go instantly because she said that he must.

He stood up slowly, and took out his watch and looked at it. "I guess there's time enough!" She shut the door again, and stood with her hand on the knob. "Then you didn't really mean all you said last night?" he asked, after a minute.

"Yes, I did, but I'm not going to kill my mother for anybody. She's sick in bed now about it. She cried till midnight, and begged me to give it up before I did. She isn't strong anyway, and I can't go on. Please go; there's papa's train now. You mustn't pass him on this street; go back on the hill street, won't you?"

"I wish I had time to talk with you a little while."

"Oh, do go, please!"

"I'll get away before he gets here. You needn't be afraid. I know it must be hard for you, but it isn't exactly my fault I'm here."

"I know it. I know I'm all to blame."

"I suppose I'll have to go to another church. I don't want to go on seeing you every Sunday. That would be 'most too much. Well, I'll go now."

She was still standing near the door, and as he came towards her she went to meet him.

He held out his hand, and she put her own into it and looked up at him.

"If you don't hate me too much, I wish you would kiss me good-by," she said, her lips quivering.

He bent and kissed her quickly, in an awkward, shamefaced way.

"You think everything of your mother. You wouldn't do anything to hurt her awfully. Here, go out the back door and go the hill road." She led the way out through the dining-room and kitchen, and watched him go out the side gate and turn into the side street.

"He didn't look back," she said to Della, who had followed her out into the kitchen. "There's no danger of its killing him, be-

cause he's a man; but he feels bad enough, just the same."

When they went back into the library they found Mrs. Richards, looking very white and worn, in a loose tea gown.

"I knew papa would be disappointed not to have me down to-night, and really my heart is a great deal better."

Lillie went over and kissed her with unusual tenderness, and then brought a shawl from the hall closet and wrapped around her, and then Mr. Richards came in. His face wore such a look of distress that Mrs. Richards cried out,

"Henry, what is the matter?"

He rested his hand on the table and looked at Lillie. "A terrible accident happened just now at the crossing. It was that delayed me. A woman was run over by our train."

Mrs. Richards covered her face with her hands.

"Mamma is so weak to-day we mustn't talk it over," Lillie said, putting her hand on her mother's chair. "It wasn't any one we knew, was it, papa?"

He looked at her for a minute, and his face grew hard. "We knew of her. It was George Duntion's mother."

All the color left her face. Della came and put her arm around her.

"How did it happen that she was crossing there, uncle?"

"She was old and quite feeble, and a little deaf, I believe. She must have got bewildered. They were trying to lay the blame on the man who tends the gate, but that is nonsense. I helped carry her to the grocery wagon that was standing there, and they took her home."

Lillie turned and ran out of the room.

"Lillie, come back! Where are you going?" Mrs. Richards got up and went out after her, and Mr. Richards and Della followed.

Lillie stopped in the hall and looked at them in a dazed way. "I don't know what I am going to do," she said. Then she went over to the hat-rack, and began putting on her hat and jacket. "I guess I'd better go and see if there's anything I can do," she said, quietly.

Her father took hold of her shoulder firmly. "You take off your things and go to your room. You're not going out of this house."

She looked up into his face. "Yes, I am; and if you don't love me enough to let me in when I come back, I'll stay away. I thought it would kill mamma, if I didn't give him up, and now his mother is dead, and he loved her as much as I love mine. Let go of me. I'm going."

Mrs. Richards put her arms around her. "Let go of her, papa. We do love you, dear; you know we do. If you'll wait until morning, Della or I will go with you."

"No; you'll tease me not to go, and I'll give up again; and it isn't right." She took her mother's arms away from her neck, and turned, and went out of the door.

"She's been sending flowers and fruit to his mother all summer," Della said, in the silence that followed. "I've known it all along, but I didn't think anything about it until this came up. I didn't really know who it was she sent them to."

Mrs. Richards dropped into a chair and began crying hysterically.

"Stop that right off!" Mr. Richards shouted.

"It's such a disgrace. If you had only made her go to college!" Mrs. Richards wailed. "You always gave in to her. I know now how my poor father felt. I've been saying so all day."

Della stood by the window fingering the curtain tassels. "Why don't you hide your disgrace in the West, as mamma did?" she asked, without looking around.

Mrs. Richards caught at the idea eagerly. "I wish we could. Don't you think you could do just as well in business out there, papa?"

"I don't think anything about it," he growled.

"Perhaps he'd go out of the milk business," Della suggested. "He might go into the real-estate business with papa. That is his refuge when he wants to feel respectable, though he doesn't make the money that he does with his flour and feed stores. Papa owns a butcher shop up at a place called Clay Centre. He might give him a chance in that."

Mrs. Richards moaned. Mr. Richards stood up.

"Are we going to have any supper to-night?" he said, scowling at his niece over his glasses.

"It is on the table, all there is of it," Della said, leading the way out into the dining-room.

"I suppose girls will make fools of themselves to the end of the chapter," Mr. Richards said, after a long silence.

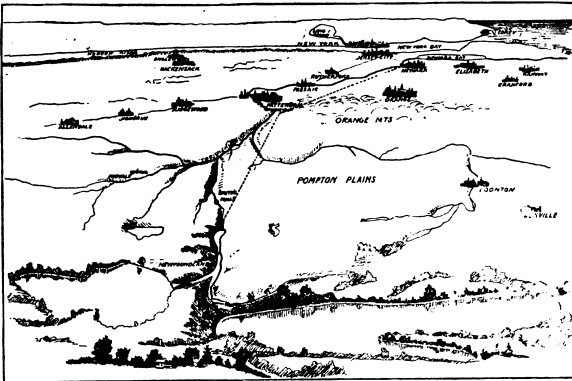
"It does seem as though half the women marry men who are inferior to them," Della replied, cheerfully, with a wise air. "I suppose the very fact that they will marry them proves that they are not superior, though."

"We'll have to make the best of it. If she's determined to marry him, we will have to face it. There's no use making her miserable over it, or ourselves either."

He took up the evening paper, which had been laid beside his plate, pushed back his chair from the table, and began reading.

Mrs. Richards sighed heavily. Della got up and began piling up the dishes.

"I haven't a doubt you'll all be living in Lawrence this time next year. It isn't anything like Boston, but really to hide one's disgrace in it, it will do very well."



MAP SHOWING THE PASSAIC WATERCOURSE.

PASSAIC WATERCOURSES.

BY GEORGE MCANENY, JUN.

The available sources of potable water supply for the metropolitan district are the water sheds of the Croton and Passaic rivers. The Croton at its outlet, distant 37 miles from the New York City Hall, drains an area of 361 square miles, and will yield a maximum daily average flow estimated by Chief Engineer Church, of the Aqueduct Board, at 250,000,000 gallons.

The area drained by the Passaic at the Great Falls in Paterson, 15 miles from the City Hall, is 877 square miles, and the average daily flow, as given in various engineering estimates, is 700,000,000 gallons.

Hitherto public interest has almost exclusively concerned the Croton shed. The matter of the Croton water supply during fifty years has always been an economic question of more or less urgency to the people of New York and its neighborhood. It has retained in consequence an overshadowing importance. However, now that it has been proven practicable and necessary to turn the entire flow of the Croton River into the city's aqueducts, closer attention seems apt to be given the greater drainage area on the other side of the Hudson.

Here, too, notable engineering works are under way. The mountain rivers are being connected with the distributing plants of New Jersey towns aggregating half a million population, and an elaborate plan of more general supply, including eventually an auxiliary service for New York, is in advanced stages of development.

The inability of either the New Jersey cities or the State to properly cope with an undertaking of this sort was shown during ten years of public discussion. Six years ago the work devolved upon private enterprise. Since then a great many interests have been brought into one, and both plans and practical operations brought forward to such a degree that the entire subject may be treated as a completed work.

The topography of the Passaic shed is uniformly mountainous. The area drained lies in the archaic highlands of Passaic, Bergen, Morris, and Sussex counties in New Jersey, and Rockland and Orange counties in New York. The formation is mainly granite. Through the highlands the streams trickle down from heights of 1500 feet, forming lakes in rocky hollows hundreds of feet above

the highest house-tops in the cities, running pell-mell through others, where a single dam is needed to hold them back, and occasionally spreading out into such sizable bodies as Greenwood and Hopatcong, six and eight miles long.

Down four wide valleys the waters are gathered in rushing little rivers. Up in the Shawangunk hills the Ramapo rises, and runs across the line with the overflow from Tuxedo and a dozen smaller lakes. Twenty miles south it flows through Pompton Lake, and soon joins the Pequannock and Wanaque on their way to the Passaic. The Ramapo drains a sparsely populated area of 150 square miles. The Wanaque is another traveler from New York. It is the outlet of Stirling Lake, and of Greenwood as well. Greenwood lies half in each State. It has a surface of 2600 acres at an altitude of 621 feet, and a storage capacity of many billion gallons. The clove of the Wanaque passes the sites of Ringwood and Mecanese reservoirs. The river joins the Pequannock at Bloomingdale, after draining 108 square miles. The flow of the two inter-State rivers is estimated in the New Jersey State Geological Reports at 240,000,000 gallons daily.

The Pequannock is the third river in the system. It drains 80 square miles, and has an average daily flow of about 80,000,000 gallons. As part of this is now being captured for Newark's supply, the topographic features will appear best in connection with the description of the work.

The three rivers, united in the Pompton, enter the main valley of the Passaic a few miles above Paterson. The main river has followed the line of the Orange Mountains from the borders of Union County, and absorbed the fourth river, the Rockaway, on its course. The Rockaway is the largest and most important of the tributary streams. It rises in Sussex County, near the divide between the Passaic and Delaware sheds, crossing the sites of two great reservoirs at the head of the Longwood Valley, and receiving the overflow streams of three others—Montville, Split Rock, and Green Pond—on its way. Lake Hopatcong, two miles from the Rockaway headwaters, though tributary to the Delaware, may be connected with the Passaic shed by a very simple engineering process. Hopatcong is already a semi-artificial reservoir, being raised nine feet above its natural surface. The area drained by the Rockaway is 150 square miles, and that drained by the main Passaic above its confluence with tributary rivers and below to the falls is 375 square miles. The rivers come together like the fingers of an open hand, rounding the extremity of the Orange Mountains in one broad stream, and falling 56 feet at the falls in Paterson. Outside the city, in the "Great Notch," are the three great receiving and distributing reservoirs of the system. Garret Mountain, the largest, is a natural bowl of 300 acres, scooped deep in the solid rock, 400 feet above sea-level. "Great Notch" reservoir, nearly as large, and Sigler's reservoir are a hundred feet lower. Here at Great Notch the waters will be received, partially by gravity from the highlands, partially by pumping from the river below, and delivered, under 300-foot pressure if necessary, to the cities to be supplied.

From this distributing station and through the independent aqueducts building or projected, allowing for the flow used by the mill-owners, and estimating an annual saving of twelve inches of rainfall, a daily supply of 437,000,000 gallons may be delivered.

The entire volume of this surplus flow is to be captured and used. Newark has contracted to pay \$6,000,000 for a share of it. Jersey City will follow suit, and either buy a plant or pay for the water as used. Paterson, Passaic, and Montclair are supplied, and Bayonne has negotiated a contract. When all of these towns have been permanently cared for, the use of the water elsewhere will be practicable, and in the mean time the work of storing and carrying the waters now under way will be steadily continued.

The description of this work is naturally prefaced by a word about the succession of events whereby the present plans are rendered practicable. A great deal of this is interesting history. Just a century ago, after the submission to Congress of Alexander Hamilton's famous Report on Manufactures, a number of public-spirited Americans organized the Society for Establishing Useful Manufactures. Hamilton, Boudinot, Stockton, Bayard, Mercer, and Livingston were among the incorporators. A chemist was brought from Europe to analyze the waters of the several rivers flowing near the metropolis before the site of a proposed new manufacturing centre should be selected. His report set forth that "the Passaic River in the State of New Jersey," by reason of the geological formation of its drainage area, held the purest waters and the least of the deleterious soluble matter to be feared in manufacturing. The added advantage of the water-power at the Great Falls decided the matter. The land encircling the falls was chosen as the site for the new city, and a most remarkable charter secured from the State of New Jersey. This charter, which was drawn by Hamilton, gave the society permission to build a city to construct canals, to engage in manufacturing and banking, to conduct lotteries, and to establish courts of law. Above all, it gave it the exclusive right to the flow of the Passaic River at the falls

forever. Major L'Enfant, who had just completed the mapping out of Washington, was engaged by Hamilton for a like service here, and the new city was named "Paterson," in honor of the Governor who had signed the charter. To-day there are 80,000 people in Paterson, 15,000 of them operatives. While steam has made its innovations, there are still 125,000,000 gallons of water equal to a volume of 328 cubic feet per second, drawn daily from the river in fulfillment of the society's leases of motive power. The rest of the water, though at present wasted in the sea, is none the less its property. During the hundred years this fact has frequently been established in court.

In 1824 the Morris Canal and Banking Company was incorporated, and the building of the Morris Canal from Easton to Paterson, Newark, and Jersey City was commenced. The company acquired for feeding purposes the flow of Lake Hopatcong and parts of the headwaters of the Rockaway and Wanaque. As the canal was brought, after much water into the Rockaway from Hopatcong as it took from the two rivers, there was little difficulty in reaching an amicable settlement with the society. Later, when the Morris Canal was leased to the Lehigh Valley Railroad Company, that corporation became a practical owner of its water rights. The ownership, then, of the Passaic system was vested in the ancient society, the railroad company, and the individual proprietors of lake, reservoir, and right-of-way property, when in 1885 the question of the immediate use of these waters for the supply of cities became a prominent one.

The only water then taken from the upper river for potable purposes was that supplied to the city of Paterson. This town bought water pumped from above the falls, and emptied its sewerage system below them. Eight miles further below, at Belleville, the supplies for Jersey City and Newark were pumped. The river basin intervening had become simply a vast natural sewer, receiving the refuse not only of Paterson, Passaic, and other towns, but of a score of isolated factories and dye-works along its banks. The danger of this condition placed Jersey City and Newark in a quandary. For any one town to attempt the amount of condemnation and general outlay necessary to the attainment of a new supply from above the falls was utterly impracticable. The State was delinquent from aiding by constitutional restrictions. Thus every plan presented was eventually abandoned through lack of feasibility. It was this local trouble that first attracted the attention of New York capital to the Passaic water problem.

In 1885 Mr. John R. Bartlett, of New York, conceived the idea of drawing together the capital required, and bringing down the waters on the elaborate plan now working out. He enlisted the aid of associates representing millions of capital, and started in to buy on a rather large scale. The first step taken was the purchase from the Society for Establishing Useful Manufactures the right to the surplus flow of the Passaic at the Great Falls forever. A similar contract was secured with the Dundee Water-Power and Land Company, a corporation possessed of similar rights below the falls. Then came the acquisition of reservoir sites and rights of way. Lake Macopin was the first property secured. Dunker Pond came next. Split Rock Lake, Lake Mecanese, and the sites of Montville, Kaikout, Longwood, Oak Ridge, Clinton, and Buck Mountain reservoirs were bought in rapid succession. Then the reservoirs in the Great Notch were secured, and rights of way to the State, and finally the whole sale. The ownerships of the newly acquired properties were vested in the Montclair Water Company and the West Milford Water Storage Company. The control of the Passaic Water Company, of Paterson, and the Acquackanonk Water Company, of Passaic, had been absorbed in the mean time. There remained but one other union to complete the single control of the watershed required of necessity for the performance of such a work as that projected. This was with the Lehigh Valley Railroad Company. It was speedily effected. When the engineering plans for the carrying of the water were perfected, Mr. Bartlett submitted propositions for supply to the several cities, and practical operations began.

Newark contracted with the Lehigh Valley Company, representing the associated interests, the contract calling for a supply of 27,500,000 gallons a day for ten years, and 50,000,000 gallons a day thereafter. Newark is now using 16,000,000 gallons. In Jersey City 20,000,000 gallons a day are used, the railroads alone requiring a fourth of this amount. It is probable that Jersey City will pay a stated rate per million gallons as the city's water debt of 1871 still amounts to more than \$5,000,000, and a further issue of water bonds would be unpopulous. In Jersey City the dangerous pollution of the water now used is not the only cause of worry. The pumping stations at Belleville are inadequate. During last summer the authorities were obliged to purchase large amounts of water from the Hackensack Water Company at the rate of \$100 per million gallons. Bayonne uses 1,000,000 gallons daily at present brought from Jersey City. This city has contracted with the Montclair Water Company for a new supply.

Paterson's daily consumption is 12,000,000 gallons, supplied by the Passaic Company on

the meterage system. In Passaic the mains have been connected with a new in-take above the falls, and Montclair has also been given a new system.

The chief present interest in the plans for supplying the New Jersey towns naturally concerns the construction of the new system for Newark.

The Lehigh Valley Company conveyed its big contract to the East Jersey Water Company, organized for the single purpose of this work. The contract calls for its completion May 1, 1892.

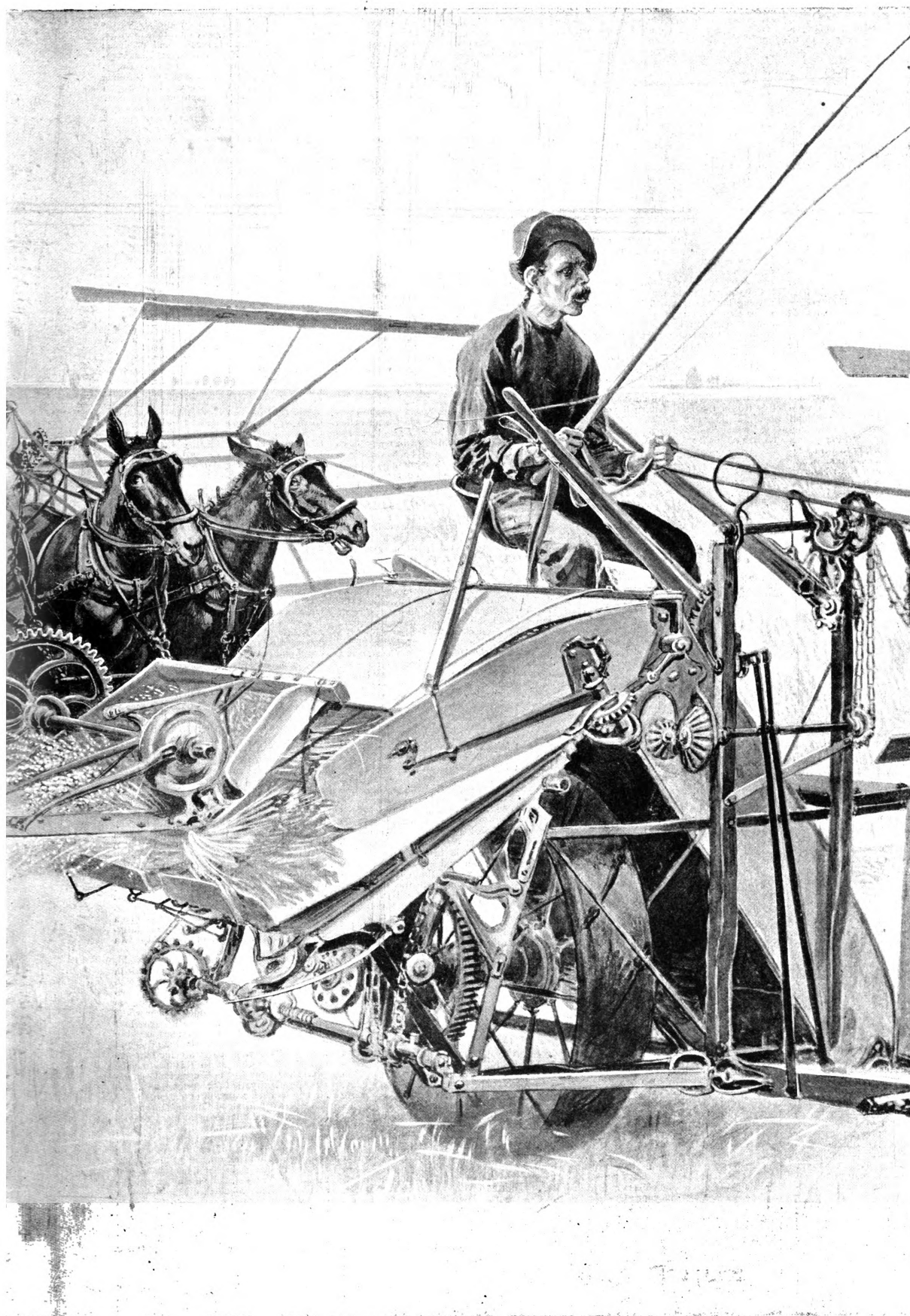
The subsidiary shed selected for the supply of the 50,000,000 gallons daily ultimately to be required is that of the Pequannock. The details of the work of capturing this little river include the construction of 26 miles of steel pipe four feet in diameter, and the building of storage and distributing reservoirs holding 6,000,000,000 gallons of water. This work is under the direction of Cassius H. Hinchel, one of the first hydraulic engineers of the country. As the use of pipe of such proportions as this across a hilly country is new to Eastern engineering, Mr. Hinchel visited California, where heavy wrought-iron pipes are extensively used in water supply and irrigation, and returned satisfied of the wisdom of using steel in these new works.

The pipes are the largest in use in the country. The contract for making them was awarded to a large Bethlehem firm, now established in Paterson. Here, with a strong force of men working day and night, from 1500 to 3000 feet of pipe has been turned out daily since last September. The steel is rolled in the Carnegie mills, and brought to Paterson in plates 7 feet long and 15½ and 15¼ inches rolling width. These are ½, ¾, or 1 of an inch in thickness, according to the amount of pressure to be sustained. The lengths, when riveted, are joined in sections of four each, forming a pipe 27 feet 4 inches in length. These give two coatings of asphaltum, 97 per cent. of which is pure bitumen, and shipped on the Susquehanna road to the point nearest the work under way. Each weighs from 4100 to 6000 pounds. Arrived at the trenches, the pipes are riveted in double lengths of 54 feet 8 inches, lowered into position by heavy derricks, and riveted again to the completed end. Liquid asphaltum is brushed over the new rivets, a covering of at least three feet packed about and over the pipes, and the work is finished.

It is a new sort of undertaking in pipe-laying, and is watched with interest. The amount of water to be stored will be impounded at Oak Ridge and Clinton Falls. At both of these reservoirs great earth dams with concrete cores are building. At Oak Ridge the main body of the river is captured. The dam here is 45 feet high, 800 feet long at the base, and 650 feet at the top, with a width of 20 feet at the top, and a two to one slope. The concrete core of 8 feet is locked in the solid rock on either side of the valley. At both of these reservoirs great earth dams with concrete cores are building. At Oak Ridge the main body of the river is captured. The dam here is 45 feet high, 800 feet long at the base, and 650 feet at the top, with a width of 20 feet at the top, and a two to one slope. The concrete core of 8 feet is locked in the solid rock on either side of the valley. At both of these reservoirs great earth dams with concrete cores are building. 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HARVESTING ON A BONANZA FARM



—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 663.]

YOUNG MEN OF NEW YORK.

(Continued from page 652, Supplement.)

himself that he will be injured neither by praise nor blame, but always give to the world the best that is in him. In choosing a young representative playwright of New York city it is a question whether the palm will not be given by some to Mr. Augustus Thomas, the author of *Alabama*, the latest New York success, in preference to Mr. Fitch. But Mr. Fitch, the youngest and while both have scored successes, Mr. Fitch has made no failures, and Mr. Thomas must plead guilty to one—*Reckless Temple*, or, as it was called, "*Barrymore* played by himself in a white wig." Mr. Thomas, besides *Alabama*, has written *A Man of the World*, and other curtain-raisers of much delicacy and strength. He is thirty-three years old, and was until lately a newspaper reporter in the West. He shows the greatest possible promise.

HENRY C. BUNNER.

The editor of *Puck*, Mr. Henry C. Bunner, is thirty-six years old, but he achieved a good measure of distinction fully twelve years ago, and even at that time, if an article similar to this had been prepared, he would have been among those mentioned. He was born in Oswego, and during his early boyhood his school life was interrupted by frequent changes of residence. Finally, however, his mother settled in New York, and he went several years to Callahan's school, in preparation for college. Before he was old enough to enter he was compelled to become a bread-winner, and the five years before he was of age were spent in wholesale dry-goods houses. Though the business hours were long and the work ungenial, he found time to read and to write. He contributed to several newspapers, sending poems and stories and anything likely to attract favorable consideration from an editor. While still in business he became a contributor to *Puck*, and not a number has been issued from the first till now without something from his pen.

In 1876 Mr. Bunner gave up his business, and became a reporter on the *New York World*, which had just passed from the control of Mr. Manton Marble to Mr. William Henry Hurlbert. The skill in writing which Mr. Bunner had acquired during his mercantile life now stood him in good stead, and he at once ranked as among the best men on a paper which was at that time written in a style that few newspapers nowadays even cure for. Night-work soon injured his eyes, and he found day employment on the bright and short-lived *Aeradian*. From there he went to *Puck*, and in 1877 was made editor. This position he has held since.

His editorial work is probably what keeps him alive to-day, but it is not what is going to keep his name alive after he is dead. His poems and his short stories will do that. Mr. Bunner's *Airs from Aerady* are the best verses of society, and of fresh, fine, delicate feeling, that any of the younger verse-writers have given us; and though they were written several years ago, they still stand in the way of aspiring poetsasters, saying "this is the way to go, but you might go much further and not do half so well." His short stories, "*Love in Old Clothes*" and "*Zadoc Pine*," for instance, made him one of the first of short-story writers in a country where short stories are well written, and as a delineator of New York life he has been most apt and clever. Of late he has written very little, which is a pity. As an editor he is very busy; and though he must take some satisfaction in making out checks and writing a pleasant word or two for young versifiers, and in remembering what the receipt of like pleasant words meant to him once, the colored political cartoons and the jokes of the "paragapher" and comic artist must make him sigh now and then for the dark blue cover and gold title of *Airs from Aerady*, and he must occasionally run his eyes over it, as the rest of us do, to read of the girl in "New London, ahoy!" and of the pitcher of mignonette in the tenement's highest casement, and of the old clerk dozing in the counting-house. And some day very soon, let us hope, he will write a few more poems and more short stories, just to show that he is true to his old love, and has not become enamored of this jolly German-American paper with the red cheeks and loud laugh.

OTHER EDITORS.

Mr. Bunner, as an editor of a weekly periodical and as a magazine writer as well, did not come under the head of journalist, although he served his apprenticeship as a newspaper man so ably. It was intended to select a representative young journalist for this article on the young men of New York, but the young newspaper men would not have it, and showed a dislike to having themselves interviewed and pictured. It was pity they are so modest, for they are a picturesque group, and very young to be in such high places. The most conspicuous among them is Arthur Brisbane, who began newspaper work as a reporter on the *Sun*, was its foreign correspondent at the age of twenty-three, and is now the editor of the *Evening Sun*, at the age of twenty-eight. His London letters, signed "A. B.," were brilliant, full of news, and young enough in their points of view to be somewhat alarming to those who looked on queens and their ministers as absolved from mortal criticism. His paper is like its editor. It is clever, aggressive,

original, and takes few things seriously. Mr. Brisbane talks even better than he writes, and rides across country almost as well as he talks. There will be much more written about him a few years from now.

William C. Reick, the city editor of the *Herald*, who is virtually the editor-in-chief, is perhaps the only man who has held that position for over a year on that paper. This alone marks him conspicuously. Mr. Reick is very young for so important a post—not over thirty-eight—and yet in working control of one of the greatest periodicals of this country or any other.

Stephen Bonsal, one of James Gordon Bennett's present workers, is only twenty-seven, and has been the correspondent of the *World*, and later of the *Herald*, in almost every capital in Europe. He is now in this city, engaged in editorial work on the *Herald*. He speaks eight or nine languages, and has written much interesting matter for the *Weekly* on foreign topics.

Charles Kellogg, the city editor of the *Sun*, is another very young man. He was until lately a reporter on that paper. He was a conscientious, reliable reporter, and makes the same sort of city editor. He apparently believes in getting the facts, all the facts, and nothing but the facts. This has made the paper as reliable as it was in the days of John Bogart, but less interesting, although the fact that such men as Amos J. Cummings, Blakely Hall, Julian Ralph, and Arthur Brisbane were acting as reporters for Mr. Bogart may have had something to do with the greater success of its news stories in those days. To the layman the duties of the city editor of a daily paper are a mystery, and for this reason the fact that such young men as Mr. Kellogg and Mr. William McCloy, of the *Evening Sun*, hold such positions is not as remarkable as it should be.

GEORGE J. GOULD.

The eldest son of Mr. Jay Gould, the capitalist and railroad proprietor, had placed upon him when he was barely of age responsibilities which would have staggered many mature men who do not think badly of their own ability. Mr. George J. Gould, who is about thirty years old, did not receive a collegiate education, but as soon as he came of age was taken into his father's office and into partnership with the firm of brokers of which Mr. Jay Gould was at that time a member. He must have learned the mysteries of finance very rapidly, for very quickly he was made a director of this company and that, until soon he sat at the council board of pretty nearly all the corporations in which his father held a large interest. And what was more, the father soon learned to rely with implicit faith upon the son's judgment and business acuteness.

At an age when the sons of rich fathers are usually cutting a pretty wide swath in society, and sowing an abundant crop of wild oats, Mr. George Gould was as hard at work as any bank clerk in Wall Street. And it is pretty certain, too, that he had the natural inclinations of youths of his age. But he felt his responsibilities, and in consideration of them suppressed all wayward fancies and foolishnesses. Since then he has been his father's confidential adviser and associate, and on more than one occasion of long duration, when Mr. Jay Gould has been abroad, the son has had complete charge of all the immense and complicated interests of the father. He has been the president of the Pacific Mail Company and of other large corporations. At present he keeps track of all the details of his father's business and has gained the respect of all the shrewd men who are associated with Mr. Jay Gould in his various enterprises.

Mr. George Gould is of manly bearing and handsome appearance. In manner, though he is quick, he is courteous, and he impresses a young man with the idea that he is a young man who knows pretty well what he is about. He is a man of family now, and has developed such quiet domestic tastes that he is rarely seen in public except in his journeys to and from his office.

WILLIAM D. GUTHRIE.

Mr. William D. Guthrie, the law partner of Mr. Clarence A. Seward, has achieved distinction at the New York bar at an age when most young lawyers are wondering where in the world the clients upon whom they are to subsist are coming from. He is now thirty-three, and for eight years he has had all the active practice he could find time to attend to. He was born in California, where his father was a prominent man, being Surveyor of the Port of San Francisco for a number of years, and the owner of several newspapers. The father went to California from Chenango County, New York, where the family had long been settled, two of the grandfathers having been officers in the Revolutionary army. When young Guthrie was two years old he was taken by his mother to France, and lived there till he was ten years old. It was then that he acquired his easy facility with the French language, which he now writes and speaks as readily as his own. Three years were then spent in England, and the family returned to New York.

Meantime the father had entirely lost his means, and, after two years at the Thirtieth Street public school in New York, young Guthrie was obliged to go to work. He secured a place in the law office of Messrs. Blatchford, Seward, Griswold, & Da Costa. While serving as office-boy and mes-

senger he became an expert stenographer, and acted in that capacity in the office for several years. Lack of fortune having prevented him from going through college, he spent all of his evenings at this time in study. He must have had very good advice as to the course of study he pursued, or have had very lucky intuitions, for he has become a man of most liberal cultivation.

In the fall of 1879 he left the law office and attended the Columbia College Law School, attending and reciting in the Senior and Junior classes. During this time he supported himself by teaching and reporting. In May, 1880, he was admitted to the bar, and took a clerk's place in the office where he had formerly been. One year later he became managing clerk, and in 1883 was made a member of the firm. The senior member of the firm having been made an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, the firm was reorganized in 1885, and became Seward, Da Costa, & Guthrie. This firm lasted till the death of Mr. Da Costa, a year ago. The present firm is Seward, Guthrie, & Morawetz.

During this time a large share of the important business of the firm has fallen to Mr. Guthrie's share. He has been exceedingly successful in jury cases, and has tried all the accident cases for the numerous corporations (particularly express companies) which his firm represents as counsel. In the handling and unravelling of intricate and complicated equity cases he has shown most marked ability. In his work he is tireless and indefatigable, and therefore it would be strange for him to overlook any point of service to his clients. He devotes his entire time to his profession, and believes that no other line is possible for an active practitioner at the New York bar. His firm is sought and cited in many large financial transactions, and he has straightened out some of the most complicated matters in the way of the reorganization of corporations. He is now counsel for large English syndicates, and during the past two years has acted as counsel for English companies representing investments in this country of over fifty millions of dollars.

Mr. Guthrie has, of course, in his numerous cases often been pitted against men many years his senior, and it has sometimes happened that, presuming on his youth and comparative inexperience, there have been efforts made to take advantage of him. But, I believe, on such occasions Mr. Guthrie has always managed to take care of himself and the interests he represented. Several years ago Mr. Robert Ingersoll made an effort of this nature in a case before Judge Shipman, of the United States Court. If I correctly remember the report of the case, the agnostic orator did not wear any laurels away when the case was finally determined.

In manner, Mr. Guthrie is graceful and courteous, but he is dreadfully in earnest, and sometimes his aggressive and positive temperament asserts itself with great force, and then he is frank to the point of brusqueness. I have intimated that he was a lawyer pure and simple, and so he is, but he nevertheless takes a deep interest in politics, and is an ardent Republican. During the last Presidential campaign, during the last summer vacation, he made speeches in favor of Mr. Harrison in New York and Vermont, and achieved no little success as an orator. His ability as a speaker attracted the notice of General Sherman, who, though Mr. Guthrie had never met him, invited the young lawyer to accompany him and General Swayne to Denver, as the guest of that city, and assist in the speech-making which was necessary. This invitation was accepted, and Mr. Guthrie's part was done to the entire satisfaction of the old soldier. Though he is now wedded to the law, I should not be surprised for him to exhibit in a few years or so a desire to shine in more public life than the civil court-rooms afford. He is, so far, the record of a purely self-made man, and what he has accomplished has been in the face of disadvantages which would have entirely discouraged any but a man of extraordinary steadfastness of purpose.

WALTER DAMROSCH.

Mr. Walter Damrosch, the musician, had most important responsibilities thrust upon him at the age of twenty-two, when his father, the late Dr. Leopold Damrosch, died in 1884. Dr. Damrosch, to whom probably, after Theodore Thomas, New York is more indebted for its present musical culture than to any other man of the time, was a great death musical director and conductor of the German Opera Company, conductor of the Symphony Orchestra, and also conductor of the Oratorio Societies. His young son was at once chosen to succeed him in all three of these positions. It may be that sentiment had much to do with the choice at the time, but as the son has proven himself an acceptable successor to the father, we can but be grateful that sentiments of affection for and loyalty to the dead leader had weight and consideration at the time.

Besides his father, Mr. Damrosch's musical instructors were Max Pinner, Rischbieter, and Blüthner, his counterpoint, and Hans von Bülow in phrasing and conducting. Previous to succeeding his father he had been conductor of the Newark (New Jersey) Harmonic Society, which, among other things, produced Rubinstein's "*Tower of Babel*," and the choral fantasia of Beethoven. He was also his father's assistant in the great musical

festival held in the Seventh Regiment Armory in 1881.

The year of his father's death he took the German Opera Company on a tour to Chicago, Cincinnati, and Boston, and produced *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, *Waltüre*, *The Prophet*, *Fidelio*, and many other operas. Everywhere his work was praised, and before a year had past he was no longer looked upon as an experiment, but as an assured success. When his old master Von Bülow was last in this country, that great interpreter of Beethoven expressed himself as delighted with the work of the Oratorio Society under young Damrosch's leadership, and after hearing the society's rendering of Grel's "*Missa Solemnis*," he wrote this letter to his former pupil:

"MY DEAR FRIEND AND VALIANT COLLEAGUE,—You gave me last night a very, very great pleasure, such as has seldom been afforded me, and you know how genuinely happy I am which I am able to admire sincerely an artistic performance. This was the case last night. Your choral is a collective virtuosity, such as the oldest and most celebrated institutions of the kind in the German Empire's city of Berlin cannot hope to approach. How happy would the departed author of the wonderful art work have been if he could have been present at this translatable interpretation! 'Per aspera ad astra!' I exclaimed again and again, while the intoxicatingly beautiful sound of so many well-skilled throats came to my ears. If the spirit of my old and revered comrade, Leopold Damrosch, could only have listened to the endeavors of the son, the worthy successor and continuator of the work begun by him—the artificiality of the land of 'freedom! Untravelling he does continue to live in you. 'Macte virtute in te, Valter! Vale et me amare!'"

HANS VON BÜLOW.

Mr. Damrosch's friends think that he had much to do with influencing Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the president of Symphony and Oratorio societies, to build the beautiful Music Hall in New York which was dedicated some months ago. Considering the manner of man Mr. Carnegie happens to be, and that he usually does only what he wants to do and is never influenced by any man, it is not likely that Mr. Damrosch had much to do in influencing the millionaire iron-master in arriving at the determination which has resulted so beneficially for New York. But Mr. Damrosch has undoubtedly had much to do with the formulation and carrying into practical effect of Mr. Carnegie's ideas. And in the administration of the Music Hall he will doubtless have much authority.

Mr. Damrosch is a modest and studious man and a hard worker, and has a sincere desire to assist in the musical education of the American public. He has delivered lectures in New York, Boston, Chicago, Brooklyn, and other places, on the Symphonies of Wagner's works, translating the text into English, and interpreting the music on the piano. He is not an ultra-Wagnerian, but broad and catholic in his admiration for the best in all schools. He is a son-in-law of Mr. James G. Blaine.

JOHN S. SARGENT.

Though Mr. John S. Sargent, the distinguished artist, was born in Italy, and has spent much the larger portion of his life in foreign lands, his breeding is so distinctly American that we are constrained not only to claim him as belonging to us, but to defend that claim against all pretensions. His name is more prominent in the affairs of Massachusetts during the last Revolutionary war, and during that conflict they were soldiers who bore themselves with sturdy and patriotic manliness. His father, Dr. Fitzwilliam Sargent, was a resident of Philadelphia and a distinguished surgeon there until a year before the birth of this son, the greatest of a long line of considerable men. But he is American in everything except the accidents of birth and residence, and perhaps, some may say, in his art. It would be unfair to say this, however, unless it be impossible, merely because one man seems to be a few heads taller than the rest of his countrymen, that he should be of fellowship with them.

Mr. Sargent is now thirty-four years old, but ten years ago he exhibited a portrait in Paris and afterwards in New York which gave to him an immediate fame. This picture was a portrait of Carolus Duran, his master. In this picture, which in later works he has far surpassed, he gave us some hint of that which has been his most striking characteristic, namely, that an intention and the act of carrying it out are for him one and the same thing. In this portrait he gave almost the full measure of this admirable peculiarity, that perception with him is already by itself a kind of execution.

Since this portrait of Carolus Duran, Mr. Sargent has exhibited a great many canvases in Paris, in London, and in New York, and he has all the time been growing in strength and power. His portrait of a young lady dressed in black satin and standing upright, with her right hand bent back and resting on her waist, while the other, with the arm somewhat extended, offers to view a kind of white flower, was so satisfactory to that admirable critic Mr. Henry James, that he said of it: "My admiration for this deeply distinguished work is such that I am perhaps in danger of overrating its merits; but it is worth taking into account that to-day, after several years of acquaintance with them, these merits seem more and more to justify enthusiasm. The picture has this sign of productions of the first order, that its style clearly would save it if everything else should change—our measure of its value of resemblance, its expression of character, the fashion of dress, the particular associations it evokes. It is not only a portrait,

but a picture, and it arouses even in the profane spectator something of the painter's sense, the joy of engaging also, by sympathy, in the solution of the artistic problem. There are works of which it is sometimes said that they are painter's pictures; the description is apt to be intended invidiously, and the production of which I speak has this good fortune at once to belong to this class and to give the 'plain man' the kind of pleasure that the plain man looks for."

The article from which this extract is quoted was written four years ago, and Mr. James could not help saying that the rare accomplishments and great performances of Mr. Sargent at such an early age made him, as a critic of imagination, anxious about the young painter's future. But he has gone steadily on. Each new portrait, when the subject was not unhappy, has marked some further progress in that marvellous capacity which Mr. Sargent possesses of putting upon his canvases, without effort, exactly what his artist eyes do see. There seemed to be a culmination of this when there was exhibited in New York last spring Mr. Sargent's portrait of Beatrice. Readers of the WEEKLY will remember what the best known portrait-painters of New York were moved to say in praise of this beautiful portrait. This was undoubtedly a painter's picture. It had qualities which other eyes failed fully to see, but it also was lucky in pleasing plain men, and during all the continuance of the exhibition there was always a crowd before Beatrice's portrait.

Every critic, and almost every artist as well, is tempted to compare Mr. Sargent to Velasquez, because it is well known that in his early youth, after spending some time in Spain, Velasquez was the great god of his idolatry. But in all probability it is scarcely fair to compare him with the great Spaniard, or to even say that Sargent's work suggests that master. Last spring, when all men were talking of Beatrice, the great god of the discriminating critic Mr. Frank Millet said of this disposition: "I don't see why they should do this. I don't see why they should not just as well compare this picture to any other master of portraiture. This portrait, and Sargent's work generally, have excellences which belong peculiarly to him. Then, again, these critics and artists talk a great deal about Sargent's mastery of technique. Here again I disagree with them, for Sargent is superior to technique. There are many men who in this regard surpass him, because with them the technique is the end and not the means. Indeed, in the mere matter of painting itself—and I take this to be what the critics mean by technique—Sargent's strength does not particularly lie. His other peculiar qualities enable him to produce results which are entirely satisfactory as distinct from fine painting. His master, for instance, Carous Duran, probably has quite as masterly a technique as Sargent, but Sargent has something beyond his master, and that is style. When he paints a portrait of a man or a woman or a child there never fails to be something distinguished about the personality of the subject. This style is the crowning glory of his work. But, in the first instance, he does that to perfection without which no portrait has any value—he catches the character of the subject, and he retains it with many a painter's portrait. But however Mr. Millet disagreed with his brother critics and artists as to the method of criticising Sargent's work, he agreed with them all that Sargent was not only the first among American artists, but the first portrait-painter in all the world.

HARVESTING ON A BONANZA FARM.

THE original cave-dweller—dear child of the Working Scientist—harvested his wheat crop by going out to his field and gnawing off the heads of the grain with his active jaws. The plan had its advantages and also its disadvantages—on the whole, our able progenitor longed for something better. Then there arose a thoughtful paleozoic inventor who pointed out that the grain could be pulled up by the roots and the heads thrashed out in the palm of the hand. This satisfied our esteemed ancestor, and matters ran along thus for a few hundred thousand years; indeed, I claim the Working Scientist's privilege to be vague as to years. Let us throw overboard the cave-dweller, for that matter, and come along down to modern times. Let us begin with the sickle, for instance.

You may still find old men who will tell you that they can remember when farmers in this country had nothing but the sickle with which to harvest their wheat and rye. A dozen men worked in single file, and cut the grain with one hand and gathered it on the other arm, stopping every "round" to drink earnestly out of a big jug of New England rum or Pennsylvania whiskey. Then came the cradle—a scythe with "fingers" on it—which made the grain lie straight. Many farmers have a cradle yet for corners and odd nooks. With it one man cut down the grain and another bound it into sheaves. Then arose a direct descendant of the paleozoic genius, and invented a reaper drawn by horses. This was in the '30's, say. A man drove, and a small boy sat on a low seat and raked off the grain in gavels. He was usually the same small boy who used to pull the strings that worked

the cut-off valve in the first steam engine. He soon lost his occupation in both instances—in the case of the reaper they invented a mechanical rake. It took five men to follow on foot and bind up what the reaper cut down. Still the farmer was not satisfied. So they made him the reaper. Two men besides the driver rode on this, and bound the grain as it was brought up on an endless apron to where they stood. They had an awning over them, and were very comfortably situated. This was in the '70's. Still the agriculturist fretted. Then he got the self-binder, which he has yet—though he is beginning to find fault with it and talk about electricity—and an excellent large picture of it is printed in this copy of the WEEKLY.

At first they tried to tie up the grain with wire, but it did not work very well, and the machines were abandoned, and others using manila or hemp twine were tried with better results. The binder invented by a man named Appleby has perhaps been the most successful. It is shown in the picture attached to cutting-machines of different makes. The twine or cord is very strong, and is a little larger than a round shoestring. It seldom breaks, and the sheaves are tied up firmer and better than by hand. The self-binder is somewhat complicated, but it seems simple when we consider what it does. It is the most intelligent machine used on the farm, if I may so express it. It would make the paleozoic man dizzy to watch it. All it asks is that the hired man shall keep his fingers out of it and furnish it plenty of grain to bind up. It does not tie a square or "hard" knot, nor yet a bow-knot. Bring the two ends of a string together for two or three inches from their ends; then, considering the two strings as one, tie one single plain school-boy knot in it, and you have the knot made by a self-binder. It is the hardest knot in the world to untie, and it never "gives" a particle. In the machine it is made by a funny, crafty little thingum-bob which turns around half way, opens its mouth and seizes the cord, turns around, and lets go sullenly, as if it had half a mind not to. A knife cuts the cord, another thingum-bob holds the ends, two arms sweep the sheaf off on to the ground, and the binder waits for enough grain to accumulate for another sheaf, when it starts itself and repeats the operation. It works with the precision of a fine steam engine, if the hired man will only let it alone.

Our illustration, with the noisy orator on the first machine, and the mule agitator on the second, and the undefined individuals on the twenty-three others, is on one of the big "bonanza" farms of Minnesota or the Dakota. Let us say it is in the valley of the sinuous Red River of the North. Perhaps it is on the great Dalrymple farm of nobody knows how many thousand acres. The waving wheat rolls away like the pampas plains of South America. It does not seem as if it can come from the work of man, but that wheat must be the natural product of the soil. The country is level as a floor. The wheat ripens in July, and the harvest runs into August. The days are long in this land then—it is near the forty-seventh parallel. Before the sun comes, clear and golden, the men are up looking after their horses. The eight-hour day agitation has not reached the Red River of the North; walking delegates walk not; the men are satisfied if they get eight hours in which they do not work. The shadows are still long and the day breeze but just awakening when the noisy clatter of the machines begins. I grieve to say that profanity, fluent and copious, is thought necessary to start everything as it should be started.

The richly laden heads of the wheat are bowed even lower than usual with the weight of the heavy dew. The wild roses down among the wheat are at their brightest. Over by the river there are acres of wild sun-flowers on their long waving stems beginning to rise and fall in the morning breeze. Along the road and by the edge of the field—for there is an edge somewhere—the golden rod and the first purple flowers of autumn stand stiffly, with the dewdrops clinging to them.

There are meadow larks and brown thrushes to furnish the music, and a flock of prairie chickens whir away; the long line of machines moves on regularly and noisily; the language of the drivers remains plain, and the mules learn precisely what is thought of them by the men most intimately associated with them, and therefore in the best position to judge them correctly. The sun mounts higher in a sky deeply and darkly blue—a mid-continent blue, with none of the watery mistiness of the seacoast. When the summer clouds begin to appear, towards noon, they are white and fleecy, like great billowy pillows of down, but their edges are as clearly marked against the rich blue as a swan's breast against the dark waters of a lake. Till late in the afternoon the sun shines down fiercely, tempered

every few minutes by the clouds, which move up all day long in a never-ending procession from the south, and whose shadows chase each other like great stealthy daytime ghosts across the bending wheat. But they are not rain-clouds, and at night they hide away somewhere in the north, except a few, perhaps, which become long dark bands near the horizon, and sometimes, if the night be warm, play at harmless lightning-flashing like great lazy fire-flies of the sky; and the fire-flies of the world below are out among the sunflowers before the noisy binders stop, and the mules, with their clatters once more openly held up to public scorn, are led to the house for the night. The sun went down some time before, looking like a big globe of burnished gold; the white calm moon comes up far away across the level silent plain, and the tired men creep to rest.

Another day of the harvest is done. The paleozoic gentleman was primitive in his harvesting methods, but I fancy he enjoyed himself more than they do in the valley of the Red River of the North. He did not work so hard, and he had more time to lie on his back and watch the white clouds float across the far-away mysterious sky.

AN HOUR ON THE HOUSE-TOP.

BY DORA READ GOODALE.

WE were all sitting out on the roof; the day had been overpoweringly sultry. Now a fitful breeze blew in from the river; the innumerable lights of the city flashed out in long irregular lines up and down the avenues, and far off over the water shone faintly the torch of Liberty.

"Ah, look there!" suddenly exclaimed the Unknown, so called for some real or imagined likeness to that breathing bust, the *Femme Inconnue*, under whose marble lids lurks the very soul of the Renaissance.

We all became silent, and followed the glance of the speaker. Far below us, on a neighboring house-top, a child was endeavoring to launch his kite, which, again and again, started eagerly forward, buoyed up by the current among the chimney-pots, only to hang for a moment in mid-air and fall back powerless. It was a pantomime that captured the fancy.

"Tell me, what does it remind you of?" said the Unknown, looking round with that elusive expression which one knows not whether to call more arch or reflective.

Every one considered a moment; the Colonel spoke first. He is a hale old gentleman, inclining to stoutness, with a bald head carried a little forward, and the air of a man of affairs who has retired from the world, retaining a large stock of perfectly marketable opinions.

"Well, my dear," began the Colonel, with a certain playful emphasis, "it reminds me of the way the young fellows launch out in life nowadays. They start off with a brisk, and you'd think (if you took their word for it) they were bound to go up like so many sky-rockets; but when the wind gives out, or the first flurry catches them, down they come tumbling end over end, and want their old fathers to give 'em a run again." And the Colonel laughed his low resonant laugh; he has two sons who are not unknown on the Stock Exchange.

"It looks to me like some wild live creature that wants to get loose. You remember the lamb in Wordsworth's poem:

"What ails thee, young one—what?
Why pull so at thy cord?"

murmured the Artist, a tall, pale girl, with a cameo profile and long white fingers. She fixed her large gray-blue eyes on the kite, which at that moment was tugging uneasily at its tether.

"Yes; or a lad just learning to swim," said the Doctor, who was smoking his pipe on the highest seat. "He can just take two strokes before his head goes under. There! What did I tell you?"

"I'm surprised you don't find a more medical simile," said the Banker's Clerk in a bantering tone. "A swimmer when the cramp has got him at least, or the life flaring up in a consumptive patient." He broke off suddenly, for he had not been whispered that the Doctor's sweetheart died of consumption?

"And you?" said the Unknown, laying her hand on the sleeve of the Colonel's Wife.

"Well, for my part," said the Colonel's Wife, with that slight air of rebuke which practical wisdom ever assumes toward sentiment, "it reminds me of nothing so much as of the time when I was a girl, and used to go out to fly kites with my brothers on the round hill back of our house in Vermont."

A smile went round the company, but it was too dark to see it.

"Now that's odd, for it makes me think of a fellow turning his back on the girl that hasn't treated him well," observed the Banker's Clerk—that young man with large rings on his hands. We all laughed, for the words "turning his back" were pronounced with a slight swagger, and as he spoke, the kite, after a vacillating flight, dropped ingloriously at the feet of its owner.

"And of what does it remind you?" asked the Unknown, turning last to the stranger.

"Of the struggle of the human soul for the higher life."

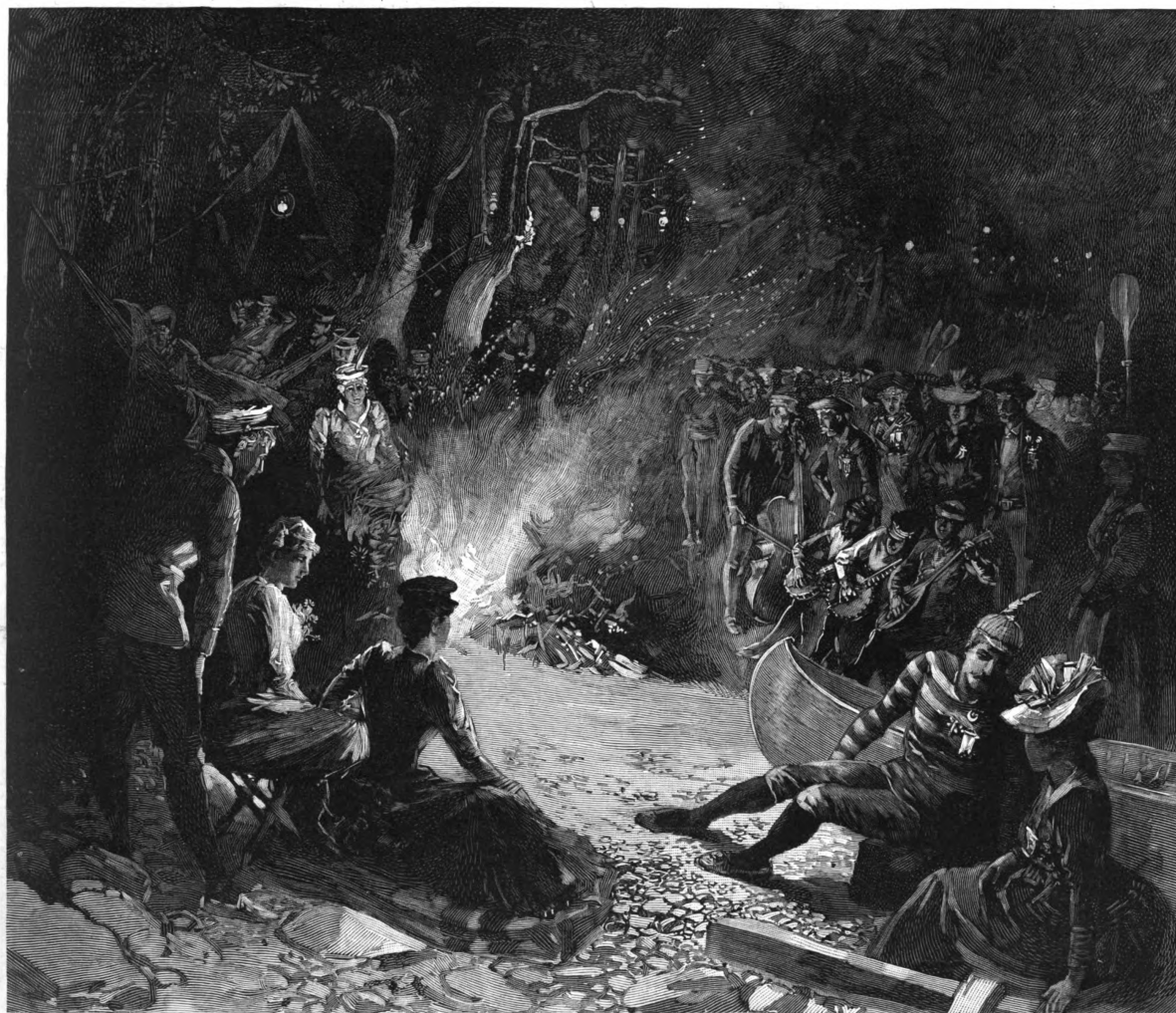
I looked up. The Doctor was puffing away at his pipe, with his hat pulled over his eyes; the Colonel's Wife was rearranging her shawl; and the Artist was looking out over the water, with her thumb to her chin in a Desartian attitude. But the Unknown drew a sharp breath, as if a responsive chord had been struck. Could it be, I thought, that this awkward young man, whose dogged reserve had won him the name of Stranger, and whose two cheap country suits were not yet worn in holes, had felt those spiritual conflicts which make the soul of a man the highest battle-ground in the universe, and that dingy law office down-town held the hope of a more than material success? There are two marks—a curve of the lip, a line of the eyebrow—that are the unmistakable characters of suffering; had I never observed his face before to see that handwriting there? And was it less strange if such pangs were experienced in the delicate half-formed breast of the Unknown?

I sat on the lowest step, apart from the rest; no one looked at me or asked my opinion. The Artist shook out her diaphanous black skirt, the Banker's Clerk piled up his arms with cushions, and the little party broke up, and went down from the house-top as the moon began to brighten. The Unknown and the Stranger walked last, speaking together. Far below in the twilight I saw the kite once more, rising steadily as if it would mount to heaven. I watched it; for a moment it hung balanced, and then fell, like a lost soul.

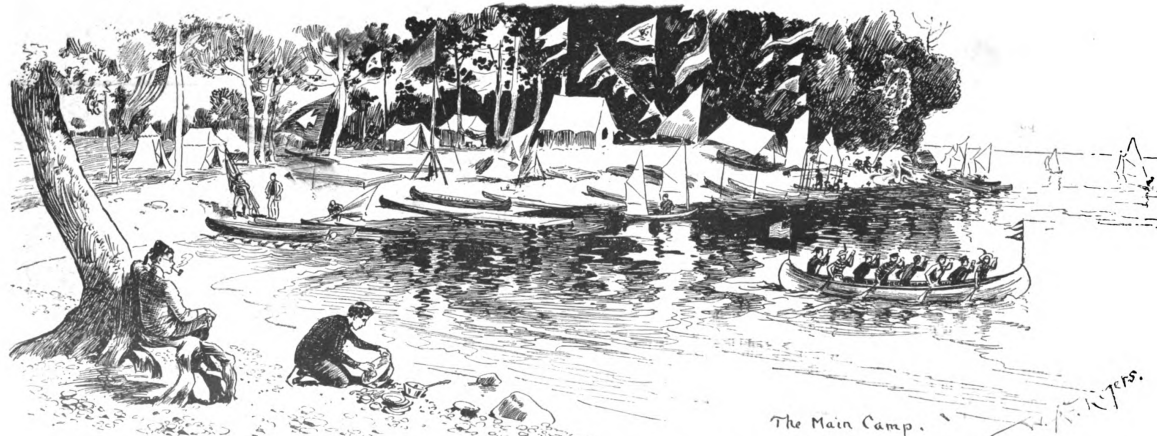


THAT EXPLAINS IT.

LADY. "My husband and I never dispute before children. If we think a quarrel is coming on we send them out."
KING FRIEND. "Oh, that's why I see them so often in the street."



THE CAMP FIRE AT SQUAW POINT.



THE ANNUAL MEET OF THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION AT LAKE CHAMPLAIN.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 665.]



AN AMATEUR COOK.

THE CANOE MEET AT LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

BY C. B. VAUX.

IT is simply a large camp on the shore of a lake, river, or bay, this annual meet of the members of the American Canoe Association. The campers live in tents, board at a general mess or do their own cooking, keep their canoes on board skids along the shore when they are not in use, and for two weeks live a free, out-of-door, open-air life. Races are held which occupy four and sometimes five days of the time. And this is the outline of every meet of the twelve which have been held since the organization of the A. C. A. at Lake George in August, 1880.

What is it that attracts between two and three hundred men every year to spend their vacations at the canoe meet? It would seem that after one visit the canoe-man would rather cruise or do something else the second year. Yet there are those who appear in camp year after year, and they enjoy it more and more. It is not the racing that attracts them, for less than one-quarter of the men in camp race; and yet the racing is a feature, proved by the fact that there are always more men in camp on the racing-days than at any other time. If a man has only a few days to spare, he is sure to appear during race week. He knows there will be more fun then.

The meet this year is at Willsborough Point, Lake Champlain, and the canoe camp is located at the end of the point, extending back along both shores. The steamboat-landing and Willsborough Inn are half a mile away, on the eastern or lake side of the point. The mess-shed and women's camp are on the same side, a goodly distance north of the inn. The men's camp is on the bay side, and extends from the tip end of the point nearly a mile to the south along the shore.

All former meets have been limited to two weeks. This one lasts for three, as a general request was made to have a week of quiet camp life after the races, which always take place the second week. The officers therefore set the dates from August 6th to 27th, to include all the moonlight of the month. During the first week every boat brings canoes, canoe men and women, and quantities of camping-goods. The tents go up as if by magic, floors are built, flag-poles erected in front of each club's camp; landing-stages for canoes are made along-shore; the racing-boats are unpacked, polished, overhauled, and tried on the water, and the days seem not half long enough. Then follows race week, during which the days are spent on the water and the evenings around camp fires or in the pavilion, where dancing may be enjoyed when music is to be hired, begged, or borrowed; and when it is not to be had, the clever fellows are sure to provide some other form of amusement quite as popular.

The old campers and all the racing men have learned by experience at former meets that it is more comfortable to depend on the mess than to attempt to do one's own cooking. The vacation is short enough, and there is so much to do that is more pleasing than cooking and dish-washing that

these occupations are reserved for the cruise—in the future—which always occupies the largest room in every canoe-man's castle in the air. The novices, on the other hand, are enthusiastic over every detail of camp life, and insist on doing their own fire-building and cooking. These fellows may be seen any day quite as late as ten o'clock still preparing breakfast, and they are then liable to be seen by the visitors, who are allowed in camp after that hour. The youth who has been working over the fire for three hours, and has only succeeded in burning a pan of chops while he left the fire for a moment to cut some bread, is considerably crestfallen to find a small party of girls from the Willsborough Inn standing near and fully taking in the situation. He is quite likely to buy a fifty-cent dinner check and get a "square" meal at the mess-shed before the day is over.

The dining-room at Willsborough Point is a large shed, with a fine floor suitable for dancing. The sides are open, and there is a kitchen connected with it. It was built for the use of picnic parties from Burlington by the owner of the point. Situated in a grove of trees near the water's edge, between the inn and the camp, it serves as dining-room by day and ballroom at night for the campers, and will accommodate two hundred at table easily.

Perhaps the evenings at the meets are even more enjoyable than the days. At any rate, then is the time when sociability is at its height. There may be many camp fires or one large one. Around these fires gather the men and women—the ladies are included in the camp scheme, and they have a part of the camp reserved for them, which they kindly share with husbands, fathers, brothers, as the case may be—and those who have a good song or bright story entertain the group. The darkness, the surrounding water and woods, and the feeling of isolation naturally add to the brightness and cheerfulness of the camp fire, and tend to dispel reserve, and cement the bond of good-fellowship that reigns supreme. Here it is where new friends are made, and old friends meet again after years of separation. The individual duties or diversions of the day are done, and the time fitting for merriment or quiet chats over pipe-bowls and cigars. The canoe is the common bond of sympathy and a never-ending topic of conversation. In fact, the camp fire is such an attractive feature of the camp that it is on record of a few enthusiasts whose time was limited to a one week's stay that they spent hours having had two weeks of fun—one week of it day time and the other of night. Sleep was forgotten; that could be made up at home. This is not literally true, perhaps, but it is not wide of the mark, as any one may learn for himself by approaching the camp at the wee small hours, when he will be almost certain to find a fire burning, and two or three figures sitting before it in earnest conversation.

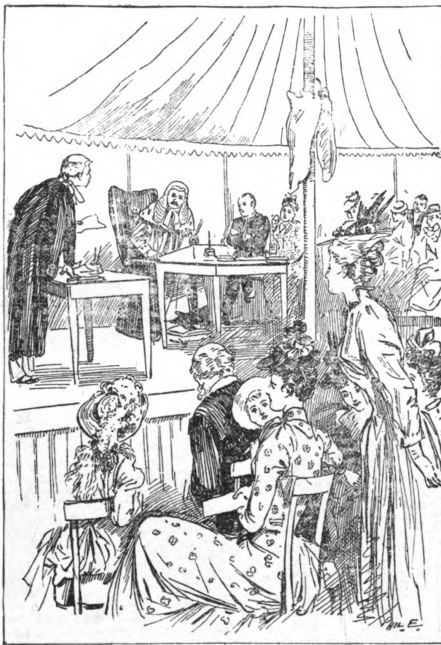
Many original schemes have been concocted by a few of the most original among the canoe-men at former meets—the smuggler chase at night in '84, when the camp was near

the Canadian line; the camp circus under the big three-pole meeting-tent at Stave Island in '89; the mock trial of a member (charged with stealing a red lantern), who took the affair seriously, at Bowarrow Point in '87, and many other similar performances—but not one of them equalled the sea-serpent, seen off the camp at Lake Champlain last week, for originality of conception or perfection in execution.

Mr. L. W. Seavey has attended the meets for many years, and he has always been the prime mover in all schemes for the entertainment of the campers. This year he was ably seconded in his undertaking by Mr. W. A. Rogers. Together they constructed a sea-serpent, over one hundred and sixty feet long, out of lumber, calico, paint, and tinsel, in a wheat field back of Willsborough Inn. They spent several days in building it, and during that time kept the affair a profound secret, so that when it was finally launched and towed down past the camp on visitors' day it took every one by surprise and created a profound impression. The tow-line used was a very long one, which enabled the towing-boat to keep at a considerable distance from the monster, and no one suspected it had anything to do with the serpent in consequence. The serpent's jaws were movable, and when the tow-line was pulled the mouth opened wide, and closed again as the line was slackened.

The serpent first appeared moving against the wind, toward the point, while a race was being sailed, and visitors and campers were all gathered to see it. A better time could not have been chosen to create a sensation. Late in the afternoon the marine monster was put up high and dry on a low reef of rocks to the east of the women's camp. It was a formidable-looking object with its red, green, and blue tinsel scales glittering in the moonlight. The suggestion was made that if it were only possible to hitch it to the stern of some lake schooner while she was sailing it would be an impressive sight to watch the consternation of the crew. This may yet be done by some enterprising canoe man.

The gateway to the camp is the wharf at which the steamers touch, and it is the connecting link between civilization and the free unceremonious life of the meet. Here friendships formed at meets in years gone by are cemented afresh. On it the first breath of the camp is taken in amid curious surroundings—crates, canoes, tents in bags, trunks, bundles, boxes of provisions, and all the odds and ends of camp and canoe duffle. Groups of campers stand about, waiting for friends or old acquaintances to come ashore, and they are royally welcomed when they do set foot on the string-piece. And here again during the last week gather those "homeward-bound"; and they never seem glad to be going in that direction, strange as it may seem. A warm hand-shake, a "Good-by, old fellow; I'll see you at the '92 if not before," the bell rings, and the steamer moves away. Then there is a waving of handkerchiefs, and the '91 meet is over.



THE TRIAL FOR THE DUNMOW FLITCH OF BACON: THE SPEECH FOR THE CLAIMANTS.

THE DUNMOW FLITCH AND THE DOGGETT COAT AND BADGE.

OUR English cousins celebrated this month the anniversary of two most original customs, both several hundred years old. They are of interest to Americans because the customs are curious in themselves, and because, unless some one begins very soon, Americans, with all their wealth, will never have any customs to celebrate.

We are, as a whole, a people devoid of customs, and possessing a limited stock of traditions. The latter are mostly confined to a score or so of cliffs from which Indian maidens have dashed headlong on account of faithless lovers, and a few blighted portions of this otherwise fertile country are accounted for by the fierce curses of native chiefs who have been moved to revenge by ill luck in their encounters with the white man. Beyond these, excepting Revolutionary ruins and various Washingtonian relics in the shape of headquarters, we have little to remind us of the past, and whatever observances are still held to may be traced back a paltry century or two. But with England it is different—England may go back for a thousand years and lose itself in the mists of antiquity. Our thoughts of England of to-day are mainly buccarat and home-rule, and these customs of yesterday seem out of place, although some of us are pleased with the

faithfulness of spirit that demands their annual repetition. Only a short time ago—within a few weeks—the people of Dunmow gave away three flitches of bacon to three married couples because they swore that their married life was one of unalloyed bliss. Now, when you come to look at such a proceeding from a modern stand-point, it seems decidedly foolish; but when you realize that the fashion was instituted some six hundred years ago, you think there must be something in it to have withstood the test of time. A certain English gentleman called Robert Fitzwalter existed in the early part of the thirteenth century, and probably would have been forgotten now had not King John taken a liking to him. This favorite of a fickle prince must have been a devout man, for he braced up the priory of Dunmow, which was falling into decay, by certain expenditures of money. When the priory was again firmly re-established, proclamation was made that "if any pair could, after a twelvemonth of marriage, come forward and make oath at Dunmow that during the whole time they had never had a quarrel, never regretted their marriage, and if again open to the engagement would make exactly that they had made," the reward was to be a flitch or gammon of bacon. It may be that Mr. Fitzwal-

ter had no hand in this offer, for history inclines to the belief that it emanated wholly from the priors. In their celibate state they were wont to look doubtfully upon the idea of conjugal happiness, and possibly they thought it a joke to offer such a reward, believing, with monkish cynicism, that they would "save their bacon." (Whether the origin of the last saying is due to these priors is doubtful, but it is certain that the phrase has been used by every writer in connection with Dunmow Priory.) Matrimony in those days must not have been perfect, for there is no record of anybody coming forward until 1445. Indeed, Chaucer wrote before this,

"The bacon was not fet for (them), I trow,
That some men have in Essex, at Dunmow."

Whatever this may mean, it points at least to marital woe, and to Mr. Richard Wright belongs the honor of furnishing an example of wedded bliss. Mr. Wright was a laboring-man who hailed from Badbury, county of Norfolk, and he got his flitch of bacon; this in 1445. Twelve years later, Stephen Samuel, of Ayton parva, in Essex, took an oath in the presence of his neighbors, and he too got the flitch. How fittingly the instruments of Fate are chosen is shown by the fact that by profession he was a husbandman. When the iron hand of Henry VIII. fell upon priories and such, that at Dunmow was not exempt, but the custom was continued by the proprietors. One Jacob Shakeshaft made demand for the bacon, and was placed on trial before a jury of six maidens and six bachelors; these he had to satisfy that the flitch in question was deserved. Success crowned his efforts, and he was carried through the town in a chair with his wife; and being of a shrewd mind, it is related that he sold slices of the bacon to the admiring spectators, which numbered about five thousand. David Osborne, the painter, made a picture of some similar procession of a lucky pair. But there was disappointment and sorrow in store for John Gilder, who in 1772 came to the priory gates and claimed the bacon, for the gates were closed, and Mr. Gilder had to go away unsatisfied. The lord of the manor of Dunmow was astonished, not to say grieved, at the demand made upon him by a happy pair in 1851. His lordship positively declined to dispose of his bacon in that way, but the neighbors were interested to such an extent that the claimants got the prize, after making good their assertions. In fact, such was the scepticism on the part of all except the parties concerned that a solemn oath was at all times required of any

pair who came forward as models of happiness and peace, and to make the oath impressive they were obliged to swear upon two great stones lying near the church door. In 1855 Mr. Harrison Ainsworth revived the custom, and as the lord of Dunmow and the clergy and neighboring gentry declined to take any such thing under their protection, the town-hall was used, and two couples received each a flitch. This year the custom was again observed, and three gentlemen with their wives were rendered happy by the presentation of flitches. They were tried by the jury of six maidens and six bachelors, and counsel appeared for both sides, Hymen winning. The ceremony was a public one, neither the chairing nor the swearing being omitted, and numbers of people were present. A doctor and a clergyman were two of the beneficiaries.

On the first day of August there is another custom that is annually observed by the young watermen on the Thames. This custom goes back only about one hundred and seventy-five years, but is curious enough to have originated several centuries before; it is hardly one that would be suggested to-day. The 1st of August, 1714, witnessed the ascension of George I. to the throne of England. A comedian of Drury Lane, Thomas Doggett by name, was highly pleased at this Protestant succession, and to show his delight organized a boat-race on the Thames, to be rowed by the young watermen just finishing their apprenticeship, the course being laid from London Bridge to the old Swan Inn at Chelsea. On his death-bed Mr. Doggett bequeathed a sum of money to continue these races, and they have since been annually rowed. The prizes are an orange-colored coat and a silver badge bearing the Hanoverian symbol of a white horse, and the race is known as "Doggett's Coat and Badge." It was observed this year, as usual, six men having earned the right to compete by winning the trial heats some days before. Every man got a prize, the last one winning £2, but to the victor £10 additional was given. Mr. Doggett is recorded as "a little lively sprat man who danced the 'Cheshire Round' full as well as the famous Captain George," but with more nature and nimbleness; but neither his dancing nor his acting have gained for him the fame that is granted to him by the annual race due to his affection for the Hanoverian King. In 1863, when the Prince of Wales visited Fishmongers' Hall, the guard of honor was composed of eighteen watermen who wore the Doggett coat which they had won in previous years.



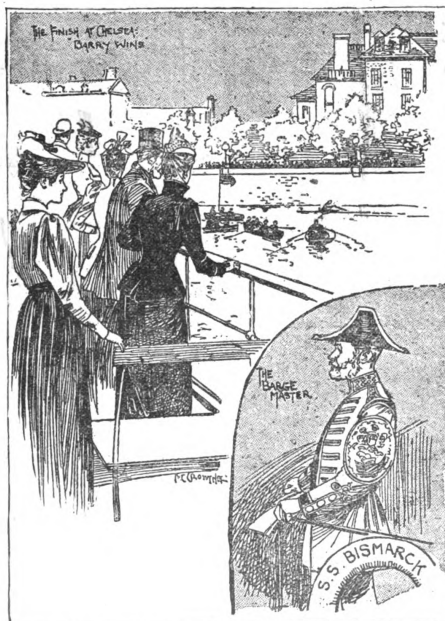
THE CHAMPIONSHIP MEETING of the United States National Lawn-Tennis Association is this year attracting such unusual attention, both from players and the public generally, that it may not be uninteresting to briefly review the history of former meetings held under the auspices of this prosperous organization. The first was held at Newport just ten years ago, and the long list of successful tournaments since that time makes it certain that the court of the Newport Casino will be the scene of the contest for many years to come. Narragansett has its advantages; and after visiting the beautiful courts recently constructed in Congress Park, Saratoga, I realize that a tournament may be played there amid as beautiful surroundings as can be found anywhere in this country. But there is something about Newport, with its atmosphere of refinement and culture, and its beautiful women, which has marked it as pre-eminently the place where the champion in this the most refined and most courtly of games should be crowned.

JUST TEN YEARS AGO Mr. R. D. Sears, of Boston, for the first time plainly showed himself to be the king of lawn-tennis players of this country. At that time there was a pronounced rivalry for the honor between Sears and Dr. Dwight, also of Boston, who is acting as referee of the present tournament. Dwight had been the teacher, and Sears the pupil, but, beginning with the first championship tournament, the latter rapidly forged ahead of his instructor, and for the next seven years stood head and shoulders above every player in the country. In 1881, 1882, and 1883 he played through the All Comers tournament, and in each year secured the championship without the loss of a single set. In 1884 the champion was for the first time compelled to stand out and meet the winner of the tournament for the championship. Under this new rule Sears was equally successful, defeating in the next four years H. A. Taylor, G. M. Brinley, R. L. Beckman, and H. W. Slocum, Jun. Once, and only once, was he in danger of losing his title. This was in 1886.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP CONTEST of 1886 was a fierce one, and few then realized or now remember by what a narrow margin the champion escaped a sensational defeat. The summer before, Sears had played in England, and on returning to this country had brought with him the new stroke, which has since been incorrectly styled "the Lawford." R. L. Beckman, who from an early age had

shown a wonderful aptitude for the game, took to the new stroke, and during the summer of 1886 used it with more accuracy and skill than any player whom I have seen attempt it since, with the exception of R. D. Sears, and perhaps Clarence Hobart in his present form. Beckman won the All Comers rather unexpectedly, but having gained that victory, he seemed imbued with new life and skill, and never before had he appeared in such form as on the day he met Sears for the championship. It was said that the latter was not in good physical condition, and at a critical moment in the fourth set he suffered severely from cramp in his fingers. The progress of the match was several times interrupted on this account, and as the winning of the fourth set depended upon the result of only two or three points, it has always been claimed by Beckman's friends that a strict enforcement of the rules would have given him the victory; for Sears himself, as I remember it, confessed that he could hardly have played through another set. As it was, the champion just succeeded in defending his title; but Beckman will always enjoy the honor of having forced him nearer to defeat than ever before or ever since.

THE RECENT HISTORY OF THE CHAMPIONSHIPS is familiar to all. It is easily recalled how Sears, with an unbroken record of victories, was compelled to retire from competition in 1888 in consequence of an injury to his neck, and how H. W. Slocum, Jun., by virtue of winning the All Comers' tournament of that year, became champion by default. Slocum's successful defence of his title against Q. A. Shaw, Sen., in 1889, and finally his loss of the championship to O. S. Campbell last year, are facts of too recent occurrence to need comment. But whenever a group of players gather together nowadays to exchange reminiscences, could they go through the All Comers' tournament this week just as easily as of old, and captured the championship in addition. This being granted, however, it would hardly be fair to argue that lawn-tennis has made no advance as a game of skill; for Sears, besides being a man still in the prime of life, has continually devoted himself to the sister



SKETCHES AT THE RACE FOR DOGGETT'S COAT AND BADGE ON THE THAMES.

games of lawn-tennis, such as racket and court-tennis, and it would not be reasonable to suppose that he so easily superior to all others as he was five years ago could not keep pace with the improvement in skill since that time.

THE SPECIAL RACE for 46-footers held off Newport on the 17th, under the auspices of the Corinthian Yacht Club at New York, proved three statements that have been made in this column several times, viz., that *Gladiator* is peerless, that the performances of the other 46-footers have been too erratic for intelligent comparison, and that this particular event would be the most interesting of the yachting season. Aside from the racing feature, it is extremely interesting to follow these 46-footers in the various events, and note how very uncertain they have been. It is noticeable, however, that the entire class is sailing better, and in this instance the entries finished closer together than in any event this year. Much had been expected of *Beatriz*, and it was just precisely her day for "moving along"—a light breeze and smooth sea. But she was entirely out of the race for first place, and had all she could take care of in holding on to third place. *Gladiator*'s work was very good. She was well handled, and landed the sweepstakes with very little difficulty.

THIS HERRESHOFF BOAT is really a marvel. She bows along at a great rate in rough water and a heavy breeze, carrying canvas that would stagger any other one of the class. In pleasant weather, and not enough breeze to blow a lot of deck, she appears equally at home, and defeats rivals with a wonderful regularity. The astonishing part of this race was the manner in which *Oceane* held on to *Gladiator*, and would not be shaken off—*Oceane*, too, which has been doing so poorly in recent matches. Great preparations were made for this race, and the sailors were lined out and cleaned, and the sails on the *Beatriz*, *Mincola*, and *Oceane* recut and modelled beautifully. It was to be the first meeting of *Beatriz* and *Gladiator*, and great things were expected of the former by the Boston contingent, but the centre-board advocates were doomed to disappointment for she never made any race all with the *Gladiator*. All of the others entered, *Barbara*, *Sagorara*, *Mincola*, *Jessica* finished in order named.

IT IS WELL TO NOTE for future reference that in windward work the *Gladiator* gained 4 minutes and 20 seconds on the *Beatriz*, while so persistently the *Oceane* hangs on, that 17 seconds was all she could leave her. It will be recalled how the *Beatriz* distanced the others, *Gladiator* excepted, in the race off Martha's Vineyard a few days ago, and the comments made on her windward work; but on the 17th she was left by the *Gladiator* in windward work, and was able to do only about two minutes better than the *Barbara*; the latter, by the way, appears to have retired on the laurels she won in the Golet Cup races in finishing second to *Gladiator*. She cannot be said to have been an entire success. Neither *Sagorara* nor *Mincola* did so well as they thought they would, though the former succeeded in getting over the line about three minutes before Mr. Belmont. Another point worthy of mental preservation is that on the second leg of the course, *Beatriz*, *Mincola*, and *Oceane* made better time than *Gladiator*, the former by 14 seconds, *Mincola* by 8 seconds, and *Oceane* a trifle over 20 seconds. The *Gladiator* caught up, however, and finished a winner by 50 seconds. The management of the race was especially good, though this is invariably one of the features of the Corinthian Club's regattas.

THE FIRST WEEK OF TENNIS at Newport this year has demonstrated to fact beyond peradventure—one, that F. H. Hovey, fit and well, has, contrary to general belief, enough endurance to go through a hard five-set match and finish in good condition; the other, that the general play in the tournament shows great improvement. Some of those now ranked as second class will, if they advance during the coming year, if they have in the past, get very near the fourth round in the next National championship. The drawings of the seventy-two entries were a little unsatisfactory, and it does appear unfortunate that the men known to be formidable could not be distributed evenly throughout the two halves of play. On the other hand, however, the uneven distribution is very apt to bring out at least one good match each day of the tournament, and consequently add greatly to the interest of spectators. So perhaps, after all, it is better as it is. The first day's play was destined to develop one of the two surprises of the week in W. P. Knapp's defeat by F. H. Hovey. Notwithstanding the fact that Knapp had not been seen in a tournament this year, and must necessarily be handicapped to a considerable extent thereby, his past record and well-known determined game were considered by most experts as sufficient to give him a chance to more than counterbalance Hovey's superior training and brilliant though erratic play.

THIS WAS ONE OF THOSE SURE THINGS, however, which now and again go wrong, to the utter demoralization of what in elegant reportorial diction, is called the "talent," for Mr. Knapp was defeated 3-6, 6-3, 6-4, 2-6, 7-5; and what was still more astonishing,

Hovey was by long odds the fresher of the two at the finish. It is a question whether Hovey would have been so fresh had he been defeated, victory is a remarkable bracer, but, at any rate, his condition was such as to completely reverse the opinion of those who had been led to believe his weak point. How came such an impression then to get abroad? After watching his play closely throughout the first two weeks, and in this writing (Sunday, August 28d) I rather believe that what has passed for lack of endurance would have been more appropriately called lack of heart, or, still better, discouragement. Mr. Hovey cannot be said to be wanting in "sand," for his match with Mr. Knapp, and later with Mr. P. S. Sears, in the first week, proved him well provided with that quality. The Sears match particularly was an up-hill game for Hovey from the very start, and under the most trying circumstances, as his opponent had captured the first two sets. Looking back over his career, it is noted that he has gone to pieces or weakened in the games where he has been beaten. He appears to be, enough, for instance, after he had won the Intercollegiate Championship last fall, and so has been in each of the games this week.

THE "WEAKENING" of Hovey, concerning which we have heard so much, has, in my opinion, been due entirely to his becoming discouraged during play and losing nerve. He is the most erratic performer on the tennis-court to-day. In the same set he will win several games by exceptionally brilliant play, and probably lose as many immediately afterwards by play that would be inexcusable in the very best of players. He appears to be very careless, missing easy strokes and making difficult ones. My theory of the weakening he has shown at times is that this self-same bad play has so discouraging an influence on him as to affect his play perceptibly, and give the impression subsequently of physical deterioration. He has lost the match. It should further be said in Mr. Hovey's favor that he has labored under the disadvantage of poor physical condition in all the matches he has played this season until the present tournament. He told me that the match with Knapp was the first he had played this year when in good form. While on the subject of Mr. Hovey, and before taking up the business of the tournament, we have all read a great deal about his base-ball play having worked to the disadvantage of his tennis; it would take sharper eyes than mine to discover its harmful influence, however. None of Hovey's tennis failures are to be attributed to base-ball; on the contrary, I incline to the belief that to play base-ball in the spring is an advantage to the tennis-player. It puts him in prime physical condition, giving wind and endurance, and hardening all the muscles, especially those of the stomach and back and legs, which are the most important, and it furthermore makes him quick on his feet. Hovey shows to a marked degree his training at short stop by his remarkable activity on the court.

IT WOULD BE DIFFICULT to bring two men together whose style of game was more dissimilar in most respects than that of Knapp and Hovey; the one, steady and, when in form, sure; the other, by turns brilliant and mediocre, always uncertain; both remarkable in returning a ball apparently impossible to reach. I should like to see a match between these two when each had gone through a season of tournament play. The game they put up on Tuesday morning, the opening day of the tournament, was closely contested, and extremely interesting on that account; but it was the poorest exhibition of tennis given by top players during the week. Knapp showed sadly the need of tournament play, and it is well to add here that those who fancy they can get into championship form by mere practice with some one player are not likely to become very formidable. In no game is the necessity of meeting different players of the first class in order to acquire top form greater than in tennis. No player no matter how expert, can hope to go through the Newport event without having been prepared by a tournament campaign.

IT WAS A SLOW GAME, each man appearing to be afraid of the other, and Knapp relying as much as possible on safe placing. Both, however, made faults enough to give the game away, a fact realized by a glance at the following analysis of the match: Placed balls, Hovey, 74; Knapp, 45. Drives out of court, Hovey, 43; Knapp, 48. Drives into the net, Hovey, 59; Knapp, 38. Double faults, Hovey, 10; Knapp, 21. Aces on service, Hovey, 23; Knapp, 21. Total points won, Hovey, 101; Knapp, 47. The first set opened with Hovey a bit nervous and Knapp confident, and finally resulted in the latter's favor, 6-3. Hovey then braced up, and although he won the next two sets by scores of 6-3 and 6-4, the games were noteworthy for the nervy play of Knapp in bringing a number of them close up to deuce, and the score indeed hardly gives an idea of the stubborn fight which characterized the match from the first to the very last stroke. Hovey was doing some terrible smashing at about this time, while Knapp was lobbing to good effect, indeed he would have done well to keep Hovey moving in the back of the court, and both men were returning balls that seemed absolutely out of reach. On the fourth set Hovey's play dropped off con-

siderably, and his "drives into the net" score was increased largely. Knapp was doing good steady work, and finally won the set—6-3. This made two sets all, and every one conceded the match to Knapp, arguing that the fourth set had shown Hovey to be tiring, and Knapp's well-known endurance would pull off the fifth and deciding set. Knapp's friends are still looking for that "weakening" which never came, and Hovey went into the fifth set as though the match had just begun, and in a short time had the score, 4-2, but Knapp did some extraordinary up-hill work, and, winning three straight games, made the score 5-4. Hovey secured the advantage game finally, and after very close, exciting play, the set—7-5. The retirement of Knapp on the preliminary round was extremely disappointing, as he was one of the possible winners of the All Comers.

THE SECOND GREAT SURPRISE, and altogether the most astonishing event of the tournament up to date, August 28d, was the defeat of R. P. Huntington, Jun., by S. T. Chase, the Western champion, on Thursday. As a matter of fact, although Chase put up an astonishingly good game, and fully deserved the victory he won, it is one of those unaccountable things that occur now and then, and will hardly change the relative positions of the two men. It was becoming fortunate, as Huntington was one of the probable winners of the All Comers, and many considered his chance of defeating Campbell better than that of any other player. Huntington was out of form, lobbing too low and driving ball after ball out of the court. Chase really played all around him, and put up the game of his life.

BY FAR THE GREATEST MATCH of the first week was that between P. S. Sears and Hovey, also on Thursday. No one expected Sears, after the form Hovey had shown, to make so good a fight, and it was probably the greatest game of tennis up to that day either had played. From the very start Mr. Sears played a beautiful game, his side-line placing being very clever, and his lobbing extremely well judged and effective. He won the first set after five games all had been called, and when he likewise captured the second, 6-3—Hovey's chances for reaching the final round were considered rather dubious. It was just at this time that Hovey pulled himself together, and began the up-hill performance of winning three straight sets, which settled, in my mind, his right to both sand and endurance. He put on a terrific fight in the third set which finally won it for him, and then both men braced themselves for the fourth, which was to be really the deciding one of the match. Sears exhibited great skill in driving his balls just over the net, and, on their return, lobbing them into the back of his opponent's court; while with lobbing and side-line placing, he kept Hovey on a continuous run, which must have worn the man out had he not been in exceptional form. Hovey's play was calculated to give his friends heart-disease. He would win two or three games by the most brilliant play imaginable, returning balls that none but a spry and cool player could handle. Sears could hope to handle, he would follow this by missing some of the easiest strokes, when the score would go to deuce, then vantage, back to deuce, etc., until the life of the on-looker became one drawn-out series of nervous shocks bordering on hysteria.

SEARS IN THE MEAN TIME was playing pretty tennis, and I noticed, by the way, that he went to the net much more frequently than formerly; his lobbing was fine. Hovey, be it said, plays considerable of a net game, and when he becomes steadier, he will make a dangerous opponent to O. S. Campbell. Indeed, as some young men who are fond of Mr. Campbell's footsteps, and it would be highly interesting to see what they would do against one another in a match. Hovey drives many balls into the net now through his attempt to play that style of game. In running up he doesn't get close enough to the net, and in the attempt to volley, nine times out of ten sends the ball into the net. The fourth set required 34 games to settle it, and when the men retired for the 7-minute rest with the score 2 all, the chances on the deciding set were considered about even. It proved, however, quite the reverse. Hovey quickly ran the score to 4-0, and won with 6-2, Sears appearing to have lost his grip. To a certain extent this was practically true, as he had been troubled with cramps in his arm throughout the last two sets. It was not likely he could have won even with his arm at its best, skillful as his game was. Hovey's, if he held up, was the winning one. It was the longest match on record, 10 hours and 5 minutes—and the best up to this writing. The analysis of the match is: Placed balls—Hovey, 81; Sears, 64. Drives out of court—Hovey, 67; Sears, 68. Drives into net—Hovey, 77; Sears, 65. Faults—Hovey, 5; Sears, 4. Total points—Hovey, 219; Sears, 213. Score—5-7, 3-6, 6-2, 13-12, 6-2.

ANOTHER BRILLIANT MATCH resulted from the meeting on Friday morning of Clarence Hobart and E. L. Hall. The latter has made most remarkable improvement in his play this season, but he never played to better advantage than in this game. He started out with a very confident confidence, taking the lead with a 3-1 score, and winning the set—6-3. He likewise took the lead in the second set,

but Hobart braced up, and passing him at four game all by some beautiful cross court play succeeded in taking the set. Hobart had to this time exhibited considerable nervousness, and was driving a great many balls into the net and out of court; he was likewise unfortunate in the judgment of his lob, which more often than not went out of court. I noticed too, as I said some weeks ago was likely to be the case, that the turf court was more or less lathering to Hobart on his particular driving stroke. The balls failed to bound high enough, which doubtless accounted for many of those driven into the net. Otherwise Hobart's play was all that could be desired, especially in the last two sets; he put terrific pace on the ball, and made some of the prettiest cross court play ever seen at Newport. As for Hall, his showing was astonishing; he did some excellent net-work; in fact, played a strong all-round game, and quite rivalled Hovey in returning difficult balls. Mr. Hall has every reason to be satisfied—indeed, highly elated—with his '91 tennis record; it was not expected he would win from Mr. Hobart. Score, 3-6, 6-4, 11-9, 6-4.

ON AN ADJOINING COURT V. G. Hall and S. T. Chase were contesting a match which developed the best game I have ever seen the former play. He put up a very strong all-round game, playing in the back court considerably, where he lobbed with a great deal of judgment; when he did work his way to the net, he volleyed unerringly, and with as much speed as Campbell. As I am writing, he is left in the semi-finals to contest with Hobart on Monday (August 24th, while we are on the press) which one of them is to meet Hovey for the All Comers. I should be greatly astonished if he defeated Hobart (and if he did, it is my opinion that Hovey would in turn defeat him), but he will compel Mr. Hobart to play tennis from start to finish. Chase played a good game, but he was not "in it." On still another adjoining court A. W. Post was playing the game of his life against Hovey, and his work deserves especial mention. Mr. Post has not heretofore been classed with the upper ten, but if he puts up a few more games like that of last Friday, he is likely to find a place very high up. Hovey played a hard smashing game against him, placing down the lines effectively, but Post was clever in returning balls from all over the court, and lobbed with great judgment. He won the first and third set, but in the fifth he seemed to have completely stiffened up, for he was unable to secure a single point.

Table and complete comment published next week.



THE death of Herbert Mapes, who was drowned while bathing in the surf at Fish Island, deprives amateur athletics of a young gentleman who not only broke records, but who made new ones for fairness, courtesy, and true sportsman-like feeling on the cinder track. The least that can be said of him is that he showed great prowess as an athlete. He was besides and above that a young man with a high social training, an education, and a future. And he gave up this that he might be fifty yards further from shore than his companions. It hardly seems worth the risk. He had before him the deaths of Shaw of Harvard, Lamar of Princeton, and Frederick Brokaw, all trained athletes of reputation, all good swimmers. He had also the warning that is given daily in the papers of the sudden deaths of those who are, because they swim well, careless and over-confident.

There are some young men who can weigh the satisfaction of going out to sea a little further than the next man against their life's work. Mapes was not one of these. He has brought sudden and lasting sorrow to his people, to a host of friends known and unknown, and cut off a life that was grand and noble. And all of this would not have happened if he had taken the lesson of the Atlantic coast to heart, and remained within reach of aid. It is a hard thing to say, but the lesson of the death of this last victim teaches will not be wasted if it shows others that the lives of men are precious, and that it is criminal to risk them for the sake of a half-hour's pleasure.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

THE WOOLING OF THE STATUE.

AROUND the upraised arm of Fair Dian
The slender creeper ran,
Its quivering point aloft, serpent-like,
As if about to strike.
Yet it forbore, until the tendril gained
The finger outstretched on the feathered
shaft.
And then it closed. I wondered by what
craft
The creeper was so trained.
Perchance dull Pan
Wooded Fair Dian,
For oftentimes the vine would seem to heed
A voice unheard by me, and gently nod,
While zephyrs slept. It may be that the
goal
Was piping on his reed.
The first bud woke, shaped as a star, to
gleam
A snow-white jewel on the rustic ring,
Chaste as the nymph herself. Did Pan
then sing,
Or in the woodland dream?

It was a fickle love. I found the ring,
When winter winds swept downward from
the hill,
And all the songsters of the wood were
still.
A thread—a dead, brown thing—
Upon the finger of the nymph, the jewel
gone.
FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

THE RUN OF THE "TEUTONIC."

BY JNO. GILMER SPEED.

A FEW years ago if we came from Queens-town to Sandy Hook in eight or nine days, we thought we were doing great things, and the newspapers talked of the greyhounds of the sea which almost annihilated space. Now an eight or nine days' boat is spoken of irreverently as a tub, and she is obliged to be content with carrying freight instead of passengers. Slowly but surely has the length of the voyage been cut down. Now one ship has held the record, and now another, so that a man who could remember for four or five years back which ship held the championship would need to have a marvellous mind for figures. First one of the ocean lines has had the fastest boat, and then another. Only last summer the *Teutonic* did the passage in five days and nineteen hours. This was so incredibly fast that many persons doubted the authenticity of the record, but her owners would have it that it was so, and as there is no constituted board of arbitration in ocean racing, the record stood. There was always, however, a big interrogation point used after any publication of the record. It was not, though, a matter of long consequence, for in a little while her sister ship, the *Majestic*, did the passage in more than an hour less, and the genial Captain Parsell, who won the hearts of so many people while commanding the *Adriatic*, had the proud satisfaction of standing on the bridge of the fastest ocean steamer afloat. But he must now give the palm to his colleague, the handsome and dashing Captain Irving, of the *Teutonic*, for she has broken all records at once. She has crossed the ocean in five days, sixteen hours, and thirty-one minutes, she has made the greatest run by two knots of any ship for twenty-four hours, she has made the greatest run for three consecutive days, and she has made the best average time per hour. Is Captain Irving proud? He is the proudest man on land or sea.



THE POWER OF THE PRESS.

It may be interesting to look at the recent records of the fast ships which have held the record:

	City of Paris.	Majestic.	Teutonic.
First day.....	462	470	466
Second day.....	462	501	466
Third day.....	502	497	505
Fourth day.....	506	501	510
Fifth day.....	509	491	517
Sixth day.....	516	517	520
Total.....	2788	2777	2778

The *City of Paris* went the course in five days, nineteen hours, and eighteen minutes; the *Majestic* in five days, eighteen hours, and eight minutes; the *Teutonic* in five days, sixteen hours, and thirty-one minutes. So as to see how the time has been reduced during the last twenty-five years, this record is given:

Year.	Ship.	Days.	Hours.	Min-utes.
1866.....	Scotia.....	5	2	48
1873.....	Baltic.....	7	30	9
1875.....	City of Berlin.....	7	15	48
1876.....	Germania.....	7	11	37
1877.....	Britannic.....	7	10	35
1880.....	Arizona.....	7	7	23
1882.....	Alaska.....	6	18	37
1884.....	Oregon.....	6	11	9
1884.....	America.....	6	10	10
1885.....	Etruria.....	6	5	31
1887.....	Umbria.....	6	4	42
1888.....	Etruria.....	6	1	55
1889.....	City of Paris.....	5	19	18
1891.....	Majestic.....	5	18	8
1891.....	Teutonic.....	5	16	31

Every time this record has been broken there has been a discussion as to how soon it would end, and for several years any consensus of opinion would have been to the effect that the limit had been reached. But

no limit can ever be safely said to have been reached. I remember very well in August of 1885 that I left London on a Saturday night, and at Queens-town boarded the *Etruria*. The next Saturday night I was in New York. One Saturday night I had dined at the Reform Club in London, the next Saturday night I had dinner at the Manhattan in New York. Up to that time I was the only man in the world who had performed such a feat of fast travelling, and, singularly enough, I was proud of an achievement with which I had nothing whatever to do. That time the record had been broken four hours and twenty-nine minutes, and it was the first time that a boat leaving Liverpool on a Saturday had discharged her passengers on the following Saturday in New York. The *Teutonic* is now the queen and mistress of the sea; how long will she hold her sovereignty?

AMONG UNHAPPY WRETCHES

The nervous individual fills a leading rôle. Digestion overthrown, sleep restless and unrefreshing, appetite capricious, constant irritability, morbid apprehension, these make the earthly career of the nervous the reverse of jolly. Strengthen the system, improve digestion with Hester's Stomach Bitters, and the zest of existence will return. Banish with it liver complaint, malaria, and rheumatism.—[Adc.]

LUXURIOUS TRAVELLING.

THE PULLMAN PALACE CAR COMPANY'S LATEST PRODUCTION FOR THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

With the marvellous improvements of late days in interior architecture and elaborate finish of Pullman cars it requires the expectation to attract more than passing notice and the extraordinary to draw forth comment. Some months ago the Pennsylvania Railroad Company ordered from the Pullman works, for the equipment of the New York and Washington and Congressional Limited express trains, the very best representative work the Pullman Company was capable of creating regardless of expense, and the result is now seen in the new cars running this last week on these two magnificent solid vestibule trains, which connect in a few hours the nation's metropolises with her seat of government. What is surely of much more importance than the handsome exterior finish of these cars, even experienced travellers are enthusiastic, is the improved and heavy trucks on which the palaces are built. They have been, with the wheels and axles, subjected to the very highest test, even beyond the standard, which on the Pennsylvania Railroad is highest known, and at the end of their active journey came to a halt as cool almost as at the start. The designer here has also made a marked advance, and one promoting untold comfort, by arranging the connection of car body and truck so as to reduce to a minimum the swaying motion ordinarily felt when under full speed. The entire train is connected by vestibules, fitted for steam heat and equipped with improved air-brake appliances, which practically stop the cars almost in their own length. The former equipment of these trains seemed impossible to be improved upon, yet their perfection of design and finish demonstrates the capacity of this modern age for wonderful and radical changes. The exterior appearance, aside from the drawing-room angled bay-windows, is identical with the regulation Pullman in color and design, and it is not until advancing through the vestibule that the revelation of what Americans have grown to expect in

taking their few hundred miles' jaunts is made manifest, as illustrated by these luxuriously finished palaces on wheels. The upholstery of the comfortable, revolving easy-chairs and sofas, affording seating accommodations for thirty-four persons in each car, is of a white, imported mohair cloth, worked with figured silk embossing. The flooring is covered with a rich, heavy Turkish carpeting, whose color blends harmoniously with the furnishings, even to the adjustable ottoman, ready for foot service at the front of each chair. Upon entering the aisle-way it is noticeably brighter than in other Pullman cars, and the wood-work is polished ash, stained. A perfect effect is produced in the hand-carved entrances from the drawing-rooms into the main car body, as it arches to a centre in a miniature dome, where scroll-work, leaded glass, brass designs, and heavy plate mirrors lend an exceptionally rich finish. At the windows hang a dual set of curtains, one a light cream to neutralize the light and shade the eyes, and back a heavy set of some rich brown stuff, embroidered and tasselled. The ceilings are hand-decorations, not elaborate nor overworked, but very artistic, while every cornice or where one might expect the sharp edge is some dainty bit of relief wood-carving. The receptacle racks as well as the chandelier lamps are made of oxidized silver, the latter being of very unique pattern and shedding the softest silvery light on the interior decorations.

The drawing-rooms are perhaps the latest innovation in car construction; one is closed to the top of the ceiling, above the average standing height, with heavy plate-glass, bevelled and panelled, while the other is open, and its occupants screened from the passengers in the body of the car by rich sliding curtains suspended on brass rods, running possibly two feet higher than the frame wood-work, and supported at the carved corners by thin newel posts of curiously twisted brass.

These compartments, accommodating six each, have a direct connection by door with the lavatory and toilet rooms, two of the spacious apartments well ventilated and lighted. The lavatory basin is made of heavy nickel, and every appointment in the way of necessary toilet articles is in its respective rack of twisted brass.

The wood-work above each chair in the main car is carved with laurel wreaths, suspended by the gracefully flowing strings, all most exquisitely carved by hand.

The entire arrangement suggests more a salon of Louis XIV.'s time than a regular passenger express train of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

These cars, added to the deservedly popular dining car service of the Washington Limited and Congressional Limited Express trains, render these trains absolutely peerless for day use.—[Adc.]

IMPERIAL GRANUM.

The Great Medicinal Food. Safe, Nourishing, Delicious, Pure Food, for Invalids, Convalescents, and the Aged; for Nursing Mothers, Infants, and Children.

IMPERIAL GRANUM is of particular value to invalids and the aged. It is unquestionably one of the safest, best prepared, and most reliable of foods. The secret of its success is in its superior nutritive qualities, the weakest stomachs retaining and assimilating it, supplying that strength without which a patient is unable to recuperate. We cordially recommend it to our readers, and can do so from personal knowledge of its good qualities, for we have used it.—*The Congregationalist*, Boston, Mass.—[Adc.]

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MR. RABY. "Isn't Mr. Slowpoy a little deaf?"
MR. HARMER. "I can easily believe it, as I've been calling for more than a year for some money he owes me."

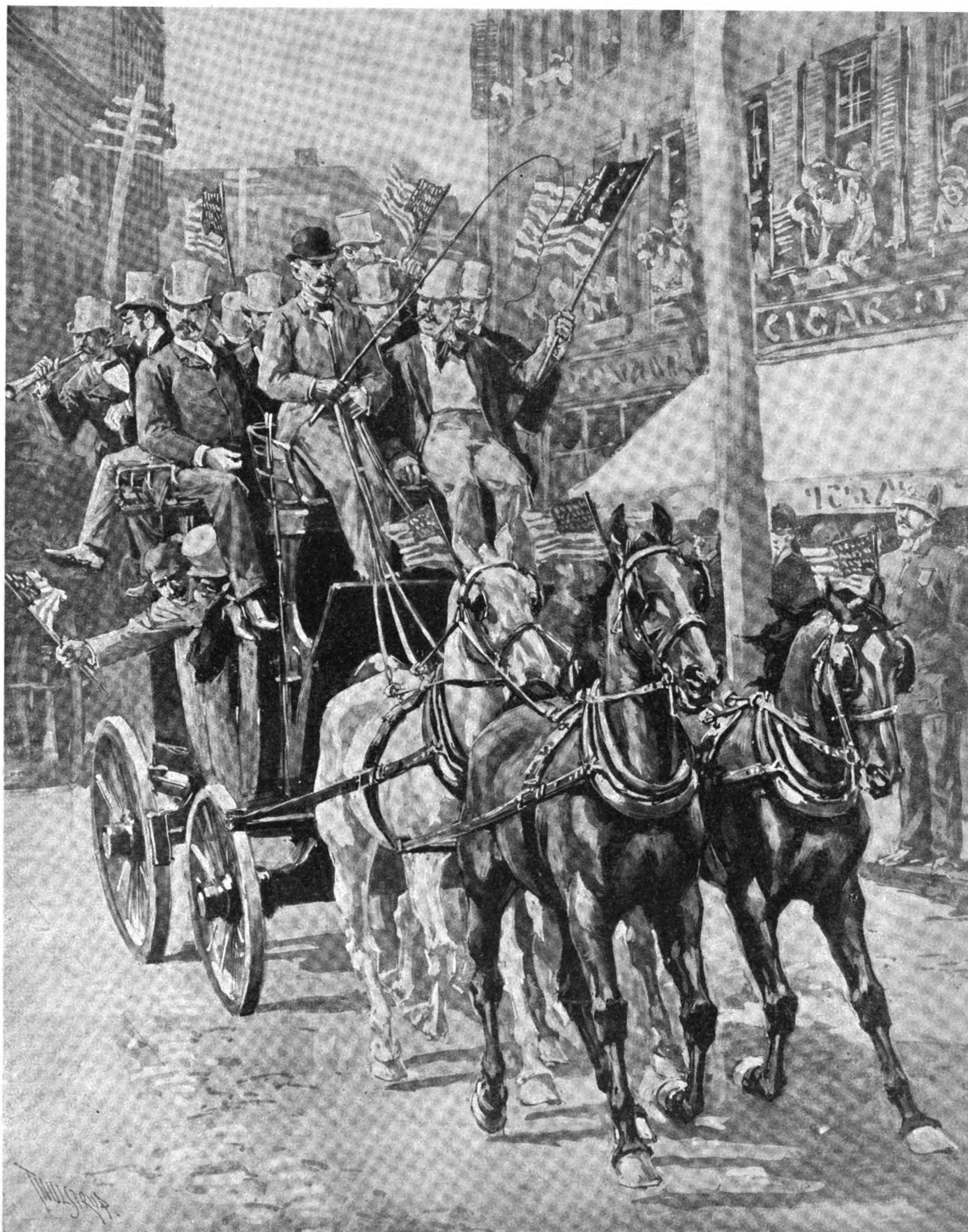
HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1891.

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A NEW YORK CHOWDER CLUB LEAVING THE EAST SIDE.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 674.]

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No. 1811.

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THE GOVERNORSHIP IN NEW YORK.

SOME time ago, in surveying the prospects of the election this year in New York, we remarked that no candidate for the chief place was even suggested upon the Democratic side of the same standing with a possible Republican candidate like ANDREW D. WHITE. With the accession of Mr. PLATT to unquestioned supremacy as Republican boss, the probability of the election of a Republican Governor has been regarded as a jest. But simultaneously it is announced that Mr. WHITE may perhaps be the candidate, and a great deal of sympathy has been expressed for him as predestined to defeat by PLATT and his men, as IRA DAVENPORT was believed to be defeated by Republican connivance in 1885. But no paper that takes this view questions—indeed, such papers generally concede—the high character and ability of Mr. WHITE and his peculiar qualification for the Governorship, his public experience, his familiarity with the State and with its interests and feelings, his leadership in some of the most vital State questions, and his entire sympathy with all the reform measures which the most intelligent men of all parties in the State support. That Mr. PLATT and his men would not naturally prefer such a Governor is unquestionable. If they acquiesce in his nomination, it may be that they are confident of his defeat, or even mean to make sure of it. But it is not because they suppose they can use Mr. WHITE, should he be elected.

Should he be nominated, the fact that he would be the candidate of a party of which Mr. PLATT is boss would certainly not be a reason for declining to support him, and so aiding the election of the candidate of a party of which Governor HILL is boss. There could be nothing more absurd than trying to defeat ANDREW WHITE as Governor for the purpose of electing Governor HILL's candidate. There is not a cause in the State for which good citizens have been striving which would not gain a victory in Mr. WHITE's election, nor one which would not suffer by the continued ascendancy of the HILL influence. Whatever Mr. PLATT and his men may be on one side, Governor HILL and his men are on the other. If Governor HILL puts up a candidate, he will be a man of his own kind, whom he puts up to win with. If Mr. PLATT acquiesces in the nomination of Mr. WHITE, it will be because, counting upon defeat, he thinks it would be good politics "to pander to the better element."

If the State election is to be made wholly subordinate to the national election of next year—in other words, if it is to be an occasion merely to test the comparative force of the Republican and Democratic parties in New York—the question of candidates is wholly unimportant. John Doe will be equally as good as Richard Roe. But if the citizens of New York are interested in State questions—in ballot reform, in honest civil service reform, in wise license,

and generally in decent State administration—they must consider something else than the party label upon their ballots. In this view, indeed, the Legislature undoubtedly is of the utmost importance, and every sensible man will remember it. But although a Governor cannot make laws, he can recommend with great authority the passage of good laws, and he can prevent bad laws. The executive chamber is a very desirable possession for every good cause. Even if honest politics cannot secure the Legislature, they are not wholly defeated if they elect the Governor. There are a great many tariff-reformers in New York who do not believe that support of Governor HILL is necessary to reform of any kind whatever, and the Democratic situation in the State at present seems to show that Democratic counsels and nominations are controlled by the Governor.

THE BLANKET BALLOT.

THIRTY States have already adopted a ballot-reform law, and Kentucky in its new Constitution provides for one. An important reform has seldom advanced more rapidly, and its progress illustrates the healthy political condition of the country. The reform is resisted by the same class of persons and influences that withstand reform in the civil service, and the latter is opposed more obstinately because it cuts deeper. But the strength of both lies in a wholesome public opinion. The ballot law in New York is the least satisfactory of all, because Governor HILL would not sign a thorough and efficient bill. He made "the paster"—a device to retain outside control of the ballot—the condition of his approval, and it was obvious that the reform could be made properly effective only when that control should be prevented. Under the present law the ballots are printed at the public expense, and delivered at the polls by public officers. So much is gained. But to complete the work only such ballots should be used; they should contain all the names of candidates on one paper, with the parties properly distinguished, and independent nominations should be made feasible.

The People's Municipal League propose as the next and necessary step in reform the adoption of these measures. They would have one blanket ballot, no other to be voted, and independent nominations to be treated precisely like party nominations. "The Massachusetts ballot act, which most fully embodies all the principles of ballot reform, should serve as a model for New York. This act was passed in June, 1888, and has been subjected to a practical test at two State elections and at the elections held in twenty-five cities in Massachusetts during the last two years. The chief characteristic which distinguishes it from the New York ballot act is the blanket ballot. The names of all the candidates are placed in alphabetical order on one ballot, grouped under each office; and opposite the candidate's name the party designation is inserted, and next to that is the square in which the voter marks a cross to indicate his choice. This ballot is handed to the voter folded, and experience in Massachusetts shows that the voter on an average disposes of his ballot by marking the names he wishes to vote for in two or three minutes. Further, he has no trouble about folding it, for he simply folds it just as it was folded when he received it. The experience in our sister State and in others that have adopted the blanket ballot further shows that the votes are now counted as quickly as under the old system, and that even in illiterate districts the votes are as correctly marked as in the more educated districts."

The expense of printing the blanket ballot is far below that of the multiple ballot. The total cost of printing and sending out a million ballots was \$9000; under the old system it would have been, probably, \$40,000. There is no question that the ballot act in Massachusetts commands the hearty approval and support of the most intelligent voters in all parties, and that there is no disposition whatever to return to the old system. It is not found that practically the new system favors one party more than another, while the usual complaint of time, trouble, and expense is wholly futile, because it is known to be unfounded. The amendment of the New York law in the points that we have mentioned is one of the most important questions to be submitted to the people of the State in the election of this year. The Legislature to be chosen cannot do anything to revise the tariff, nor has the Governor any power over that subject. But both Legislature and Governor can give us the amendments which will complete this necessary reform, and we trust that the Municipal League will give all candidates an opportunity of stating their views upon this question, or of declining to state them. There is no need of being swept away from attention to the subject by discussions of the tariff or of free coinage of silver. The disposition to merge every local interest in the debate of national politics ought to be resisted. It is a form of consolidation which is as mischievous as it is unnecessary. New York is a State large enough to consider its own interests in its local elections. Every New-Yorker who desires thorough ballot reform may vote for

Assemblymen and a Governor, whatever their politics, who are honestly and heartily in favor of this measure, without the slightest prejudice to his vote for President next year.

IN THE REPUBLICAN CAMP.

IN his trip to Bennington President HARRISON made several of his happy speeches, in which he stated unmistakably his view of the currency question, and indicated plainly that a free silver coinage bill would encounter a veto. Probably no President has ever more distinctly advanced himself in public favor by his travelling speeches of this kind than Mr. HARRISON. They are courteous and non-partisan, as becomes the President in addressing a promiscuous crowd of his fellow-citizens, and when they contain the sound doctrine of those to which we allude, they become the President still more. In the same way his brief and glowing panegyric on General GRANT at Mount McGregor, and the complete omission of personal reference to himself, were dignified and in good taste. The whole tour, including its object and the amenities exchanged with his political opponents, Governor HILL in New York and Mr. PHELPS in Vermont, all made an agreeable impression upon the country.

But while the President was thus speaking, possibly without entire forgetfulness of the fact that there will be an election next year, the Pennsylvania Republican Convention was also speaking, and was hardly restrained from declaring Mr. BLAINE to be the candidate of its ardent desire. This was done under the auspices of the most powerful Republican boss and in the largest and most certain Republican State, and there can be no doubt that it was the expression of the dominant Republican sentiment of the country. The President, who is now generally selected for reasons of supposed availability, is always at an apparent disadvantage in view of a convention beside a popular party leader, because for such a President there is little enthusiasm. But he can bear up, because the same availability which nominated him may renominate him. This, however, would not avail against such popularity as Mr. BLAINE's, and there seems to be no question that if he chooses to yield to the wish of his party he will be its candidate next year.

It is observed, however, that the practical movement for Mr. BLAINE begins with the most disreputable of all the Republican bosses. He has not been especially ardent for Mr. BLAINE hitherto, but he sees plainly the drift of party preference, and he turns it to his own purpose. He counts upon the drift so surely that he does not hesitate to say in effect to the President that Mr. BLAINE is his candidate, and under these circumstances the candidature of the President becomes a little absurd. As we have heretofore intimated, Mr. BLAINE is as much the embodiment of Republicanism as Mr. CLAY of Whiggery. The other Republican leaders, who represented another character and other methods in politics and public life, have disappeared. Never in the history of the party was it so dominated by one man as by Mr. BLAINE. This fact is in itself the most striking illustration of the present Republican situation. The movement of 1884 was a protest against Mr. BLAINE as a fitting representative of the party. In 1891 there is practically no other representative. Should he be a candidate next year, his personality will not be, as in 1884, the crucial point of the campaign, as in 1888 the personal charges against Mr. CLEVELAND were not renewed. The discussion would turn on policies and the record of the administration. There is obviously one strong personal inducement for Mr. BLAINE to accept the nomination. The issue in 1884 was distinctly personal, and the decision was adverse to him. If in 1892 the result should be different, it might be claimed as a deliberate reversal of the earlier judgment. For such a result, even with the alternative, any public man might be glad to try.

OUR NEGOTIATIONS IN HAITI.

It is evident that all the facts are now likely to be known concerning the negotiations for the Môle St. Nicholas. The administration seems inclined to negotiate with Haiti as the GRANT administration negotiated with San Domingo, with ships of war at hand. And when our late Minister to Haiti resigns, and says that the time has come for explanation—"and there is no ground of sentiment, reason, or propriety for a longer silence, especially since, through no fault of mine, the secrets of the negotiation in question have already been paraded before the public, apparently with no other purpose than to make me responsible for their failure"—it is evident that explanation is necessary. Mr. DOUGLASS says plainly that there was at Port au Prince an agent of a business firm in New York "who appeared to be more fully initiated into the secrets of the State Department at Washington than I was." This agent, and not the State Department, announced to Mr. DOUGLASS that he was practically discredited, and that a naval officer was coming as special commissioner to supersede him in a negotiation; and when

the naval officer arrived, Mr. DOUGLASS says, with evident humiliation, "my connection with this negotiation, as all may see, was very humble, secondary, and subordinate." It is surprising that he did not resign, but he feared misconception worse than any censure for remaining at his post. But there would have been no misconception, because for the particular service contemplated the government had more confidence in a naval officer. But as it was the very kind of service—namely, diplomatic negotiation—for which Mr. DOUGLASS was sent to Haiti, nothing could have been more proper without the most satisfactory explanation than prompt resignation.

A naval station in the West Indies has been long desired by us, and negotiations have been begun, the latest being the noted Samana negotiations under the GRANT administration. The efforts were renewed by the HARRISON administration, and, according to Mr. DOUGLASS, Admiral GHERARDI, who superseded him as commissioner, based our claim for the concession of the Môle St. Nicholas on the ground of services rendered to HIPPOLYTE, and his promises to our government during the contest between him and LÉGITIME. The HIPPOLYTE government denied absolutely any such promise, and stated that although certain advantages not including this had been offered to our government, they had not been accepted. To this Admiral GHERARDI replied that even if there were no formal agreement, HIPPOLYTE was morally bound, because without our aid, which he asked, he would not have been President of Haiti. Mr. DOUGLASS admits, of course, that the Admiral, in saying this, placed our government in the indefensible position of covertly assisting by force to put down one government and to set up another in a friendly country. This is a most serious charge, and it demands thorough investigation. "It did not strike me," says Mr. DOUGLASS, "that what was claimed by Admiral GHERARDI to have been done—though I did not say as much—is the work for which the United States navy is armed, equipped, manned, and supported by the American people."

In elucidation of the purposes of the government, this extract from Admiral GHERARDI's first letter to the HIPPOLYTE government is useful: "The special advantages united in the Môle St. Nicholas indicate incontestably that it is the manifest destiny of that port to become a naval depot for the use of the war vessels of the United States. . . . The acceptance of this demand would result in making of the United States a powerful friend and ally upon whose aid and good offices Haiti might always rely." One of the conditions of the concession, as mentioned in the instructions to the negotiators, was to be this: "The Haitian government shall not lease any harbor or other portion of its territory, nor otherwise dispose of it, nor grant any special privilege or right of usage to any other power, state, or government." But if it should—In other words, we were to assume a protectorate of Haiti. It is certainly desirable to hear the whole truth.

DICKENS'S LETTERS.

THE letters of DICKENS to WILKIE COLLINS, of which the publication begins in HARPER'S MONTHLY for this month, recall vividly the exuberant fun and inextinguishable spirits of the famous story-teller. It is impossible to open any where the record of his life without coming at once upon the immense vitality and restlessness which distinguished him, and which enabled the writing of his books to seem not the engrossing occupation of his life, but a mere incident of an incessant and various activity.

He seemed to be always ready for a ramble about London, a dinner at some place of note or curious retreat, an evening at the "British drayma," an expedition to the sea-coast or pleasant country inn, or over the channel to Paris or the Continent. He was the editor, busy with all details; the manager of private plays, himself the chief actor. He gave little suppers and little dinners. He was full of kind thoughts for others, and kind care of those who else had suffered sorely. He brewed all kinds of drinks, and was the prince of good fellows; and when nothing else would serve, he walked off for twenty or thirty miles into the country, or, again, travelled all night to fulfil an engagement to read, then hurried back to catch up a hundred threads in London.

It was only remarkable that the machine, strained always to the utmost tension, lasted so long. But these letters of forty years ago plunge us at once into the midst of a time which was but now, and is already so far. The letters are gay, rollicking, with the bubbling merriment of high health and unclouded success and prosperity. They have none of the musing forecast of THACKERAY'S humor, none of the "wait till you come to forty year," none of the pensive consciousness of the leaf of rue in the garland at the feast. But they are a delightful glimpse of the story-teller at play—if, indeed, he was ever anywhere else.

THE LATE CATASTROPHE IN PARK PLACE.

Every intelligent person will agree that the catastrophe in Park Place, in New York, ought not to have occurred. Earthquakes may throw any building to the ground, but that in an enlightened city a building should fall from sheer overweight or from carelessness of inspection should be impossible. If public inspection does not save us from one such disaster, there is no security that it will save us from a hun-

dred more. Nothing, of course, can avail from essential weakness of material which is beyond discovery. But in this case no plea of this kind is urged. So far as now appears it was simple carelessness.

The question doubtless has suggested itself to the public mind how many more of the same kind of rookeries are there in the city, stuffed every day with scores of human beings, with the incessant jar of machinery disintegrating the structure, and all left to the same carelessness and chance which have produced the misery in Park Place? The inspectorship of buildings is an immensely important duty. It is by no means exhausted when the original erection has been supervised. Indeed, a chief responsibility is when the building is old and weakened, and exposed to just such circumstances as have brought down that in Park Place.

Care for the security of human life, and especially of the poorer and more exposed part of the community, is not so striking a feature of our civilization as the ease and rapidity with which we build railroads and subdue the wilderness and make money. We hear so much of the money-making part of our prosperity and greatness that we are sometimes forgetful that it is by no means the highest part. It is certainly questionable whether we should not generally be more interested in the rate of the increase of the national wealth than in that of the increase of the length of life and of security against bodily injury. But there is no question that the latter interest would indicate a higher civilization.

VERMONT'S DAY.

VERMONT was fortunate in her day, her guests, and her orator at her recent centennial celebration. It was the commemoration of the Revolutionary victory at Bennington, and of the admission of Vermont into the Union. The President of the United States and his Secretary of War, a citizen of Vermont, were present, with the State authorities, Governor RUSSELL, of Massachusetts, and a host of distinguished guests. A conspicuous and honored son of Vermont, our late Minister to England, EDWARD J. PHILIPS, delivered the oration, and his task was performed in a manner which felicitously crowned the occasion: for with dignity, eloquence, complete knowledge, and patriotic feeling he pointed out the significance of the battle and stated the circumstances of the entrance of the State into the Union.

In the school histories we are introduced to Bennington and MOLLY STARK together, and in one of them, at least, perhaps with some confusion of circumstances, Mrs. MOLLY ramming down a cannon is much the most important figure. But less attention is paid to the vital relation which the battle held to the great movement of BURGOYNE. Mr. PHILIPS described the general course of the action with vivid eloquence. He showed that defeat would have been not a severe but an incalculable disaster. If the Yankee farmers hurrying from their fields had not stayed the disciplined British regulars, admirably led by a skilful and experienced soldier, BURGOYNE would have reached Albany—and CLINTON, after burning Kingston, had already sent him word, "There is nothing between me and Albany"—the Hudson would have been seized, and New England severed from the rest of the country.

As Mr. PHILIPS truly said, Bennington was not a great battle reckoned by numbers, but it was the first victory of the Revolution that bore fruit. BURGOYNE, marching down the Hudson, paused to reach out on the left to Bennington, on the right to Fort Stanwix. He needed supplies, and he could not safely leave such enemies in his rear. But both on his right and left he was crushed, and after struggling in vain with the toils that enveloped him, BURGOYNE surrendered, and France openly came to our aid. It was a noble theme, admirably treated by the orator, and in speaking of his native State he said truly, as the Swiss patriot of the old cantons of Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden might have said:

"Retaining the primitive simplicity of her institutions, she has been the nursery of men who have carried into other commonwealths the strength of her hills, and have fertilized by their intelligence, their energy, and their character all the States whose gathering stars now fill to overflowing the field of the national ensign."

THE HEBREW EXODUS FROM RUSSIA.

It is stated that our Minister to Russia has been instructed to discuss with the Czar's government the question of the exodus of Russian Hebrews to the United States. But there seems to be no question to discuss. The movement to this country is not in any way directed by the Russian government, which merely expels the Hebrew from its country, and is not interested in him further. As a class the Russian Hebrews are not desired in this country, and the only question to be discussed with Russia would be its willingness to mitigate the conditions of expulsion by extending the time.

This was the suggestion of Baron HIRSCH. It is a simple appeal to the clemency of the Czar, but it is not one which we could support by any inducements. Probably the representations in its favor would only confirm the Czar in the conviction that other countries were as unfriendly to the Hebrews as Russia, and so seem to justify his course. In connection with the rumor about instructions to our Minister, it will be remembered that a huge petition, remarkable for the multitude of well-known names which it bore, was submitted to the State Department last spring, requesting our government to co-operate with others in providing for a Hebrew colonization of a part of Palestine.

This was a scheme of large proportions, virtually implying the beginning of a Hebrew nation in Syria, but also evidently designed to divert immigration from this country. Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH is of opinion that the Hebrew expulsion from Russia is not primarily religious persecution. It is probably not such exclusively, but there can be little doubt that religious feeling gives to the movement much of its bitterness.

PERSONAL.

GEORGE HAVEN PUTNAM has just received his cross of the Legion of Honor from the French government for his services in bringing about the enactment of an international copyright law.

—The portrait of JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL published in the WEEKLY of August 19th was from a photograph by F. GUTEKUNST, of Philadelphia.

—JOSEPH SKIPSEY, "the pitman poet of Northumberland," has resigned the custodianship of SHAKESPEARE'S birthplace. He succeeded the CHATAWAY sisters in June, 1887, and is now driven away by the irksomeness of his life as a showman, and by the brutal behavior of loutish and sometimes drunken sight-seers, thousands of whom are brought to Stratford-on-Avon by excursions during the summer. Mr. SKIPSEY is of a gentle and poetic nature, and believes most implicitly in the genuineness of SHAKESPEARE and his writings. He learned his alphabet by candle-light, while a boy working deep down in a coal mine, and his early education was picked up while he struggled on as a miner. The new custodian of the SHAKESPEARE cottage will be RICHARD SAYAG, the librarian and antiquary.

—Misfortune has early overtaken Lieutenant PERRY'S expedition to the arctic regions, and the leader is laid up with a broken leg at Melville Bay, on Murchison Sound. A dreary wait through the long arctic night, which soon begins, seems not improbable; but admirers of pluck and daring will hope that the band of explorers, which includes the Lieutenant's wife, may yet reach the goal of its ambition.

—THODORE R. DAVIS, once the famous war artist of HARPER'S WEEKLY, now lives in a little cottage at Ashbury Park, New Jersey, and gives his time up almost entirely to designing. A few years ago he furnished the designs for a dinner service at the White House, each piece of plate bearing the sketch of some historical event.

—AUGUSTUS HARRIS, a popular and successful manager of London theatres, has been knighted by the Queen. When he had absorbed enough box-office receipts to make him rich, he sought honors in politics, and last year became Sheriff of London.

—The last thatched cottage of the olden time in London has been destroyed. It fronted on the green at Shepherd's Bush, and there is good ground for believing that MILKS SYNDERCOMB, the prime mover in a plot against the life of OLIVER CROMWELL, once lived in the house.

—DENNIS KEARNEY, of San Francisco, whose florid speeches as a sand-lots orator once gained him notoriety, has had his house burned. His principal loss, he says, was in the destruction of a collection of letters and newspaper clippings, covering his public career, which he had hoped to use in writing a book. This is a serious loss to KEARNEY.

—The queer little cottage at Fordham, New York, where FOX once lived, and where he is believed to have composed "The Raven" and other poems, has been bought by CLYDE W. BRYSON, who has long admired the poet, and will preserve the cottage in his memory.

—MARVIN SMITH, of Montville, Connecticut, who is one hundred and seven years old, remembers seeing the first steamboat, the *Fulton*, when she made a trip up the Thames in 1817. He also draws a pension for service in the war of 1812, and has voted at every Presidential election since 1808 except the last one.

—JAMES D. FISH, who served a term in State-prison for wrecking the Marine Bank, of New York, while he was its president, distinguished himself at Sea Girt, New Jersey, the other night, by rescuing a woman from a burning house.

—The copy of Horace which LONGFELLOW used while a student at Bowdoin College sixty-eight years ago is preserved there as a sacred relic. It bears not only the poet's signature, but also that of Professor CALVIN E. STOWE, the husband of HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, who was graduated at the college in 1824.

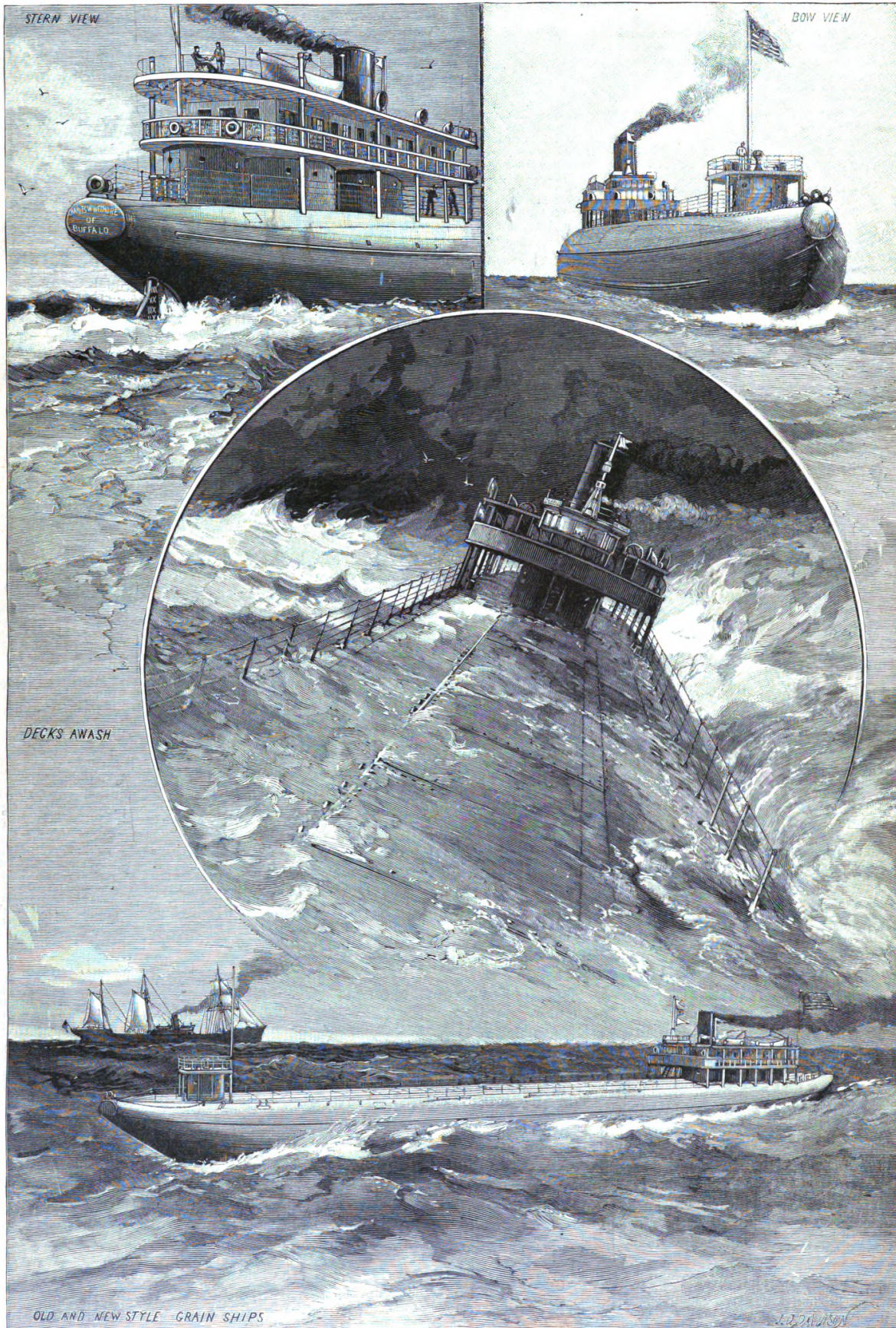
—The Duke of Cumberland, eldest son of the last King of Hanover, is said to own no less than nine tons of gold and silver plate, while that used by Queen VICTORIA during the recent state visit of the German Emperor is estimated to be worth \$10,000,000. The Austrian and Russian courts also have remarkable collections, and the gold and silver plate of the house of Orange at the Hague, which includes two thousand silver dinner plates, is valued at \$6,500,000.

—A good story is told of the love which Prime Minister DELIYANNIS of Greece has for his dogs. He was crossing the Pireus on an English steamer some years ago when his pet dog fell overboard. He begged the captain to stop the steamer and save the animal, but the Englishman replied that his orders were strict, and that he could not delay the ship even if a man instead of a dog were drowning. DELIYANNIS at once jumped overboard and swam toward his pet, when the ship was stopped and both were saved.

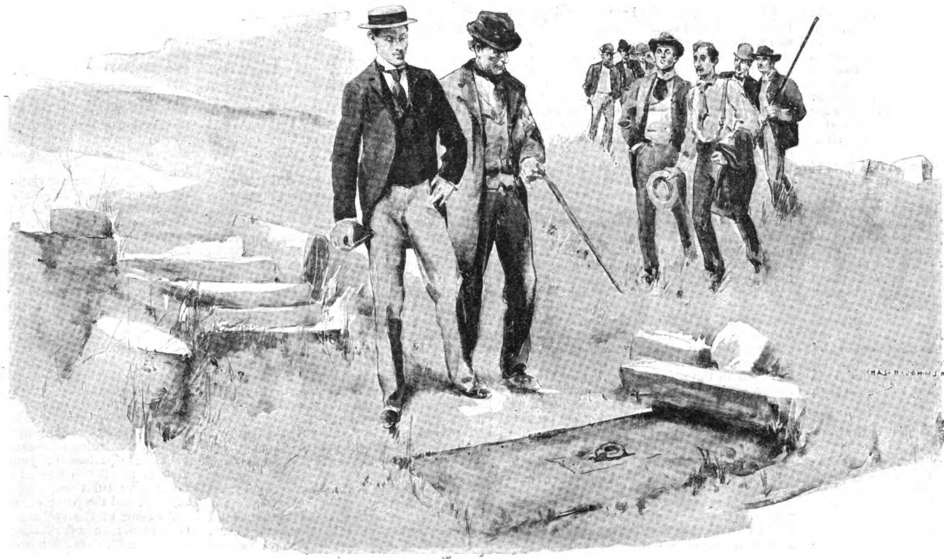
—Mr. SPURGEON, the great English preacher, who has been so seriously ill, has a fine country estate at Benlah Hill, Norwood. The grounds are handsomely laid out, and in his gardens and hot-houses is a remarkable collection of plants and shrubs gathered from all parts of the world.

—WALTER BESANT claims to have seen "ghosts" on several occasions in his life. Once when he was sleeping in a room which was over three hundred years old, and while the door was securely locked, three old ladies in Queen ANNE dresses entered and sat down on chairs about the smouldering fire. Then, without waiting for further manifestations, Mr. BESANT became horror-stricken, leaped from the bed and opened the blinds, letting in the early morning light. The visitors, naturally offended by such unseemliness, slowly faded away. Mr. BESANT says, however, that he has never received any communication from the other world.

—A white elephant, in the shape of a new and fast steam-yacht, seems just now to be troubling the dreams of Mr. HARRIS, the wealthy young San Francisco newspaper-owner. He had it built by a leading Eastern yacht-designer—for the Pacific coast has yet to learn a thing or two in this line—but as it is too fragile to buffet the boisterous waters of the Horn, and too long to be carried across the continent on flat cars, not to mention other impediments to such a method of transportation, the ambitious owner may have to wait till the Nicaragua Canal is built before he will be able to introduce his pet to the sea-lions of the Golden Gate.



THE WHALEBACK STEAMER "CHARLES W. WETMORE," OF BUFFALO.—DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON, AFTER PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 673.]



A SINGULAR INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF HENRY VALENTINE, NOVELIST.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

IN the summer of 1884 I belonged to an organization calling itself "The Catskill Walking Club." This name was chosen probably because none of the club's five members had ever visited the Catskills, and, despising walking, had leagued themselves together for the purpose of chartering, for the heated term, a small sloop-yacht in which to knock about Long Island Sound for at least one week in each month. The special application of the name no one could ever quite understand, not even the members, but as it gave rise to much speculation, and afforded our guests a never-ending topic of amused conversation, we decided to retain it.

Our membership was limited to five, for the reason that according to our constitution there were to be no more than five officers in the management of the association, and we thought—and wisely, too, it seems to me—that there would be fewer jealousies, the club if every member were provided with some official position. These offices the constitution said should consist of a Presidency, a Vice-Presidency, a Secretaryship, a Treasurership, and, highest in the gift of the club, an office the incumbent of which should be permitted to call himself Janitor.

By virtue of his attainments in the way of reputation, Henry Valentine was elected Janitor; Chetwood the poet was chosen Secretary, largely because his penmanship was as much like steel-engraving as his verses were like carved cherry stones; Tom Jemmisson, of the New York *Regulator*, was made Treasurer, for the philanthropic reason that, his paper being a new one, money was invariably scarce with him, and we fancied the jingling of the club's balance in his pockets would impart to Tom's life a new and delectable sensation. The remaining offices, the Presidency and Vice-Presidency, fell to the lots respectively of myself and "Caddy" Barlow, of the Piccadilly Club.

"Caddy" was the only man in the club who amounted to so much that he could afford to do nothing. The rest of us, however, were glad enough to have him with us, because, while he was the laziest man afloat or ashore, "Caddy" was the most fertile source of inspiration we had. His great vice was tea, whence came his title of "Caddy," his real name being far more aristocratic, combining no less distinguished patronymics than Van Rensselaer and Stuyvesant.

Valentine was by far the hardest worker in the club, and had, at the age of twenty-eight, achieved notable success as a writer of fiction. Up to that time he had been known only to the limited boundaries of newspaperdom. Editors and reporters and one or two publishers knew him well as an enormously clever young man, who might some day set the river on fire, and yet who, on the other hand, might not. To the public he was as unknown as the compositor who set his stories in type, or the stereotyper who made the plates from which they were printed. But Valentine was not the man to hide his light under a bushel after he had made up his mind that that light had illuminating qualities—which discovery he had made just one year after the last page of his first novel was written. It took him a full year to make this discovery, because when the book was finished he had put it away from him, not in the pigeon-hole of some publisher's table, but in a secret drawer of his own desk, with the resolution, to which only a strong man such as he was could be expected to keep, not to look at the manuscript for

one year, and then to read it as coolly and dispassionately and as critically as he would read the manuscript of an entire stranger. Should it seem to him on this reading that his story was not a good one, Valentine had resolved to destroy it; and it was not destroyed. At the end of the year he broke the seals he had put upon it, read it over carefully twice, thought it over carefully for one month, read it over carefully a third time, and decided that it was good; subsequent events showed that he was right. The story was good. It was published, and Valentine retired to his couch one December night with the pleasing consciousness that he was famous. He was too good a journalist to wait until morning to find himself renowned, as Byron is said to have done.

What Valentine at the age of thirty found in an association with Chetwood, Barlow, Jemmisson, and myself was somewhat of a mystery to us, since he was a person of intense seriousness of mind, while we, on the other hand, though past them by five years, every one, were still living in our teens—Barlow particularly, who to the day of his death will never be anything but a big-school-boy, deserving of every possible kind of discipline known to the pedagogue. Perhaps he regarded us as a sort of summer drink, light and more or less agreeable, and possibly a welcome change from the heavier absorptions of his professional career. Perhaps, too, he wished to study us for a possible new novel, in which the redeeming philosophy should be rendered the more impressive by contrast with little oases of butterflyism scattered throughout its pages, which Valentine would surely desire to be as true to nature as the more considerable creations of his realistic mind. However the case might have been, Valentine was nevertheless unquestionably fond of our society, and never missed an opportunity to be with us on our cruises as an organization.

It was while on one of our regular exploring expeditions on Long Island Sound that Valentine told us of the singular incident in his career which I am about, with his permission, to record. We had anchored for the night in the harbor of one of the towns on the Long Island side of the Sound, the exact location of which I prefer not to state, since it might lead to the identification of persons who figured in Valentine's novel, although the chief personage therein—otherwise the lady in the case—is no longer living, having died, Valentine tells me, within the past six months.

We had been sleeping on board our yacht for six nights, and "Caddy" Barlow and I were for going ashore and putting up at the hotel, where, we understood, were to be had good beds, good service, and good meals, but Valentine declared himself as averse to doing anything of the sort, while the other two members of the club were non-committal.

"Oh, pshaw, Henry!" Barlow said, impatiently; "what's the use of sleeping on a hard-wood deck when there's a fine spring-bed just yawning for you?"

"And what's the good," I put in, "of living on potted ham and condensed milk when there are live pigs and cows running wild through the main streets of this lovely burg, just waiting to be hammed and milked?"

"That's the idea," said "Caddy," smacking his lips. "Fresh ham is my delight; though as for milk, I consider that an abomination, suited only for the tea of lovelorn Mariannes whose lives are passed in waiting for mounted grangers who never turn up."

"Well, you go," returned Valentine. "Don't let me interfere, I beg of you. Go ahead, all of you. But as for myself, much as I enjoy your society, I would rather stay here in the boat alone than pass the night in that town."

"Is this an idiosyncrasy of genius or the natural-born cussedness of an old man?" queried "Caddy," who gloried in the fact that he would not turn thirty for five years. "If the former, I'll stay here, because, if there's one thing I like more than another, it is to associate with geniuses. It has tremendous advantages. Suppose, for instance, Valentine and I were out yachting together, just as we are at present, and the boat were to capsize and both of us were to be drowned. Jove! I'd be immortal. The coming biographer of Henry Valentine would have to say, 'It was while yachting off Cape Cod with his intimate friend Stuyvesant Van Rensselaer Barlow, whom he always affectionately termed "Caddy," because of that interesting young man's fondness for tea, that the author of *Six Days in a Catboat*, or *the Peril of Miriam Bunker*, met his untimely death, and plunged two continents and an isthmus into mourning.' "That," added "Caddy," rising and striking a statuesque attitude—"that would make me immortal where brass and marble would prove utterly insufficient. But if it is not genius that says 'stay here,' but age demanding tribute from youth, I go ashore. Which is it, Vally?"

"You are an embarrassing baby," "Caddy," said Jemmisson, lazily. "You don't expect Henry to confess to you that he is a genius, do you?"

"I don't know why not," retorted "Caddy." "You've confessed that much to me about yourself full many a time and oft."

"Well, never mind," put in Valentine, with an amused look on his face. "I'm not a bit embarrassed by 'Caddy's' alternative, for the very good reason that I shall accept neither. I want to stay aboard this boat, not from any capricious promptings of genius; nor is it because I have any of the whimsicality which pertains to masculinity at the age of thirty. I wish to remain on the boat simply because this town depresses me. I have been here twice in my life before, and when I connect the experiences of the first visit with those of the second, it makes me shiver; it saturates me with an uncanny feeling, to avoid which is quite to my taste."

"Then let us stay where we are," said I. "There is no use of splitting up the party, and, after all, it is better to sleep over damp sheets than under them."

"That has been my idea all along," said "Caddy," whose way it was never to be on the wrong side of anything. "Only I think that Valentine ought to be compelled to tell us the mysterious tale connected with this place that turns him into an icicle every time he thinks of it—that uncanny him, if I may be allowed the expression. He has aroused my curiosity to concert pitch, and unless I hear the whole of the incident of which he speaks, I shall not be able to sleep; and, as you all know, when I can't sleep, I whistle."

"In self-defence, then," Valentine replied, "I shall have to tell you the whole story."

"Caddy" immediately selected the softest spot he could find on the deck, the rest of us lit our pipes, and Valentine began:

"There may be something in my experience or there may

not, just as you choose to regard it," he said. "It has bothered me considerably, and has had more or less to do with my 'age,' as 'Caddy' is pleased to term it.

"It is just five years since I first visited this town. I was then a reporter on the *Evening Star*, and had a special knack, which stood me in good financial stead, for reporting mysterious murders. Every possible murder assignment was given to me by Barnett, who was the *Star's* city editor at that time. As you may all remember, it was during 1879, that the famous Mary Martin murder occurred. Her body was found in an old deserted mill two or three miles from this town, which was then about half its present size and importance. There was every evidence that it was a case of murder and not suicide. The woman's limbs were securely bound together, a weight was tied to her body, and her throat had been cut from ear to ear.

"You had nothing to do with it, I hope?" murmured "Caddy." "If you did, I'm bound to go ashore."

"My connection with the case was purely reportorial," returned Valentine. "I came here in obedience to my assignment, an entire stranger to the place, never having even heard of it before, and yet when I arrived I seemed to recognize my surroundings. While I left the railway station to walk to the hotel I was singularly at home on the road. Everything about me seemed familiar, and although I did not even know the name of the hotel or the street on which it stood, I did not find it necessary to inquire the way, but walked there without deviating one inch from the proper path; and it was not a path entirely free from complications either. On the way I passed several persons unknown to me, who yet appeared not entirely as strangers. I was conscious of names. I seemed to myself to have seen these people before, in spite of the fact that it was absolutely impossible for me to have done so, all of which I then put down to instinct peculiar to the true newspaper man.

"I passed the night in the hotel, but could not sleep. Why I cannot say. I only know that my mind was filled with a constant flood of fancies, in which the people I had met during the afternoon, grown younger, played an important part, and every part had for its stage setting some bit of woodland or other scene in this vicinity.

"At six o'clock the following morning I rose up from my bed and set out for a walk before breakfast. Everything was still strangely familiar to me. I passed, on my way about the town, a farm-house with windows my fancy filled with children and women and men whom, to my knowledge, I had never before seen, and yet who seemed to know me, and whom I in turn seemed to recognize, and whom I saluted. I found myself raising my hat and addressing by name the farmers and their wives, knowing all the time that the picture only in my imagination. In fact, so vivid were my impressions, and yet so certain was I that they were only impressions and not realities, that I began to fear that the dire hour prophesied by my physician, in which I was to be prostrated through overwork, had arrived. To a stranger whose income depended entirely upon actual production, and every part had for its matter, but it was no time to give up, right in the middle of an assignment as I was, and so I stuck it out. The results of my sticking it out were valuable to the cause of justice, and in no way detrimental to me, save in the matter of comfort.

"After breakfast I set out for and found the mill within whose walls the murder had taken place, and whither had gone the detectives in whose hands the few clues there were to the mystery had been placed. The country had been scoured for traces of the criminal without avail, when suddenly there came to me, how or why I do not know, a prompting to speak, and with no control over my speech whatever, I did speak, and what I said was,

"Have you tried the vaults under the old Morrow house?"

"When I had spoken I immediately regretted it, for all eyes were at once turned upon me. I feared to be questioned, for I assure you that up to that point I had never heard of any such vaults—no, nor even of a possible Morrow house. But the questions did come:

"Morrowby house vaults?" queried one of the detectives. "I never heard of them."

"Nor I," said several by-standers, and one of them added, "There's no such place as the Morrowby house here."

"You may imagine my surprise and at the same time tremendous relief," Valentine continued, "when an old gray-haired man in the party came to my rescue.

"Oh yes, there is such a place," he said. "It is down back of the Partan place, on the river road. But I haven't time to point out the vaults. We made a short-cut across the fields to the Morrowby place—now a part of the Partan farm—and there, in the middle of the fields, to my astonishment and delight, where once had stood the mansion of the Morrowbys, was found a flat stone with a ring in the centre. We lifted it, and—"

"Found the murderer concealed there?" cried "Caddy," nervously.

"We found the body of a man floating on the surface of a pool of water that had accumulated in the vaults, and there were found also certain evidences that convinced a coroner and twelve intelligent jurors that the murder had been committed by him, and that in endeavoring to conceal himself in the long-forgotten vaults he had lost his life in the manner indicated.

"Of course I was the hero of the day, and the next day was forgotten. I wrote up the story, made a tremendous beat on the other papers, and returned to town. From that time to this I have experienced no return of the fancies of that morning, or anything like them, and the prophesied and greatly feared mental prostration has failed to materialize. It was an experience, however, that sobered me considerably, so strangely unaccountable was the episode; but had it not been for a subsequent incident, equally as serious, I should doubtless by this time have ceased to think about it altogether. As it is, I cannot now ever free my mind entirely from misgivings since the occurrence of the second strange affair, which seems to link me by being with this town, and which makes me so greatly dread to set foot once more upon its streets.

"The second incident of which I speak occurred some years later, after my book was published. As you may remember, the first edition of my novel was printed without my own but with an assumed name on the title-page, the real authorship of the book being divulged in the second edition, appearing a month after the first. Being somewhat anxious to know how my work was regarded by the critics and other writers for the press—I am no more above the small vanities of life than our friend 'Caddy' here—I subscribed to a newspaper-clipping agency, and from it received everything that the newspapers printed about my book, and my name. I must explain that the notice over which I wrote, 'Harold Austin,' was whimsical entirely. I never knew, nor do I know now, why I chose it. It occurred to me to use it, and use it I did; and as for the story, it was one that for as long as I can remember had been in my mind to write. As a boy I used to construct little romances for my own pleasure, and this story with which I made my first appearance between covers was one of the earliest of my efforts in the regions of romance—or, possibly, in romantic realism is better, for the story was not so imaginative as to be impossible in real life. Understanding these things, you are prepared to hear the rest.

"One morning, among a dozen or more notices of the book, I found, clipped from a Maine newspaper, a column of stuff about myself, signed by a woman, slightly critical, largely anecdotal, and closing with a thorough scalping (which I did not deserve) for having written the story of old family friends without taking the trouble to change their names. I did not mind the alleged anecdotes which told how the writer and I were in school together when we were about ten years old, in which I was accused of being even at that age a precocious moody boy; nor did I care very much when the critic historian went on to give a highly fanciful account of my parentage. In the first place, it was my other self—my 'Harold Austin' self—she remembered and cut to pieces; and, secondly, the fanciful parentage consisted of hypothetical Austins, of course, of whom the writer could say anything she pleased without hurting me or mistaking me; but when she charged me with having bare the real sorrows of real people, giving their names, and only slightly disguising their dwelling-places, then I lost my temper, and wrote to the editor of the Maine Journal, repudiating the attack, and saying that it was impossible that this person, who pretended to know so much about me, could have been coming about me, since she and I had never met.

"He replied at once to the effect that the writer of the criticism was well known to him as a woman of undoubted veracity, of high social position, who was willing to take affidavit to the fact that she had known Harold Austin in her girlhood, that she had known every character in Harold Austin's book, and that the story as it was there set forth had been known to her as a matter of family history for a number of years preceding the publication of the book.

"I never," said Valentine, after a moment's pause—"I never was so taken aback in my life, and I immediately set out for Maine to set myself straight. I made up my mind to confront my accuser at once. Of course all the proof I needed was to announce myself as Henry Valentine and not Harold Austin, except in so far as that was a pen-name which I had chosen from mere caprice.

"I arrived at my destination about six o'clock in the evening, and went directly to the office of the newspaper which had printed the accusation. The editor, who was prepared for my visit, appeared rather surprised when I presented myself, and said he had expected to see an older man. Indeed, he was at first disposed to believe that I was an impostor, stating that he had supposed that Harold Austin was in his sixties, if not older. After a little persiflage about youth being a fault to be overcome in time, I convinced him of my identity, went to the editor's home, had dinner, and then started with him for the house of my accuser, who persisted

in her statements, and asserted her willingness to make them to my face. We arrived, and after waiting a few moments in the parlor, there entered a rather fine-looking woman whose years were in the neighborhood of seventy.

"Her mother," I thought to myself. I wish I had been right. The case would have been much less mysterious had my accuser been a younger woman. But my surmise was not correct, for this woman was herself my alleged playmate, who had been with me in school when we both were ten years of age, but who now was forty years my senior. She looked to me in amazement.

"You Harold Austin?" she said. "That is nonsense. You are a mere boy beside Harold Austin."

"But I am," Harold Austin, "my dear madam," I said, "and I have come here to see if we cannot come to some understanding of this claim of yours that I have held up before the public in a sensational manner, and the sorrows and trials of old family friends—of whom, let me say to you upon my honor, I never heard before in my life."

"She was speechless for a moment, and then recovering, she began. She told me all about herself, all about the Harold Austin she had known, all about the persons named in my book. Such details of their troubles as I had failed to imagine she narrated to me. In fact, she very effectively set herself right in my eyes as well as in those of the editor, and left me wondering whether or not I was sane, and if sane, whether I slept or no. She told me little things that had happened in connection with the people in my book, which I recognized as some of the fancies I had discarded in the story; and to cap the climax, I swear to you that that woman, who had played with me thirty years before I was born, was, before her marriage to her Maine husband, a *Morrowby* of this town, and the people whose lives I supposed myself to have forecast, together with a *Morrowby* who resided here as neighbors together sixty years ago."

We parted good friends, but mystified. I could not understand it then, nor can I now. The woman's story was true, for I verified it in every particular, stopping here on my return to New York, and devoting two days to that end.

"Account for the first episode in this town as due to slight mental aberration; account for the second as coincidence, perhaps; but for the combination, account for that you cannot. It defies reason. That is why sleeping ashore to-night is distasteful to me. I am candidly afraid of the consequences to myself. If you wish to try it, go ahead."

"No," said "Caddy." "I'll not. I'm for weighing anchor, and spending the night out in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean. This harbor is a little too close for me."

THE CARNIVALS OF CLAMS AND CHOWDER.

BY EDMUND COLLINS.

THIS is now the high carnival time of clam-eating. Everywhere around the shores of Long Island, Staten Island, along the Sound, up and down the Hudson, and every other place convenient and attractive, picnic parties assemble probably to the number of three or four score a day. Chowder parties for a great many years were patronized most by the German population of New York, but latterly the feast has become popular among all classes. It has become a feature of sea-side picnics for young and old folk, and ward leaders and other politicians give so many chowder parties every summer, and entertain thereto so many of their supporters, that the feast may almost be looked upon as one of the political institutions of New York.

The ward politician sends out cards of invitation to a number of his leading supporters, announcing that he is going to have a chowder party at some stated place; that there will be speeches, and he had better lick his ideas into shape, as he will probably be called upon to say a few words to the boys; that he had better bring the ladies along, and babies, if he has any, and not to bother about liquors and solids, as he has looked after these. It is sometimes announced that "we dig our own clams"—that is to say, when the picnic is to be held near any part of the sea-shore where the bivalves can be obtained. As many as three hundred persons, comprising men, women, and children, go on one of these parties, setting out early in the morning and not returning until near midnight. If the region is selected as the picnic site, the party is provided with baskets, trowels, and spades, pots, kettles, dishes, and general cooking utensils and table service. They go away with gayly fluttering banners, very often with a band of music, which plays rousing airs through the street, and when they reach the ground, select some picturesque spot for the festival, about which they set out for the clam-beds, some carrying baskets and tools for digging. Of course these parties are made up of amateur clam-diggers, and when they get upon the blue-black mud they are frequently at a loss to know where to dig; but some one comes along and tells a bewildered group to look for the little holes everywhere about, which are not observed at first sight. So, everywhere that a hole is seen, a trowel or spade is thrust under it; but it would be well for those who cannot distinguish between a dead and a live clam when they see it to dig only under the hole through which a little jet of

water is thrown up on walking near it. It would be well to suggest to amateurs that great care should be taken in clam-digging, and none but the live fish be retained, as one stale bivalve, if put in the "bake," will diffuse its disagreeable flavor to a score of fresh ones about it. Indeed, I have known of a whole lake being spoiled by the presence of two tainted clams.

After as many clams are obtained as will satisfy the party, they are taken to the roast-ing-bed. This is made in the following manner: A great number of large stones is collected and placed side by side to cover a circular area from ten to thirty feet in diameter, according to the number of persons to be fed. Upon these stones is placed a large quantity of wood, and on this wood another layer of wood, after which a fire is lighted. When the fire burns low, the mass of stone glows white; then come along picnickers with baskets of bottle kelp, fresh and dripping from the sea; a thick layer of kelp is laid over the heated stones; the clams are spread over this layer to any depth required, another covering of kelp is put over the clams, and the whole is covered with sails or tarpaulins in such a manner as to prevent the escape of the steam. This the picnickers call baked clams, but it is really steamed clams, and the fish, when tasted, has a definite flavor of the kelp and the sea. The hot bivalves are carried away in baskets to the picnic-grounds, and eaten on the green while the shells almost burn one's fingers. There are large dishes of melted butter, and into this each picniker dips the racy morsel, holding it by the neck, which every connoisseur bites off and drops. Wine is "opened," toasts are given, and grandiloquent speeches delivered. The politician pays every man upon the shoulder, pays some appropriate compliment to every woman, and kisses and dandles every baby. He praises the youngsters, and predicts some special line of success for each. So it goes till dark, when the horses are hitched, and the party starts for home.

At some of the political as well as other clam picnics chowder finds greater favor than the baked bivalves. Huge tanks of chowder, sometimes containing as much as fifty gallons, are made and brought to the grounds, a special wagon being employed for that purpose; but they frequently dig their own clams, and cook them in huge pots, throwing in basketfuls of turnips, potatoes, onions, tomatoes, and crackers, besides large quantities of meat chopped fine and sage or some other savory herb. Young and old hang expectantly around the pot, and when the mess is served many eat of it so heartily that they go away under the trees and sleep off the gorge. But, as a rule, they put up swings, play games upon the green, dance, run races, or tumble in the surf.

The chowder is first cooked at noon, and every one turns to, even a baby being expected to eat two dishes. The afternoon is spent in various recreations, and about six o'clock the cold chowder is warmed, or new clams are dug and fresh made.

But, as I have said, it is the German population that most favor chowder parties. The owner of the largest tally-ho stable in New York informs me that he does not believe that there is a single German in the city who does not some time through the summer go to a chowder party. Every German club has one or two or more parties in the year, and small excursions are made up of persons who live near each other, or acquaintances from all quarters. Holidays and Saturdays are selected, and if the party is large enough, tally-ho coaches are engaged for the day. There is a tally-ho stable in the city which conveys as many as 250 persons to the chowder-grounds in a day. There are a great many others which carry from a dozen to fifty persons in a day. Among the poorer classes the expense of the chowder party is borne equally by all the men comprising it; there are also boys' parties, composed of lads who have saved all their spare pennies for several weeks. They invite their fathers, mothers, and sisters, and, as a rule, have the chowder made before starting, taking with them bats and balls, swings, quoits, racquets, croquet sets, ninespins, etc. They likewise leave at an early hour of the morning, unless on Saturday, getting back a little before midnight.

Chowder parties go to various points from the city, all who can afford it engaging a number of tally-ho coaches. A tally-ho can easily accommodate a dozen persons, and sometimes a score will crowd on. The stable usually supplies the trumplers with the tally-blasts as the party goes through the town on the way to the ferry. There is no sight more picturesque in coaching on this side of the water than tally-ho parties. The women trick their dresses out with bright colors, wear broad-brimmed hats, and carry bunches of flowers. The men and boys wear tennis flannels or light suits, and each coach flutters with flags. Every one seems happy, and all the turmoil and cares of life in the store, the factory, or the office are utterly forgotten. The little ones yell with joy, and clap their hands as the trumplers blow on their blatant instruments. The whole party throws kisses to the persons it passes on the way, and I saw the other day a very pretty young girl toss a little bunch of roses to a young man, who stood for a moment and raised his hat as the gay coach rattled past him. As soon as the stables are left, some German, English, or French song is taken up, every one on the coach joining

in the chorus. The singer aways and waves his flag, and the men and boys join hands at certain parts of the song. These coaches are often so loaded that boys actually hang on like bees, shouting and waving their hats as the coach rattles along. Some of the passengers are on the top, others inside, and the trumpeters sit in front, and sound their blasts after the manner of huntsmen urging on their hounds. Tradespeople leave their hot stores as the joyous cavalcade rolls by, wind their hats, and often join for a few seconds in the song, then look wistfully after the vanishing wheels. A German party twines the banner of the father-land with the Stars and Stripes, and the French picnickers set the tricolor, and some of them the old oriflamme, fluttering beside the standard of the Union.

In some of the Irish processions the green flag is displayed with the national colors, having upon it the "harp that once through Tara's halls the soul of music shed," the party singing vociferously the song of the Emerald Isle.

The coaches frequently drive four or five miles to the different ferries, and the party is not subject to the hustling of an ordinary picnic crowd. Favorite resorts of chowder parties are College Point (on Long Island), Bay Side, Coney Island, Fort Hamilton, Staten Island, South Beach, scores of places along the Hudson and on the Sound, Englewood, Paterson, and several other parts of New Jersey. The coaches that go to distant places are engaged from the morning till midnight, but those that go only short distances, drop their passengers at the picnic-grounds, go home, and return after nightfall. At many of the chowder parks lessees or owners maintain large sheds, having outside sides and rough board tables, upon which the steaming chowder is laid. Kegs of lager-beer, kept on ice, are tapped and served all through the day; and some vendors, with an eye to business, keep large pots going constantly cooking *Frankfurter mit Sauerkraut*. All through the day there are songs and games, and dancing is the entertainment for the afternoon and evening.

Many parties provide themselves with fireworks, which they shoot off from the coaches on returning to the city at night. The spectacle is very gorgeous as the long line of coaches passes along through the streets, throwing into the air hissing rockets; blue, yellow, green, purple, and white balls; trees, fiery dragons, and, above all, that wild pyrotechnic known latterly as the "Devil among the Tailors."

The tally-ho coach is an old English conveyance, and the term is the same as that used by huntsmen in olden times urging on their hounds.

THE NEW WHALEBACK BOATS.

BY EDWARD HUNTINGTON DWIGHT.

Since the earliest day of the American merchant-marine probably no form of vessel—not even excepting Robert Fulton's first steam-propelled craft—has received more attention and excited more criticism, both favorable and unfavorable, in England as well as in this country, than has the peculiarly shaped vessel known as the "McDougall whaleback."

It is true that this particular form of vessel has been used upon the Great Lakes, not only for barges, but latterly for propellers, but it was not until this summer that any attempt was made to introduce it as an ocean carrier. The recent transatlantic trip of the *Charles W. Wetmore* and the coasting cruises of the *Joseph L. Colby* have now directed the attention of all interested in shipping to the possibilities of this novel form of marine construction.

Built entirely of steel plates, the general form of the vessel, as may be seen by the accompanying illustration, is that of a huge cigar with both ends cut off to an equal diameter and the upper side somewhat flattened. The slightly rounded deck, from which it derives its name of "whaleback," has neither bulwarks nor spars, protection being afforded by a fence of five strands of wire-rope supported in steel stanchions. A turret forward and a superstructure aft are all that show above the cigar-shaped hull. That superstructure is the cabin, which, resting upon a deck of steel, is supported by three turrets of varying diameters. Sixteen cylindrical shafts, which serve as ventilators for the engine and boiler rooms in the hull, give additional support and security. Anti-quarantines declare that this peculiar type of vessel, barring the turrets and cabin, is built on almost the same model as the barges constructed by Jacques Cartier for exploration on the upper St. Lawrence River in the earlier half of the sixteenth century.

The *Charles W. Wetmore* is the first of these steamers to have crossed the Atlantic. She sailed from West Superior, Wisconsin, where she was built, on the 11th of last June, loading at Montreal a cargo of 90,000 bushels of wheat, for Liverpool. She is the largest vessel that has ever successfully shot the rapids of the upper St. Lawrence River, and any one whose fortune it has been to descend in the regular mail-boat those treacherous and intricate channels and settling shallows will appreciate the difficulty of successfully steering a steel steamship 285 feet in length

and 38 feet beam over these rocks and whirlpools.

Upon her way up the Mersey, at the ending of her successful voyage, thousands of people thronged the shores, from New Brighton to the Waterloo docks; for the news of the approach of the singular craft had preceded her, and all Liverpool seemed anxious to obtain a view of the strange American visitor.

A good use was made of this interest. While lying at the dock an admittance fee of one shilling was charged, the proceeds being devoted to the Liverpool Sailors' Orphanage, and five bright boys from that institution took entire charge of the gangway. One hundred and thirteen pounds were realized during the week.

The vessel returned to this country in ballast, and created a great deal of interest in newspaper and shipping circles while lying at her dock in Brooklyn. Her next voyage will be to points on Puget Sound, *via* the Strait of Magellan, a cruise of upwards of fourteen thousand miles.

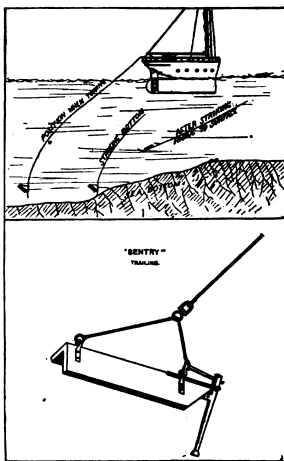
The points of advantage claimed by the advocates of the whaleback are, first, economy of construction; second, economy of navigation; third, carrying capacity in proportion to draught; fourth, steadiness in all weather when loaded. In regard to the second point, economy of navigation, the general reader may form some approximate idea from the fact that during her return voyage in ballast the whaleback consumed but twelve tons of coal a day, which in comparison with, say, the *Teutonic* is as one to twenty-five, while the crew at the utmost numbers but twenty-two men.

As an economical carrier, the *Wetmore* has a capacity of three thousand tons when drawing but seventeen feet of water.

A more complete test of the steadiness of this form of vessel when loaded could not have been had than that afforded on her voyage to Liverpool, at which port, when her hatches were opened, the footprints and shovelful marks made by the grain-handlers in Montreal were distinctly visible upon the surface of the cargo. Her rounded sides and cylindrical turrets offer the least possible resistance to the waves, which, instead of breaking against or upon her, glide smoothly over her whaleback.

Besides being the first of her kind to cross the Atlantic, the *Wetmore* will also be the first vessel of any description built upon the Great Lakes that has ever undertaken to reach the Pacific Ocean.

Whether the whaleback, as many believe, is destined to be the ocean carrier of the future or whether she is not, whether she is destined to revolutionize international traffic or whether she is not, she is certainly a novel and unique form of marine architecture, and if she fulfills the expectations of her advocates, it will be a strange thing for the shipper of the future to look back to that the first of the whalebacks, which then cover the sea, was built at a point twelve hundred miles inland, at the head of Lake Superior.



A CURIOUS SEA MACHINE.

BY J. D. JERROLD KELLEY.

AMONG all the devices employed by seamen to make coast navigation less hazardous, none is so odd in principle as the lately invented submarine sentry. Its use is to keep a continuous under-water lookout, and to warn the mariner automatically of his entrance upon shallow waters. There are many methods of getting the depths of the sea, from the simple hand-lead, which the sailor swings with the old familiar song, to the piano-wired tubes and spring indexes of Sir William Thompson. But in all a definite interval, which may spell disaster, exists between successive casts. In gloomy weather, with an uncertain shore-line close aboard, heave of the lead may show there are water

and sea room in plenty; but even before the net can be made, the ship may have passed the zone of safety and quick recovery, and be imperiled, lost.

The logs, the yarns, of strandings are nearly all alike, and the captain's official "protests" read much the same. "The weather," they usually tell us, "was thick and foggy, the sky was overcast, no lights were visible, and the ship's position, after days of no sun or stars, was unknown, save by dead-reckoning." Orders were given to slow down, to shorten sail. A cast of the lead carefully taken showed so many fathoms; another cast so many minutes later gave such and such water. The lead was kept going at intervals; the fog shut in thick, until at last the lookout at the cathead, with sudden yells, reported breakers (white water, reefs, cliffs, bluffs, long stretches of sandy beach—Heaven only knows what) dead ahead. The engines were reversed, sails braced hard aback, but too late—the ship struck. And then follows the conventional tag to the mariner—disaster, or death.

And the moral of it all is that the vessel was lost because the intervals between the successive casts were too long, or because the labor involved in getting the depth of water was so great that no soundings were taken. To avoid these intervals and to minimize this labor of frequent soundings by providing a continuous under-water lookout that will warn instantly is the asserted purpose of the "submarine sentry," as the inventor happily calls it.

Briefly described, it consists of an inverted wooden kite, which can be trailed from the stern of a vessel at any required depth down to 45 fathoms. It is slung by a span—a triangle of wire—and is towed by a thin steel line, which has a tenacity of 120 tons to a square inch of section. From the forward lower end of the kite a trigger descends. This is functioned by a spring working in a slotway, and in such a manner that when the bottom is struck, the trigger releases the span and allows the kite to capsize, and, by its higher rate, to rise instantly to the surface. What is more, at the instant of striking, the tension of the wire is so relaxed that the reel holding it flies back and strikes a signal gong attached to the inboard which governs the action of the machine. In addition to this positive bell alarm, the continuous under-water lookout that will warn instantly is the asserted purpose of the "submarine sentry," as the inventor happily calls it.

Besides this quick warning of danger, it gives the depth attained upon a dial attached to the winch, and thus, within certain limits, affords an approximate estimate of the distance off shore. It is not proposed to employ the machine with speeds greater than 15 knots, though the inventor claims it could be readily adapted to higher speeds. He argues that anything beyond 15 knots would be useless, as a captain, doubtful of his position and anxious about the depth of water, would hardly go at higher rate. But this position seems untenable in the light of present experience, and constitutes, to my mind, a serious defect in the machine.

Although the primary, the main, object of the sentry is to act as an under-water danger guard by being trailed for any length of time at a set depth, yet single soundings to 45 fathoms can be taken when the vessel is under way. To accomplish this, the slings of the kite are adjusted, and it is put over the stern; the wire is then stretched through the fair leaders, and the coil slowly unwound by a hand-brake. When the bottom is reached, the gong sounds and the kite soars serenely to the surface, while the dial at once shows the approximate vertical depth, without compelling the observer to wait until the whole apparatus is reeled and hauled on board.

Two forms of kite are issued, one painted black, to be used ordinarily for depths down to 30 fathoms, and another painted red, which is specially designed for use between 30 and 45 fathoms. These differences of depth depend upon the angle to the horizontal plane at which the kite is made to trail, and are governed mechanically by the form and dimensions of the triangle used as the sling, and by its position relative to the centre of action of the water on the kite. Setting the slings further back, without altering the distance between them, obviously gives a steeper slope to the kite, the maximum effect being obtained with an inclination of about 53 degrees. But as this would be too steep in practice except for slow speed, and would bring too much of a strain on the towing-wire, the angle adopted is the smallest which will not prevent the kite from ascending to the depths assumed to be essential in actual sea work. Experiments have proved that the sentry is not expensive, its cost, measured relatively to the retardation in speed and expressed in coal consumption, being in the ratio of about two pounds of coal for each indicated horsepower, or at the rate of two cents per hour.

The practical handling of the kite is very simple. It is slung at the angle fixed by the instructions, and lowered to the surface of the sea. The wire tow-line is carefully eased out board by means of a hand-brake, and the heavy end is allowed slowly to dip. The strain of the passing wave stream acts upon the kite, and it sinks quickly, almost vertically, to the required depth and position. The sounding-box immediately begins its

rattle, a devil's tattoo that never ends until the sentry gives its warning bell. The ship runs along, shouting her water, perhaps, in any event, until the depth designated beforehand is reached. Then, with sudden jolt, the trigger strikes the bottom, the slings of the kite are released, and the apparatus almost springs to the surface. The rattle of the sounding-box ceases, and the wire reel, which is heavy for its compact dimensions, and has been strained from the perpendicular by the tug and tautness of the towing-line, swings back with a quick impulse and strikes a gong. The dial is read, and if deemed expedient, the speed is reduced and the sounding verified by a cast of the lead, taken either with the same machine or with a hand-lead. By a little practice one person can put the kite overboard, take the soundings, and reel it in again. It has been tried abroad, and, among others, Commander Carpenter, R.N., reports that "on a trial with the machine in the Frith of Clyde, a near bank or bar was located by its means, on which the depth was found to be as little as 64 fathoms, though the chart showed 80."

The sentry is, however, by no means perfect, though perhaps, next to Sir William Thompson's sounding-machine, it is the most important contribution made in late years to navigational purposes. It reveals the defects which may be expected when purely mechanical and automatic devices seek to replace unceasing care and vigilance, backed by brains and nerves. Captain Wharton, Hydrographer of the Royal Navy, declared that during an experimental trial in the Channel the sentry went off at half-cock—that is, it purchased without having struck the bottom. He also asserts that the depth to which it is selected to go depends so entirely upon the angle of the kite that a small variation will make a difference of several fathoms between the true and the recorded soundings. There is no doubt that the comparatively slow speeds at which it must be used to be effective count against it to some degree, as do the limitations to the depths at which it can be worked. Very often, indeed, around the nook-shotten and shallow-intrenched coast-lines of the world, ships have to run in for ports and shores where the 50-fathom line is close to the beach; and should the skippers of these vessels in such circumstances trust to the sentries alone and implicitly, they would, more often than underwriters, be apt to come to grief.

Of course the inventor denies all these defects, and Professor Lambert, who described the machine before the Royal United Service Institution, asserted, after putting aside, to his own satisfaction at least, all the obstacles, that the "possible difficulties pointed out by the hydrographer are really, I think, not realized in practice. In fact, the only anxiety I personally have had about the machine during the last six months—and this is practically removed now—has been to prevent an inexperienced or nervous man from jerking the brake when applying it or paying out the wire."

It may be well to remember that the sentry is, in its main intention, not a "sounding" but a "lookout" machine. So far as sounding goes, the work is already most efficiently done by the "navigational" instrument of Sir William Thompson. The use of this—and it is simplicity itself—is the navigator when he is still far from danger, and this while running at 14, 16, or 18 knots speed. In this manner the seaman, feeling his way in depths of from 100 to 200 fathoms, knows with great certainty his approximate position. He knows when to slow down, when slowing down is necessary; he knows exactly how far he may proceed with safety, taking a cast every five or ten minutes, or as often as his judgment tells him he should; and with its aid he can locate his position by marking parallel courses on the chart, and finding where the recorded soundings therein most nearly agree with those given by the machine.

Together the sentry and the navigational machine make a most happy pair, though nothing can ever take the place of unwearying vigilance. Their use will go far to lessen the number of sea disasters, and what these are may be seen from a hasty résumé of the data furnished by the Board of Trade returns for the year ending June 30, 1889. In that period there were 2153 strandings of British ships, and in 325 of these cases total loss resulted, involving the sacrifice of 115,093 tons of shipping and of 232 lives. The total tonnage either actually lost, or in danger of being lost, amounted to 1,269,994 tons, representing a money value of £25,000,000.

"Of course," says Professor Lambert, "we do not expect that the submarine sentry will prevent a ship from stranding under all possible circumstances. I should say it will fully justify its invention if it prevents three or four per cent. of the yearly strandings. Certainly if sterling to the value of twenty-five millions sterling is in jeopardy every year from stranding, and if the use of the sentry prevents £1,000,000 from getting into this condition, it will have proved a very valuable invention, even if we take no account of the loss of life it may have prevented."

Here, then, is a new field for inventors. Surely there must be some electrical or other device that will fulfill all this, and somewhere on this island of invention genius must be some one fitted for the work. Who, then, will accomplish it?



THE PARK PLACE DISASTER—THE SUDDEN COLLAPSE OF THE TAYLOR BUILDING.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.

THE PARK PLACE DISASTER. THE STORY OF THE DISASTER.

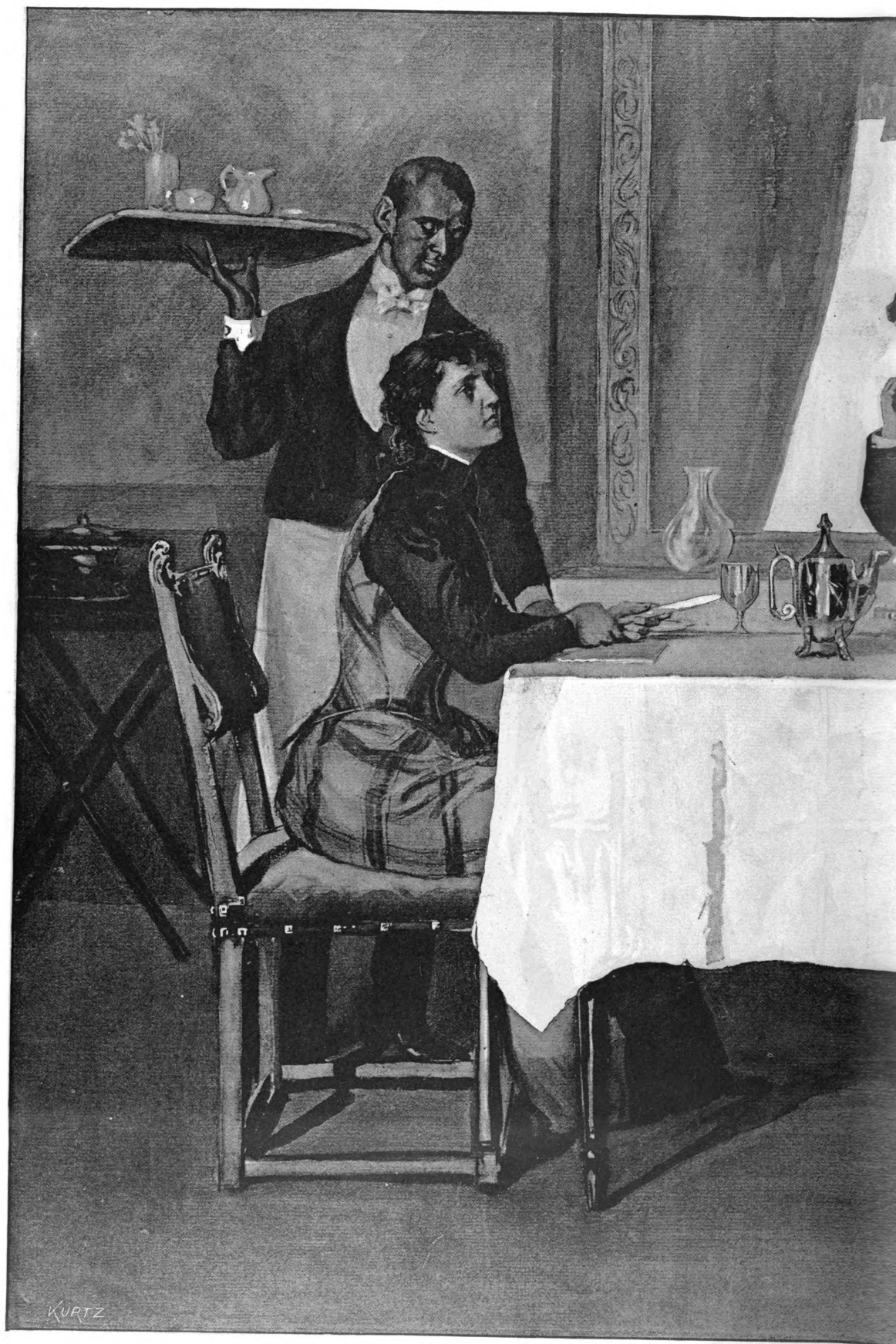
SATURDAY, August 22d, was a half-holiday. At noon the labor of the week was practically over, and thousands of busy workers turned their steps in all directions on rest and pleasure bent. By one o'clock all the ferry and railroad depots were filled with the crowd that still continued to radiate from the business centre of the city. "There's a big fire down-town," a late arrival said; and another would volunteer the opinion that several people were probably hurt, for more than one ambulance had dashed across the paths of the pleasure-seekers. Thus was the rumor of a great disaster carried far and wide; yet no one could say positively what it was until the early editions of the evening papers were brought to the race-track or base-ball field, cried beside sea, and sold beneath the shady piazzas of summer hotels.

Even then the full extent of the disaster was merely hinted at, and many deemed the reports exaggerated. A large building had fallen in, burying a number of people under the ruins; that was all that could be told, for fire was added to the work of destruction.

Down-town a vast crowd of people had been arrested in their ways, and they filled the streets near the wrecked building, pushing close to the police lines. Park Place was a mass of anxious, curious, pushing people, who gazed at the rolls of steam and smoke that rose from the place where the building had stood, while they speculated upon the possible causes, and wondered how many were hurt. Meanwhile the ambulances came, the force of police was increased, and the dead-wagon from the morgue drew up beside the curb.

The ruined building was five stories high, situated on the south side of Park Place, between Greenwich Street and College Place. Four stores occupied the ground-floor, while

above ranged a series of business and manufacturing firms. A restaurant and drug-store were among those that fronted on the street, and at the time of the catastrophe—half past twelve—the restaurant was pretty well filled. Several printing firms, with their heavy presses, were on the fourth and fifth floors. Some of the workers had gone home just before the disaster, while others waited for their weekly pay, preparatory to an afternoon of amusement. Directly across the street Rudolph Reiser, an intelligent carpenter, was working near the window on the fourth floor. At the moment the building fell he looked over the way, and saw a lot of paper and dust shaken into the air. He called hurriedly to his side partner at the bench that the boiler had gone, and advised getting out. Looking again toward the building, he saw the cornice of the roof tumble forward. Then brick after brick rolled off, falling by hundreds, resembling the noise of coal as it is poured through iron chutes intensified



SUPPLEMENT TO HARPER'S WEEKLY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1891.

MARRIED FOR MONEY

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—DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.

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THE PARK PLACE DISASTER—SEARCHING THE RUINS BY NIGHT.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 676.]

a hundredfold. The floors in the rear of the building gave way first, and fell downward, one after another, while the front wall seemed to collapse story by story as the flooring dropped. It was all over in an instant, and the building was levelled from cellar to roof; and while the watcher stood amazed he saw a man jump up from the debris, which had fallen into the street to the height of three stories. As the man gained his feet he looked around with a dazed air, not knowing what had happened. Then to the left he saw another man lying flat on a beam which projected from the heap, pinned by heavy boards. At that moment three citizens ran from Greenwich Street, ascended the heap, and with the help of the one who had escaped as by a miracle, rescued the man on the beam, who was unconscious. While this was going on, two men crawled out of the cellarway where the grating had been beneath the large show-window of the restaurant, and two boys appeared on top of the heap near the rear wall, and made their escape. The drama was quickly enacted, for it was almost instantly that the flames broke forth in one great mass. Such is the story of an eye-witness.

What the collapse of the building was due to no one is capable of saying. At first it was thought that the boiler or chemicals in the drug-store had exploded. But the general opinion is that the beams of the building gave way and tumbled the whole thing in. These beams ran from the street wall to the rear, and not parallel with the street, as is usual. The vibrations of the heavy presses caused the building to oscillate, and by this movement it is supposed that the beams in the rear wall were loosened and finally worked out, which completed the awful story.

After three days of work upon the ruins 61 bodies were taken out, 41 of which were identified.

A REVIEW OF THE DISASTER.

The Park Place disaster has been spoken of in the daily papers as horrible. This seems a proper adjective enough under the circumstances, but the accident, while horrible enough at first, became degrading and offensively vulgar. What was a public calamity was made a public show. Where the dead and those who were nearest to them should have been alone admitted, politicians, amateur photographers, and lemonade sellers crowded close to see, and gratified their love for what was awful and unusual. The police were not alone to blame for this. It was the spirit of the crowd, and the crowd was the spirit of the people of this city, where no man knows his next-door neighbor or the lodger over his head on the floor above, or cares to know him. For any display of local or real feeling shown in this disaster, it might have occurred in Chicago or San Francisco or St. Petersburg.

Anything more unfeeling, unidentified, and degrading than the scenes that followed the sudden burial of the Park Place victims has not been known in New York for many days. The whole thing, from the brutality of the police towards the mourners to their equally callous treatment of the dead, was shameful and barbarous. The men in charge of the ruins and their removal were intoxicated a great part of the time, so were the mourners, some of whom, it is said, identified any body as the one belonging to them in order that they might reap the insurance—this was the spirit of the place. There was no sacredness for the dead nor regret for the living. The Mayor telegraphed his regret three days after the disaster occurred, and Commissioner Gilroy visited the scene on the fourth day. In the mean while an unorganized gang of Italians picked gingerly at the bricks, fearful lest they might come upon a dead body, and the mass of ruined buildings, wrecked machinery, and mangled human beings remained for four days "on exhibition" to thousands of callous sensation-lovers. The heads of the city departments, who might or should have been in charge, did not appear until the leisurely removal of the dead and the wreck about them was accomplished. And the management of this, perhaps the greatest of disasters that has come to this city for a quarter of a century, was left in the hands of a police captain, a foreman of an engine-house, and the unsympathetic interest of the never-decreasing audience of morbid spectators. The sum that is being raised for the survivors, no matter how large it may become, will not wipe out the memory of the four days in which the disaster was treated as a public show.

IN CONFIDENCE.

The sea heard; and the deep sea sea
Throbb'd with one bitter secret more,
But set no murmuring rumor free
By wind or bird to cave or shore.

The stars saw; but no trembling star
Of all the wide bewildering train
Has ever whispered from afar
The story of this hopeless pain.

The night knew; but the tender night
Unveils no tears, betrays no sighs;
She wraps away from sound and sight
Despairing hearts and watching eyes.

What if the night and stars and sea
Should but for once their pledge forget,
And softly breathe alone to thee,
"She loved thee then, she loves thee yet?"

A. N.



MAJOR J. HENRY SLEEPER.

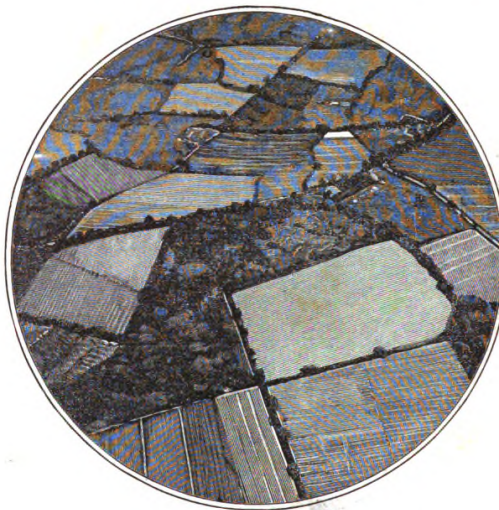
HOW IT LOOKS FROM A BALLOON.

An English scientist recently made some interesting photographs of the landscape lying vertically beneath him during a balloon ascent from the site of the Naval Exhibition on the Thames. The experiment, as described by one of the party in *Black and White*, presents features somewhat unusual in amateur photographing, and the resulting pictures, two of which are here presented, are odd and interesting examples of what might be not improperly termed the "ground-plan" of a wide prospect.

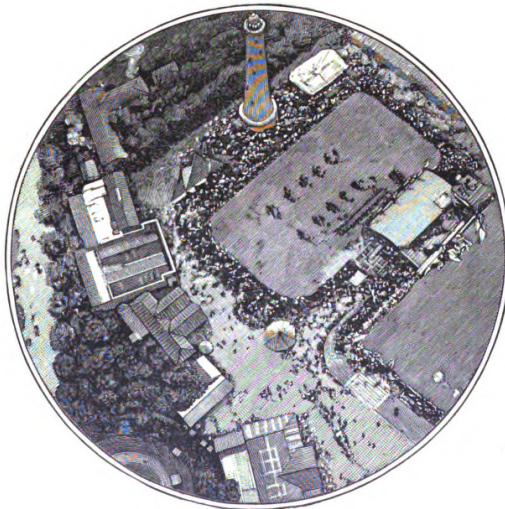
The scientific instruments taken along for making barometric and other observations, and a kodak camera, were strapped to the side of the car, as the balloon rose at mid-afternoon of a clear day, with the sky broken only by a few clouds, and with a gentle breeze blowing from the west. To the aeronaut ascending directly upward there is no sensation of motion, the only indication of his progress aloft being the rapid diminution in size of familiar objects on the ground, and the constant widening of the field of view. On this occasion, with the casting off of the stay rope, the balloon shot directly upward two thousand feet, during which ascent the first view, covering the grounds of the Naval Exhibition, was taken vertically downward from the car. At the height of two-fifths of a mile above the earth, persons on the ground seemed to be mere moving specks, and groups of people resembled swarms of ants. The grounds, the lake, and the river appeared as tiny patches, and the light-house and other edifices resembled toy houses. A cricket match taking place on the Oval near Vauxhall Bridge gave the impression to the air voyagers of white mice playing upon a green loo table.

As the balloon floated above the Middlesex side, Millbank Penitentiary, with its great array of regularly arranged buildings, presented the appearance of an octagonal un-

planted flower bed laid out with unusual precision. Clapham Common and the Crystal Palace were readily distinguishable;



Hyde Park, the Serpentine, Regent's Park, Hampstead, and Highgate appeared as open spaces that varied the monotony of the oth-



erwise seemingly continuous mass of brick and mortar constituting the house walls of London. Except for a few openings of this character, the city, seen from aloft, presented the aspect of a vast area of unbroken roof in monotonous tints of slate and tile. The stately houses of Parliament looked like a working model, while the clock tower could readily have been taken for the slot for the reception of the penny which sets the wheels in motion.

Above the Thames—which the balloon crossed several times, thereby securing for its passengers a fine view of the port of London and its docks—ballast was thrown out, and the air-ship rose to a height of four thousand feet over Greenwich Observatory and Woolwich. Floating for the fourth time over the river—at Purfleet—the voyagers were carried above a pleasing tract of agricultural country, with fields marked in varying shades of green and brown. At this point the second photograph here presented was obtained, after which the balloon descended on the same side of the river from which it had risen, and the aeronauts safely disembarked, bearing as trophies of their expedition several excellent pictures taken from these novel points of view.

MAJOR J. HENRY SLEEPER.

MAJOR J. HENRY SLEEPER, of "Sleeper's Battery," was born in Boston, April 6, 1839, and died at Marblehead Neck, August 19, 1891.

In April, 1861, he went out with the Fifth Massachusetts Volunteers as Second Lieutenant, becoming, in September following, First Lieutenant of the First Massachusetts Battery, and in September, 1862, Captain of the Tenth Massachusetts Light Artillery. As "Sleeper's Battery," the Tenth became one of the famous organizations of the Second Corps, and Major Sleeper (he gained the

brevet in 1864 for gallant and meritorious service at Ream's Station) remained in command until, believing the war was over, he resigned in February, 1865.

Without early military training, he was instinctively a soldier, and a gallant, successful officer, earning and holding the respect of his associates, volunteers and regulars alike. Then, more than now, were West-Pointers wont to undervalue the abilities of those appointed from civil life, but the Major had no warmer friends than Hancock, Hunt, Porter, and other graduates of the Academy.

To him the war ended with the fighting, and he carried into private life only charity for his adversaries' views and admiration for their courage. Those who miss him—and they are all who knew him—recall his abhorrence of sectional feeling, and his happy pride that love of country was no longer bounded on the south by Mason and Dixon's line.

His men believed in him, and have kept their organization alive, retaining him, as President of the Tenth Battery Association, still at their head. It is a touching and significant fact that the surviving veterans of the battery asked the privilege of bearing to its last resting-place the body of the loved commander under whom they fought so faithfully and bravely more than a quarter of a century ago.

"AGED ONE HOUR."

A tiny bark from a hidden shore—
No chart, no helm, no sail, no oar—
Drifting out on the unknown main,
Only to sink from sight again.

A little life, so pure, so brief;
One moon, and then a sweet relief;
A shadow thrown on some hearth-stone;
A whispered prayer, "Thy will be done."

GERTRUDE S. BOWEN.

PRACTICAL HAPPINESS. HOME FOR THE AGED AND INFIRM HEBREWS.

I BELIEVE that Orientals have more reverence for the old than those in whose veins there courses another blood. Philosophize on this topic, which, in its simplest expression, is caring for the aged, you will understand that when primitive man no longer showed indifference to the wants of a non-contributing and therefore useless or helpless father or mother, the younger man's moral nature made its first great step in advance. It was the awakening of family affection. Take that remorseless law, the survival of the fittest; of God's creatures it is man alone who tries to extend for a few years or months the lives of others whose days are nearly spent.

Occupied with what are more congenial topics, enamored with their art, we hark back to the nearer Assyria, Phœnicia, Egypt, Greece, and grope there for the moral precedents. Bold is he who dares say, "Look further beyond; go still more to the east." Let him point to China as the country, the cradle of humanity, which from an unknown past has exerted its silent influence. In China ancestral worship is part and parcel, root and branch, of a religion which existed four thousand years before Christ, and its creed has not been changed to-day. Ancestral worship spread from East to West. It penetrated all Asia. It sanctifies Vedic and Sanscrit poetry. What more beautiful sentiment is there than this, when Sakontala tends her flowers: "Let us give water to those plants which have passed their flowering time, for our virtue will be the greater when it is wholly disinterested." Under certain modifications this respect for age became fixed among the tent-dwellers in Arabia, or that land north of it from whence sprang the Jew.

Jewish sentimentalism in regard to the treatment of their old people may be Oriental or not Oriental—you are at liberty to call it what you please—but it is very beautiful and touching; and it is good because assiduous and painstaking; and it carries out absolutely what it tries to do. Sentimentalism, when at work in a Home for the aged and infirm, is it practical?

Of charitable institutions, those devoted to the care of the aged present special difficulties. For an old man or woman there is no fountain of youth, no rejuvenescence. Age is an incurable disease. Inmates of Homes are necessarily fixtures. With each added year comes increase. Questioned of comfortable quarters, sanitary conditions, though complex, are somewhat material in general character, and find their solution in expenditure. So much money per head, per diem, may seem a hard way of putting it, but it is the only common-sense method of considering any business.

Endless has been the study devoted to the clothing of the aged, the food best suited for waning appetites, and the talents of specialists have been taxed to their utmost powers. But there is something which neither dollars nor cents will buy for the aged, and that is happiness and contentedness.

We feed and clothe you, nurse you, but beyond this purely physical routine, look you here, old folks, what more have you to ask? We are not going to call you old lumber, broken-down mechanisms, and bid you crumble or rust away, but do not exact of us the accomplishment of the impossible. "Practical people say about that much, but this is really what is in their minds: "Vegetate, old cummers, and be contented to bask a little while longer in the sun, and then, when you pass away, we will attend to having you decently buried." Just here comes in this Jewish sentimentalism. It may be a most exaggerated kind of a thing, Chinese, if you please to call it so, at least it is not Russian.

The United States has many people living in it not hyphenated Americans, who have conceived the strange and unheard-of idea of making the infirm and indigent old as happy as circumstances will allow. Just fancy the Mark Tapley notion, and try to carry it out on a large scale. "No man can be called happy until he is dead." That is an Eastern saying, and the Jews ought to believe that; but with a certain fixed obstinacy these same Jews have under their direction, in the city of New York, a Home for aged and infirm Hebrews, and insist on doing their best to get round what seems to be one of the sternest and cruelest of all the dictates of fate.

I do not know how that intangible commodity contentedness is supplied to this particular Home. Many of us might like to have the address of the purveyor. Whether purchasable or not by means of certified checks, certainly the directors of this institution are giving happiness to some 140-odd old people. One likes to speculate about such things. Maybe there is some kind of poetical communism at the bottom of it? Perhaps one might find in this Home Johnson's "Rasselas" in action. Peradventure it is a nicety of touch, the way of handling old people, of which the Jews have the secret.

If you ask the question plump, "How is it that these old people seem absolutely jolly—yes, jolly—and pray explain the method?"—those who are the most active workers in the Home will do their best to make it clear to you, but you never can exactly catch it. Some ideas of this kind will be ventilated in an airy manner:

"Eleemosynary! Fough! That is a dreadful hard word. Why, the idea of giving includes that of taking, does it not? Do you not know that if you were hungry, and that with ostentation some one handed you a well-filled plate, there would be a bitter sauce to the feast? The idea of doling out things to these old and helpless people! In this Home it is share and share alike."

"Oh yes! I think I see. That's fine enough."

"Do you ever read Eastern romance? Can you not conceive something of this kind? Here we are, travellers plodding along through the desert. We come to a well. We are tired, and are about to eat and refresh ourselves. There nears us one or two or three or more wayfarers. They are all old and weary with the burden of years, and they look so hungry. We say, 'Here, old men, draw up. Sit ye down on the corner of this rug. There is room enough. Eat of this loaf of these dates. Drink of this milk.' Oh, our grandfathers, we are not all children of God? And one day a hundred years from now, perhaps by this well brink, may not some of ours be bidden by some of yours to partake of bread, fruit, or milk? So no further salaams. Divide the moonlight meal with us, and eat with zest, and be merry as merry as you can." When you have left us, then pray for us."

"But that is bespangled Orientalism!"

"Not a bit of fustian in it. It is good, hard, common, homespun sense."

"Does it really work? Don't you make blunders sometimes?"

It was a lady who was coaching me, and her reply was: "Not often. There is something depressing when you consider how many mistakes are due to misplaced charity, but I have learned a little speech by heart, and you shall have the benefit of it." Then the speaker rattled off mechanically, without a comma, in phonographic style, the following: "Charity providing you have a superintendent a board of visitors a ticket system a steady moral pressure constantly brought to bear a judicial investigation and a board of administration and insist on knowing exactly what your right hand is doing while controlling your left of course and hem and haw over it terminally then finally charity like a cloak covereth a multitude of sins."

"That is the height of volubility," I remarked.

"Sorry. But you must excuse me. There is a dear old man, quite a friend of mine, and his heart would be broken, and mine too, if I did not have a confidential talk with him. He is much interested in politics at home and abroad. He can no longer read. No glasses answer for eyes now. I cram for him. We two settle many points of international interest, but I intend to influence his vote at the next Presidential election."

Then the lady left me, and I began to have a kind of vague idea, think it was decidedly inchoate.

I was in the garden attached to the Home, which stretches along 106th Street. There I saw another lady, who, with a winning smile, did not beckon with a patronizing finger to a feeble old woman seated on a bench, but the lady tripped along to her.

"Mother," said the lady, "let me set your cap right. There, you look so much more becoming that way."

In an instant, with the touch of a deft hand, a lilac bow on the ancient party's cap, which was awry, had been straightened out. It was such a simple thing to do, yet done so reverentially, with the same loving interest a granddaughter would show for a grandmother. It was so spontaneous that, at it once went straight to the old woman's heart, and to her face too, for the wrinkles of eighty years were smoothed for the instant. Evidently these old people were not specimens put on the shelves to be dusted, polished, aired, and then set back again. They were live men and women, not dolls to the world, no more to be brought silence, not lopped off from human sympathy.

Asking a gentleman attached to the management a trite question, "whether these old people were not—were not, let us say, crochety," the following reply was made:

"Of course some of them are. Why should they not be? I am crochety, and not forty-five. I shall be unbearable when I am sixty. I should like to find anybody when I am sixty who would dare to snub me. Age has its privileges. Remember that with physical decline comes mental decadence. Do you expect that a man of eighty, whose limbs are atrophied, should have his brain less impaired than his legs? We are bound to respect age. So that these old men's whims do not interfere with the happiness of others, this Home is the ideal republic—just such a one as that saint, Roger Williams, devised it."

"You must have excellent attendance."

"Why should we not? A nurse or an attendant would get very weary, whether in a minute if he were harsh or used the repressive methods. You can be cross with a young child, but not with a very old one. If you know how to do it, dotage can be quietly managed. That is not our secret, not special to this Home. From many other excellent institutions in the United States where the aged are cared for we have gladly received instruction."

"But here am I trying to learn the secret of happiness, or, at least, how this Home monopolizes that commodity, and the secret is withheld from me." I was in the protesting stage.

"I really cannot tell you what it is. Still, now I come to think of it, it must be in great part due to the influence of our wives and daughters, who virtually control the inner life of this Home. The fact is that this Home was founded by women. They carry out the idea in a practical way. No, it is not poetical. Just think now what kind of a home would a Home be which was not a home? Eh? Clean? You say you can eat off the floors everywhere? Of course it must be so. It is too clean; and though cleanliness be next to godliness, that may not always be conducive to happiness. Maybe it is direct contact that does it. Those who have this charge at heart are always present. The vice-president is a woman, and so are nine directors of the same sex. A refining interest? No, that is far-fetched."

"Well, what does it, then?"

"The old people must be made happy—must be—must be—happy. If you were to study the life history of these old men and women, you would understand it better. The native Jews, or those not born here, who are in this Home, have either had the hardest luck in life, or have outlived their families, if ever they had sons and daughters of their own, otherwise their own kin would have taken care of them. These poor people, have been exceptionally unfortunate in their careers. They must have lived through years of stress and storm before finding at last a snug harbor here."

"So, then, if I am right in my surmises, there are many here more comfortable now than ever before in their lives?"

"That is exactly the case. Why are you surprised? It seems strange that we should try to put a limit on happiness. It would be as if we were to say, 'You were only moderately well-to-do before; now it is our duty to keep you a trifle less comfortable here than you were once.' The human mind has some queer ideas. Are old age and poverty a crime? To many the life they lead here, simple as it is, is the ideal one they have perhaps only dreamt of. We do not, then, plume ourselves on what may seem to others to be a great and wonderful success."

"I do not exactly follow you."

It is easy enough to understand. Our raw material is excellent, because it has a certain original adaptiveness towards becoming happy.

"Oh! I see, a graft. On the gnarled trunk of care you set the newer variety of hope, and the old stock blooms again."

"My dear sir, I am the least poetical of men, and it is I who ask you what you mean."

"Mean! That I am thwarted in all directions. Perhaps only as an inmate myself could I get to the very bottom of it all. With age alone I might acquire wisdom."

I join Mr. Rogers, who is sketching in the garden attached to the Home. He is smiling as he draws the groups of old people seated contentedly around on benches. The grounds are gay with flowers, and there are many fine trees. Sparrows chirp and flutter, and pick up the crumbs, for a couple of waiters are handing about coffee and bread to the guests, for they really are guests at a garden party. There was no music, but I was told I ought to have been present the week before. Then a band played for the company one entire afternoon.

I watch a rosy-faced old man who bustles about, notwithstanding he drags a stiff leg. For a man of nearly eighty, he is amazingly vigorous. He carries a solid stick, and he plants it firmly on the ground. Mr. Rogers says, "That is the happiest-looking old man I ever saw," and proceeds at once to sketch him. He has a roguish look as he sucks his pipe, and blowing off a long streamer of smoke, he says, as he passes near us:

"Oh, tobacco! That is good. It is so nice to smoke at your ease in a fine garden. Tastes ever so much better. Have you seen our situation of the old fellows? They are not! And oh, dear me, what is that?" and winking at us, as if there was an immense joke somewhere, with eyes beaming with pleasure, he trotted along to the furthest end of the garden, where a high wooden paling separated the Home from an open neighboring lot.

Here a half-dozen ragged little boys and girls are peering through the slats. "Grandpa," cries one, and then they all pipe, "Grandpa." There is no kinship between this old Jewish man and these poor city waifs, but the old fellow chuckles and laughs. He fumbles in his breeches pocket, extricates a penny from its depths, and passes that coin to a dirty little outstretched palm. Then he face ripples all over, and smiles on smiles follow so quickly that from the limbering of his mouth he can barely hold his pipe in place.

"That," says Mr. Rogers, who stops sketching for the moment, "was the prettiest indication of perfect contentment I ever witnessed. It was true munificence—that poor old fellow sharing his slender means with the little ones. There must be, there is, a superabundance of happiness floating loose about this place. Of course I see traces of physical pain in some of the faces. An artist finds that everywhere, among young and old, but the amount of buoyancy here is simply amazing. It is a kind of nice complacency. Age is disarmed of its terrors. How do they manage it, I wonder? But that is your business to find out."

"But I can't find it out, Mr. Rogers, and that is where your illustrations will have advantages over the text. The drawn line

runs scratch of pen. Your pencil expresses what actually exists. You are not required to try and tell why it exists."

But who is senior past master in the art of living? Who has made longevity his specialty? There he is. That old gentleman with the black, flashing eyes, for there is plenty of fire and sparkle in them. He is King of the Ancients, and his name Benjamin Koenig. He says of himself, with a merry chuckle, "Yes, I am king—Koenig—the old king." Koenig is believed to be 106 years old. Dr. S. Newton Leo, the physician in charge of the Home, whose acquaintance with and study of longevity are second to none, writes me, "I am forced to the conclusion that one hundred and six is pretty nearly right." I have been rather sceptical so far as to a man living beyond the hundred, but as to Koenig I have no doubts as to his extreme old age, and for these reasons: He is a fairly well-educated man, and has retained the faculties of his mind, but the cause Jews keep sacred their family record. Think, then, of a man contemporaneous with Napoleon, and a stripling in Washington's time! Koenig was born in Prussian Poland, and came to the United States at a comparatively early age, when he was seventy-six years old. Dr. Leo writes me: "The body, while fairly nourished, displays a general muscular atrophy and degeneration. Sight and hearing are hardly impaired. Koenig does not wear glasses to read ordinary print. Appetite good. Eats with relish, and has many teeth well preserved. Is fond of amusement, and particularly music. Intellect only affected at times. Is fond of joking. Respirations, 18 to 20 per minute. Pulse, 70."

I watch the senior take from a passing waiter a cup of coffee and a big slice of bread. The hands of a man of forty are often more tremulous. The solid bits visible on the slice of bread attest to teeth and vigorous jaws. At a hundred movement is difficult. Two waiters stand beside Koenig on his feet, and he says, "I could not stand alone now very comfortably." He is put tenderly in place again. He is in the pleasant garden, he is listening to the twitter of the birds and the rustle of the leaves, and has something to live for, for a well-to-do woman of fifty, a visitor, goes to him, kisses him, and the two talk. Family affection is still left for him.

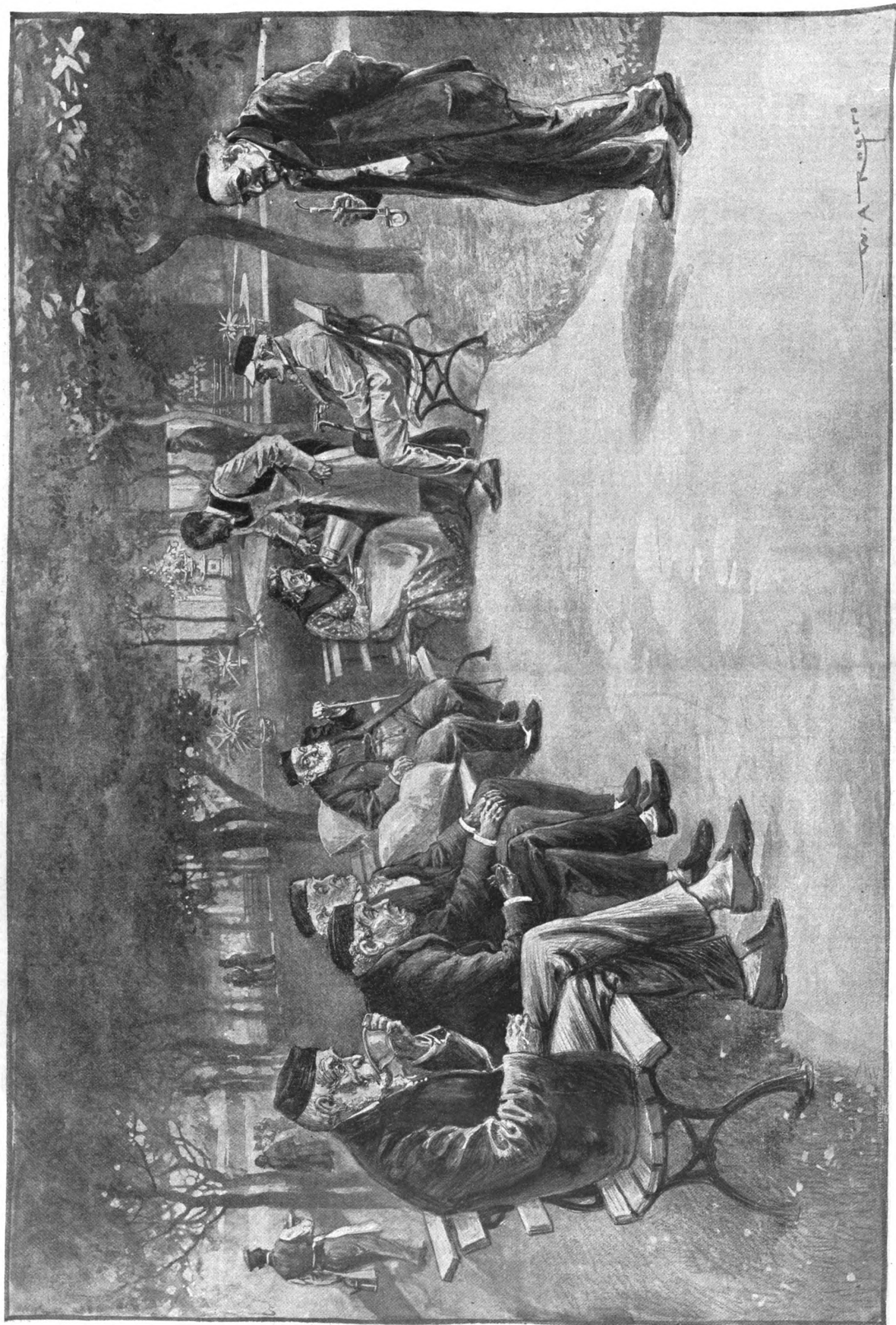
Gracious goodness! what have we here? Following an attendant, we have left the garden party and are in the basement of the Home, and here is a goodly sized room, and for furniture it has a dozen tables, and for occupants, parties of two and three and four old people, and what are they doing? You might think they were pondering over the Talmud, settling a hair-splitting paragraph of Gamarah or Mishnah. Not a bit of it. What they are doing may take your breath away; certainly it will knock out all the underpinnings of your preconceived ideas of the prophecies. Before the absolute facts are told you, remember what Tallyrand said to the young man who did not know how to play whist, "What a terrible old age you are preparing for yourself!"

What are these ancient people doing? Playing cards and games with dominoes. Now what else are these old fellows to do? Is not their season for physical enjoyment passed? Are you to expect at fourscore that jumping hurdles, sprinting, dancing, bicycling are possible? Would you like them to mope? Many of them can no longer find recreation in reading, because of failing eyesight, but the black or red of the pips on the cards they can make out at a glance. Catch them mistaking a six for a seven! Playing cards keeps their old wits clear, dissipates the *tedium vite*, and supplies the exact stimulant for their brains. These old fellows are to be made happy, and if in penultimate they be sin, I fail to see it. It is, of course, card-playing, "for love," but how concentrated is the attention of these patriarchs over their cards, as if millions were at stake! How they laugh and chatter! Smoke! The room is thick with it. Perhaps the smoke will shorten their days? Well, it might, and when you consider that in this room the average of the ages of the smokers and card-players is very much beyond seventy, there is really the chance of some of them being out of yet in their prime and flower.

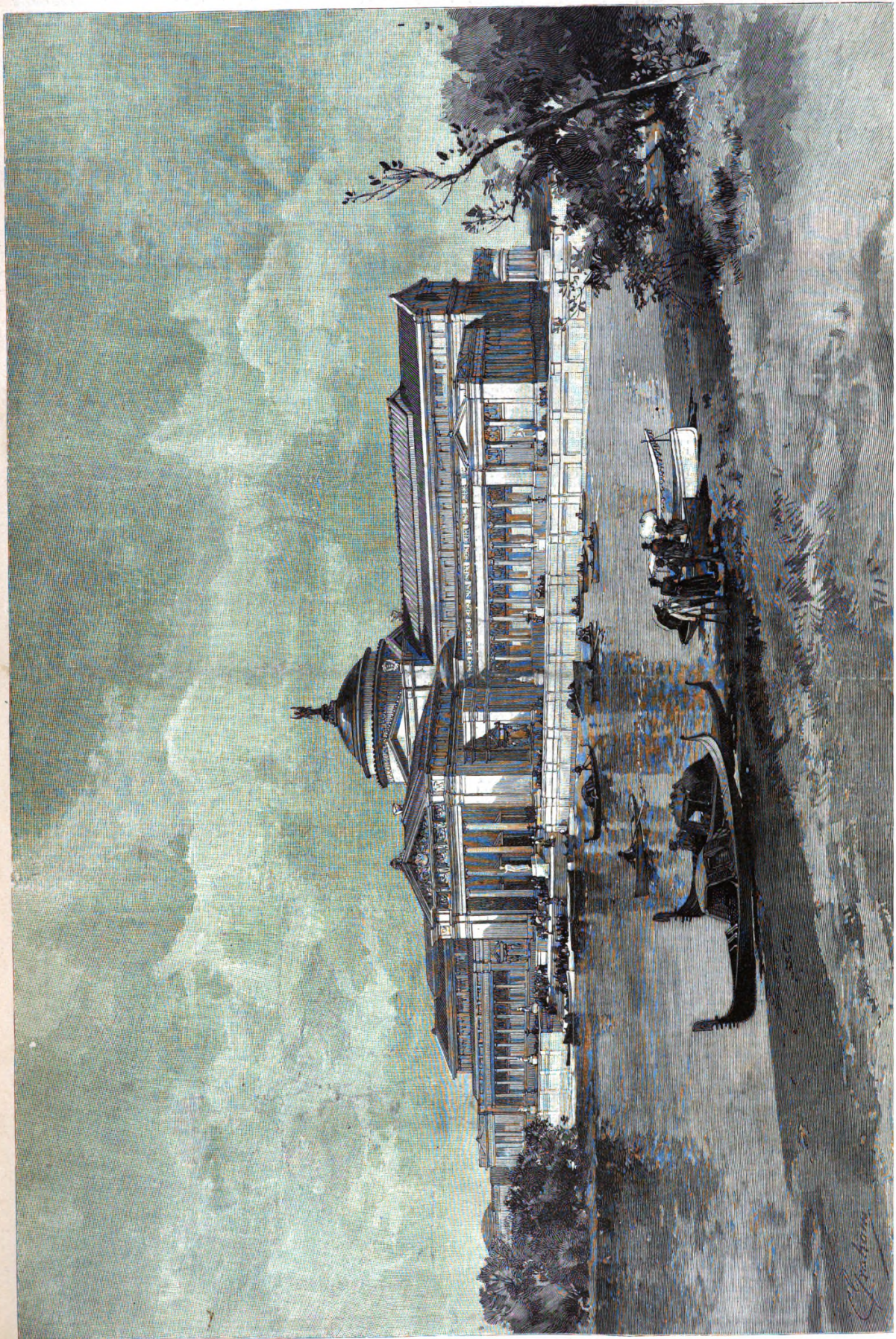
With that fixed and unswerving idea of giving not only a comfortable existence, but of adding happiness to the lives of these old men, I may perhaps get an inkling of the ways employed in this seemingly occult business by means of a garden and a card and smoking room. To entertain the women to prevent their lapsing into indifference, numerous plans have been devised, and are successfully carried out.

"By cheerfulness and contentedness the lamp of life is made to burn a little longer." That is a bit of Eastern philosophy worthy of ancient Western adoption. It may at least be noted that at this Home the machinery employed differs materially from that in common usage. You may put on your color and be ornamental in the description of a retreat of this kind for old humanity, but hard facts and figures do not assort with floridity. This is the question: do these Jews by their loving care prolong the lives of those they tend? I take the statistics of this Home. The last mortality average of May, 1891, was seventy-nine years one month. Longevity average per capita for the last five years, eighty-one years.

B. P.



A HOME FOR AGED HEBREWS, NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 679]





THE PASSENGER MOLE, VALPARAISO.—[SEE PAGE 684.]

ART BUILDING—WORLD'S FAIR.

DURING the earlier period of the Quadracentennial Columbian Exposition one of its most uncertain features was the gallery for the display of the fine arts. The ancient dispute among the directors and the stockholders with concern to the site will be remembered; but even after the so-called lake front was abandoned as in favor of Jackson Park, the site for the palace of fine arts remained undecided upon. Among the more wealthy patrons of art in Chicago there was a feeling of opposition to Jackson Park as a location for the gallery. And this feeling, be it said, was of the right order in that aspect of it which had a bearing on the city of Chicago itself. The aforesaid patrons, and Mr. Charles L. Hutchinson in particular, were all in favor of erecting on the lake front (by which is meant the strand near the mid-city) a solid and enduring building of stone that would remain as a permanent home for art and artists in Chicago long after the Fair had gone out of existence.

Mr. Hutchinson and his friends were eager that this building should be used by the directors of the Exposition for their art display. Thus part of the expense of the building of it would be met by the World's Fair fund, and most of it by the Art Institute Association and citizens generally. The cost of the proposed structure was to have been in the neighborhood of \$2,000,000.

The discussion was prolonged, and the permanent art palace project hung fire until at last the directors decided to confine the entire Fair to Jackson Park, and this determination, of course, at once put an end to the proposal for the lake-front site. The permanent art palace will be built, but it will in no way relate to the Exposition. The plans for the World's Fair art building were drawn independently, and it will be erected with the other Exposition structures at Jackson Park. The style of the building, as it would appear from the plans and the perspective sketches now in the hands of the department of construction, is of the Ionic of the most refined and classic detail. It is richly ornamented by statuary and sculptured friezes. The dimensions of the main building itself are 320 feet by 500 feet, and in this measurement are not accounted the annexes that have been proposed. These annexes are each to measure 120 x 200 feet in area, and are designed with a view to capability of extension in case there is a demand for an increase in spaces.

The building is bisected north and south and east and west by four great halls 100 feet wide, 75 feet high, and extending to the full width of the structure in each direction. At the intersection of these halls there is a dome that is 75 feet in diameter and 135 feet high, opening into the halls by great arched openings, which are designed to be 40 feet wide and 60 feet high. On each side are galleries 18 feet wide, and 24 feet high from the main floor.

The space on the ground-floor designed for the display of sculpture and the gallery will contain the collections of engravings, etchings, architectural drawings, and such other features as will be brought to the Fair. Some care has been taken in the designing of the interior of the galleries with a view to the conservation and distribution of the light—the chiefest consideration in the making of the plans. At regular intervals along the galleries will be placed screens, on which the pictures are hung, thereby increasing greatly the hanging-space of the walls. The illumination, naturally, will come from the top through a continuous skylight that will be 60 feet wide.

Around the entire building is a continuous series of galleries 36 feet wide, and of lengths varying from 36 to 120 feet. Between these and the central halls in each quarter of the plan are 16 picture-galleries 30 feet by 60 feet, and 27 feet high. These galleries are all interconnecting, and are lighted by skylights, with a large coved cornice above the hanging-line, so that no shadows will fall upon the pictures. The four grand entrances are placed at the east of the central halls, and project from the four facades. Each portal is protected by a loggia 60 feet wide, 40 feet high, and 16 feet deep. This is set off with a richly coppered ceiling. The interior walls of the loggia are treated

in polychromatic decorations, and around the upper part runs a frieze eight feet high that is elaborately sculptured in reliefs illustrating the history and the progress of the arts.

It was natural that the inspiration should have been drawn from classic Greece, and the order was taken from the Erechtheion on the Acropolis. Above the columns of the great portals is an attic story, against the pilasters of which are placed large figures in full relief, after the manner of the Incantata of Salonic. The panels betwixt these figures are ornamented with portrait busts in relief of the ancient masters of art. Between the pavilions of the facade there are open colonnades, and forming, with the north front, three sides of the court or great angle. The central drive through the upper portion of the park forms the fourth side. This court will be laid out with rectangular walks lined with orange-trees and plants, and decorated with statues, fountains, and architectural monuments, such as the "Monument of Lysistrates" and the "Temple of the Winds" at Athens. There will be here, too, such reproductions of the historic fragments as can be secured from the museums abroad.

The construction of this art palace will, of a necessity, be of a temporary nature. At the same time it must be proof against fire, and this necessity has not been forgotten. The main walls will be of solid brick construction, covered with staff, delicately colored and enriched with architectural ornamentation. The roof, floor, galleries, and other interior portions will be made of iron. All the light will be had through glass skylights in frames of iron or light steel. The cost of the entire structure will be \$600,000. The site of the building will be at the south side of the improved portion of Jackson Park, and the south front will face directly on the north lagoon. It will be separated from the lagoon by beautiful terraces ornamented with balustrades, and an immense flight of steps will lead down from the main portal to the water's edge. Here will be provided a landing for pleasure-boats. The north front will face the wide lawn and the group of buildings devoted to the departments of the States.

It will be conceded that the real value of the art exhibition will depend very largely on the interest that is taken in the affair by the governments of Europe. Chief of the department, Mr. Halsey C. Ives, is now abroad for the purpose of enlisting the co-operation of the English and continental governments, and he hopes to be able to obtain from them not only a display of modern work and such pictures or sculptures as may be entered by living artists for competition, but even to secure some of the old masters and other treasures that have hitherto been on exhibition only in the country that collected them. Mr. Ives is at present in London. His dealings there are directly with the council of the Society of Arts, of which his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales is president, Sir Henry Wood secretary, and Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen a member. It is not impossible that the present friendliness existing between this country and England may result in the loan of some very rare works. There are some special pieces in the Kensington Museum that could be brought over quite easily. As to the works in the National Gallery, there is not so much promise; no object has ever left it for any purpose. However, if the council (which has been appointed the National Commission of England to the World's Fair) desires to recommend an exception in favor of the American Exposition, there is no warrant for believing that the exception will not be allowed.

From London Mr. Ives will visit Paris, where he will meet M. Proust, who represents the National Art Commission of France. Thence he will go to the Hague, and after that he will visit, in succession, Belgium, Norway and Sweden, Russia, Germany, Italy, Spain, and Switzerland. He will then return to Paris, and from Paris he will come back to the United States.

The department of art is booked as Department K, and the department has been divided into groups of sculpture, paintings in oil, paintings in water-color, paintings on ivory, enamel, metal, porcelain, and frescoing in walls; engravings and etching; chalk, charcoal, and pastel drawings; antique and modern carvings, and exhibits of private

collections. The department will not deal with individual artists, or, indeed, with art societies especially. Foreign artists who desire to put their works on exhibit must communicate with the members of the national commission that has been appointed by the country in which they live, and the commissioners will be the judges of their works. Yet the department has already sent thousands of letters and circulars to artists throughout Europe, apprising them of the general art plans of the Fair, and asking them to do something toward making the exhibit a success. In like manner have foreign architects been communicated with. The repeated ill feeling of the great Parisian artists against the Fair has not made itself manifest of late, and may, indeed, have had no existence in fact. At least there has been recently no evidence that it was growing.

Mr. Ives's department has written to every American artist of prominence asking him to furnish the department with the name and the present owner of his chief works, in order that the loan exhibition may be enriched with such pictures or sculptures as the owner may be willing to lend. From the group of architecture will be excluded all material

that has a more direct bearing on the constructional rather than the artistic phase of architecture. Under the former head will come such features as plans of buildings for specific purposes; drawings for foundations, walls, floors, roofs, and stairways; designs or models of contrivances, methods of combination, etc. These come under the group of civil engineering in the department of liberal arts. The group of architecture as a fine art will consist of artistic designs in style, models of invented styles, or additions to or modifications of established styles—in a word, any feature of architecture that leans toward beauty more than use.

The interior of the art building will be divided into spaces, large or small, according to the demand made and the amount to bestow. One of these divisions will be given to each nation, and every national display will be in one collection. That is to say, the painting, sculpture, and architecture of England will be in one division, those of France in another, and so on through the galleries. Of course it is expected that the space allotted to America will be the largest, but the plans of the building promise ample room for a thorough exhibition.



THE FIRST DAY of the final week in the National tennis tournament at Newport brought forth surprise number three in the contest for the All Comers' Cup. While we were on the press Monday, August 24th, Clarence Hobart was winning three straight sets in the fifth round with ridiculous ease from V. G. Hall. It had been expected, of course, that Hobart would win, but that he should do so to the tune of 6-2, 6-4, 6-2, was not only unexpected, but robbed the match of all interest. Hall had shown such very good form throughout the tournament that a great many believed he would make a five-set match, but he really was never very formidable, despite the fact of his putting up a fair game. Hobart's play was the best seen on the court this season; he was very steady, his service was hard, and his placed balls simply wonderful. He played with supreme confidence and great judgment. In the same round Hovey, two days earlier, had not so easy a time disposing of his opponent, Smith, who is from Philadelphia, a new man comparatively, and a coming one. He reached the fifth round with the enviable record of not having lost a set, one of his victims being veteran J. S. Clark, whom he defeated 6-1, 6-0, 6-4, and he compelled Hovey to play five sets and hard tennis before he finally succumbed to the score 6-4, 6-2, 3-6, 1-6, 6-4.

HOBART AND HOVEY met on Tuesday, August 25th, to decide the winner of the All Comers, and the former fulfilled the prediction of this column by making the score in his favor 6-4, 3-6, 4-6, 8-6, 6-0. It was a grand contest up to the final set, which proved practically a gift to the New York man. When the game began Hobart showed confidence, which means steadiness, while Hovey was evidently nervous—a fact thoroughly demonstrated before the match had progressed far. Hovey's match with Hobart went a long way to substantiate what I wrote last week of his play, i.e., while he has "sand" in abundance, he is apt to lose his nerve at critical moments, and thus become the most uncertain of uncertain performers.

For example, in his match with Sears he exhibited "sandy" up-bill play by pulling out victorious when his opponent had the score two sets all, and it was necessary for him to win three straight sets. He didn't lose his nerve because he really believed he could defeat Sears, and he was in to do so. On the contrary, he was afraid of Hobart; the New Yorker had gone through him at Nahant, and down deep in his heart Hovey hung out a white flag. So long as he held Hobart he was safe, but when the favor turned against him, the settled conviction that he could not win took possession of him; he hoisted his flag, made three double faults, and Hobart won the fifth and deciding set—6-0.

HOVEY'S GAME THROUGHOUT the match was excellent, his returns were very good and frequently brilliant, and his cross court play at times wonderful. Hovey developed something of a tendency to run to the net, and Hobart passed him time and again beautifully. Again, he would throw out a bait for Hovey's smashing by lobbing, and when it came, almost invariably placed down the line out of the Harvard man's reach. On the other hand, Hovey's game was a peculiar one, a trifle more erratic than usual, which is saying a great deal. No one has ever witnessed more brilliant tennis than the game he put up in the third set, when the score stood one set all. With the game 4-1 against him, he began a series of play that carried everything before it, capturing five straight games and the set—6-4. With the score 2 sets to 1 in his favor, and but one more to go to win the match, Hovey started in on the fourth to earn the right to challenge Campbell; but though he did some good serving and excellent placing, and had the score five games to four, with 30-15 in his favor on the sixth game, he was unable to hold Hobart, who now came with a rush. Hovey only needed two points at this critical point to secure the match, but he could not rise to the occasion, and Hobart finally, after a hard tussle, won the fourth set, and made the score 2 all.



THE PRIZES OF THE NATIONAL LAWN-TENNIS TOURNAMENT AT NEWPORT.

THE STORY OF THE FINAL SET is soon told. It was the deciding set—a very critical point. Hobart had been pulling up hill in magnificent style, the pressure to the square inch was too great for Hovey, and—he lost his nerve, and could only score faults; apropos of which it is interesting to scan the analysis of the game here appended: Drives out of court—Hobart, 56; Hovey, 55. Drives into net—Hobart, 40; Hovey, 56. Double faults—Hobart, 5; Hovey, 13. Aces on service—Hobart, 2; Hovey, 10. Veteran scorer Joseph T. Whittlesey has given some interesting data on Hovey's game, showing that in his matches with Knapp, Parker, and Sears he placed 173 balls to his opponents' combined 137; 139 drives out of court, and 157 drives into the net, and 19 double faults against his opponents' 154, 139, and 6. If he could keep up throughout the game the pace—I do not mean in point of endurance—he shows at times, probably no player in the country could defeat him. Such is the argument I have heard put forth from some quarters. True; and if a man could keep on scoring bull's-eyes in the rifle range once he has lined centre, none could hope to compete successfully against him; and if the college crew could sustain for four miles the speed of its spurs, we should now have a crew abroad, training for the next Oxford-Cambridge event; and if Cary could run one mile at the rate of speed he covers 100 yards, he would indeed be a phenomenon; and so we might carry out the "ifs" *ad infinitum*, and to about as much purpose. All these "ifs" and "ands" go to make up a man's game; it is strong or weak in proportion to their distribution.

ANOTHER EXCELLENT OPPORTUNITY to exploit its pet theories was given the "ifs" and "ands" contingent on Wednesday, when O. S. Campbell successfully sustained his title of champion by defeating Hobart. Those who have followed this column during the season, however, were prepared for such a result, it having been herein asserted a number of times that Hobart would win the All Comers, but prove unable to wrest the championship from Campbell. Hobart had a great many admirers, who believed his game invincible, while his clean record of victories for the season persuaded others less prejudiced, including experts at the game, that he would prove to be this year's champion. A large proportion of these based their belief on the comparatively poor showing Campbell had made during the season, but they failed to consider two very important points: first, that Mr. Campbell is a young man of considerable experience on the tennis-court, and does not tell all he knows; and second, that he has more nerve than any man playing tennis to-day. In no one of the tournaments until the championship did he play his game.

A close observer would have discovered that he was strengthening his back-court play, and using these tournaments, where there was nothing especially at stake, as practice games. Probably few saw the little practice game he played with Knapp on Staten Island during the Eastern Doubles tournament, and those few must have forgotten it, for it was the most brilliant tennis played this year, and proved conclusively that Campbell's racket had not lost its cunning.

THE WISDOM OF CAMPBELL'S SCHEME was apparent in his match with Hobart, for his back-court play, in my judgment, showed great improvement over that of any previous, and he was quite as strong at the net. To the casual on-looker his net work may have appeared weaker than heretofore. Such was not the case: Campbell never played against a man whose game so ate into his as does Hobart's. He never found it so difficult to remain at the net as last Wednesday, but he staid there, when a point was to be made thereby, and he won the match. Hobart's game is unquestionably the hardest from start to finish of any man in America, and it is peculiarly hard on the style of game Campbell plays. His Lawfords hum with pace, and they are placed with unerring judgment. Hobart's game is truly a great one, and he plays with his head every time. On Wednesday his side-line placing was tip-top, but not up to his beautiful cross court work, which is his strong point. He passed Campbell about half a dozen times at the net, which must have given him confidence, and once or twice he did some clever work at the net himself.

CAMPBELL STARTED OFF in the first set badly, being quite kept on the defensive; he braced up in the second, though he managed to make some double faults—rather a rare thing for him. The third set was a magnificent contest, both men playing at their best. Hobart was sending in terrific drives, but he staid there, when a point was to be made thereby, and he won the match. The champion had become warmed up by this time, though he badly misjudged a ball that would have gone out. He captured the first three games in this set, then Hobart took 3, Campbell, 2; Hobart, 2; and so it went on until the latter finally secured the set after a struggle as hard as ever seen on the court. This made the score 2 sets to 1 in Hobart's favor, and the greatness of Campbell's nerve became apparent. He opened the fourth set by winning four straight games, and finally won, allowing Hobart to get but two. Hobart seemed to be losing his nerve somewhat; his game was not so severe, and Campbell's persistency and endurance had evidently had its effect. The set was an easy one for Campbell after the first game, which was stubborn-

ly contested, Hobart having the vantage five times before he finally won it; but he kept up his game to the very end, running to the net and keeping there, despite the fact that Hobart was driving from one side of the court to the other constantly. Both men played great tennis. The analysis of the match is: Aces on service—Campbell, 3; Hobart, 2. Drives out of court—Campbell, 67; Hobart, 73. Into net—Campbell, 48; Hobart, 67. Double faults—Campbell, 6; Hobart, 6. Total points—Campbell, 198; Hobart, 179.

IN THE FINAL CONTEST Thursday for the United States championship in doubles, between Messrs. Hobart and Hall, winners last year, and Campbell and Huntington, challengers and Eastern champions, the latter somewhat redeemed their very weak display of last week, when Chase and Ryerson, the Western champions, came within a few points of winning the right to meet the then national champions. While neither Campbell nor Huntington had put up his best game in the first match, the former had saved the day in the eleventh hour against some really first-class play by Chase and Ryerson, who seemed to be at their best, and gave strong evidence that the West must hereafter be considered in the discussion of possible winners in the doubles as well as in the singles. The match on Thursday showed clearly the advantage of team play. Individually speaking, there is not a great deal of difference in the strength of the four; it would probably require a five-set match to decide the winner of any two of them, but only three sets, and two of these very much one-sided, were necessary to settle the question of supremacy in doubles.

IT WAS NOT A HARD driving game, and there was no particularly brilliant work. It was good tennis all around, characterized by careful play. Campbell exhibited rare judgment in his work, and his play throughout the game was very skilful. Huntington, though not so effective, was very good, and proved that when he struggles out of the *dolce far niente* state peculiar to the soul-filling days immediately preceding the launch, on the matrimonial sea, of the mysterious ship *Destiny*, he is the same Huntington of old whose expert racket and cool head have placed many a match to his credit. Hobart and Hall, though neither up to his top form, were particularly skilful in returning some of Campbell's fine placing, but did not play so much at the net as their opponents. Their game was strong, and though the tide seemed irretrievably turned against them, they managed to pull up in the last set to six games all, but here they lost the one chance in the "slough of despond," and with it the national championship—score 6-8, 6-4, 8-6.

THE RESULTS AT NEWPORT naturally excite discussion as to the comparative merits of the volleying and the back-court games. While the majority of players are not pronounced in their tendencies either way, it is still true, as it has been for the past few years, that certain prominent experts are generally recognized as the champions of one style of play or the other. Campbell and Hovey, for instance, are clearly distinguished as volleyers, as men who play at the net at every opportunity, while Hobart and P. S. Sears are well-known champions of back-court play, both, as a general rule, preferring to remain near the base-line and take their chances of passing an adversary. Among the prominent players whose tendencies in either direction are not marked, Huntington is perhaps the most notable, inasmuch as he is equally proficient in volleying and in all ground strokes, including that in which so many players fail—the lob.

DID THE PLAY AT NEWPORT demonstrate anything as to the comparative merits of the two styles of game? It appears to me that it did, and that the demonstration was somewhat against the volleyer. I am convinced of this not merely because Hobart, the greatest of the back-court men, won the All Comers' prize, and came within an ace of defeating the champion, a volleyer *par excellence*; nor because Philip Sears came so near defeating Hovey, that other great volleyer; but an additional and powerful argument is found in the fact that Campbell, who has been fixed and even obstinate in his methods, and who has hitherto been nothing but a volleyer pure and simple, saw fit to materially change his methods this year, and won the championship by cleverly combining his strong net play with some very good work at the base-line.

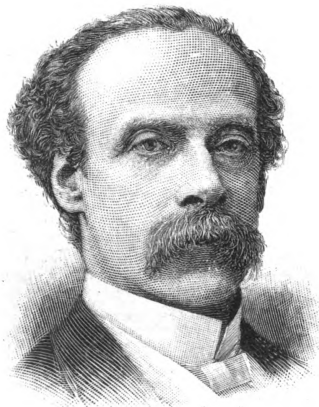
CAMPBELL WON MORE POINTS when he remained at the base-line than when he ran to the net on his service in the first three sets, but during the fourth and fifth Hobart was tired and apparently somewhat discouraged, and therefore much less able to "pass" Campbell. The result of the match did not clearly demonstrate that Campbell could have entirely relinquished his old tactics, and still have won, but it came very near it. I do not wish to be understood, however, as claiming that he could have won the match by playing a back-court game. Volleying is and always will be Campbell's chief strength, and no one would think of advising him to play at the base-line when the net could be reached with reasonable safety. But his penchant for volleying has in the past led him to assume risks which sooner or later would have proven disastrous, and the fact that he himself saw and recognized the danger was the cause of his change of policy this year.

ELEVENTH ANNUAL LAWN-TENNIS TOURNAMENT, NEWPORT, AUGUST 18-27.

Preliminary Round.	First Round.	Second Round.	Third Round.	Fourth Round.	Fifth Round.	Final.	Winner.	
	H. A. Colby. E. K. Rowland. F. J. Boutley. F. L. V. Hoppin. E. L. Hall. M. Fleming. W. W. Hoopes. S. R. McCormick. S. Woodward. W. V. Johnson. C. Hobart. T. P. Borden. J. A. Hovey. C. M. Bunting. M. L. Pratt. J. A. Ryerson. C. T. Lee. S. S. Satterlee. J. F. Tarrill. W. P. Jenks. B. J. Carroll. Everett Colby. H. F. McCormick. W. A. Larned. V. G. Hall. F. M. Pike. E. B. Lamb. Richard Stevens.	Colby, 6-1, 4-6, 6-1, 6-1. Hoppin, by default. Hall, 6-2, 6-3, 3-6, 6-4. McCormick, 6-7, 5-6, 6-1, 6-2. Johnson, 6-2, 6-3, 6-2. Hobart, 8-6, 6-3, 6-3. Bunting, 6-4, 6-8, 4-6, 7-5, 6-4. Ryerson, 6-3, 6-3, 6-3. Lee, 6-0, 6-1, 6-1. Jenks, 6-0, 6-0, 9-7. Colby, 11-9, 4-6, 6-3, 7-5. Larned, 8-6, 6-4, 8-6. V. G. Hall, 6-1, 6-1, 6-1. Stevens, 5-6, 6-3, 6-4, 6-2, 6-1.	Colby, 1-6, 11-9, 6-4, 3-6, 6-3. Hall, 6-3, 6-1, 6-4. Hobart, 6-1, 6-4, 6-3. Ryerson, 6-1, 6-2, 6-4. Lee, 6-1, 6-1, 6-2. Jenks, 6-1, 6-1, 6-1. Larned, 6-1, 6-1, 6-1. Hall, 3-6, 6-2, 6-4, 6-1.	Hall, 6-0, 6-3, 6-0, 6-4. Hobart, 6-2, 6-4, 11-9, 6-4. Hobart, by default. Hobart, 6-2, 6-4, 6-2. Lee, 6-2, 6-2, 6-4. Hall, 6-4, 6-4, 0-6, 6-0. Hall, 6-4, 2-6, 6-3, 6-3.	Hobart, 5-6, 6-4, 11-9, 6-4. Hobart, 6-2, 6-4, 6-2. Hobart, 6-4, 3-6, 4-6, 8-6, 6-0. Hovey, 6-4, 6-2, 3-6, 1-6, 6-4. Hobart, 6-4, 3-6, 4-6, 8-6, 6-0.	Campbell, Huntington, Chase, Ryerson.	Campbell, Huntington, Chase, Ryerson.	Campbell, Huntington, Chase, Ryerson.
A. L. Rives. G. P. Herrick. S. T. Chase. W. B. Lane. R. P. Huntington, Jun. W. H. Barnes. Hugh Harrison. Daniel Kimball. W. P. Knapp. F. H. Hovey. L. R. Parker. Stanley Henshaw. J. W. Nichols, Jun. E. M. Church. N. H. Emmons. H. G. Bixby.	Herrick, 6-2, 6-1, 6-0. Chase, 6-1, 6-1, 6-3. Huntington, 6-1, 7-5, 6-2. Default. Hovey, 3-6, 6-3, 6-4, 3-6, 7-5. Parker, 6-2, 6-1, 6-0. Nichols. Bixby, 6-4, 6-0, 2-6, 6-1.	Chase, 6-2, 6-2, 6-1. Huntington, by default. Hovey, 6-1, 6-3, 6-1. Bixby, 6-4, 6-4, 6-1.	Hovey, 6-3, 6-4, 2-6, 6-4. Hovey, 5-7, 3-6, 6-2, 13-11, 6-2. Hovey, 4-6, 6-4, 6-2, 3-6, 6-0. Post, 0-6, 6-2, 6-3, 6-1. Post, 6-3, 6-3, 4-6, 6-4. Fearing, 6-0, 6-1, 6-1. Smith, 7-5, 6-2, 6-1. Brown, 6-1, 6-0, 8-6. O'Connor, 6-0, 7-5, 8-6. O'Connor, 6-3, 6-2, 6-1. Ocanayan, 6-2, 4-6, 6-4, 6-3. Horton, 6-2, 6-3, 6-2. Clark, 6-0, 6-1, 6-3. Hunt, 6-3, 6-4, 6-1. Default.	Hovey, 6-2, 6-2, 6-4. Hall, 6-4, 6-4, 0-6, 6-0. Hall, 6-4, 2-6, 6-3, 6-3. Hovey, 6-4, 6-2, 3-6, 1-6, 6-4. Hobart, 6-4, 3-6, 4-6, 8-6, 6-0. Hobart, 6-4, 3-6, 4-6				

Championship Round. O. S. Campbell, present champion, vs. Clarence Hobart, winner All Comers. } Campbell, 2-6, 7-5, 7-9, 6-2, 6-2.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.



EX-PRESIDENT BALMACEDA.

THE VICTORY OF THE CONGRESSIONALISTS.

In the last issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY it was pointed out editorially that the question for the government to decide in considering the recognition of the belligerency of the Congressional party of Chili was whether it was effectively equal to the party of Balmaceda. And, it was added, the facts, so far as known, justify that view. But the government at Washington did not think so, and still refused to recognize the agents of the Congressionalists. And then the Congressionalists won the battle of Valparaiso, overthrew Balmaceda, and re-established constitutional supremacy. This must be somewhat disturbing to the gentlemen at Washington who have steadily done all they could to snub the Congressional party, by capturing the *Tutu*, refusing an audience to any of their representatives, and listening instead to the voice of Minister Patrick Egan.

Minister Patrick Egan declared to Admiral McCann that Balmaceda could not be defeated. This statement at once destroyed his usefulness as a minister. If he had been neutral in his feelings, he might have instructed the government at Washington better, and the government would not have missed the chance it had of helping the side that was to eventually win. That is what

regiments deserted to the army of the Congressionalists, and fired upon their former companions. Over five thousand men were killed and wounded.

As soon as the result of the battle was known in the city, President-elect Vicuña went aboard the German flag-ship in the harbor and asked for protection, which was given him. Immediately after this the blue-jackets of the American, English, German, and French ships of war were sent into the city to protect the foreign residents from any outbreak or outrage. But of this there seems to have been little danger, as the citizens received the victorious army with enthusiasm and ap-

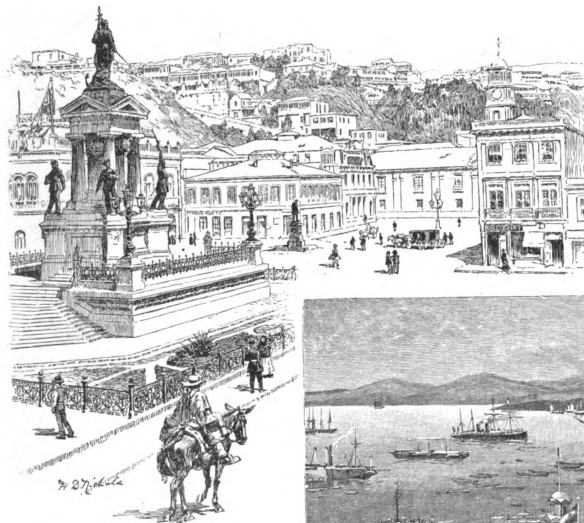


GENERAL CANTO, WHO WON THE BATTLE OF VALPARAISO.



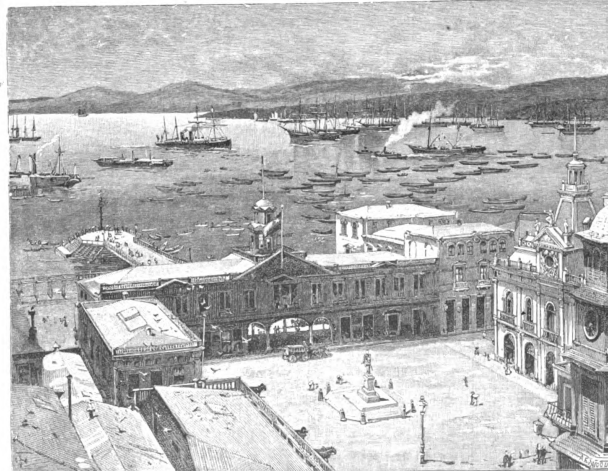
ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE AND CATHEDRAL, SANTIAGO.

parent satisfaction. Shortly after the entrance of the army, Captain Alberto Fuentes, who was lately promoted for his naval victory while in command of the torpedo-boat *Almirante Lynch* surrendered to General Canto to after a sharp engagement, lasting fifteen minutes. This virtually completed the overthrow of Balmaceda, and established the legitimate government in its place. On the day following General Baquedano formally surrendered the capital, Santiago, and the triumph of the Congressionalists was complete. Balmaceda escaped, but his house was destroyed by the mob. This ends a seven months' war, in which the representatives elected by the people fought against the party of the man who wished to make himself Dictator. Tradition, history, and precedent should have led this country to sympathize or even assist the representatives of the



THE ARTURO PRAT MONUMENT, VALPARAISO.

ministers are for. If the government had taken the advice of HARPER'S WEEKLY and not of Minister Patrick Egan, its future intercourse with the sister republic would be of a more profitable nature. The battle that changed the entire outlook in Chili and put the Congressionalists destroyed was fought just outside the city of Valparaiso, and lasted for five hours, both the generals of Balmaceda's army, most of his staff, and a majority of the line officers being killed. That many of the soldiers of Balmaceda had no heart in their work was shown by the fact that whole



VALPARAISO HARBOR.

people and of constitutional liberty. This the government has failed to do. And now, since the party she overlooked is victorious, American interests in Chili may suffer, and if they do, the government will know why.

DON'T BE BULLDOZED

By a rebellious liver. Though it may refuse to be brought into subjection by ordinary cathartics and cholagogues, though it may continue to destroy your peace with its manifold "pleasant symptoms," be assured that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will effectually discipline it, promptly rectify its irregularities. Malaria, constipation, dyspepsia, rheumatism, and kidney complaints are also remedied by the Bitters.—[Adc.]

THE PULLMAN PALACE CAR COMPANY'S LATEST PRODUCTION.

CONSIDERABLE interest has been manifested by the travelling public in the latest production from the Pullman Palace Car Company's works at Chicago for the Pennsylvania Railroad. These new palace parlor cars form the equipment of the New York and Washington and Congressional Limited Express vestibule trains, forming the link which connects in a few hours the nation's metropolis with the seat of government. The exterior appearance, aside from the drawing-room angled bay-windows, is identical with the regulation Pullman in color and design. The upholstery of the comfortable, revolving easy-chairs and sofas, affording seating accommodations for thirty-four persons in each car, is of a white, imported mohair cloth, worked with figured silk embossing. The flooring is covered with a rich, heavy Turkish carpeting. A perfect effect is produced in the hand-carved engravings in the drawing-rooms into the main car body, as it arches to a centre in a miniature dome, where scroll-work, leaded glass, brass designs, and heavy plate mirrors lend an exceptionally rich finish. At the windows hang a dual set of curtains, one a light or neutralizing shade the light and shade the eyes, and back a heavy set of some rich brown stuff, embroidered and tasselled. The ceilings are hand-decorated, not elaborate nor overworked, but very artistic. The receptacle racks as well as the chandelier lamps are made of oxidized silver.

The drawing-rooms are perhaps the latest innovation in car construction; one is closed to the top of the ceiling, above the average standing height, with heavy plate glass, bevelled and panelled, while the other is open, and its occupants screened from the passengers in the body of the car by rich sliding curtains suspended on brass rods, running possibly two feet higher than the frame wood-work, and supported at the carved corners by thin newel posts of curiously twisted brass.

These compartments, accommodating six each, have a direct connection by door with the lavatory and toilet rooms, two spacious apartments well ventilated and lighted. The lavatory basin is made of heavy nickel, and every appointment in the way of necessary toilet articles is in its respective rack of twisted brass.

The entire arrangement suggests more a salon of Louis XIV.'s time than a regular passenger express train of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

These cars, added to the deservedly popular dining-car service of the Washington Limited and Congressional Limited Express trains, render these trains absolutely peerless for day use.—[Adc.]

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1891.

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"ON SPED THE LIGHT CHESTNUT, WITH THE LITTLE OFFICER BENDING ALMOST TO THE SADDLE-BOW."—DRAWN BY HOWARD PYLE.

SEE STORY "THE TWO CORNETS OF MONMOUTH," PAGE 689.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

The current number of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, published on Sept. 8th, is a peculiarly attractive one. It opens with "An Off-Shore Cruise in a Pilot-Boat," by KIRK MUNROE. The article is descriptive of the little-known life of a New York Pilot, and is illustrated by J. O. DAVIDSON. Mr. TUDOR JENKS contributes a unique sketch entitled "Bob's Moral Sea-Serpent," and a leading athlete in one of our great athletic associations tells for the benefit of puny little boys, such as he once was, "How I Became a Gymnast." These articles form but a portion of the many attractions included between the covers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for this week.

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POLITICAL PROSPECTS IN NEW YORK.

THE election in New York this autumn is very likely to present an alternative which will be regarded differently by those who have the same general object in view. We have already suggested it in some comments on the possible nomination of Mr. ANDREW D. WHITE by the Republicans. The Democrats are not likely to nominate a candidate more satisfactory in himself or better qualified for the office of Governor. The probability, indeed, is that their candidate will be much less fitted for the office than Mr. WHITE, should he be selected by his party, and certainly not superior in personal character and ability. In the event of such an alternative, what would be the natural course of a voter who has at heart honest and intelligent government, the promotion of certain familiar reforms in the State, and the general elevation of administration, and who does not intend to support either candidate merely because he is designated by this or that boss, or nominated by one or the other party? This is the question of a large body of voters in New York. If any one of them is of opinion, as some of them are, that the Republican party is so corrupt and so pledged to policies that are necessarily corrupting, that its overthrow everywhere is the first public necessity, he is beyond the discussion, for he would support any Democratic against any Republican candidate, and merely awaits the nomination.

But how should the voter whom we have described proceed in the proposed alternative? It is alleged that Mr. WHITE would be nominated merely to be "slaughtered." But what has that to do with the question? Would he be worthy of the support of honest men if he were not doomed to defeat by his party bosses; and if so, why should their purpose—which shows that they know he would be beyond their control—affect the action of honest citizens? If knaves nominate an honest and fit candidate "to sell him out," may not honest men elect him and outwit the knaves? Why should the State of New York lose the services of a good Governor because he was nominated by those who do not want such a Governor and intend to defeat him if they can? It is said that his nomination would not represent the spirit or purpose of his party, and that nothing would be gained by his election. But if his party legislative purpose be hostile to the public welfare, nothing would tend to frustrate it more than an Executive whom that purpose would not control. If Mr. WHITE represents the general purpose and spirit in State affairs of the friends of good government, it is certainly a clear gain to have him in the Executive office, even if there should be a different purpose and spirit in the Legislature, and such a result is worth trying for.

If it should appear that the nomination of a proper candidate by the bosses, whatever their intention might be, results in his election, the proof which it would afford of the healthy condition of the public mind would be of the highest service to good politics. Should he be a candidate, the motives of those who nominate him need disturb no one. Assuming that he is not their lackey, but his own master when he is once nominated, and the alternative is a candidate whose election promises Executive as well as Legislative obstruction to beneficent measures in the

State, the voter to whom we alluded will not long hesitate. To say that the issue will be the national question of revision of the tariff, and to insist that it is useless to try to change it, is to beg the question, unless the critic desires that to be the issue. The issue will not be the tariff if intelligent and independent voters choose, for instance, that it shall be State reform. The Republican party led by Mr. PLATT is certainly not a reform party. But with equal certainty the Democratic party led by Governor HILL is not. A Governor, however, who is identified with reform, who is not the creature of a boss, and in whose party is the stronger sentiment of reform, would at least obstruct reaction and the purposes of bosses. Refusal to support an excellent candidate on the ground that he does not represent his party is merely to say that the party ought to be opposed whoever may be its candidate. That is to say, the other party ought to be supported in any event. As we have said, if the voter has reached that conclusion, argument with him is at an end.

MONUMENTS IN PUBLIC PLACES.

Garden and Forest is discussing a subject which is of great interest and importance, namely, monuments in public places. The disposition in this generous country to erect memorials of many kinds, and especially statues, is so decided that it is very desirable to have definite principles to regulate our action. Three questions, our sylvan and floral contemporary thinks, should be asked: Is the person or event to be commemorated worthy of the lasting honor? Will the monument, as a work of art, satisfy the eye of art and mould a correct public taste? Will it be so placed as to appear to the best advantage and enhance the attractiveness of the spot in which it stands? These are essential questions, and they should all be answered affirmatively in the case of every such work. Our contemporary is of opinion that no monument yet erected in this country is for the commemoration of a person or event which would have a bad public influence, and it says justly that such have been seldom proposed. That of TWEED was the most flagrant of the infrequent instances, but that was very flagrant, and the names of the subscribers to that monument still show what is possible.

But *Garden and Forest* holds that even if the person whom a statue commemorates is not of a fame or public character large enough strictly to justify its erection, yet if he be a blameless and worthy man, and the art be excellent, it will be a desirable possession and a refining influence for the community. It is, however, a misfortune when public works corrupt public taste, or convey a false, grotesque, or inadequate impression of the person commemorated. One of WENDELL PHILLIPS's most amusingly caustic criticisms was a newspaper comment on the statues of public men in Boston. As *Garden and Forest* truly says, bad monuments injure those who look at them and those whom they commemorate, and it thinks that there are many such in our cities.

"Who, for example," it says, "can be won to admiration of the poet by the contorted, ridiculous figure which at the entrance of the Mall in the Central Park bears the name of BURNS? Or who can gain a fresh sense of the services that SEWARD rendered to the republic by contemplating his statue on Madison Square? FARRAGUT is really commemorated, really honored, by the figure which stands not far away from this SEWARD. Each time we pass it we think with gratitude and admiration of him, while we receive a never-failing impression of pleasure from the sight of the work of art as such. Nor need it be thought that the humblest among the populace are blind and deaf to the difference between the aspect and message of such works as these two. Hundreds of persons of all classes daily stop to study the FARRAGUT statue; while, if one watches at the other end of the park, he will find that scarcely a glance is ever directed to the SEWARD. No one points out the DONOE monument on Sixth Avenue to the passing stranger, and probably few people know even that there is a bust of WASHINGTON IRVING in Bryant Park, though if these were really fine works they would be recognized, like the FARRAGUT, as among the things every visitor to New York should see. St. GAUDENS's statue of LINCOLN not only adorns the city of Chicago, and daily teaches its people what sculptors' work should be, but it helps to interpret our greatest man to the rising generation. But what lessons are inculcated by the statue of LINCOLN in Union Square? And who will ever care to inform himself about BOLIVAR after seeing his equestrian figure in the Central Park?"

But how shall the merits of a memorial as a work of art be decided? This is not easy to say. In the Central Park no such memorial can be placed without the approval of three gentlemen, who *ex officio* should be proper judges. They are naturally lenient, but they did refuse permission last spring for the erection in the Park of a work already completed, and their decision was unquestionably wise. It is not a pleasant duty to refuse to gratify the wish of generous and admiring friends merely because the expression of their respect is inadequate. But unless the influence of fine works of art in public places is to be lost, and worse than lost, we must guard against grotesque, unmeaning, and ridiculous works which degrade the public taste and satirize the community. The cities that have most abounded in public works of the highest art are cities in which there has been the most excellent and educated taste. Athens and

Florence may well be our models, and statues and other commemorative works of art should be entrusted solely to the execution of masters to be selected by those who are known to be qualified for selecting.

MR. SHERMAN IN OHIO.

MR. SHERMAN has skillfully assailed the fatally weak point of the Democratic position in Ohio. It was impossible that shrewd politicians should not at once take advantage of the enormous blunder of the Democrats in proposing to vitiate the currency and disturb radically all business relations. When the Senate had passed a free silver coinage bill, and the new House was known to have a free coinage majority, and when ex-Speaker CARLISLE was of opinion that the President, as a candidate for renomination, would hesitate to veto the free coinage bill which the ex-Speaker believed his party in the House would pass, the adoption of the scheme as the party policy by the Democrats of Ohio at once threatened the country with financial disaster. For what does free coinage of silver mean? It means that the government authorizes the holder of silver to settle his debts by paying eighty cents on the dollar. It drives gold into hiding, stops its coinage, and changes the standard.

This is a question which, under the circumstances, supersedes that of the tariff. Practically the tariff is a question of the rate of customs taxation, and the situation is such that immediate change need not be apprehended. But the silver question is more imminent. The whole business interest of the country is extremely sensitive to the threat of so radical a change as that from the gold to the silver standard. The Ohio Democratic adoption of the threat as its policy was not made easier to the public mind by the frank confession of one of the prominent Democratic candidates for the Speakership, Mr. MILLS, that he was a free silver man, but hoped the measure would not now be pushed; nor by the declaration of Mr. CARLISLE that a free silver bill would be passed; nor by the fact that the weight of the free silver vote in the last Congress was Democratic. All this tends to identify the Democratic party with the free coinage policy, which justly alarms sound public opinion; and "the game" of the Republican leaders was at once evident. It was to "rub it in," to warn the country against the impending danger, with which the Democrats had identified themselves in many quarters, and which was the inevitable result of a sentiment very widely diffused in that party.

Mr. MCKINLEY played skillfully upon this apprehension in his opening speech in the Ohio campaign, and he was followed very powerfully and impressively by Mr. SHERMAN. Both of them, indeed, are open to attack. Mr. MCKINLEY's speech last winter at Toledo did unquestionably strongly stimulate the silver craze, and sought to injure Mr. CLEVELAND for his conservative views upon the subject as "discrediting silver," and making money scarce among the people. Mr. MCKINLEY's tone is now changed, but necessarily his views upon the subject seem to be subordinated to his sense of party advantage. Mr. SHERMAN also, by his strong approval of the coinage law of last winter, seems really to favor a scheme which is actually, although much more gradually, leading to the same result as free coinage. He does not think so, of course, and he is a master whose view is of the greatest weight. But however this may be, however Republican leaders may coquet with the silver feeling, however Western Republican Senators may lead the free coinage raid in Congress, and a certain Republican sentiment be counted for it in the country, it is undoubtedly true that the strength of sound sentiment upon the subject is in the Republican and not in the Democratic party, so that the forcible appeal of Senator SHERMAN is safely made. No Democrat of equal standing in his party with Mr. SHERMAN except Mr. CLEVELAND has taken such decided ground, and the fact that Mr. CLEVELAND would not have been welcomed by his party had he gone to Ohio to say what he wrote shows the real relation of the parties to the question. The silver situation of the parties shows, also, that neither party represents agreement in view upon fundamental public questions.

THE CHILIAN REVOLUTION.

THE statement of the situation in Chili made in the WEEKLY three or four weeks ago by Mr. RICARDO L. TRUMBULL was evidently accurate, and in speaking of it we said: "The question for our government to decide in considering the recognition of belligerency is whether the Congressional party is effectively equal to that of BALMADEA. It is undeniable that the facts, so far known, seem to justify that view." Events have hastened to demonstrate this equality. On the morning of the 28th of August, in a battle near Valparaiso, the Congressional troops were completely victorious, and while the engagement was in progress the city of Valparaiso was quietly surrendered to the Congressional party by the municipal authorities, who were strongly urged to the step by influential citizens who were in sympathy with the

Congressional leaders. The city was placed in the hands of the admirals of the American, English, German, and French fleets to preserve order. This was the first official news from Chili which our government had received for some time, and it was of decisive importance. Valparaiso is the chief port of Chili. Santiago, the capital, is about thirty miles distant, and was surrendered without a battle. The revolution was completely triumphant, and BALMACEDA disappeared.

It is significant that the surrender of Valparaiso was said to have been urged by the most influential citizens. It shows that undoubtedly the expression of opinion has been suppressed, and that BALMACEDA was terrorizing the country to prevent the appearance of sympathy with the revolution, hoping so to delay recognition by foreign governments.

The movement upon Valparaiso showed great military ability, and Villa del Mar may prove to be a battle as decisive as Sedan. The triumph, also, will be apparently one upon which lovers of constitutional liberty may congratulate themselves. BALMACEDA had violated the wise spirit of the Constitution of the country, and having deliberately set aside the latter at the beginning of the year, it is probable that had he been able to overcome the revolution, he would have seized for himself the Executive power. It is unfortunate that the old South American precedent of summary executions has been observed even by the Chilians, for they give the Congressional movement the character of the ordinary revolution in Southern countries. Sixty years of constitutional government might have had a better result.

There will be probably little delay in the recognition by our government of the actual government in Chili. But one thing requires explanation—the apparent disposition of the authorities at Washington to favor BALMACEDA. Undoubtedly it was his representative who was acknowledged and received, and the belligerent rights of the Congressionalists had not been recognized. But how was it that a government to which so powerful a resistance was offered, and which was really so unsupported by the country that it disappeared before one resolute and vigorous attack, was represented by our Minister as likely to prevail? There seems to be little doubt that he was the open partisan of the dictator BALMACEDA. There are stories told of him that require explanation, and in any case he cannot be *persona grata* to the new government.

THE INCIDENT IN SAN SALVADOR.

THE Pacific mail-steamer *City of Panama* arrived on the 8th of August in the port of La Libertad, in the republic of San Salvador, and among her passengers were PATRICK BRENNAN, an American citizen residing in San Salvador, and four native Salvadorians—all former officers of that government. Upon entering the port, Salvadorian officers, under the direction of President EZETA, of San Salvador, demanded of Captain WHITE, of the *City of Panama*, the surrender of BRENNAN and his four companions. Captain WHITE refused to surrender them, and the officers retired and reported to the commandant of the port.

The commandant came out to the steamer with a boat full of armed men, and told Captain WHITE that he proposed to take possession of the steamer and arrest the men. Captain WHITE replied that if the commandant of the port did not leave the steamer at once, he would throw him overboard. The commandant left. President EZETA, hearing of the incident, is reported to have decided to take off the refugees at all hazards at the next port in San Salvador where the steamer stopped; but Captain WHITE, learning of this purpose, did not stop, but pushed on to San José de Guatemala, and at once apprised the United States Minister in Guatemala of the circumstances, while President EZETA requested the authorities of Guatemala to surrender the five men.

This is the story as reported from Guatemala. Assuming that it is correct, and that the forms of local law had been satisfied, the question seems to be whether the captain of a San Salvadorian vessel in the harbor of New York may properly reply to the lawful summons of a proper officer of the port that he will be thrown overboard immediately if he does not leave the vessel. This would seem to make the captain of a vessel as absolute a master of her within as without the jurisdiction of the local government. It would also authorize him to declare who is and who is not a political refugee, and to refuse entrance to the local officers; and if he have that authority, he may at his pleasure or for his purposes call a thief or a murderer a political refugee. It is at least doubtful whether Americans would willingly permit the captains of foreign vessels to treat the port of New York as a part of the high seas, and we shall await with great interest fuller information of this occurrence.

THE TIRED PRESIDENT.

THE President is said to have returned to Cape May exhausted by his Vermont trip. This is not surprising, for the journey was necessarily very exciting, and he made thirty-seven speeches. As they were not merely formal expressions of thanks, but proper speeches, varied and pleasant, and singularly free from repetition, they were necessarily something of a tax upon his powers, and in the fatigue the President again paid one of the penalties of public life.

There is always some disposition to cavil at Presidential tours. When General GRANT made one it was described by the opposition papers as a junketing tour, and the tourist is

always suspected of travelling for his own political advantage. It is, of course, difficult for a President who is willing to be renominated to forget that willingness when he is on his travels and addressing his fellow-citizens. But it is not difficult for an intelligent President to remember that he is the chief officer of the people, not of a party, and that all the people are interested to see and honor the Chief Magistrate.

Those who say that it is not the President's business to travel about the country are mistaken, because they mean that there is some kind of impropriety in the journey. In one sense it is nobody's business, except drummers, to go upon the road. But it is certainly a business of the President to promote public good feeling, and as the chief representative of the government, to appear on public occasions of patriotic interest. Whatever he can do personally to cultivate friendly relations between all parts of the country, and, under the circumstances, especially in the Southern States, is well done. President HARRISON's tour last spring was an excellent public service. The tact of his speeches was remarkable, and undoubtedly promoted kindly feeling. He would be a fortunate man if no other objection could be made to his administration than that he makes little tours and good speeches.

SENTIMENTALIZING CRIME.

THE Springfield *Republican* justly and sharply condemns the sentimental tone in which the murderer ALMY in New Hampshire has been treated by some newspapers and persons. A more wanton and revolting murder could not be committed, and the murderer seems to be shrewd enough to understand the kind of feeling upon which he can play, and to be trying to avail himself of the chance. The case illustrates the wisdom of the New York law, which aims at repressing the sensational treatment of capital crimes and criminals, and the consequent demoralization of the community.

It is for every reason desirable that all kinds of sentimental and spectacular temptation should be removed from crime, and that it be presented to the public mind in its bald and repulsive aspect. To make a romantic hero of a cruel murderer, publishing his talk about his devoted love of his victim, his strewing flowers upon her grave and hovering about the house in which she lived, is to excite that passion for sensational publicity which indirectly stimulates to crime. So far as practicable all this should be stopped. The publication of such drivel is no more to be defended as the right of a free press than the publication of the private conversation of a family.

The ALMY case also ought to put farmers on their guard against taking into their families men as laborers of whom they know nothing. At certain seasons when farmwork is pressing and hands are few, almost any able-bodied man may find not only employment upon the farm, but admission to the family. The consequent possibility of mischief is obvious. This is a lesson that the rural neighborhood in which ALMY's crime was committed is not likely to forget. If an attempt should be made at the next session of the New York Legislature to repeal the capital execution law, there will be an opportunity for a free and full discussion of the whole subject of sentimentalizing and sensationalizing crime.

THE SILENCE OF PARTY PLATFORMS ON REFORM.

THE *Civil Service Record* truly says that reform has taken so firm a hold of the public mind that it is no longer anxious to see it commended in party platforms. The only allusion to it in the platforms of the summer is that of the Maryland Democrats, which we have mentioned as a pleasant stroke of comedy. Their platform says that the civil service to-day, considered as a whole, is a party organization. They intend the statement to be a condemnation of the Republican party. But they do not say that it ought not to be a party organization, and everybody avows that he would make it so could he have his way.

The contest in Ohio is regarded with peculiar interest. But although Mr. McKINLEY has said truly in Congress that the reform is sustained by the best sentiment of both parties in the country, there is no expression of approval in the State platform on which he stands. This avoidance of allusion, however, does not mean lack of increasing interest and advancing opinion, of which Secretary TRACY's application of reform in the navy-yards is one of the most striking signs. It means that public opinion now holds parties to account for such declarations. It does not regard them as merely complimentary, and demands practical proofs of sincerity. The bosses do not wish to give them, and the platforms are therefore silent. The good Mr. PLATT says that he loves Mr. CLARKSON for the heads he has cut off, and he himself sorts out heads of the largest size, like Collector ERHARDT's in New York; and in Boston Postmaster HART reverts to spoils. But these performances are in full view of those who understand their meaning, and merely confirm the intelligent purpose of reform.

ENGLISH POLITICS.

MR. GLADSTONE's recent illness has withdrawn him somewhat from the public eye, and for a little time there has been less frequent mention of him in the press. There has been also a momentary lull in English politics, and we observe for the moment a change of tone in the weekly English letter of the *New York Tribune*. It is less sympathetic with the Tory government, and a late letter reports, not in a hostile spirit, the story of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's remark that should an election now occur, Mr. GLADSTONE would come in with a thumping majority.

Mr. W. H. SMITH has succumbed to the exhausting duties of leader of the House, and is in retirement at Walmer Castle. It is very doubtful if he resumes his post in the Commons, and probably he will be tumbled up stairs as a peer. His successor, it appears, is not yet selected. The choice lies between Mr. GOSCHEN and Mr. BALFOUR. But Mr. GOSCHEN, according to the *Tribune's* letter, has demon-

strated his utter incapacity for the post. He lacks tact. He has blundered, and has never really commanded the sympathy of the Conservatives. Yet Mr. BALFOUR cannot be spared from the Irish office, and has an Irish local government bill to pass, which is not agreeable to every branch of the ministerial party. To pass this bill and lead the House and govern Ireland are much for one man. But Mr. GLADSTONE did it, and what GLADSTONE has done, Mr. BALFOUR evidently thinks Mr. BALFOUR may do.

English Tory politics for the moment are a game against time. The Tory or Conservative party fears one man. With him removed, its prospects would be more promising. But at present the Liberals seem to be constantly gaining in sympathy and support. All the Irish incidents, the discredit and decline of PARNELL, the angry schism, do not seem to have weakened Mr. GLADSTONE's hold. It is, indeed, long since English politics have been more interesting.

A CORRECTION.

IN an allusion last week to the battle of Bennington it was carelessly stated that the burning of Kingston took place in August, instead of October.

PERSONAL.

LETTERS and telegraph messages of congratulation, with many gifts of flowers, were poured in upon Dr. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES on his eighty-second birthday, which he celebrated August 29th. Among the messages was this from JOHN G. WHITTIER: "Love and warm congratulations from thine old friend." The doctor spent the day at his home in Beverly Farms, Massachusetts, and received many visitors during the afternoon.

—Prince WILLIAM of Montenegro, the son of Empress MARIE LOUISE of France, is dying at Vienna. His father was Count NEUPPERG, to whom the Empress was married after NAPOLEON's death at St. Helena. Prince WILLIAM was strikingly like his mother in personal appearance. He had a passionate fondness for music, and during the violent fits of insanity that have marred his life during the past ten years nothing has soothed him so readily as the playing of the organ or piano by an accomplished musician.

—Mrs. ROBERT LOUIS STREVENS, writing to a friend in San Francisco, from Samoa, under date of July 16th, says there is "a constant tumult of threatened war and massacre of the whites" in that country. Of her husband she says: "LOUIS is ridiculously well. You should see him come galloping up from Apia, looking so well and cheery. It would do your heart good. He is busy on 'The Wrecker' and several short stories of island life—legends that are very interesting."

—Baron NATHAN DE ROTHSCHILD's summer recreation has been photography. He has been staying at a charming place near the Italian frontier, and on nearly every pleasant day he has made horseback excursions to places of interest in the vicinity, his camera always accompanying him.

—The expression, "newspaper enterprise," has been so much abused by the newspapers themselves that it needs such a real and important example of enterprise as that shown by the *New York Herald* in obtaining the first and fullest accounts of the Chilian war to show the world what the word really means. The press of the country has been prompt and generous in its recognition of the *Herald's* great "beat," which was proper. The house office of the *Herald* knew what was news, and was willing to pay for it; but it is as well to remember the young man at the other end of the cable, in a strange country, among people hostile to Americans, and speaking a strange tongue, and who collected the details of a great battle and got them within twenty-four hours to the other end of the continent. His name is WOLFF, and he is a San Francisco reporter.

—Prince BISMARCK suffers much from his old enemy neuralgia, and the writing of his memoirs does not progress swiftly. He dislikes the work, and a revival of the past seems to embitter and disturb him.

—Captain HAWLEY SMART, the English sporting novelist, is an old soldier, and fought in the Crimea.

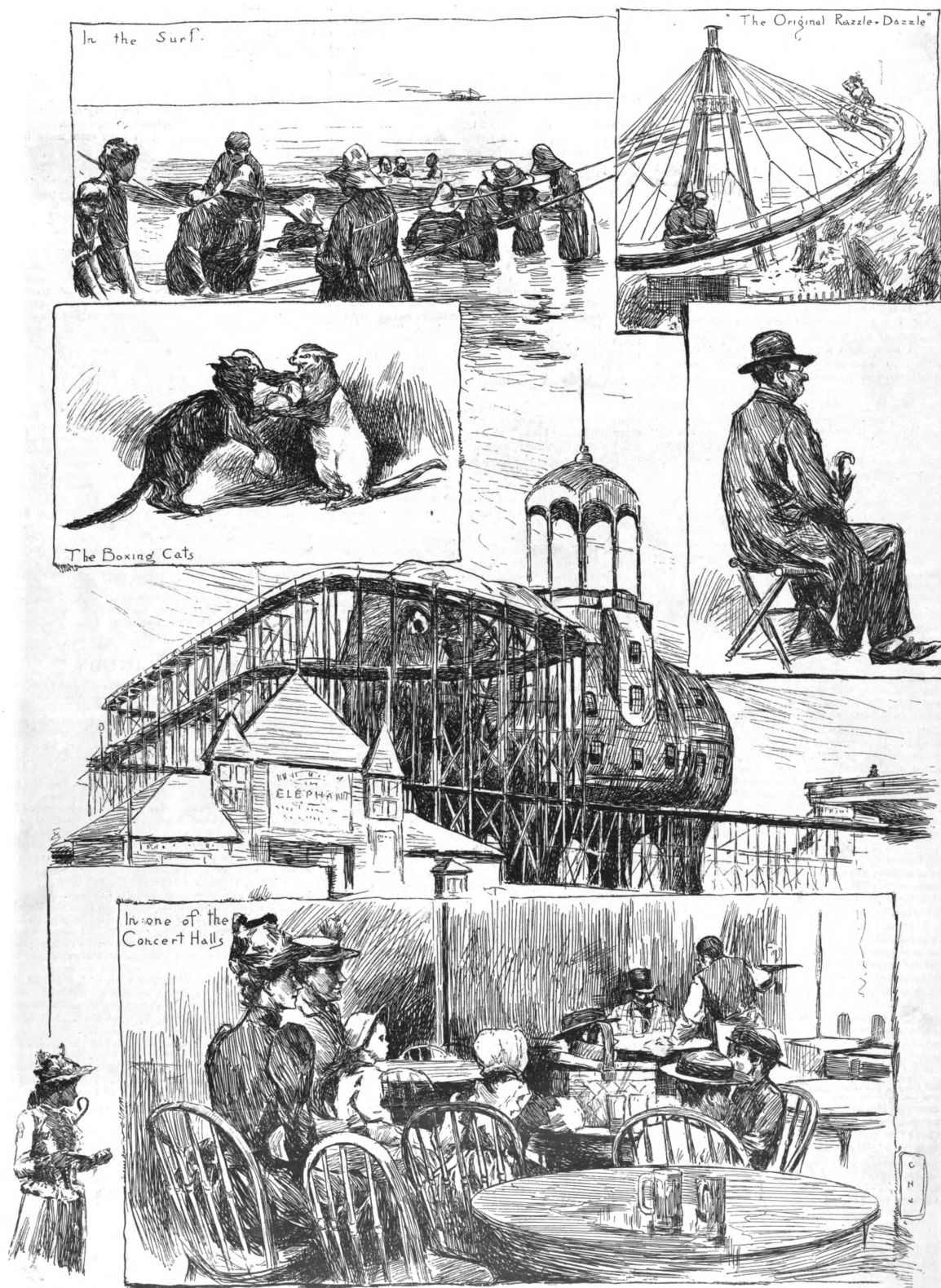
—A familiar figure has been removed from the Parisian theatres by the death of AUGUSTE VITU, the veteran journalist and critic. For many years he had witnessed and criticised for the *Figaro* every performance of importance in Paris, and to young writers he was always kind and helpful.

—FRANK STOCKTON claims to work with a deliberation which would hardly prove financially profitable to writers less known. He dictates to a stenographer, and sometimes, he says, he waits an hour for the right word. In this way he turns out about a thousand words a day.

—A black prince is numbered among the students of the Nicholas Latin School in Lewiston, Maine. He ran away from his home in southwestern Africa, and came to this country to obtain an education. Discarding his native name, LOMAYOT, he took that of LEWIS P. CLINTON, and his progress in study has been rapid. He pays his way by lecturing.

—ALFONSO XIII., the infant King of Spain, has now, at the age of five, escaped from petticoat management and been placed under the charge of a governor. The spirit of mischief seems to be as fully developed in him as if he were not a sprig of royalty, for at a recent party in the palace garden he turned the hose on a distinguished general and an ambassador, drenching both. It is also related of this young gentleman that at dinner recently his attendant said, reproachfully, "Kings do not eat with their fingers." The youthful monarch finished what he was eating with the aid of his fingers, and then replied, "This King does."

—The injury to Lieutenant PRARY, the leader of the North Greenland Expedition, was caused by a peculiar accident. The steamer *Kite* struck a large ice-floe, and as the wheel was torn out of the helmsman's hand, it flew around with a swift revolution and struck one of the lieutenant's legs, fracturing both bones. Lieutenant PRARY is not disheartened, however, and he hopes to be able by about May 1st, when daylight again glimmers in the arctic regions, to start out on snow-shoes and go farther north than any other explorer has travelled.



A VISIT TO CONEY ISLAND.—DRAWN BY CHARLES H. JOHNSON.—[SEE PAGE 694.]



The Two Cornets of Monmouth.

By A. E. Watrous.

THE line of lights that had fringed the abatis of the British redoubts far to the north of the merry-makers at Walnut Grove had died away, and only the many-hued lamps of the Meschianza cast their reflections into the pale blue sky of the May midnight, and surprised the sober waters of the placid Delaware with their glare. The roll of the fustleer and yager drums throbbing fiercely there on the north and the sound of the dropping shots of the pickets had died away, too, and given undisputed possession of the echoes of Philadelphia town to the scraping of the fiddles in the Wharton mansion gardens, where the flower of the British garrison danced away the night with the loyalist beauty of the province in honor of the departing commander, General Sir William Howe.

Captain the Right Honorable Andrew Cathcart, who, when the line of lights sprang up at the northern redoubts, had drawn away from the dancers, and listened intently to the throbbing of the drums and the dropping of the shots, gave a little sigh of relief as the lights and the sounds died, and then his forehead was wrinkled with a frown. He stamped his spurred heel on the walk of the box-hedged alley where he stood, and looked down contemptuously at the spangled tunic of red and white silk which he had donned for the day instead of the scarlet coat of the Seventeenth Light Dragoons, and ejaculated: "What d—d nonsense! Knights of the Burning Mountain! Gad, we are indeed Knights of the Burning Rome, with our Nero fiddling—" He started, for a light step on the gravel caught the quick ear of the man who, despite the fact that he had come to the revolting colonies a lord's son and a dandy captain of a crack cavalry regiment, turned out as alert a scouting rough rider as any one of Simcoe's Tory Corps of Rangers. Next he heard a light laugh, and turning, saw the towering head-dress of a lady of the Blended Rose come nodding toward him over a pair of the most sparkling eyes and the archest mouth in the province.

"I think I heard you muttering treason, Sir Captain, or is it Sir Knight?" laughed the arch lips under the head-dress.

"What, Mistress Kitty Pryor, are you here?" replied the officer, his surly mood changing to one of pleased surprise.

The high head-dress nodded assent, and then Mistress Kitty broke out, "Yes, and have been all the evening, and never a word or a smile could I get from Miss Nancy White's Knight of the Blended Rose, with his motto of 'Love and Honor.'"

The dragoon flushed at this reference to the transfer of his attentions, during Mistress Kitty's absence in Newcastle, to the only belle of New York's high Tory society whose presence graced the Meschianza, and muttered, "Small wonder that I did not recognize you in those 'trappings.'"

Mistress Kitty looked down at his pseudo-Turkish apparel, laughed, and said: "But, captain, were it not for these trappings I should not be here, for they rightly belong to Peggy Shippen, whose coming was prevented at the last moment by a delegation of Quakers, who waited on her father, and

protested against the—the—Turks, and so I'm here enjoying myself, and Peggy's at home crying her eyes out. But pray, captain, continue your soliloquy which I interrupted. By my spangles, but you looked a noble, sorrowful, slightly knight in the moonlight."

"Slightly I was not in these tinsellings," said the dragoon, soberly. "But sorrowful indeed, I swear by a graver oath than mine own spangles, at this folly of ours, which hath kept us here feasting and dancing and drinking all winter, when we should have been subduing the rebels."

"By burning them in Roxborough barns, eh, captain?" asked Mistress Kitty, with a demure side glance from beneath her full head-dress.

The trooper flushed at the mention of this feat of his which in the previous December had warmed all hearts in the freezing Continental camp to vows of vengeance against him and his corps.

"The rebels would not surrender," he said, in a pained tone, "and I fired their untenable fortress. 'Twas within the laws of war. Yes," he continued, firmly, "rather would I be making such poor war as that than mooning here. André, from his history books in Dr. Franklin's library, says 'tis like the Carthaginians at Capua, where they spent such a winter to be beaten in the spring, and I wonder if the Carthaginian commander had a jeezabel like that Loring woman? And 'tis the more shame for that the rebels are so bold and stubborn. Why, listen," and he sank his voice, "they told you ladies but now to quiet your alarms that the lights on the redoubts at the upper side of town were an illumination in honor of this event, and the firing a *feu de joie*. 'Twas no illumination, but those reckless devils of McLane's firing the abatis with Greek-fire out of tin kettles, and the *feu de joie* came from the loaded muskets of our foot beating them off."

"What madmen!" said Mistress Kitty, serious at last, her face paling, and a suppressed tremble of excitement in her voice. "McLane's horse, you say? Why, I have a cousin—not the Newcastle cousin—a cornet in McLane's, and he was always a wild boy. I'll warrant he was there."

Captain Cathcart laughed a rather harsh laugh. "Why, Mistress Peggy Shippen flies higher than Mistress Kitty Pryor. She has, they say, a general (Arnold) among the rebels, but Mistress Kitty only a cornet, and in McLane's night-riders! Ha! ha!"

"Oh, he's no cornet of mine," said the girl, flushing. "He might have been, but my father broke off all that when Robert espoused the pa—the rebel cause."

"Well, your cornet cousin will hardly wreak his vengeance on my devoted head this year," said the captain, seriously. "For, Mistress Kitty, I'll tell you a secret that all the world will know to-morrow; Sir Henry Clinton's first order on taking command will be to march for New York. We're going to evacuate the town."

"Good land!" ejaculated Mistress Kitty, surprised out of her manners and using a homespun provincial expletive instead of one of the pretty little lady oaths which the British officers had taught her. "And what's to become of us?"

"You'll be packed in ill-smelling troop ships, and taken a sea-voyage around to New York," replied the captain, laughing.

"Oh, those nasty troop ships!" cried the girl, with a grimace. "Doubtless we'll sail on one that brought a cargo of Hessians over. Oh, I wish I were a man! I'd rather fight my way to New York, and kill my own cousin on the road, than go by sea."

"Egad! wouldn't you, though?" said the captain, smiling surprisedly at the ring of spirit in the girl's tones. "Well, we must back to the rest. Say, do you know that I grew so warm in that sham joust to-day that I had nigh run Win-yard through the body before the herald called on us to stop?"

Up the box-hedged alley toward the lights and fiddles the mock knight and lady went, and as they passed, the towering head-dress and the antique helmet drew close together in a whispered conversation which was pressed with eagerness by Captain Cathcart, and answered with expostulatory giggles by Mistress Kitty.

The dragoon surrendered his charge to Lieutenant Sloper, her cavalier, at the door of the great banquet hall, wain-scoated with the one hundred and forty pier-glasses which had been borrowed from the walls of every house of Tory quality in the city to grace the occasion. "Then he passed into the card-room and frowned, for at a long table was General Sir William Howe, flushed with wine and deep in the mysteries of pharaoh. He was surrounded by the dis-solute boy ensigns, lieutenants, and cornets of the army, who chiefly followed his example in that Capuan winter of '78. At his elbow, in powder, paint, feathers, and jewels, was that jeezabel of whom Cathcart had spoken, the wife of the Boston refugee commissary of prisoners, the chance rhyming of whose name with the participle "snoring" had held her up to the scornful ridicule of the whole country in the satire of the "Battle of the Kegs."

Cathcart sighed. Yet as he turned away in search of Nancy White, the young soldier's gloom was lighted by a gleam of mirth, and he laughed several times to himself as if a thought of past or future fun were flitting through his brain.

II.

When Admiral Lord Howe's great fleet, cumbered on all its decks with a crowd of cowering refugees, was but a cloud of white sail against the green slopes of Red Bank, and the rear-guard of General Sir Henry Clinton's army a vivid spot of scarlet disappearing in the foliage of Gloucester Point, McLane's horse rode round the frowning shoulders of the line of northern redoubts, scampered by the hastily deserted barracks of the Northern Liberties out on the Delaware River front, saw those two sights, and cheered. It was the morning of the 18th of June, a month to a day after the Meschianza. Then, while the convalescing commandant, Arnold's little army of occupation marched in after them, they resumed their duties of scouting and patrol, varied by the amusements of hunting refugees and mildly hanging Quakers.

But one tall cornet, Robert Colladay by name, sought a half-day's leave of absence from his daring chief, and rode over the draw across Dock Creek, past the Blue Anchor Tavern, despite the fact that the tongue of his servant Cicero was jolting a good inch out of his black face with thirst, and so down among the pleasant country houses of Southwark.

A wealth of June roses bloomed in the garden of the gray colonial mansion where he dismounted, and the velvet of the shaven lawn was just as bright a green as on the day three years ago when he strode across it to offer his sword and services to the Committee of Safety, without a backward look either at the angry figure of his uncle Pryor in the doorway, or the tear-stained face of Mistress Kitty peering wistfully through the filmy curtains of the deep parlor window and the thick blooms of the rose trellis. He had often passed the house since in the two years before the British occupation, riding to guard or scouting duty in the marshes below the town, but this was the first time he had halted there. He knew there would be some rough revenges executed upon those who had fettered the invader through the long, terrible winter while the Continental army lay starving outside the cozy Quaker town, and he desired to use his good offices for the choleric old loyalist who had forbidden him his house.

The first answer to his clamorous siege of the heavy oak door by means of the brazen lion's-head knocker was a reverberating echo. It told of walls within stripped of the tapestry hangings which had been the pride of his stately aunt, though the loves of Æneas and Dido, which had been faithfully chronicled thereon, had been a matter of some scandal to the broadbrim element of the town's boys. Finally an iterate application of the butt of his long dragon sword brought to the door a black face surmounted by a powdered wig, which paled with fear to the olive green of the livery coat beneath it.

Hannibal, the Pryor family butler, gazed doubtfully upon the frayed boot facings of the streaked and faded blue coat and the toeless jack-boots of the big rebel soldier who claimed to be Master Robert. When the latter's identity was with difficulty established, the butler told the brief story of the family's flight. They had packed up all the plate-glass and portable valuables, and taken them on board the transport *Ranikies* the night before. The furniture had been sent to Newcastle, where it followed it.

"And Mistress Kitty?" asked Robert, impatiently.

"She just done gone two hours ago," replied Hannibal. "She stay all night at Massa Wharton's, and Captain Cathcart scolded her on bo'd dis mawin'. He been berry 'tentive to her, Massa Robert, she cry her pretty eyes mos' out to see de last of dis house and dis niggab."

"Cathcart—that savage. A pretty escort," Robert growled fiercely in his throat at the remembrance of the Roxborough incident. Yet doubtless he was a favored suitor in his uncle's eyes, and his attentions a marked condescension which would atone for the work of the Continental confiscation agents, who would shortly busy themselves with the lands, tenements, and hereditaments of the Pryor family. A lord's son, a favorite of Clinton's, a captain of dragoons—doubtless Kitty's tears were no much at leaving the home of her childhood as at the prospect of leaving her lover at the Front Street landing-stairs.

He stopped on his way back to town at his father's house in Market Street, and found it stripped and pillaged. Making a mental memorandum of the damage to write to the owner, who was in his agent in the market at Lancaster, he ate a hearty dinner at the City Tavern. Then he found his colonel, and hurried to his tailor's to inform him that McLane's horse were ordered to join the main army at Coryell's Ford, and that, if he sat up all night to do it, his new uniform must be ready by morning.

III.

Meantime Captain Cathcart was silencing the fire of jests of his brother officers of the rear-guard by introducing his new cornet—vice Verney, killed at Germantown—as the cause of his delay in joining them.

"Mr. Inskip, gentlemen," he said, "who hath just come over in the suite of the Peace Commissioners, and landed from Billingsport this morning."

The new comer was warmly welcomed, and proceeded to express, with some boyish braggadocio, his regret at joining the army when in retreat.

"Don't worry about that, my lad," said Captain Montessor, of the Guards, who had just come galloping back from the head of the long cumbrous column. "You'll have as much work in this retreat as you're likely to get on any advance this side of the infernal regions." He laughed to see the color leave the cheek of the boasting boy as he spoke, and then said: "Captain Cathcart, the General bids me tell you to take your troop, and scout northward between here and the river, parallel to the army. He is advised that the enemy may cross the river just above Philadelphia. If you do not find the enemy, you are to rejoin the army at Mount Holly."

The First Troop of the Seventeenth Light Dragoons, just in sight of Haddonfield and

supper, moved swiftly northward on its lonely dangerous duty.

Captain Montessor stood and watched the jingling little clump of sabres with a glow of admiration at the captain's ready response to the order. Then, as a peal of laughter was wafted back on the evening wind, he said:

"Gad! Cathcart may laugh on the other side of his face before he sees the colors again. But what the deuce is the boy scolding him about?"

IV.

All the sunburnt sides of the scorching road from Kingston to Freehold on the last Sunday of that eventful June were strewn with well-worn Continental coats, but Baron von Steuben and Cornet Robert Colladay rode in the van of the second division with collars buttoned stiff to their perspiring necks. By the non-inspector General it was thought a part of his liberal contract to go to war precisely as the great Frederick did. He carried it out to the letter, and when the coat-throwing began, which was just after the sun got a fair reach at the gleaming gun-barrels over the long plain which stretched away to the sea, he grumbled fiercely. "If dey draw away deir goats on de march," he said, "why vill dey not draw away deir guns in de fight?" These remarks were addressed to the cornet as the only other buttoned-up man with the Commander-in-chief's staff, albeit he was the lowest there in rank. Robert granted a sympathetic assent to the baron's complaint. He did not tell him that he had got his post of the command of a full troop as headquarters guard largely because of his possession of a new uniform, and therefore kept it buttoned up. Officers with new suits were scarce in the third year of the war. The Commander-in-chief was not averse to a bit of military millinery above his shoulders. Robert's tall stature and fine face made him a likely candidate for the post of commander of the *garde de corps*. Robert's new uniform made him a winner.

"De Cheneral duks dot Charles Lee hass no stomag for de fight out dere," continued the baron, pointing to where the steeple of Freehold church was dimly seen above the leaves, and whence already came the boom of cannon; "but I, Von Steuben, say, der teufel take de Cheneral of de advance. You want goot gorbrals, goot gorbrals mit swidges, dey make de soldiers stant."

A gay voice from a boyish-looking horseman who had just joined them broke in upon the non-inspector General's monologue. "A most excellent sentiment, baron, one which it would have done my lamented grandfather, Jonathan Edwards, good to hear. Switch before sword or sceptre. Though, by my faith! I think he'd have switched me and the whole army, if his supply of birch had held him for going in to war of the morning in his adopted State of New Jersey."

The Prussian martinet looked fixedly at the new-comer for a moment, and then replied: "You haf an English borber, spare de rod, iss it, and spoil de—de kinde? I dink your grandfather spare de rod, Goldene Burr, if all I hear iss true."

"Liket de kinde!" laughed the boyish Colonel, who was an acting brigadier that day. "But, zounds, here's one who hasn't."

And as he spoke, a blown countryman came pounding up, beating the heaving sides of a sweating plough-horse, and almost running Robert down in his anxiety to see the Commander-in-chief. "Washington! Washington!" he puffed. "My news is for his ear." Then catching sight of a very large man on a white horse in the centre of the little knot of horsemen, he blurted out: "General Lee is beaten, sir. The redcoats marched from Middletown. Our men are up to their chins in mud. Oh, haste, sir, haste, or all is lost."

The large man on the white horse turned an angry crimson as he spurred forward through the crowd to hear the uncouth courier's broken speech more closely. "Impossible!" he ejaculated. "Why, there has been no musketry fire as yet. Surely Charles has not fled at sight of the enemy and the first discharge of a field-piece. Colonel Hamilton," he said, sharply, turning to a dark-faced alert young aid at his side, "hear this man's story when he gets his breath. If he has lied, give him a dozen lashes. Cornet Colladay, your troop. Baron, attend me, pray."

A long white mane and tail floated out before Robert's astonished eyes like a cloud as Washington's spurs sank deep in his charger's sides, and the maddened horse sprang forward on the sandy road.

Now Robert Colladay had followed the fox in many a hot cross-country gallop, and hidden in many a race with Mr. Morgan. Kitty Pryor's colors on his whip, but never had he such a pace set for him as the raging Commander-in-chief set on that road to Freehold. He could see distinctly the broad blue back of the great man and the flying cloud-like mane and tail of his great charger. All else in the hot horizon swam red and dizzy before his eyes. Backward he turned once, and saw the panting horses of the body-guard and suite trailing out in a foam-flecked race-track string. Baron Steuben, with his stiff foreign seat, was in the rear of Robert's troop of Pennsylvania fox-hunters, all spurring for piqued pride that a Virginia fox-hunter should shame them. Colonel Hamilton, his handsome face strained with an anxiety that showed the countryman had told no lie, was closing the distance between

him and his chief on a blooded roan, and bade fair soon to regain his side. And far beyond, for miles down the long column, Robert saw a strange electric effect, as one may see when some one strikes the head of a surge, and the great coils straighten and shoot out as its long sinuous body feels the sting of the blow, and it darts forward for revenge. Aids and orderlies were riding hot-foot from brigade to brigade and regiment to regiment, to close and hurry them; and as the fleeting figures of these horsemen halted a moment at the head of each command, there came cheers wafted through the red dust to the silent awed cornet and the silent raging commander spurring in the lead of this fierce race.

Ay, there it was. As they turned the corner of Freehold church the scene burst full upon them. Like flocks of gray geese the cow-boys and herdsmen, in their homespun shirts, were fleeing through the sunburnt fields in a wild tumult of flight; and as they galloped on, a white fleece of smoke darted out from above a hedge-row, and then a flash of flame.

Then Robert, who had never before seen war, felt a cold shiver run down his spine, and, but for such broken bits of it as the soldier sees while waiting word to charge, wondered a little as he saw, after the bright flash of flame, gaps here and there in the straggling file of gray geese, as men threw up their hands and fell writhing. And then he knew that each was a dying or a wounded man, and he breathed a harder breath than the hot race had pumped from him, and clutched his sword hilt, and started as if to ride full at the hedge-row, beyond which ribbon on ribbon of bright scarlet was moving forward after the straggling files as steadily as if each was tied to the belt of the guidon-bearer marching stiffly at the right of each rank.

But the broad blue back in front of him made straight at a portly perspiring officer who mopped his streaming brow beneath a tree a quarter of a mile beyond the church, and exclaimed to a slim excited young foreigner who was urging some course upon him: "My God, Monsieur le Marquis, I told you they would not stand before British soldiers!"

Then Cornet Colladay felt a great fear in his heart. It was not for himself nor of the enemy, but for his chief, and not either that his chief should come to harm. But as he saw his chief straight in the portly officer, he feared that his race had lost all bounds, and that he would ride the other down. And when he reined his foaming horse, his great boyish right hand worked and clutched the air, and made as if to tear the recreant General from his saddle.

But the watchful commander reined his temper as he had reined his horse, and though he spoke in thunder tones, and his face worked with contortions of suppressed rage, which made his large features look like those of a terrible demigod, he only said: "Sir, whence comes this disorder and confusion? I desire to know the reasons—the reasons, sir!"

"Reasons, sir, reasons," answered General Lee, hotly. "Two months of drill does not make soldiers, even if administered by a pupil of Frederick. They will not stand."

"What example do you give them?" began the commander. "But I will deal with that after. Do you, sir, reform your men behind our columns. M de Lafayette, ride with all speed to General Greene. Tell him to haste, non his life."

The slim young Frenchman, who Robert found time to notice, had with difficulty restrained himself from following the customs of his country and the dictates of his heart by kissing his chief on both cheeks, bowed and smiled delightedly, and was off like the wind. Then the commander, the body-guard, and Colonel Hamilton, who had come galloping up with the rest of the suite, were enveloped in the stream of panting, perspiring fugitives.

"Form in front of the church, men," cried their leader. "Our friends are near at hand. The day is young yet, and you shall make them pay for their winter quarters before sunset."

There was a feeble cheer, and a lank aguish Virginian of Varnum's cried, as he staggered past, a grisly spectacle of blood and mire.

"They formed us in a bog, General. We had to run or sink to China."

But the General bit his lip, for all his cheery exhortation. Far from the northeast, beyond the roofs of Monmouth, the thin note of a bugle came down the hot wind of the Sabbath morning, and the signs that the cavalry were about to be put in against the wreck of Lee's division were more fearsome than the crashing volleys of the advancing lines of red infantry, even though the bullets pattered among the leaves and pitted the road-side wall.

"I will stay with you here and die, General."

Robert heard Colonel Hamilton's low musical voice this far, and then around the corner of Freehold church came a sweeter music far. It was the measured roll of the second division's drums, and cheering, rank on rank of Ramsey's and Stewart's brigades swept grandly into the fight. Heads stiffly up, eyes straight to the front, arms tightly apart, they marched, coming to a swift rest as they passed the kindling eye of the chief, who respoiled promptly as the blade

of each officer curved a graceful salute to the head of the army.

"Beautiful, baron, beautiful!" cried the delighted chief, as the Inspector-General hurried a heavy German antelope at an ensign whose spontoon was sloped at an angle unknown to the Prussian manual. "And now to post them. This will be no Germantown!"

No Germantown, indeed, but no Princeton either. Greene was on the right, with his New-Englanders. Lord Stirling held the left, with some few left in his division of the Fifth of the Maryland line, whose heroic stand at Long Island had been the fairest episode of that disastrous day. Washington himself in the centre showed Charles Lee how to fight his game but ill-led troops of Maxwell's, Varnum's, Scott's, and Wayne's brigades. And Steuben, riding through their files as on a field day, and swifdly and swearing whenever he found a platoon out of alignment or a rear rank too close upon a front rank, wondered if his new friends of the New World could hold their men against his former comrades of the Old.

There in the parsonage orchard, where Dominic Woodhull's daughters were used in happier times to shake the red "snowballs" and brown russets from the trees, Mad Anthony, raving with delight of battle, was gathering a red harvest too, but gathering it by such dint of work as he had never known before, nor was to know thereafter, save at his wild escalade of Stony Point. Monckton's grenadiers came at him through the one shaded grass beneath the apple-trees like a clock-work machine of murder. Once they had all but driven him out of his shabby vantage-ground. Then Knox's batteries, just unlimbered on Combs's Hill on his flank, came roaring to the rescue, and Robert saw the strangest sight of all his soldiering days, one whole platoon of British grenadiers armed of their firelocks by a single round shot, so perfectly regular was their battle front. Back through the apple-trees came Wayne, and by the great barn in which Dominic Woodhull's daughters had but yesterday milked the domineering cows, his front rank's muskets spoke. Then Robert saw the perfect red ranks falter and hesitate through the smoke, and as it cleared, he saw the reason of its doubt, and why a fierce yell of triumph burst from the parched throats of Wayne's men. Monckton was down. His major was down. So was his senior captain. The too swift promotion of Mad Anthony's kismet had staggered that splendid regiment.

There at the hedge-row, beyond which Robert had first seen the gliding ribbons of red, Clinton hurled charge after charge against Livingston's fresh troops and Varnum's rallied brigade. The narrow causeway at their backs crossed the morass through which they had first retired, and beneath it were certain grisly reminders that made them sell each step of ground they gave—as dear as if they trod on golden nuggets, not blood-slippery Jersey sand. They were mud-choked semblances of what had been warm men and blithe comrades at reveille, lying slant beneath the arches of the causeway, whence they had been hurled in the wild panic of the morning's flight.

So far did Robert's fearless chief ride into that hell of carnage at the bridge head, that the cornet could hear the snapping of bones as the grape and round shot tore through the thick close-ordered columns. He could hear the smothered cries of wounded men, who trodden on by their fighting comrades, would not disorder the line of battle with their shrieks. He could see the faces of men hit, and read by their twitching lips where wounds were keenest, in breast or belly or groin or thigh. He saw one man, like Xeuphron's Greek mercenary, thrust through and through, staggering out of the fight, holding his viscera in his hands.

The coppery midsummer sun glared through a haze of red dust on a red dance of death, and then,

"The rascals waver at the bridge head there, General Tarleton, put in your horse."

Back at Carr's house on the outskirts of Monmouth, Clinton watching the fierce struggle through his glass, and wondering at first how the rebels stood so long in the open against the flower of Europe's infantry, had deemed the time fit to try the sabre. And from the square of Monmouth village, it seemed as if some great hand had thrown a roll of red ribbon out into the fields, which uncoiled as it flew, till stretching all across the eastern horizon was an undulating scarlet line. Then came the slow high note of a bugle, and then to the upper side of the ribbon of scarlet was seen a shaggy silver fringe, as the long sabres of the Queen's and Seventh Light Dragoons flashed upward for the charge. A wild cheer went up from the red-footmen at the causeway as they saw the red horsemen sweeping to their succor. Oswald's hot guns from the heights behind the morass answered it as they plied the advancing lines in hopes to check it as they had checked the pursuers of Lee in the morning. Through the battery smoke, drifting in, and upon and enveloping the staff, Robert, standing with mouth agape at the wonderful precision of the charge, saw his chief beckon with a commanding finger.

"Ride to General Lee," was the order, "and tell him to withdraw his men slowly across the causeway. He cannot abide their charge in the field, but our bayonets may give some account of these gay gallants."

The cornet sped across the causeway

through the rack of slightly wounded men who were pouring back from the front. As he went, he felt the ground tremble under the plunging gallop of the advancing horse, and as he gave his message to the metamorphosed Lee, who was gallantly proving himself a liar in his morning's speech to Lafayette, he made out, with a hot heart-throb under his new jacket, the standard of the bloody Seventeenth.

Then his sane mind left him, and he only thought to strike one blow in remembrance of Roxborough and of his sweetheart's escort to the transport, if he never set eyes on his sacred charge again. Three leaps of his hunter would have covered the ground between him and the charging line, as Colonel Ogden's Jersey regiment, under Lee's own eye, formed a square to receive cavalry, and cover the retreat across the bridge of the remainder of the two brigades.

Two leaps his hunter took a moment later, and McLane's horse, in the person of one man, Cornet Robert Colladay, was hand-to-hand with the Seventeenth Light. But when his sane mind left him, a maniac cunning came instead, and charged through the ranks of horsemen (now disordered by the resistance of the square, and riding round it to seek a breach in the bristling hedge of bayonets), Robert's singleness of purpose saved his skin. In battle or elsewhere all men make way for a man with an object, and Robert's one object was Cathcart. He had seen him riding cool, bold, and insolent, at the head of the First Troop; had seen him turn to encourage his men just before the great wave of mounted battle foamed up against the stout seawall of Jersey yeomen. At him he rode, cutting down one hulking Yorkshireman who stood in his way like a stalk of golden-rod, and hurling a sergeant from his saddle like a stone from a sling with a blow from the butt of his pistol. Then, as he met him face to face, and rose high in his short stirrups to deal a blow which would have changed the succession to one peerage, his vengeance slipped from his grasp, as Cathcart gave a choking yell and fell from his horse, with a bloody foam flecking his lips, shot through the lung from the centre of the square.

Robert glared one moment at the saddle where his foe had been—glared as an angry bull glares at the spot where a flying mortal should have been, according to his taurine calculations, to receive the impalement of his horns—then he gave vent to an inarticulate cry of rage, and rode straight at the first object he saw wearing a dragon uniform and an officer's epaulet. The little cornet who wore them looked once at him, then turned and fled. Fled not back to the safety of the British lines, but, as if crazed with fright, sent his horse scudding like a frightened hare right across the Continental front. Robert stopped long enough to tighten his own belt and his horse's girth, to smile a grim smile, and then gave chase. He knew it was a wild agony of fear that guided his flying adversary. He resolved to make the chase a torture for him. On sped the light chestnut with the little officer bending almost to the saddle-bow, and ducking lower yet as he met the line of fire of each American regiment. After him thundered big Robert on his huge bay, with sword drawn, and fastidiously changing the direction of its point from time to time as he selected where to strike. Powder-grimed men leaned wonderingly on their firelocks and gazed, with cartridges half bitten through, at the wild chase. Down the long line clear to Stirling's stand on the comparatively unengaged left they swept, the big blue cornet holding his tantalizing sword above the bended back of the little red cornet, and smiling grimly all the time. Then a shout came, and the cornet came, whence now the square had retreated and the cavalry withdrawn under Oswald's plunging fire. There Robert Colladay thought to end the ghastly farce, and rising high in his stirrups he drove his point home for the spot where the cross belts meet. To spit the little chicken, he thought to himself, for roasting would be fine.

To his ringing ears there pierced a cry, shrill with a strange gasping reminder in it of a voice he had heard before, and then words came as the point touched the cross belts—words as familiar as the end of many a childish romp—"Oh, Robert, stop, you hurt!"

The long dragon sword fell clattering to the dusty earth. The big cornet sank his spurs once in his great bay's reeking sides, then stretched his mighty arm, and across the causeway, amid a roar of cheers and laughter from Ogden's heroes resting under the fire of the battery, the big cornet of McLane's galloped with the little cornet of the Seventeenth, swinging like a bag of meal across his saddle-bow.

Two troopers of his own command rode forward with cocked pistols as he dismounted with his prize.

"No quarter for that uniform," they cried. "Stop, you fool!" shouted the captor cornet, as he laid the captive cornet gently on the grass. "It's a girl—my cousin."

Miss Kitty Pryor, late cornet of his Majesty's Seventeenth Light Dragoons, slept that night with Sergeant Molly Pitcher, of Knox's Continental artillery. One Amazon had lost a commission, and found a cousin on the field from which the beaten Clinton was stealing under cover of the darkness. The other had found a commission, or rather a warrant, and lost a husband whose gun

she served, as history attests, through the later hours of that hot fight. Both wept—Mrs. Molly for her husband's death, and Mistress Kitty because her cousin would hardly have been back to her, and was for going out into the field, or the British camp if necessary, to give Cathcart his *coup de grace* for his part in the escape.

"I thought he knew me at the first," sobbed Kitty, "and wanted to k-k-k-kill me for running away in men's clothes. It was only a hawk, and Captain C-o-o-ah-ah-it would be a mere canter to New York; and now he's dead I don't not, and, oh, I wish that I was!"

"For the love of a murtherin' Sassanach captain?" said red-haired Molly, fiercely. "More shame t' ye! Faith, my mon's six-pounder is me husband now."

"No, no!" protested weeping Mistress Kitty, with fire in her swollen eyes. "I hate him! I hate him! For a spenny I'd have shot him myself when I found how he'd lied to me! For he said—oh! oh! oh!—that he had d-d-despatches, and 'twould be but a day and part of a night's ride to New York; and—and—we were engaged, and would have been married before, and came with the Admiral. It was only an elopement, at most; but Robert won't believe me, and he looked so fierce and handsome in his new uniform—blue and buff's prettier than red, anyway—and I'd marry that nasty old sword he stuck in my back, and I suppose he doesn't think I'm even worthy of that."

In the inned MSS. of the Colladay and Pryor families, which were reunited after the peace, there is evidence, however, that Cornet Colladay came, by the light of another day, to look upon his cousin's misdoings as the foolish freak it really was of a girl who, for love of a lurk, had only forestalled her partner's intentions in taking a short-cut to New York and the altar—to only one of which destinations Cathcart, as it turned out, had intended to lead her. There is also evidence that General Washington's chaplain's services were called into requisition as soon as Cornet Colladay came to that conclusion, and with no documentary evidence in existence, but very little doubt in fact, that this conclusion was hastened by the knowledge that Sergeant Molly's duties as an artilleryman, with eighty dollars gratuity, and half pay for life after the war, were too important to allow her to waste much time as the chaperon of an ex-British cornet.

THE NEW GRAND CENTRAL STATION AT CHICAGO.

The grand terminal station of the Chicago and Northern Pacific, the Chicago, St. Paul and Kansas City, and the Wisconsin Central railways, recently erected at Harrison Street and Fifth Avenue in Chicago, is in some respects the finest passenger station in the country. The building covers 3½ acres, with a frontage of 236 feet on Harrison Street and 680 feet on Fifth Avenue. Its foundation rests upon piling varying from 30 to 50 feet in depth, capped by massive oak timbers set in a concrete bed of Portland cement. The architect of the edifice is Mr. S. S. Beman, of Chicago. The external distinguishing feature of the edifice is a fine tower. The material used in the construction of the building is pressed brick, plain and ornamental, of a handsome seal brown tint. The plain exterior finishing, of great blocks of brownstone, brown brick, and terra-cotta, is befitting so massive a structure. The passenger shed contains six tracks and four platforms, giving a width to that part of the building which makes the central arch of the opening particularly impressive. The interior of the edifice is in keeping with the dignified simplicity of its exterior. The finish, in white and red oak wood-work, of the offices and the general compartments is both artistic and substantial.

North of Harrison Street, Fifth Avenue widens 20 feet, so that the tower apparently projects 10 feet into the street, and is visible from almost any point on the avenue or North Wells Street. The tower, which rests upon a foundation 27 feet square, is 236 feet high. For the first 29 feet it is built of Connecticut brownstone, pierced with four arches, each 10 feet in span and 14 feet high, forming the main entrance to the building. Of the fifteen stories of the tower, nine are fitted up for offices, the first five stories being reached from the respective floors of the main building, and the next four by a special electrical elevator. In the upper part of the tower is a clock, the second largest in the United States, with a dial 13 feet 6 inches in diameter, and a penulum weighing 700 pounds. It strikes the hour with a 250 pound hammer on a bell, weighing 10,500 pounds, in the story above. This clock, the dial of which is illuminated by night, furnishes the standard time to the clocks of all the departments in and about the station by means of electrical connections. The main portion of the edifice, fronting on Harrison Street, is six stories high, and is occupied entirely by the offices of the three roads which enter the station.

The main waiting-room is 207 feet long and 71 feet wide, with a ceiling 25 feet high, supported by two rows of massive steel columns, finished in a scagliola of a light and pleasing amber tone. A part of the waiting-room, which projects west of the office building is lighted by six handsome skylights. In the ceiling are 20 panels, each carrying a

circle of 12 incandescent electric lights, making an illumination equivalent to 4000 wax candles. The room is floored with Chambray plain marble, and is wainscoted 8½ feet high with Tennessee marble. Over 35,000 square feet of marble enter into the construction of this building. At the south end of the main waiting room is the handsomely furnished and carpeted ladies' parlor, 32 by 40 feet in extent. A double marble staircase leads from the main waiting-room up to the dining-room, which is 78 feet long and 96 feet wide, with mezzanine floor.

On the Fifth Avenue front, beginning at the north end of the building, are the waiting-room, ladies' parlor, and dining-room; south of them, a passage from Fifth Avenue to the train shed crosses the building; south of this passage is the baggage room on the first floor, and the emigrant room overhead, beyond which, underneath the approach to Polk Street viaduct, is the express-room. West of these lie the carriage drive and the train shed.

Notable among the features of the structure is the admirable arrangement for handling a large amount of traffic with ease and dispatch, which in spaciousness and convenience surpasses the corresponding departments in any similar structure in America. The outgoing passengers arriving in Chicago are received directly into their waiting-room, while the passengers who are to stop in Chicago can pass directly into the carriage drive, and thence to the street. The busy throng of suburban passengers have a separate entrance and exit of their own. The emigrant-room, at the south end of the baggage-room, is a spacious cheerful apartment, with comfortable chairs and seats, and—a new feature in railroad stations—there are arranged with only forestalled her partner's intentions in taking a short-cut to New York and the altar—to only one of which destinations Cathcart, as it turned out, had intended to lead her. There is also evidence that General Washington's chaplain's services were called into requisition as soon as Cornet Colladay came to that conclusion, and with no documentary evidence in existence, but very little doubt in fact, that this conclusion was hastened by the knowledge that Sergeant Molly's duties as an artilleryman, with eighty dollars gratuity, and half pay for life after the war, were too important to allow her to waste much time as the chaperon of an ex-British cornet.

On the Harrison Street front three great archways lead into that part of the main building used for the reception of carriages. These arches, each spanning 37 feet, with a clear height of 21 feet, are an impressive and pleasing feature of the building. The carriage drive or court is 146 feet long and 117 feet wide, and is surrounded on three sides by a sidewalk 16 feet in width. The floor of the court, which is supported on 39 piers and 80 cast-iron columns, consists of a series of "I" beams, between which are built 8-inch brick arches laid in Portland cement covered with lithogen. The space beneath the carriage court is occupied by the boilers, engines, and dynamos which furnish light and power to the building. There are two immense Hazeltin tripod boilers, equipped with Roney mechanical stokers, which furnish power to three Crane hydraulic elevators, three engines for running the dynamos, and two Norwalk air compressors, the exhaust steam from the machinery being used for heating the building. The engines, the total force of which is 450 horse-power, are used in driving four 20,900-light and one 1600 light Edison incandescent electric-light dynamos, and two Sperry arc-light machines, giving a total illuminating capacity equivalent to 127,000 wax candles. The air compressors furnish power to operate all of the switches between Twelfth Street and the station, to work a line of automatic pneumatic block signals between Twelfth Street and the Pan Handle crossing, and to swing the draw-bridge, and operate all the crossing-gates within four miles of the terminal station.

The train shed, built of galvanized corrugated steel and ribbed glass, is in the form of a single arched span 140 feet wide and 560 feet long. The radius of the arch is 59½ feet; clear span, 119 feet; and the roof projects 13½ feet on either side. The roof is supported by 15 latticed steel arches placed at 40 feet centres, the ends resting on piers of masonry. The roof and the open sides and end of the shed with the louvers at the top, furnish good ventilation for the compartments. The entire floor is a lithogen pavement with platforms raised 10 inches above the rail. The six tracks inside the arches are laid in pairs between platforms 19 feet wide, each pair of tracks occupying a space 23 feet in width.

An admirably devised water system permits a stream to be turned on any part of the floor space, either platform or tracks, the water escaping through numerous basins to a sewer below.

Through the centre of the shed runs a conduit for a steam-pipe to furnish heat to standing cars, and to carry a system of electric wires from all trains to the annunciator in the train-starter's office. The shed is lighted by sixty groups of incandescent electric lights placed at a height of 16 feet above the platform, and the end arches are furnished with a series of ninety 32 candle-power incandescent lights, while seven powerful arc lights placed high in the arches serve for general illumination.

There are eleven tracks in the passenger yard devoted to the handling of passenger, baggage, and express cars. To connect these tracks in such a way as to give a maximum efficiency within a given amount of space involved much time and study, including a careful examination of the best railway terminals in the United States. The switches between Twelfth Street and the train shed are operated by a pneumatic interlocking system, by means of which a man standing in the tower is enabled, by the handling of a series of small levers, to set any switch and to signal to the conductor of any train that the track is ready for his use. The special utility of the system lies in the fact that it is impossible to give a signal for a train to approach any switch until the switch is in position and locked, and only when this is the case will the lever controlling the signal be unlocked, notifying the engineer to move ahead.

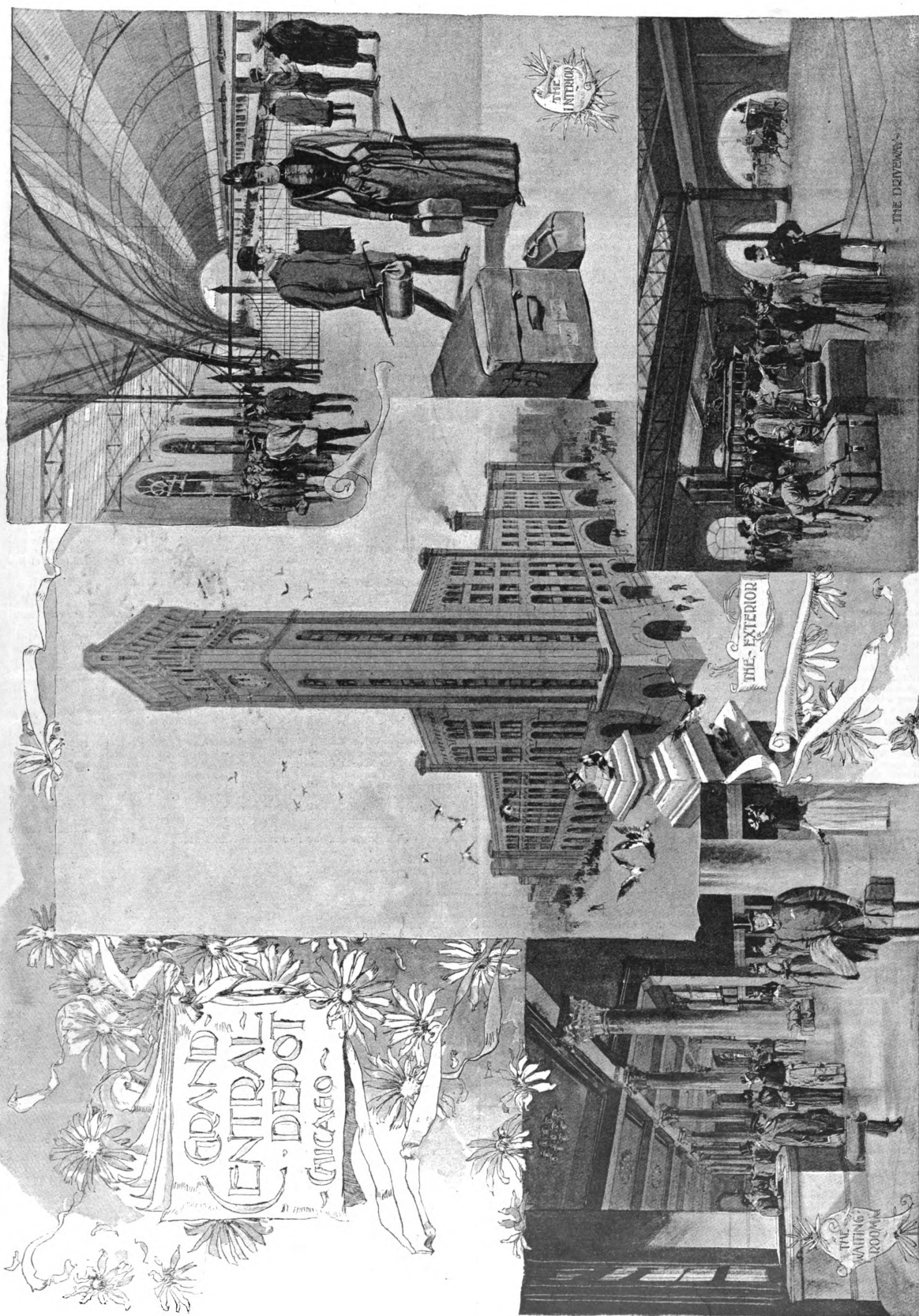
There will be introduced a novel device for handling the Chicago River drawbridge and the switch rails of its approaches. The bridge will be interlocked with the same manner as any switch, and it is so arranged that the derailing points on all the tracks approaching the bridge must be thrown before the bridge can be unlocked and swung to permit vessels to pass. After the bridge is swung back in place and locked, and the rails lowered into their slots, the derailing points can be closed, and trains permitted to pass over the bridge.

Upon the drawbridge will soon be put in operation an automatic pneumatic block-signalling system, to be worked from the station. In case of an open switch, a broken rail, or a car standing on a side track at less than clearance distance, the block shows both the signal and danger, rendering it impossible for an accident to occur. In case of failure of the apparatus in any of its parts the signal goes to danger at once automatically.

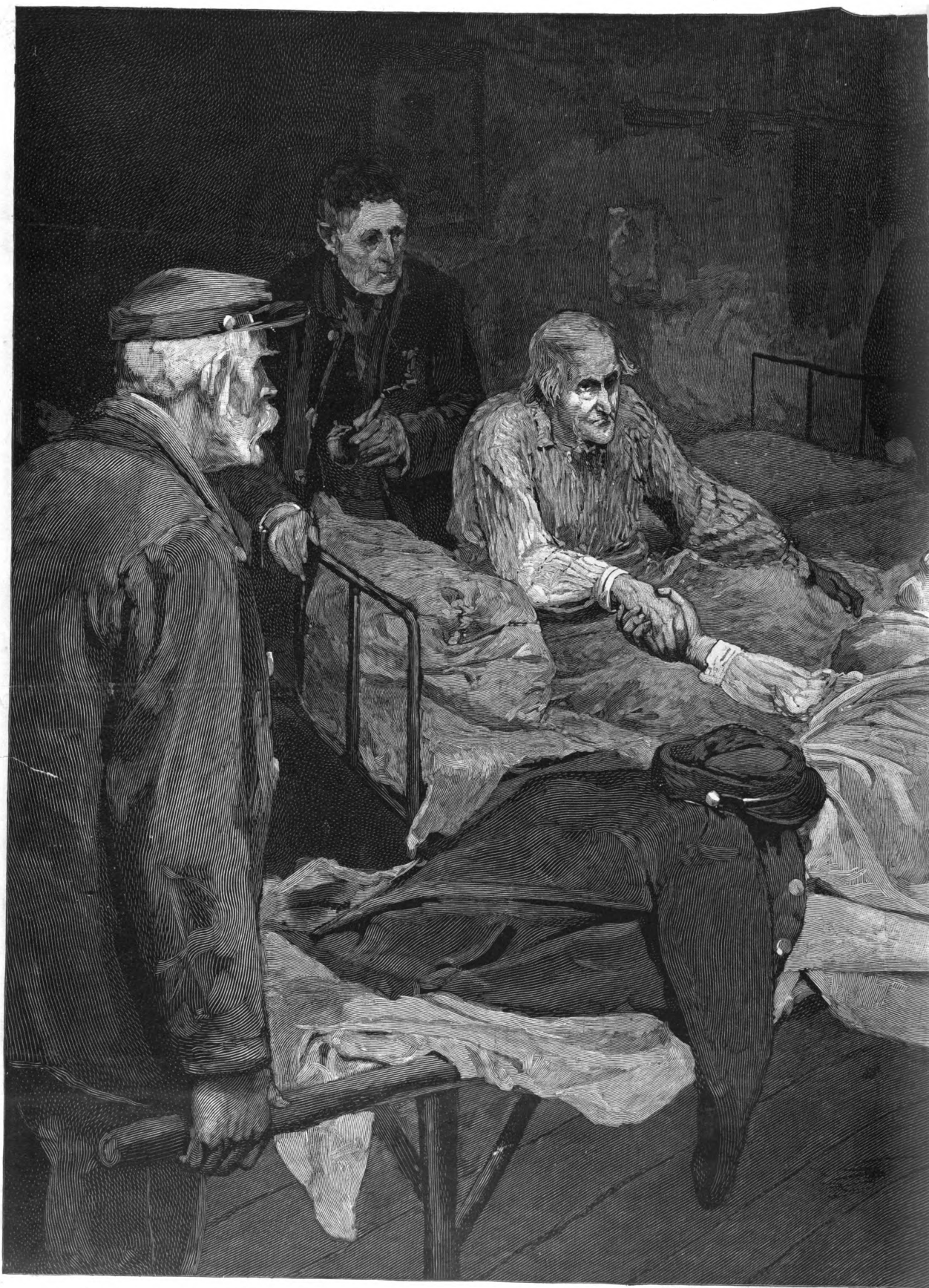
It is a general opinion among the experienced railroad men of the country that most railroad corporations have in the beginning made the mistake of not providing sufficient terminal facilities for their lines in anticipation of the future growth of the roads and the towns which they connect. An illustration of the advantages of a wise foresight in this direction is exhibited in the ample provision made for the Northern Pacific station grounds in St. Paul and Minneapolis, in which the good results of a sanguine and far-reaching forecast are now apparent. In his recent address at the opening of the Chicago Grand Central station, on December 8th last, Mr. Henry Villard predicted that five years hence the new station in Chicago will scarcely be spacious enough to meet the requirements of the enlarged traffic of the lines which centre at it.



"What's the matter Dickery? you 'pear to be kind o' worried." "Whar, Mrs. Potts want me over here to look for her daughter, and said I'd easily find her, as she had on one of them yacuting caps."



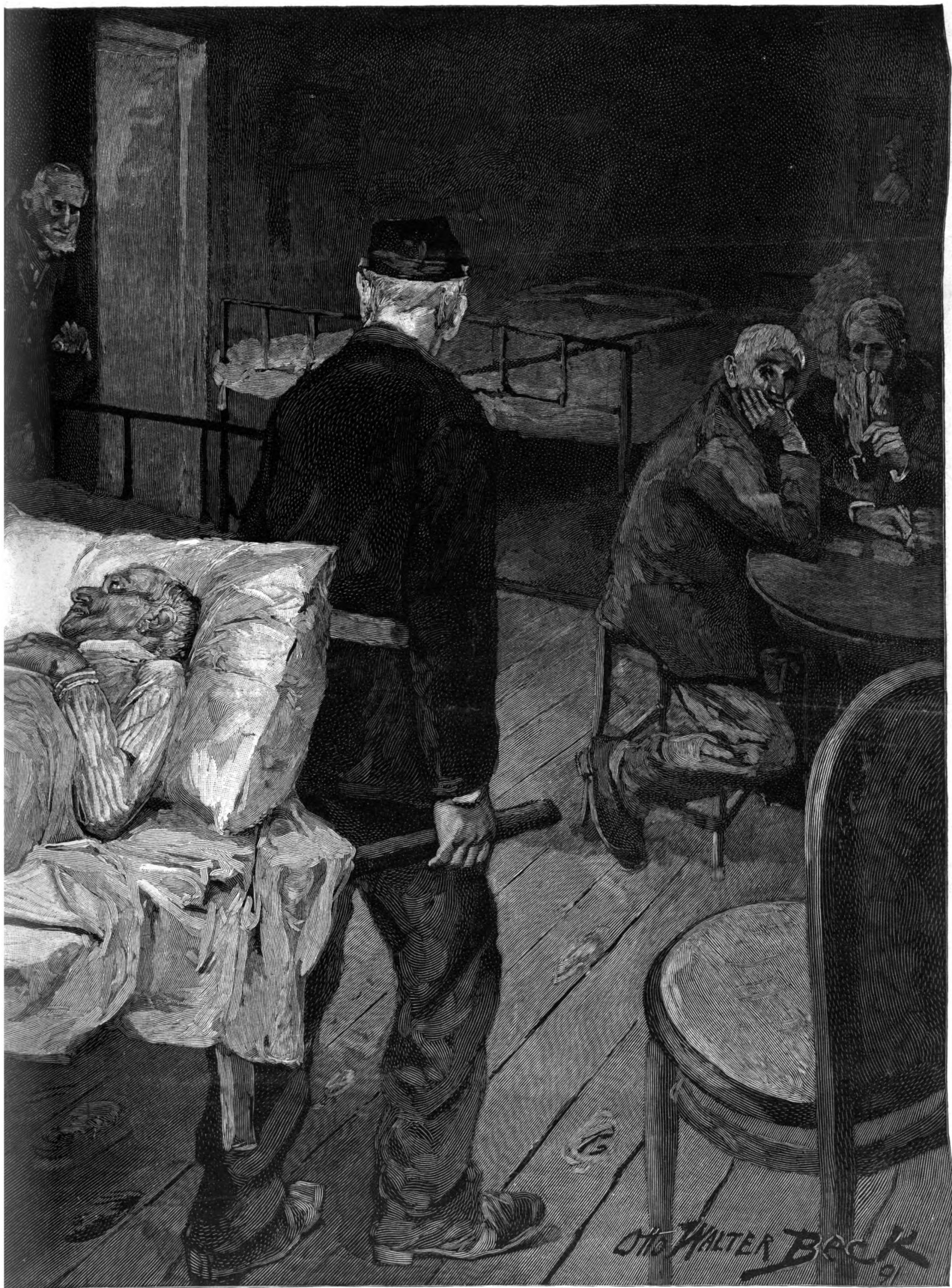
GRAND CENTRAL DEPOT. CHICAGO.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 691.]



SUPPLEMENT TO HARPER'S WEEKLY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1891.

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FROM THE BARRACKS TO THE HOSPITAL
Original from
PENN STATE



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HOSPITAL.—DRAWN BY OTTO WALTER BECK.

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POPULAR CONCERT IN TOMPKINS SQUARE, NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRIJ.—[SEE PAGE 694.]

SIC IN TOMPKINS SQUARE.

road from the known world to Tompkins is through East Tenth Street. At nightfall you pick your way through the darkness, and you do not stop to step on the children, the poor have their compen-

have to go to bed at night. The children are growing in. The tramp are here. They are not used to "hide and seek." They sit on the door-step, and experiences, but they are not ideal. Barring the children, who are ideal, and fruitful in their own way, such as the children of the street, who are in the crib with the mother, can never have.

The street is so crowded that it seems as if the music announced for Tompkins Square must be at the Battery or Mount Morris Park. But at the corner of Avenue A the view changes like a transformation scene. Weber's *Zigzag* floats over long spaces of green shimmering in the electric lights. In the centre of the bear-pit, which was to have been a fountain, is the band stand in a blaze of light, surrounded by dense black rings. On approach, the outer ring resolves into a moving human stream. The most heaven-inspired music is, after all, only an accompaniment to the old story of men and maidens. Round and round they circle, keeping step to Strauss and now to Waldeuter, but hearing only their own words. A circle set as palings on a fence is a row of young men with their backs to the music, and looking on the promenaders with envious eyes. Now and then a more audacious hand twitches the sleeve of a girl, and is rewarded with a saucy slap.

This living hedge must be passed to reach the seats. We are all ladies and gentlemen in Tompkins Square, and "make way for the ladies" gives instant access to the choking aisles. If the outer circle is movement, here is repose. Indeed, dozens of hard-worked men are asleep, heads on breasts. The tired mothers, who haven't taken time to roll down their sleeves, have their babies in their arms. The babies jump and crow, and beat time on the maternal heads; thus the mothers keep awake. The little children roam and climb among the seats. One impudent little maid weaves in and out the dark policeman's legs like little trick dogs at the circus. The policeman grins, and uses his programme like a billy to keep her from venturing too near the bear-pit's edge. The policeman, two in an aisle, are the ushers, and look out carefully for the ladies.

There is scarcely any talking in the seats. A comic fellow imitates Leiboldt, the conductor of the Twelfth Regiment band, then plays a mimic bass-viol, fiddles, toots a bit, and sings with the horns, taking chromatics with perfect ear. Then the cornet-player steps to the side, and a sigh of satisfaction heaves the vast bosom of the crowd. How happy are they whom the music reaches! How envious are they who can gaze only on the back of his proud uplifted head!

Keeping company with the rest of the band, he toys for a while with the wondrous thing, blowing now and then into its depths as if to test its capabilities and make sure it will convey him safely, for he means to go long and far. At last he has got a good ready, cuts loose from the band, and is off on an independent excursion. No, he comes back, but only to say howdy or good-by, as it were, or to get a pin or some such trifling thing. Now away he goes again, twittering, curvetting up in the air with the birds, sliding down sunning snow peaks, picking his way over crevasses, running up and down golden ladders, picking up diamonds and other flashing things, sending off sky-rockets in mid-air, then running to see where the sticks fell—shouting, whispering, now leaping, and now on tiptoe. Was there ever such a cornet?

The band is all stood up and forgot to beat time when their mothers' heads in gazing into its wonderful depths. Meanwhile the band sat waiting until the cornet-player got on to solid ground again, when they could all hop in, and earn some of the applause in a great blazen blast and neck-and-neck race to goal.

Then the applause descended, and the cornet played "Les Rameaux" so movingly that a lusty young blacksmith with a beautiful tattooed ornament on his arm bent forward, arms on knees and chin in hands, and drank it in in unspeaking delight. Perhaps he had heard the barytone in the parish church sing it on Palm Sunday, as barytones are apt to do. Who knows what it had for him? Until now he had been flitting paper balls, with the easy familiarity one takes with an aunt or good-natured sister-in-law, at a lady with a red face who had hurried from home without her collar. Now he took no notice of the lady and her party moving off with words of invitation and hints of beer.

It began to sprinkle. Two girls in front raised their umbrellas. Softly, without a word of reproach, he crept from under to a vacant front seat. He was countless, hatless, and his shirt sleeves not yet down from his day's work. Leaning back with folded arms and legs outstretched, a kitten purring by the fire could give no more comfortable evidence of quiet delight. Curiously, looking over the crowded seats, the young men and boys

seemed to enjoy the music most. Some had cleaned themselves up for the evening, but more had come as they left work. As fast as the front seats were emptied by the women afraid for their bonnets, they climbed over the backs and possessed them, settling down without talking. They only looked around when a man in the rear fell down in a fit, and the girls, frivolous and restless, pressed toward the crowd. The "Irish Patrol" set their feet moving vaguely, but bodies and brain lay steeping in sound.

There is always somebody, however, wanting to know something. "Who is Tompkins, anyway?" "Tompkins put up the prizes in Mike Smith's raffle. Mike's been sick five months. Were ye wantin' any gent to throw fur ye?" "Is he Tompkins of Tompkins Square?" "Oh, him! I never thought of him before. Patsy, who's Tompkins of the square?"

Nor did Patsy know, but he passed the word on, and, like a conundrum, it circulated through the seats, and set everybody guessing.

"I live here nineteen year," said a respectable German, "and nobody ever make inquire for Tompkins."

An Italian in a blue checked gingham coat ventured on it. "Tommakin! who es Tommakin?"

"Tompkins with a p, Francesca da Rimini."

The pronunciation was very accurate for Tompkins Square.

"Why did you call him Francesca da Rimini?"

"I don't know; I learned it scene-shiftn."

"Is it, now? It's the only Eytalian name I ever heard that had any luckstone to it, and they give it to girls, and call the men Aunies and Nellies. They're a green lot, them Eytalians."

But no one, not even the neighboring park policeman, knew who Tompkins was, whose graceful hospitality he seemed to be enjoying. No matter if Tompkins as an individual is unknown, forgotten, Tompkins still lives a large, broad, generous and outwardly beautiful life in Tompkins Square.

The baton went up for the last time followed by a triumphant crash of trumpets and drums. Then it fell, and as if a signal, the vast crowd melted away serenely, only one inharmonious word reaching the ear, and that might have been reasonably reminiscent of the brooding day.

MARY GAY HUMPHREYS.

A PILGRIMAGE TO CONEY'S ISLE.

BY FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

It was a hot day in August. Weary men halted in front of all the available thermometers, and sighed to find their estimate of the sun's power several degrees beyond that registered by the instrument. The north pole was out of the question, and the next best place suggested was that strip of sand lying off the Long Island coast known as Coney Island. The Pilgrims forthwith acted upon the suggestion.

The Bay held its powers to charm in the shape of an erratic zephyr which hovered above the waters; but when the Narrows were reached, great rollers tumbled in before a rousing wind from the southeast, and the heart of man was once more content. The wind might carry off the soft strains of "Comrades," as rendered by the Italian band, but it also bore away all the petty thoughts that were provoked by extra heat. It was cleaving to find such unannounced good humor as prevailed among the boat passengers. Old and young, beautiful and ordinary, wore a continual smile in anticipation of delights to come. A portly priest was the embodiment of satisfaction, and yielding to the influence of harmony, beat time to profane music. Relief was granted to the weary Pilgrims, and by the time the pier was reached they were most anxious for amusement.

The West End of Coney Island is a most extraordinary jumble. With a few notable exceptions, the architecture is suggestive of a Western mining camp in its palmy days, with a most wonderful leaning toward the Moorish. Here and there, at all turns, are Alhambraic turrets and minarets, garish decorations and gilded domes, native at various points. The artist, who had been leaning his head against a sign as he came upon the main street, for his artistic soul was touched. The twin halted a moment to gain breath, for the place burst upon the travellers with a suddenness that was appalling. Conflicting strains of music came from everywhere, and around their common centre in their immediate vicinity. Stentorian voices of the street fakirs mingled with the hum of everybody and everything. Revolving swings and merry-go-rounds, shooting galleries and concert halls, rattle-dazzles and switch-backs, toboggan-rollers and photographers, Frankfurters and pea-nuts, beer, music, noise—all these things combined and intensified made up the first glance at the West End.

"We will be one of the people to day," said the Artist, when he recovered from the first shock, and the Other Pilgrim, meekly assenting, followed him into the roller-skating rink and donned the skates. Here the noises were two separate and distinct things—a roar and a hum, and the hum of the skaters. A few rounds on the skates failed to renew the elasticity of youth, and the pair

were glad to cease. Seeking the open air, and incidentally the noise again, the Pilgrims passed by a tempting sign of a "Labyrinth," the latter composed of wire netting run in all directions, which invited you to coast in and lose yourself in the mazes for five cents. Neither did the rattle-dazzle tempt them. What a thing it was! A great circular frame with seats all around, to which you mounted by aid of outside steps, and then, when seated, the frame swung around and around, up first, then down, bringing into play all the sensations awakened by the tossing of a ship and not infrequently the dire results. This malignant invention the Artist passed hurriedly by, for the steamboat coming down had been enough for him, and he had already decided to return by rail. The merry-go-round that next burst upon the Pilgrims would have filled a student of natural history with envy—it would have suggested possible types of beasts, fish, and fowl that had been neglected by Nature. If Noah's arks would only take pattern after these revolving specimens, the joys of childhood would be increased tenfold.

"It has always been my desire to shoot at one of these things," remarked the Artist, as he passed before a shooting gallery. "I object to making myself appear foolish upon principle. I know I couldn't hit them." Lion, tiger, bear, and wolf appeared in rapid succession above a line, keeping up a continual round, while a series of crystal balls slid up and down narrow streams of water. They were very alluring to the would-be marksman, and just as elusive to the tiny bullet that generally tried to find them. A score of catchpenny contrivances lined the street—the one desire of the working population being to derive an income from the transient visitor.

"This race for wealth is very depressing," remarked the Other Pilgrim, as his eye took in the street.

"Very," agreed the Artist, as a pint of fresh pea-nuts was poured into his pocket. There was something exhilarating in the pilgrimage. The hot, dusty city was forgotten; the cares of life were laid aside. The Pilgrims were in search of pleasure, and soon weaved themselves in the not by any means hopeless search. For there was pleasure in watching the people and seeing the evident enjoyment depicted on their countenances. Down on the beach the surf rolled in and tumbled the bathers up and down. Stout men clung to the ropes, and sighed to see a slim maid dive head first into an incoming roller.

"There is nothing artificial in pleasure of this sort," remarked the Artist, as he dug holes in the sand and pointed his camera at two exceedingly stout females who had sat down not far away, and seemed to find it impossible to rise.

No," said the Other Pilgrim, joining in the general laugh at two or three strangers who were thrown into each other's arms by the playful surf. The gilded attractions of the town seemed to be wholly apart from the beach and the sand heaps which everybody made.

Just outside the ropes a boat was anchored, and in the stern a large dog watched all the bathers—he was the only occupant of the boat, and seemed to appreciate the responsible position that he held, for he never looked aside. But again the glittering generalities of life lured the Pilgrims from the beach, and they came to the massive cow that is said to give anything, from cream to milk, and so forth. A renewed activity was noticeable among the sandwich and sausage men, for the sun gave indication of passing out of sight for a while, and these purveyors evidently looked for a hungry crowd.

"To be in with the people you must eat with them," remarked the Artist, halting before a sausage stand and investing in a lengthy Frankfurter hidden within the slices of roll. It was quite the thing to do, for everybody seemed smitten with a sudden liking for sausages, and invested the casual nickel.

"What a place for the National Educator, who desires to instruct and raise people by the drama," mused the Other Pilgrim, as the glittering "stage attractions" (on paper) met the eyes of the tourists.

"True," assented the Artist; "what a place, indeed."

The drama at Coney Island has its degrees. Not what is called the "legitimatedrama," perhaps, but the style that is known as "variety." A negro and a white man, the latter appearing alone to the ear. West Brighton is the haunt of song and dance, trapeze acting, and juggling. Of these there are all kinds—and they all appeal to the great American public because they are free. A man, guileless of a coat, stands outside of many halls and thus presents his case. Only respectable show at Coney Island. Only show patronized by the elite that come to Coney Island. Cost you nothing, gentlemen, cost you nothing. All free of charge. Ladies laugh, gentlemen laugh, children laugh. Step right in and take a seat.

"I can't resist such an appeal," laughed the Artist, "to do Coney Island thoroughly we must see these shows," and the Pilgrim entered and timidly took rear seats. A white-aproned waiter immediately desired to know what was wished. The wish was quickly supplied, and they were thenceforth privileged to devote their attention to the stage. A negro minstrel held the audience enthralled for some time, and the female who had lately Mabel interrupted him and proceeded to engage his attention in a roaring farce. The

Pilgrims sauntered forth again after heading a placard which read, "Wait for Frank Bush." Here it might be stated that such was the tenor of a sign in nearly every hall that the Pilgrims visited, but never did they get a glimpse of the much advertised artist. To and fro they went on their quest, darting suddenly into unlooked for places, hurrying around corners, but to no avail. Mr. Bush was a thing of the future, and through the afternoon and evening, though a dozen or more signs waved defiance in their faces, the longing was unsatisfied.

"Why doesn't he come?" sighed the Artist, in sheer weariness of spirit. "I dare not expose my ignorance and ask," and the name haunted him at every turn, until it became a burden to the eye and a thorn in the flesh—but to-day the Pilgrims know not what detained Mr. Bush, or what he was expected to do after being waited for.

Another phase of the drama was the place where a "quartet" was composed of seven persons—five females in abbreviated skirts and two corked end men. The "stage-manager," in civilized costume, sat on the stage and consulted with the singers in a stage-whisper as to what they knew and what they didn't know. And what impressed the Pilgrims was the fact that the musical education of the troupe had been neglected, for when three persons knew a song it was generally found that the others were not familiar with it, and never once was a song completed—the middle of the third verse was generally the fatal halting place, and the *soubrette* at the piano, in his shirt sleeves, held it all to himself. The audience sometimes lacked familiarity with the world theatrical, as was illustrated by the attempts of a youth of tender years to blow out the foot-lights. He effectually drowned the chorus when forcibly removed. There was a gentle hint conveyed to the audience at one hall, where a sign read, "He is here. Who? The waiter." And though the Pilgrims had evidence of that fact, yet they doubted a companion sign announcing a certain trio of sisters as "next." It was likened unto a Frank Bush snare, for the sign was tacked on the wall.

Amid the singing and the dancing was to be heard the man outside inviting everybody to come in. But, as the Pilgrims discovered, there were degrees, and as the evening wore on, they wandered into a hall of extra dimensions, where the background of Niagara (on the stage) was hidden partly by a low terraced building. There was really first-class "variety," and when two Japs appeared, they were recognized as being above the ordinary. The climax was reached when the maiden, fair of feature, threw a mass of tangled papers into the air, which were converted in a twinkling into a series of small American flags reaching across the stage (and the band played "Hail, Columbia"). The girl, made up as a pretty picture as she bowed to the awe-struck audience, and the artist was enraptured.

There is no doubt of the popularity of the drama by the sea. It is undoubtedly cheap, but as an educator it is unworthy of consideration. The exception that goes to prove each and all of these rules is not lacking, and the lesson that it teaches is love and kindness, so it is deserving to rank as an educator. The actors are not on speaking terms with any of their professional brethren, but they are neither proud nor unpolish in their bearing. The milkmaid, the sign from forty feet, and the man who sold the sandwiches, and the actors, and some, it is said to say, were bound with ropes. Sullivan sat in the ring, and occasionally waved a gloved paw in the air in defiance to an unseen Kilrain, and the Learned Goose looked out from his wired prison with the air of a martyr. When the goose came he was greeted with delight, and the Learned Goose came out and picked out any number desired, and told time by looking at a watch and indicating the hour and minute by picking up the different numbers that were scattered about. "Not such a goose as he looks," said the Artist, *who sees*. Sullivan and Kilrain had three rounds with soft gloves, and a battle royal it was! Once or twice they clinched, but as a rule they stood up and dealt blows at each other, taking care not to hit except in the face. When Kilrain was finally knocked clear over the ropes, Sullivan looked at his adversary with a professional air, bowed, embraced him, and after the audience were gone. They were very happy and good-natured, but they were cats. The dogs, who contributed to a great part of the performance, would have won the heart of any one who was possessed of such an article. It was worth a dozen of the other shows to see these well-trained animals, and the Artist conceived such a violent admiration for them that it was with great difficulty that he could be persuaded to move on.

Many curious types were seen along the street; but as the Artist said, the place to study the people was in some concert-hall. Everybody went to the latter. Mothers with baskets of babies and whole hordes of youngsters would suddenly pounce upon and occupy a table in these halls, and while all the stage-business was carefully noted, a single glass of lemonade would circulate among half a dozen little mouths, which seemed always to be open.

Then a party of rough men would walk down near the front, and after ordering the indicate some particular girl on the stage whom they wished to treat. The beverages

indulged in by all members was a species of pink lemonade or beer. Social conditions do not exist in this minor Arcadia; every man is as good as another, and what is more, the fact is generally recognized. Force is the potent factor, and leads one to believe in the survival, etc. The white-aproned waiters make a numerous class at Coney Island, and a formidable one too. They must be able to hold their own under all conditions, and carry out any threats they care to indulge in. They are the supreme powers—bearing themselves with an easy familiarity toward all patrons, and caring for no one. They are young and old, none beautiful except from a pugilistic standpoint. The Artist and the Other Pilgrim tried tipping these awful beings, more from a matter of habit than fear or reverence. Five cents was accepted with delight and surprise; ten cents regarded as a bribe for something that might be unfolded later, but accepted every time.

"You is gents," remarked one man, and was evidently so sincere that the Other Pilgrim did not like to hurt his feelings by firmly denying the allegation. One waiter forgot to collect for a cigar that was being smoked by the Other Pilgrim, and when reminded of the fact a pathetic expression illuminated his countenance. "Dere ain't many such men on all de island," he exclaimed. "I never knowed it to happen once before." And when the Pilgrims went out of that place they were regarded as curiosities by the staring waiters near the door. Some of the waiters resembled ex-prize-fighters, others were like champions in embryo; but all were tamed, subdued, and rendered docile by the nickel gratuity.

"My brain is in a perfect whirl," sighed the Artist, as the Pilgrims started to return. "What do you recall as the prominent feature of the West End of Coney Island?"

The Other Pilgrim caressed an *invariable* (purchased at Manhattan), and shook his head.

"The cigars," he said, "which are the worst in the world. I have waited all the afternoon and evening for a good smoke. I even began to understand the counterblast of James I.—under some circumstances it might be forgiven," which was a great deal for the Other Pilgrim to say, for he was very much of a smoker.

THE WORDS UNSAID.

How full of yearning love and tenderness,
That spoken might have served to cheer
and bless.

Now haunted with the grief of vague
regrets,
Like faint sad tones when low winds sweep
the frets

Of some old instrument, these words unsaid!
They come to us within the late wan
night.

Like troubled spirits seeking out sweet
rest;

And though we would admit them to our
breast,

They fail to give us peace, as once they
might.

The hearts they could have joyed have
ceased to beat;

The ears are deaf, though wildly we entreat.
Oh, could they hear them now, the words
unsaid!

One word were worth a thousand to the
dead.

HENRY CLEVELAND WOOD.

THE ROYAL GAME OF GOLF.

BY E. N. LAMONT.

THERE has always existed a want for some manly sport which could be indulged in by old and young—a game combining a little excitement and rivalry with the exercise needed to preserve health, which might act as an antidote to mental or emotional strain. Such a game has been known to and indulged in for centuries by the Scotch people, and is called golf or gowf. Its popularity has of late years become almost absurdly universal and intense, not only upon its native heath, but upon English ground. Golf clubs are not unknown in the United States, and the merits of the game require only to be better understood to be appreciated. Golf possesses extraordinary claims upon the respect if not regard of the people of the city and State of New York from the fact that it is of Dutch origin. The name is derived from the German "kolbe," a club, and the Dutch "kolf." In the year 1457 the game had become so popular in Scotland that the Parliament decreed against it. It was being practised to the neglect of archery, and must be stopped. During this and later centuries vast numbers of golf balls were imported from Holland into Scotland. The origin of golf, which has become by adoption *par excellence* a Scotch game, is unknown, but certain it is that it was played by the Dutch before it found its way "across the foam" to bonny Scotland. The Scotch kings were famous gowfers in their day and generation, albeit they passed acts for its suppression as standing in the way of more warlike accomplishments. James IV. and V. were golfers, and Mary Stuart herself was not too proud to take a club in her lovely hand and "ca' a ba'. James I. of Eng-

land, the priggish monarch so graphically depicted by Scott in *The Fortunes of Nigel*, and the author of *The Counterblast against Tobacco*, and the unfortunate Charles I. were champion players.

The principal objection which might be urged against the ancient and royal game is the difficulty of obtaining a course upon which to play it. A good stretch of undulating land is necessary. The ground best suited to it is a reach of undulating down country, such as is common on the seaboard, sandy in soil, and covered with a short crisp turf, occasionally broken by sand holes, or bunkers. These bunkers constitute the main hazards of the game. In laying out a golf course all that is required is the punching, at intervals of from 100 to 150 yards, of small holes, about 4 inches in diameter. The course may extend from a mile to a mile and a half. The game consists in driving a gutta-percha ball of about 1½ ounces by means of a long club, fashioned for the purpose, from the "tee," or starting-point, to one of the holes, then to the next, and so on until the entire course has been gone over. Different clubs are used for different situations—such as putting when near a hole, or rescuing a ball from an awkward position in a bunker. The player who holes his ball in the smallest number of strokes wins the game. A



FIRST POSITION—TO ADDRESS A BALL WHEN DRIVING.

good player will drive a ball as far as 180 yards, but skill in driving can only be acquired by practice. Putting is really the effort requiring the greatest skill. It is a curious fact connected with golf that the man who once masters the rudiments of the game, and who is able to play it even with a moderate degree of skill, is forever after its devoted slave. It is a game in which friendships are cemented by honest rivalry; in which, while enjoying the invigorating air and the stimulating excitement, a man forgets the amount of exercise he is taking. Two players generally start off together, although four make a more exciting game. One party of golfers follows another on the course, and the only possible danger to which a man is exposed consists in being hit by a ball. Warning is, however, invariably given before a shot is fired. The great beauty of the game consists in its adaptability to all ages. Old men are quite as enthusiastic golfers in Scotland as young ones. On the best-known links, or courses, men of seventy and even eighty, take their rounds on favorable days as regularly as they eat their dinners. Young and middle-aged men of all degrees meet upon the course as upon common ground, and there good play, not social or professional position, commands respect. Upon holidays and Saturday afternoons Scotch "trams" and trains are generally filled with golfers hurrying away to enjoy their favorite game. Lawyers, doctors, professors, editors, business men, and clerks—all unite in their devotion to this ancient and healthful pastime. It is the truest of sweaters and the best of cementers of friendship and respect. Its matches are not disgraced



SECOND POSITION—PREPARING TO STRIKE



THIRD POSITION—AFTER STRIKING.

by gambling or by professional extortion. When prizes are played for, they are presented by clubs or private patrons, and are won by merit only. There are no professional players as such are known in connection with base-ball and cricket. The only persons who derive emolument from the game are the keepers of club-houses, the men who make the clubs, and the boys, or "caddies," who carry them during the progress of a match. The golfer's outfit may cost him perhaps \$25, and his club dues, tips to caddies, and railway fares a trifle in the year; but the money is well spent, and is amply repaid by the health which he obtains, the pleasure he enjoys, and the congenial companionship which he is certain to fall in with.

Nor is the royal game confined to the sterner sex. Many ladies' clubs have been and are being formed across the water, and the fair players are becoming almost as enthusiastic as their husbands and brothers. The course for ladies is shorter than that for gentlemen, and the distance to be travelled over consequently less. In the olden times golfers wore red coats of the hunting variety while playing the game, now knickerbockers and short-tweed coats are more *en vogue*. The oldest club in England is that of Blackheath, said to have been founded in 1606; the most famous and important in the kingdom, that of St. Andrews in Scotland. The latter numbers among its members the cream of the nobility and gentry of the country. The



"PUTTING" A BALL INTO A HOLE

game is now played in nearly all the British colonies, and is destined to obtain a foothold in the United States. A good eye and steady hand are indispensable requirements in playing a good game, and these Americans possess to a marked degree. They cannot fail, when once it has taken root on our soil, to become expert players. Long Island is rich in courses which would take a golfer's fancy, and there is no reason why the game should not become popular at the various summer resorts along the coast.

To the uninitiated golf talk is apt, of course, to become a little wearisome. The tendency which its votaries exhibit to introduce their favorite topic upon every occasion, and to insist upon their neighbors taking as deep an interest in its mysteries as they do themselves, is, to say the least, objectionable. Golfers resemble early risers in that they sometimes affect a superiority in manner and conversation which is not always pleasing to persons whose tastes lie in other directions. An evening spent in the company of confirmed golfers is not always a celestial experience to a man of quiet and unobtrusive tastes. In the course of conversation he learns that one man leads the field on driving, while another's putting is the wonder of all beholders. He listens to disquisitions upon cleeks, bunkers, tees, and caddies. His very natural inquiry as to whether the speaker refers to coal-bunkers or the ordinary tea-caddy of domestic

use is met with looks of withering contempt. He is informed that he must learn the game, or be regarded by the world at large as a confirmed duffer. If he happens to be a corpulent person, whose pleasure is confined to a quiet walk or a rubber at whist, it is particularly aggravating to be told that men of seventy or eighty learn the game with ease, or to hear some noisy giant with muscles of iron offering to back his little boy, aged ten, to give him over so many points and beat him. In the company of golfers it is out of the question to talk politics or literature or music or art. The conversation is certain to veer round somehow to the popular theme. Let the outsider venture a remark upon the latest political boom or the last new novel, he is instantly crushed by some champion at the other end of the table, who inquires, in his boisterous way, when that match is coming off between the "Babylons" and the "Sheepsheds." The non-golfer feels that he would like to club that man with a putt, or put him with a club. To the outsider who finds himself dining in company with a golfing set, there are only three methods of escape—he must talk golf, preserve a dignified silence, or join the ladies. Even when the victim has sought the seclusion which a parlor grants, he is not unlikely to discover a young lady in the act of "address-

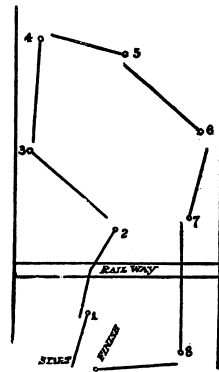


DIAGRAM OF GOLF LINKS.

ing a ball" by means of a walking-stick, and demonstrating how she made "that last shot." The game has not taken quite such a hold upon the ladies as it has upon the men, but they are taking to it kindly. In nearly all places where golf is played the ladies have their clubs, and many of them have become expert players.

Golf possesses advantages over lawn-tennis and croquet which are not to be despised. It offers more interest and variety and involves less of a strain upon the nerves than the first, and permits more liberty of action than the second. The opportunities for congenial companionship, not to mention flirtation, offered by golf are limitless. No sensible chaperon who values her poor feet cares to go trotting after a couple who seem to be following an innocent gutta-percha ball with clubs in their hands. Clubs in such a case may be safely trusted to capture hearts. Young couples, therefore, who desire to go off to a safe distance may do so without fear of capture under cover of this little game. There is a danger, of course, of a man's becoming a confirmed golfomaniac, the chief symptoms of the disease being a tendency to talk golf during sleep, to start in the middle watches of the night, and shout, "A cleek! a cleek! my kingdom for a cleek!" and to practise shots at unreasonable times and in unseemly places. Mr. Balfour, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, affords rather an interesting case in point. Before he took to golfing, Mr. Balfour was a retiring, kindly man, who would not harm a fly; now he appears to be afflicted with the delusion that every head in Ireland is a golf ball, and that it is his imperial mission to hit it. But there is little danger of our level-headed people catching the complaint. When they once become wedded to golf and its many fascinations, their only object will be to lick creation, and if they give their minds to it, they will do it.

The first move for establishing the game on this side has already been made, and at Southampton and Cedarhurst they are making the plays and mastering the mysteries with great success.

THE FORGOTTEN LOVE.

SUE said, "Tis best that we forget;
"Tis best that life should part us two."
SHE said, "Tis best!" Her eyes were wet.
SHE said, "I will not think of you."

HE said: "'Tis easy to forget;
The years go fast. I fear not fate.
You will be glad," he said; and yet
They lingered, though the hour was late.

The years go fast, and day by day
And night by silent night these two
Still to their separate hearts must say
That they forget—nor find it true.

M. C. S.

MINISTER PATRICK EGAN.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

PATRICK EGAN is one of the links in the chain of ministers which the present administration has spread over the globe. A chain is only as strong as its weakest part, and this particular link of the chain rests on that far-away portion of the map marked Chili. It was so far away and so seemingly unimportant that it was possible for the government to believe that any ineligibility on the part of Patrick Egan as a minister would never be discovered. How was the administration to know that that particular part of this map was to become of world-wide moment by a civil war, and that Patrick Egan was to have greatness thrust upon him? As the Mikado says, "That is the pathetic part of it. How were you to know?"

Patrick Egan came to this country in 1883. Before that time he had attained much notoriety in Ireland as the Treasurer of the Land League, and though nothing was ever proved, serious charges were made against him, notably by Lady Florence Dixie, who claimed that there was a discrepancy in the funds of the Land League of £130,000. He took up his residence in this country in Nebraska, where he became conspicuous in Irish-American matters, and a year after his arrival came out in a letter advocating Blaine for the Presidency. He later worked for Mr. Blaine's election, and still later headed the Irish Blaine contingent, which supported Harrison after the withdrawal of Blaine's name for nomination.

On March 27, 1889, he was appointed minister to Chili by the President, Egan at that time having been a naturalized citizen but for the space of one year. Not only the press of Chili, but the press of Nebraska were indignant at the appointment. But Egan was received as minister, and had it not been for the late civil war might have ended his career as a minister without gaining further notoriety. He might even have avoided this had he maintained the neutrality incumbent on a minister. But at present he stands suspected at home, and openly accused in Chili, of close affiliation with Balmaceda; of joint interest with him in nitrate beds and railroad contracts; of having deceived the department at Washington as to the true state of affairs in Chili, and so causing the United States to side with Balmaceda, who represented despotism and unconstitutional miracle, and to snub the agents of the insurgents, who represented liberty and the rule of and by the people.

In the local papers of Santiago of June 8, 1891, Egan writes to Admiral McCann, who had been asked to serve with him as mediator between the insurgents and Balmaceda: "Me parece que el Gobierno no puede ser derrocado," or, in very plain English, "It seems to me that the Government cannot be overthrown." This official expression of opinion naturally ended Egan's usefulness as a mediator. Whether or not it should not as promptly end his career as a minister lies with the present administration to determine.



THE HON. PATRICK EGAN, MINISTER PLENIPOTENTIARY TO CHILI.

THE WORLD'S FAIR COMMISSIONERS ABROAD.

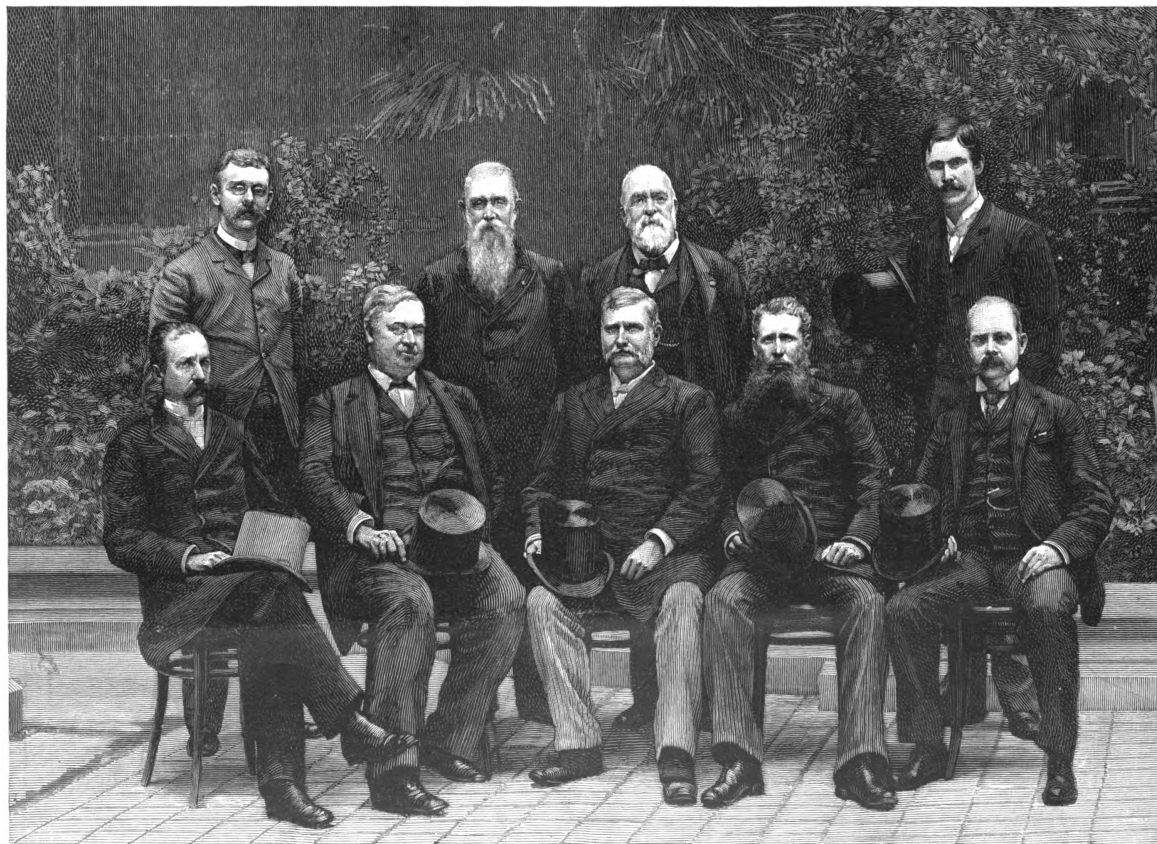
SINCE the World's Fair at Chicago became a recognized thing, the people at large have read daily reports of the difficulties encountered and the progress made, and they have looked forward with interest to the time when the great work will be complete, but rarely have they thought of or realized the immensity of the undertaking. They will go to Chicago in 1893, and see the exhibits of the world, never counting the steps that were taken to perfect the whole. The organization is like a huge and intricate machine, where cogs must fit and wheels run smooth, and not a screw or pin be loose. Committee within committee, each headed, must reach in all directions, each doing its own particular work, until the world is covered, and a miniature world centred in the Columbian Exposition. The detail is enormous, but the world must first learn of the plan and scope of the Fair before the detail is reached, and to this end commissioners were duly appointed to go forth and sow the seeds of interest abroad. The commissioners departed upon their mission early in the summer, and since then have

been engaged in their good work. The heads of the various governments had first to be courted, and their recognition gained. Then municipal authorities were seen, and their favor asked for, and finally the trades, the representatives of trade, the individual merchants, and all persons who might be looked upon as exhibitors. Nor was this all; the Fair itself had to be advertised. One might think that in this day of ours, when the newspaper is the power, that such individual work was unnecessary, but, as every one knows, success is only secured by personal application.

The reports of the commissioners have been most sanguine. The first steps have been decidedly forward, and interest has been aroused in all the foreign governments. The commissioners have made favorable impressions upon the officials with whom they have come in contact, and incidentally have been dined and wineed by societies and individuals. The men who make up the commission are of recognized ability, and many of them well-known at large. Major Handy has won his laurels in journalism, and Mr. Butterworth in politics. The *London World* remarks as follows, under the heading of "What the World Says":

"The delegates from the executive of the Chicago Exhibition, who have come over with the intention of enlightening us as to the manner in which America proposes to celebrate her five-hundredth birthday, have made a very favorable impression here, and they also seem to have thoroughly appreciated the cordial manner in which they have been received. They were much gratified with Lord Salisbury's reception of them at the Foreign Office; they were greatly pleased with Sir Richard Webster's dinner at the House of Commons, and the opportunity it gave them of comparing the actual Balfour with the pictures of him produced for the American market; and they fully enjoyed Sir George Chubb's dinner and fireworks at the Naval Exhibition."

In a work of this kind the co-operation of men of experience is gladly received, and the commissioners in London were fortunate in interesting Sir Philip Cunliffe-Owen, who first made them welcome at a reception of the Chamber of Commerce, where the assistance of that body was promised. Sir Cunliffe-Owen is a man of great and valuable experience, having been actively connected with the greatest international exhibitions, and at present one of England's royal representatives to the Columbian Exposition. His kindly attention was of the greatest service to Chicago representatives. He was good enough to go to France with the commissioners, and his knowledge has furthered their workings greatly. From this instance it can be seen that the visit of the commissioners has been fruitful, and the tidings that come from them are very encouraging. The seeds of interest have been sown and taken root, and the daily growth is steady, and gives promise of great success in all branches of the Fair. Just at present it is impossible to say exactly what will be done by the foreign governments. England, France, Germany, Greece, Russia, and Spain are among the larger transatlantic countries that have officially accepted the invitation extended by the United States, and the friendly rivalry of the nations will enhance the beauties of the Exposition.

Mr. J. W. SHRAEGE, Assistant Secretary.
Mr. F. W. PROK.General GROSVENOR.
Judge LINDRAY.Sir PHILIP CUNLIFFE-OWEN.
Hon. BENJAMIN BUTTERWORTH.

Major MOSES F. HANDY.

CHARLES DE LANKY, Secretary.
Hon. A. S. BULLOCK.

THE WORLD'S FAIR COMMISSIONERS ABROAD.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN THE COURT-YARD OF THE CONTINENTAL HOTEL, PARIS.



HOW TO HUNT THE GRIZZLY BY BOOK—A TALE WITHOUT WORDS.—By A. B. FROST.



WANTED, A FEW MORE SHIPS—RELATIVE SIZE OF THE NAVIES OF THE WORLD.

WHERE THE TROUT LIE.

LAST night it rained. Here on the bank
A splashing shower the willows throw
With every breeze; the grass, sprung rank,
Sparkles with drowsing drops; I know
No fresher, brighter green can be
Than here, no such luxury.

The stream flows fast, with clamorous sound,
O'er stepping-stones that towered dry
Last night; the sifting sun has found
Its pouring wavelets, through their sky
Of low-hung leaves, and flecks them bright
With shifting fragments of warm light.

My line is cast, but languidly.
The red-specked, wary creatures may
Hide them or curvet safe, for me.
I watch a squirrel scamper, play;
A woodchuck whistles—he that knows
Where the sweet clover blushing grows.

Yonder the bilberries swell red,
And blackberries are everywhere
Whitely abloom; and young ferns spread
The rain-wet earth. The day is rare,
And I could know no care nor ill
Here where the trout lie heedful, still.

EMMA A. OPPER.

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC IN AN OPEN BOAT.

BRIDGE-JUMPING and parachute-tumbling
are not edifying spectacles, nor are they at-
tempted in the interests of science or practical
morality. Fortunately the men who go
into such things are not counted by the thou-
sands, or even hundreds, and there is no like-
lihood of their attaining to the dignity or
numbers of a profession. Crossing Niagara
on a tight-rope may be a degree better, for
practice and skill are here necessary, while
the element of luck predominates in jumping
from a bridge or dropping from the clouds
with the aid of a parachute.

The natural instinct of man is to hold on
to his life at all hazards, and there are gener-
ally ways of making a living other than risk-
ing that life in the attempt. Most people
regard such exploits as savoring of bravado
rather than courage, and the men thus gain-
ing notoriety are to be placed on a par with
the person who points an unloaded gun at
his friends. It is tempting Providence, and
exhibiting a most unchristian spirit. Men
grow careless in the presence of continual
danger, as is illustrated by the buzz-saw and
the accidental explosions that deal destruc-

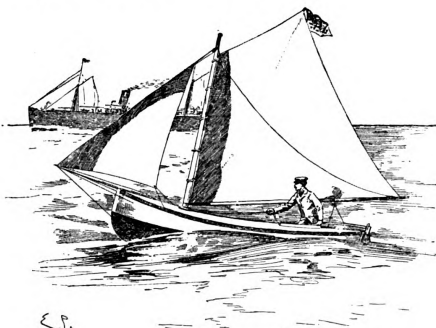
tion to those habitually engaged in handling
explosives, so it may be that sailors grow fa-
miliar with the deep and scorn its power.
At least that is the impression that one re-
ceives after reading about the journey of the
Sea-Serpent and *Merman* across the Atlantic.

These names are suggestive of the ocean,
and the originals are credited with all sorts
of aquatic performances, but when small
open boats adopt these titles and do wonder-
ful things, it is worthy of record. The won-
der lies in the fact that their respective cap-
tains still live. The two boats started from
Boston, each bearing one man, on a race
across the ocean for a silver cup and three
thousand dollars. Two hours after starting
the boats lost sight of each other, and neither
was heard of until August 5th, when the
Sea-Serpent, with Captain Lawlor on board,
arrived at Coverack, near Lizard Point. The
boat was jib and mainsail rig, fifteen feet
long, and buoyed, fore and aft, with water-
tight compartments.

Twice during the voyage she capsized, and
was righted by Captain Lawlor clambering
along the keel; and once a large shark at-
tacked the boat and threatened to overturn
it, until the skipper had to feed him a dynam-
ite cartridge, which effectually disposed of
any danger from that particular shark. Very
bad weather was encountered, and Captain
Lawlor reached England, as the despatches
state, "in a greatly fatigued condition." The
Merman was spoken some days later, and
all was reported well by Captain Andrews;
but to the *Sea-Serpent* belong all the emolu-
ments arising from the perilous journey.



LORD HAWKE, who is to bring over a
job-lot of English cricketers this month, is
evidently experiencing some difficulty in
persuading first-class amateurs to join his
team on the proposed invasion. Englishmen
are apparently too much absorbed in the task
of choosing a representative team for Aus-
tralia to give much time or thought to Amer-
ican conquest. We have so long been ac-
customed to seeing Australia monopolize the
cream of the English talent that the neglect
of our claims to consideration fails to cause
that poignant grief which a slight from so
great an opponent should unquestionably ex-
cite. Possibly it's because it's so very Eng-
lish, and we do dote so on anything amateur
or inanimate which bears the trade-mark of
the British Isles.



ACROSS THE ATLANTIC IN AN OPEN BOAT—CAPTAIN LAWLOR IN THE "SEA-SERPENT."

SKIM-MILK APPEARS TO BE about the
strength of diet our cricketers are believed
able to digest, for from present indications
his lordship is likely to bring over a very sec-
ond-rate lot of players, which, however, are
regarded in England good enough, I hear, to
"defeat the Yankees." Possibly they are,
but if Philadelphia cricketers do not give
these conceited Englishmen a good sound
drubbing, it will be establishing an altogeth-
er new and distasteful precedent for Amer-
ica. It's dollars to doughnuts that we should
not see English cricketers of any degree of
ability over here this year were it not that
they believe the American championship to
be practically a gift to them. Englishmen
have acquired from experience a very whole-
some regard for us in all other branches of
sport, but in cricket they fancy we are still
toddling about in pinafores. It remains for
us this time to awaken them to a proper un-
derstanding of the case, after which they will
probably not send any teams at all, or ones
equally expert, as those now seeking honors
in Australia. I have a lurking suspicion
that the American spirit will arise to the
occasion, and send those Britishers home
spanked, but wiser.

THE COMING CRICKET MATCH for the cham-
pionship of the United States between Phil-
adelphia and Chicago promises to be an ex-
tremely interesting event. The easy manner
in which the Chicago cricketers disposed of
the Germantown and Belmont elevens during
their recent tours in the West has brought
Chicago cricket out of its heretofore unknown
state, and placed it in a very favorable light
before the cricketers of this country. The
Western players are reported to be in excel-
lent form and brimful of confidence, while
the Quakers are equally confident of their
ability to maintain their long-established su-
premaccy. It will not do to judge the Phil-
adelphians entirely by their performances
in the West, where they were undoubtedly
handicapped by poor wickets, which is no
slight disadvantage to cricketers who are
accustomed to the perfect creases of Phila-
delphia.

THE COMING CONTEST will be fought un-
der different conditions. The match will take
place at Elmwood, the ground of the Bel-
mont Cricket Club, which is famous for the
excellence of its wickets; the club will have
the considerable prestige of being at home,
and the eleven representing the Quakers will
be much stronger than the club elevens so
easily defeated by the "All Chicago team."
Under the circumstances I see no reason to
change the prediction made in this column
at the beginning of the season, though it
would not be surprising if the Chicago men
make a hard fight for victory. The courtesy
of the Belmont Club in placing its grounds
at the disposal of the Chicago cricketers, that
they might become accustomed to the crease,
may be cited as an instance of the unwill-
ingness of the Philadelphians to take visitors at
a disadvantage.

THE MEMBERS OF THE YALE foot-ball
team have been notified by Captain McClung
to report in New Haven September 17th.
Think what a stew there would be if such a
curtailment of vacation came from some
member of the faculty instead of from the
foot-ball captain! Truly, the captain of a
team can reign more despotically than the
president of the college. The failure of the
Newport scheme for practice on the polo
field was quite a disappointment to Captain
McClung, as he had confidently expected to be
able to secure an invitation from the West-
chester Polo Club to use its grounds. The polo
men, however, regard their land as more or
less consecrated to the usages of their game,
and though the two weeks during which the
foot-ball players hoped to disport themselves

on the field saw but three games of polo, no
courtesies were extended the Yale men. It
seems too bad, for the presence of a varsity
eleven practicing would have added to the
attractions of Newport during the time when
the tennis tournament had taken so many
college men to the town. To say that prac-
tice of the eleven on the field would cut it
up for polo is nonsense, and we are left to
assume that the club did not care to extend
the courtesy, which seems the more strange
when it is remembered that at least two of
its few members, Messrs. Taylor and Whit-
ney, are Yale undergraduates.

McCLUNG'S DISAPPOINTMENT IS KEENER,
I fancy, than would be at first supposed, for
his plan was excellent enough to make me
think that Yale in him had added another
"long-headed" captain to her list. On the
face of it he only asked his men to go to New-
port for a week's practice in August, but sup-
posing he had succeeded in carrying out his
scheme, it would have meant, as nearly as I
can read the signs, two weeks at Newport
and the balance of the time in New Haven.
The men would certainly have willingly re-
mained the second week at Newport, owing
to the many attractions, and then would
have hardly objected very strongly, after be-
ing well broken in, to spending the few re-
maining days of the vacation at light work
in New Haven.

MOREOVER, NO TEAM would have had any-
thing like the coaching that these men could
have enjoyed at Newport, and this was one
of the best features of McClung's little
scheme. Bull, the best back and drop kicker
Yale ever had, has a home at Newport, and
was there, ready to coach upon the point
which will be Yale's greatest weakness this
year. Walter Camp was there from the
middle of August; Bob Watson, the former
Yale captain and half back, was there; as
were also Lamb, Clark, and Hill, all mem-
bers of former Yale teams, and any one of
whom is a competent coach. To forego all
these advantages must have been a bitter pill
for McClung to swallow. There is one
thing this shows at the outset, however, and
that is that the man who planned so clever
an arrangement to give a team not only a
month's start, but under coaching unequalled,
is quite competent to shape future questions
of policy, etc.

APROPPOS OF FOOT-BALL, I picked out a
complete team from the men I saw one
morning on the Casino grounds during the
tennis tournament. Bud Appleton for cen-
tre rush, with Kent Hubbard and Ben Lamb
for guards; George Clark and W. B. Hill for
tackles, and Duncan Edwards and H. W.
Slocum, Jun., ends; Hovey to play quarter,
and feed the ball to Watson and Fearing,
while Billy Bull stood back and dropped
goals. It would not be an easy team to beat,
either. Wesleyan's former foot-ball captain
and half back, Slayback, upon whom Yale
was rather counting to help out behind her
line, is more likely, I learn, to be found play-
ing back for the Crescents. Ballet, who did
such excellent work for Lehigh in the cen-
tre of the line, and whom fraternal influences
was to lead to Yale, has changed his mind.
So fall a few of the castles in the air!

THE "MINEOLA-JESSICA" RACES have been
sailed, and the former wins, though in the
second race for the Cherry Diamond Yacht
Club Cup the latter succeeded in getting first
through time allowance. It will be remem-
bered an attempt was made not long ago by
the Cherry Diamond Yacht Club to sail its
special 46-footer race on Long Island Sound,
but owing to an incompetent regatta com-
mittee it was a fizzle. It was therefore de-
cided to resail it, and the first race came off on
August 18th. Only the *Mineola* and *Jessica*

entered for the 20-mile run; a boat to the windward and return it proved. They got an even start, but the *Minola* shortly took the lead, and steadily gained. She rounded the stake-bout (10 miles) 4 minutes 35 seconds before *Jessica*, and finally won by 14 minutes 20 seconds. On the second leg for the cups on August 19th the same two yachts entered, and the race resolved itself into a procession, though the *Minola* did not get enough ahead, and eventually lost to *Jessica* on her time allowance. The third leg was sailed during the cruise of the Eastern Yacht Club, and the *Beatriz* won.

THE EASTERN YACHT CLUB cruise ended last week at Bar Harbor, and in its way was considerable of a success. There is never on any of the cruises of the Eastern Club the same general club turning out, nor do they excite anything like the amount of racing interest. They are more pleasuring trips for a comparatively few jolly amateur tars who know one another, are on the best possible terms with themselves and the inhabitants of the parties they make, and play go in for a good sail. Heretofore this has been done to total indifference to the outside world, but this year some cognizance was taken of the interest with which their friends follow them *en route*, and an innovation in the form of a tug containing timers and some press representatives was made. Light winds and a considerable amount of fog followed the boats a great deal other than was desirable, but all the ports were made, and some excellent sport was enjoyed. The fleet, though small, represented a few of the chosen, and the runs from port to port were very interesting. Among the schooners were *Volunteer*, *Seaforth*, *Magnolia*, *Er. Choue*, *Peelless*, *Wanderer*, *Davilla*, and *Priscilla*; and in the cutters and sloops class were *Sayonara*, *Wayward*, *Mystery*, *Alga*, *Chiquita*, *Thelma*, *Cinderella*, and *Gosoon*. On the entire run from Marblehead to Bar Harbor *Volunteer*, among the schooners, did the best work, and secured the first prize, \$250; *Magnolia* won second, \$150; and *Er. Choue* third, \$50. Of the single-stickers *Cinderella* quite outdid the new 46-footer *Sayonara*, and won first prize, \$250; while Mr. Thayer's boat secured second, \$150; and *Gosoon* took third, \$50.

THE CORINTHIAN YACHT CLUB races off Marblehead for 46-footers must have proved very soothing to at least two Boston yachtsmen. In the first race, August 27th, held under the rather unsatisfactory conditions of a drizzling, foggy morning, with little or no wind, *Barbara* started off in the lead, and was handled so well that it was never taken from her, and she won handsily by a full two minutes, with *Ocenebe*, *Beatriz*, *Alborak*, and *Minola* following in the order named. In the second race, on the following day, *Alborak*, which had been again undergoing overhauling just previous to these races, crossed the line first, and held the lead until about three-quarters of the way to the first mark, when *Beatriz* passed her, and *Ocenebe* likewise caught up, and took second. Both *Barbara* and *Minola* had in the mean time parted their bobstays, and both gave up in consequence, the latter at once. The order continued to the end, *Beatriz* beating *Ocenebe* two minutes, and *Alborak* about eight minutes. This was consolation number one. Consolation number two came the next day, when *Beatriz* again won, this time from *Alborak* by about twelve minutes, which in its turn beat *Ocenebe* twenty seconds. *Barbara* was still two minutes behind, and *Minola* one minute slower.

IT MUST HAVE BEEN like oil on troubled waters for General Paine's 46-footer *Alborak* to defeat anything. For a fifth she and *Minola* and *Ocenebe* were together, but although *Alborak*'s tremendous club-topsail proved too much in a hard N.W. wind, and had to be taken in, she was able to leave the two as though they were anchored. The *Minola* has not done herself justice in her work in Eastern waters.

THE RESULT OF THESE RACES puts *Beatriz* without much doubt in second place of this year's racing 46-footers. Though she has been beaten by the tail-enders of the class, her performances have not been quite so erratic as the others in the class, but at the same time she has not done anything to warrant the intense wave of admiration which is now and again wafted to us from Boston; neither has she demonstrated that the centre board, the fond relic of Boston loyalty, is the faster model. For my part, I can't make out that she has demonstrated anything especially, save the sportsmanship of her owner. She has unquestionably proved that she is not a rival of *Gloriana*, and if she should ever beat Mr. Morgan's remarkable boat, it would be by a fluke. Whether *Beatriz* will come over here for the final and deciding leg in the Cherry Diamond Yacht Club Cup races, to be sailed September 19th, no one knows; if she should, there is a good chance of her winning, though at the same time, according to past performances, she is just as likely to finish last. It is impossible to prognosticate in this class of yachts; no two performances are alike.

AND WHILE ON THE SUBJECT of yachts, and with the handsome triumphs of the *Gloriana* fresh in mind, why is not a conquest of Great Britain among the sportsman-like possibilities?

There seems to be no prospect of a race for the *America's* Cup, and as English yachtsmen have lately been over here repeatedly, it would not be an inopportune time for the *Gloriana* to try some of the English craft in their own waters. Aside from any other feature, the trip of itself, meeting a different class of boats under different conditions and in different waters, would be a liberal education in yachting. It is wholesome to rub shoulders with the world in every branch of sport, and no worthier or abler representative of American yachting could fly the Stars and Stripes abroad than E. D. Morgan and the *Gloriana*. We hope to have English oarsmen here next year or the one following. English cricketers are coming this fall. Why not an American invasion the coming season in yachting and polo?

"MARQUERITE" AND HER OWNER deserve a few words of commendation, even if it is late in the day, for the tip-top performances in the private match races sailed off Newport with the cutter *Huron* and schooner *Iroquois*, the former for a \$250 cup and expenses of race, and the latter a \$500 cup. In the race with *Huron*, on the 18th, *Marquerite* took the lead at once, and was never headed, winning by nearly 12 minutes. In justice it should be said that the *Huron* broke her spinnaker boom, and the repairs necessitated a 15 minute delay in getting it set, which didn't count for much, however, as she actually lost only 30 seconds on the run home. The race with *Iroquois* was more interesting and close. *Marquerite* was a good three lengths behind on rounding the stake-bout, but on the run home she gained, and finally won by about 23 minutes. A feature of the race was the fine display on the *Marquerite* in setting a new spinnaker. Just after the start her spinnaker split from top to bottom; it was taken in and another set in 2 minutes and 20 seconds—magnificent work.

AFTER STARTING OUT SO WELL round about New York, the polo week at Newport was considerable of a disappointment in one way, and yet of the three match games played, one was the most interesting exhibition of the year; I refer to the one on Friday, August 28th, between Foxhall Keene, Stevens, Mortimer, and W. K. Thorn and his novices, Whitney, Agassiz, and Baldwin. According to the official handicap, Keene's team should have allowed Thorn about 10 goals; this was waived, however, and the former gave the latter but three goals. After a hard-played game Thorn's side won by several goals, and created so great a surprise that the other side has not yet recovered from the consequent shock. Those who have been seeing for a solution of the problem whereby a team of comparative novices was able to defeat veterans may easily find it in a study of their team play. How often has it been set forth in this column that team play will always win over individual brilliancy! In no game does this pertain more certainly than in polo. It was lack of team play that enabled the English team to defeat us years ago, and it would be because of the same failing if we were unable to hold our own now.

MR. THORN'S EXPERIENCE abroad and his well-grounded knowledge of polo have shown him the wisdom of teaching our players for a team game. It was with this idea that he took those boys at Newport in hand, and that they should so brilliantly demonstrate the correctness of his theory is glory enough for him, and ought to prove a warning to our polo-players generally. If these boys, after a couple of seasons' work, can defeat such men as Keene, Stevens, and Mortimer, what would come of us if we met the hardened and experienced teams of England? Of the other matches of the Newport season the one between the boys C. C. Baldwin, H. P. Whitney, Moses Taylor, and W. K. Thorn, and the Country Club of Westchester was the best. It was a lively game, but the team play of Newport was too much for the Country Club men, notwithstanding their superior ponies. E. C. Potter played a rattling game, and Havemeyer filled his portion well and hit strong. Bates did not do so well as earlier in the season, and Reynal showed lack of practice naturally, though putting up a fair game. On the other side, Whitney and Baldwin did great work; in fact, all the team did well, but the first named especially showed that he has the making of a star player.

BEFORE THE LAWN-TENNIS season has entirely passed away, why not more interesting matches could be suggested than one between R. D. Sears and O. S. Campbell. While it is the general opinion that the former would win, I know that there are a number of expert players who think otherwise. Some years ago it was the custom to arrange a match annually between Sears and Pettitt, the professional, after the former had won the championship. Now that Campbell has succeeded in defending his title, an effort should certainly be made to bring him and Sears together. Early in the summer I understood that Campbell was not only willing but anxious to play, while P. S. Sears was reported to have said at Westchester, during the progress of the tournament there, that his brother could give Campbell half-fifteen and a beating. Let us have the match, and decide the interesting question. There are several clubs that would be glad to get the match.

not Lenox, which is just now beginning its season?

IT IS NEVER TOO LATE to praise good work, and while yachting and lawn-tennis have used up all our space in the last few weeks, a mental note was made of the very excellent performance of the New York Athletic Club's eight-oared crew at Washington. To have won the championship in a national regatta against all comers, which included crews that have been rowing successfully for years, especially the *Atlantis*, heretofore considered the most powerful crew outside of the colleges, is glory enough in one year for so young a crew, and the wisdom of its going out of training is of a high order. The fatal mistake so many athletes make in working themselves down to a shadow once they have sipped of victory is not to be repeated here, evidently. The crew proved at Washington that it was well trained, and it now shows it is equally as well advised.

IT IS NOT THE CREW'S PROWESS, however, so much as its make-up which appeals to me. I congratulate the New York Athletic Club on maintaining what I consider an amateur crew pure and simple; no one of these eight men is supported by the club one way or another, so long as the law is evaded, because of his athletic ability. They row for the sport of it, and not because their club makes it an "object" for them to do so. What a pleasure it is to express such sentiments, and how much I wish it were never necessary for me to write differently!

THE REJECTION OF HAWKINS'S (M. A. C.) entry at the National Regatta was an exhibition of arbitrary ruling such as the Amateur Athletic Union exhibited in its treatment of the Ford case, and will undoubtedly end the same way. No athletic or aquatic association has the right to refuse under such circumstances an entry to compete in a championship meeting. The A. A. U. was compelled to make such a rule, and the National Rowing Association must do likewise. The reason given for rejecting Hawkins's entry was that the committee "believed he was neglecting his business." The boy has no business; he is a farmer's lad, twenty-one years old, and lives on the family homestead, where he aids his father. If he has done anything to warrant his disqualification he should receive his punishment, but not until his offence has been proved. To have rejected his entry at the last hour, when the committee had ten days to look into his amateur status, was entirely wrong. He should have been permitted to compete under protest.

IF THERE ARE DEGREES of sadness when one's heartstrings have been wrung mercilessly, then the drowning of Herbert Mapes has reached the very last. From an eyewitness I learn that the poor boy was not out beyond the breakers when he sank, as we had all supposed, but that he was actually not over his head, and about ten miles from the shore, when he was several other butlers. He was seen swimming about, and suddenly, without uttering a single cry, he disappeared, and never came up again. Within two minutes several were on the spot where he had gone down, but the undertow had carried him beyond reach, and his body was not found for two days, and then ten miles from where he had lost his life. That this boy went down without a warning shout or a struggle, when within easy reach were those who loved him well, and would have risked their lives to save his, adds bitterness that were well spared. One of the dear boy's companions tells me that Herbert, naturally cold, had been extremely cold whenever he went in bathing, and it is believed that heart failure, sudden and swift, was the cause of his sudden disappearance.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

THE ALASKAN BOUNDARY SURVEY.

BY ALFRED BRUNOT SCHANZ.

THE return to San Francisco is announced of the two parties of surveyors which were sent out in the spring of 1889 by the government to determine the boundary line between Alaska and British America. This work was necessitated by a treaty stipulation requiring each of the two governments to make an astronomical determination of the 141st meridian of longitude, which imaginary line forms the eastern boundary of Alaska and the western of the British Northwest Territory. The Natural History Survey of Canada and the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey respectively were instructed accordingly to make such a determination. It was not looked upon as essential to fix the 141st meridian except where it crosses the great waterways, inasmuch as the rest of the territory is a dense uninhabited wilderness, in which there will be no dispute over boundaries for some generations to come. The two waterways which flow from British America into United States territory are the Yukon and its great tributary, the Porcupine, the former of which is the established means of communication with the southeast, while the latter is the direct road to Alaska from the valley of the Mackenzie. The Canadians were the first in the field, and completed the work in one summer, the chiefs of the parties being the geologist George M. Dawson, now Canadian Seal Commissioner, and the surveyor J. V. Ogilvie.

The results of their work showed the importance of the survey, for on both the Yukon and the Porcupine the crossing of the boundary meridian was found to be at least thirty-five miles from the truth. On the Porcupine the true boundary extended thirty-five miles to the eastward of the one formerly adopted, thus adding so much to Alaska; while on the Yukon the boundary is about the same distance westward of the former position, and transfers several posts to British America. The Canadian surveyors have rendered their report, and the latter has been published. Officially, the United States government has no knowledge of the results achieved by its own parties, and in consequence we have the anomaly of a United States post-office in Canadian territory. In the summer of 1890 the appointment as postmaster reached "Jack" McQuestion, trader at Forty-mile Creek. This trading post, however, is in British territory, thirty miles east of the boundary.

While travelling through the interior of Alaska last year I enjoyed a pleasant visit at the camp of the Yukon River party of the boundary survey, and the agreeable circumstance was supplemented by my meeting with the Porcupine River party, which had completed its work. In view of these facts, a general sketch of the experiences of the parties, as well as their mode of life in the wilderness as I observed it, may not be without interest.

Each of the two divisions of the expedition consisted of ten men—two scientifically trained surveyors, one surgeon, a cook, and six chinmen and helpers. Though they left San Francisco on the same vessel, they were entirely independent of each other in their organization. The Yukon River party was officiated by Sub-Assistant John E. McGrath, Computer Walter W. Davis, and Surgeon W. C. Kingsbury, the officers of the Porcupine branch being Sub-Assistant J. H. Turner, Computer Edmunds, and Surgeon H. N. Kierulff. The entire expedition, with its instruments, provisions, and winter supplies, left San Francisco in June, 1889, on one of the Alaska Commercial Company's vessels, for the harbor of St. Michael, on Bering Sea, near the mouth of the Yukon, and arrived there early in July. The outfit was then transferred to several large lighters, and these were taken in tow by the little flat-bottomed stern-wheeler *Yukon*, which was about to make its annual trip up the majestic boreal stream. It was a very comfortable way of getting into the interior, and the members of the parties were treated at their ease to a wealth of natural beauty as remarkable for its intensity as for its unique character. After crossing the Yukon delta—the world's breeding-ground of ducks and geese, where frequently in the late summer the sea is obscured by clouds of toothsome aquatic birds—they were with difficulty hauled up the Lower Rapids, and then entered the sombre and mysterious gloom of the cañon-like Lower Rumparts, with its multiple echoes. The grotesque forms of enormous castellated rocks frequently thrust into the Yukon Flats, where the great river enters the arctic zone, and by virtue of its receiving the waters of the giant tributary, the Porcupine attains the enormous width of about thirty miles. Frequently along the route the solitude of nature presented to the enraptured eyes of the visitors some of its children—a bear cub, perhaps, on his first salmon hunt, or a shagwren antlered moose quenching his thirst with fresh ice-water from the glaciers. The travellers were also just in season for that "midnight sun" over which poets have raved. As the *Yukon* slowly puffed its arduous course into the arctic zone, the days more and more crowded the nights, until at "the State" the season celebrated its victory by staying up all night.

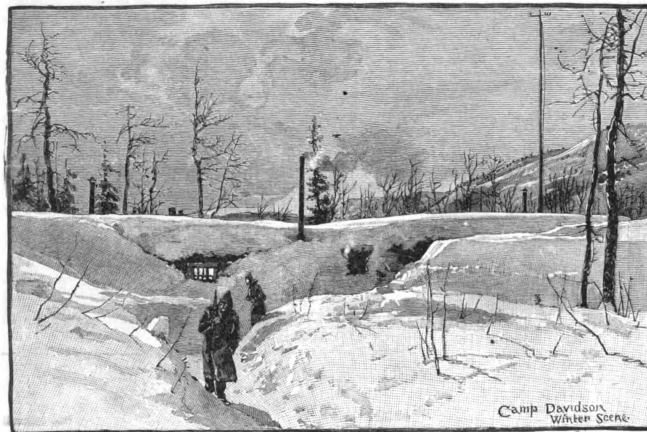
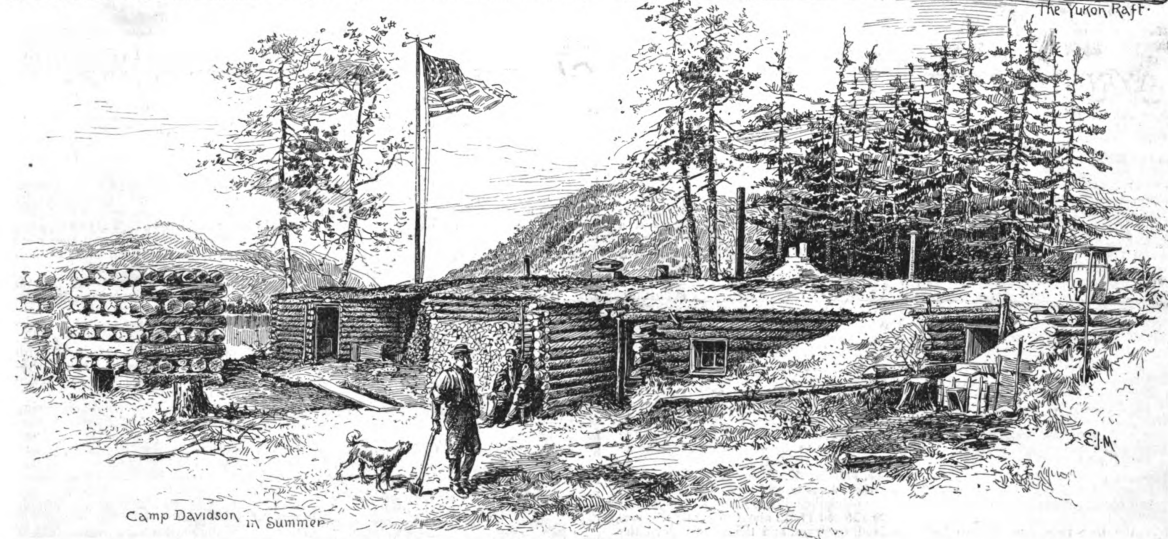
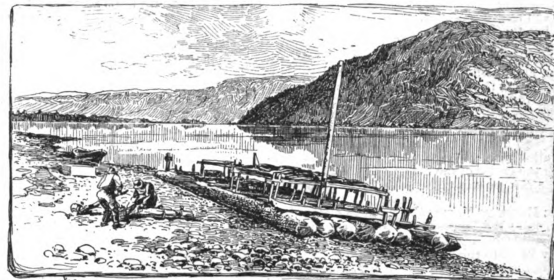
Here, where the Yukon and Porcupine join forces, the forces of the expedition were divided. On the peninsula formed by the confluence is the site of the old Hudson Bay trading post Fort Yukon, which was continuously maintained until 1890, when the Hudson Bay Company was expelled by the United States government as represented by Captain Charles W. Raymond, Corps of Engineers, United States army, he having ascertained by astronomical observations that the post was situated to the west of the 141st meridian. The fort was afterward abandoned and allowed to go to ruin. When last year I visited the spot where it had stood, I found naught beyond an ash heap, with the remains of the mud chimneys a mournful monument to former glory. Nature had in charity hidden the surroundings of these melancholy remains under a perfect tangle of sweet-scented wild roses.

Thus McGrath's division disembarked at this place and went into camp, while the *Yukon* proceeded northeastward on the Porcupine with Turner's surveyors, whom the little puffy steamer deposited safely at Rampart House, another Hudson Bay Company's post, which, this time at the hands of Mr. Turner was to share the fate of Fort Yukon, the fate of expulsion from United States territory. The steamer returned to Fort Yukon, where McGrath's crew had amused themselves with field practice, as well as with the patient search after mementos in the ashes of the fort that had been destroyed. The lighter's tow-line was again picked up by the *Yukon*, and the second division was eventually put ashore early in August at a point on the Yukon three miles east of the 141st meridian. The steamer tooted a farewell in its thin treble, and the surveyors were

alone with the wilderness. Each party was now about 1400 miles from Bering Sea.

With promptness the crews of the parties at once set to work on living-quarters, which would afford sufficient shelter later on against the extreme cold which was to be expected. The buildings were constructed of logs in the conventional pioneer style of architecture, Mr. McGrath's division having a nucleus in the two small log houses put up by Ogilvie the season before. After each party had taken up housekeeping in good order, the attention of the crews was directed to the construction of proper buildings as observatories, until eventually the Stars and Stripes floated gracefully on the arctic breeze over two groups of quite comfortable-looking buildings—at Camp Colonna on the Porcupine, and Camp Davidson on the Yukon. The astronomical work in the mean time was

winter at the Shaman's on the luxuries of civilization, but were continually worried about their less-fortunate colleagues up the river. Eventually, in February, 1890, their consciences troubled them to such an extent that the two men undertook the heroic and previously unheard-of task of taking two hand-sleds with provisions 400 miles up the river, double portages making the real distance to be travelled at least 900 miles. It is true they had three dogs to assist them in the transportation, but the animals had been half starved by the Indians and were of little use. On February 20th the two men started, accompanied by three Indians. The latter deserted before the end of the first day on account of the extreme cold. The difficulties and dangers encountered by the two brave men caused such losses of time and provisions that toward the end of the trip



THE ALASKAN BOUNDARY SURVEY.—DRAWN BY E. J. MEEKER FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

not neglected, and all was as agreeable as it well could be toward the fall of the year, when, suddenly, Indian canoe-men and runners brought the news up the river from the sea that the river steamer *Arctic* had been wrecked, and most of its cargo lost. This rendered it impossible for another steamer to reach the camps, and inasmuch as the greater part of the winter supplies had been left at St. Michaels to be sent up, the mishap left the surveyors with scanty food for the winter. At the trading-post of Forty-mile Creek, thirty-five miles above Camp Davidson, the gold-miners from the placer diggings were left in even worse condition, and a tremendous stampede ensued down the river. The miners went down in open boats, canoes, rafts, lighters—in fact, every variety of available craft. In the mean time the traders at St. Michaels had managed to get some of the surveyors' supplies up the Yukon as far as the "Shaman's" village, an Indian camp 400 miles below Camp Davidson, and, in order to reduce the consuming power of his party, Mr. McGrath sent two of his men—James French and James McLarty—down the river to winter at the "Shaman's." At Camp Colonna and Davidson strenuous efforts were now made to obtain supplies, and were successful, both parties receiving from the natives and the trading-posts acceptable assistance throughout the winter in the form of reindeer meat and Swedish turnips.

French and McLarty lived through the

they themselves had no food except flour. This the dogs could not eat, and the men cut off their very boot tops to keep the animals from starving. Late in April the ice grew soft and mushy, and water appeared all over it, making walking extremely difficult. The heroic couple finally rounded Boundary Bend on May 2d, having experienced seventy days of struggle. Even now, they brought five sacks of flour into Camp Davidson, and had the satisfaction of seeing their companions gorge themselves with bread. The next day, May 3d, the ice ran out of the Yukon. A day sooner would have doomed the two men to certain death.

During the winter Mr. McGrath and Mr. Turner had by no means been idle. The former was unable, on account of the continuous cloudy weather, to obtain such observations as were essential, but in March took his whole party, with dogs and sleds, and chained from the camp to Forty-mile Creek, and some distance up that stream. Mr. Turner was more fortunate, for he obtained at Camp Colonna eighteen observations of star culminations. His determination of the boundary meridian showed that Rampart House was thirty-five miles westward of the line, therefore on United States territory. The post was accordingly moved to the eastward that distance, the log houses being taken down, made into rafts, towed up the Porcupine, and reconstructed. Late in April, 1890, Mr. Turner, with three Ind-

ians and a white fur-trader, made a sledding trip from Camp Colonna to the Arctic Ocean, and made an approximation of Demarkation Point, the boundary on the icy sea. In July of last year the Turner party, having completed its boundary work, reconquered Camp Colonna, and descended the Porcupine in boats, making a running survey of the river at the same time. The resulting map showed the former plotting of the Hudson Bay Company's charts to be reasonably accurate in longitudes, but marred by a constant error in latitudes.

I reached Camp Davidson on a raft June 22, 1890, after a voyage of 700 miles down the Yukon, and was received by Mr. McGrath and his party with the greatest cordiality. The camp then consisted of the main living-quarters, the magnetic observatory, the transit house, vertical-circle house, and a storehouse for fish. The crew were engaged in seine-fishing, and game during my visit was plentiful. The surroundings of the camp were charming, the vegetation being of tropical density, as the illustration depicting the magnetic observatory (from a photograph) plainly shows. Under the circumstances the surgeon had very little call for his services, and the members of the party seemed very comfortable, though they looked like pirates. The officers' quarters, where I was entertained, were not only acceptable, but were even cozy and attractive, as a picture by Dr. Kingsbury may testify.

Mr. McGrath having decided to remain at Camp Davidson another year to try again to obtain the requisite observations, I took my departure from the camp in August, accompanied by James A. French, one of the heroes of the relief trip described above. After descending the Yukon in an open boat, we found at St. Michaels Mr. Turner and his party, and heard to our dismay that the revenue-cutter *Bear*, on which we all had hoped to obtain transportation, had already left. The surveyors decided to remain at Fort St. Michaels until this summer, while I decided to make an effort to get out of the country. I accordingly made a trip southward 700 miles in a skin canoe, crossed the Alaskan Peninsula in the winter, and reached civilization early this spring. I have now heard, to my great joy, that my dear friends Turner and McGrath and their brave companions have safely returned to the United States. They reached San Francisco August 11th on the Alaska Commercial Company's steamship *St. Paul*.

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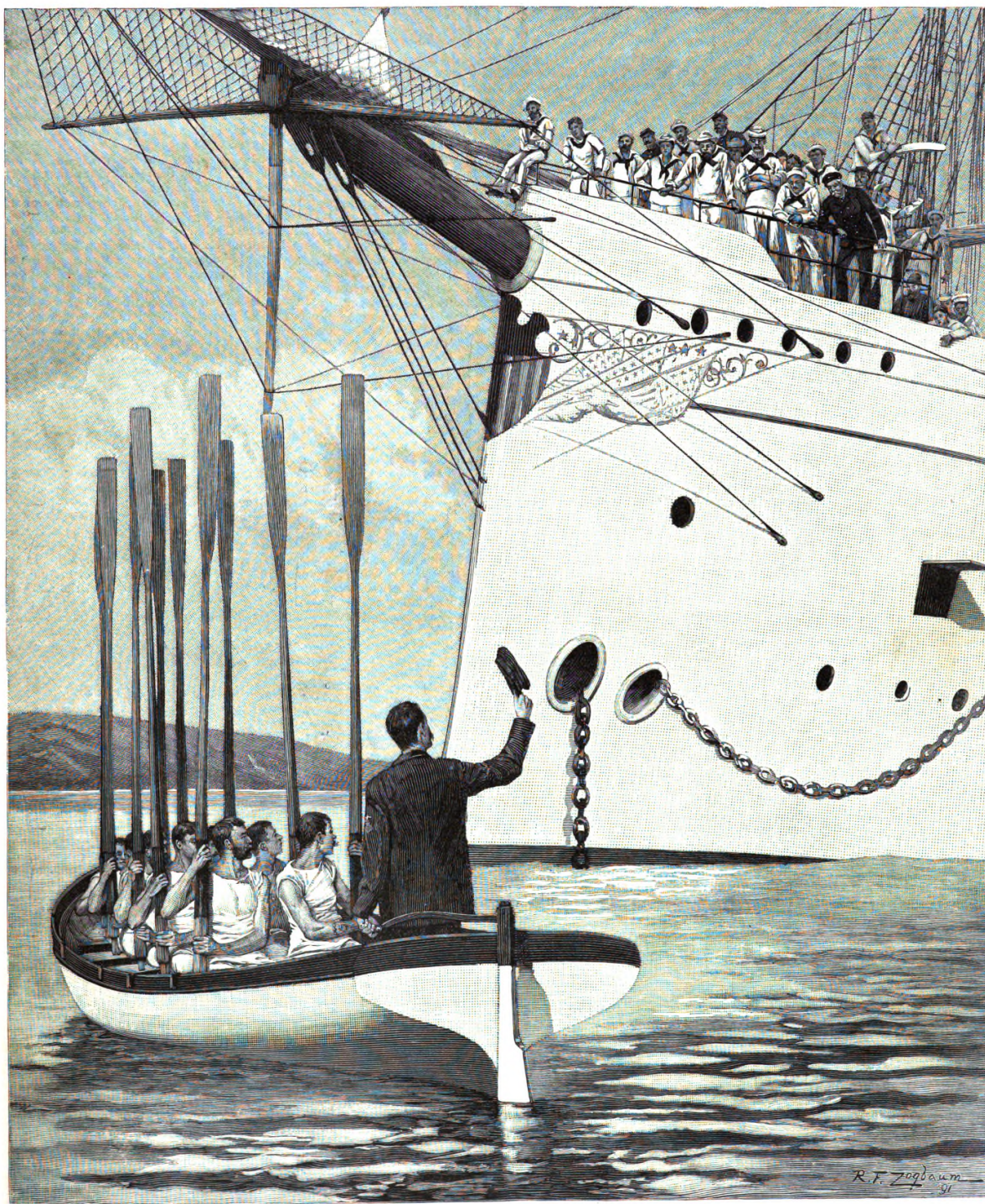
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BOAT-RACING IN THE NAVY—THE CHALLENGE.—DRAWN BY R. F. ZOGBAUM.—[SEE PAGE 714.]

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No. 1813.

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NEW YORK REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

IN the last Republican Convention which met at Rochester, fourteen years ago, Mr. PLATT was Mr. CONKLING's lieutenant. In the Rochester Convention of this year Mr. PLATT had taken Mr. CONKLING's place, and is as absolutely the party leader. Mr. CONKLING's domination was imperious and intolerant, but he had qualities which made many men proud of his leadership. Is any Republican proud of Mr. PLATT's leadership? Can any man be proud of a party which accepts his leadership? How supreme it is shown by the fact that the Republican candidate for the Governorship was not indicated by any expressed opinion in the party, but by Mr. PLATT, and it is undeniable that no candidate to whose nomination he was opposed would have been selected. The nomination of a man like ANDREW D. WHITE, who is a distinct personality, who would be his own master, and whose fidelity to political honesty and reform is familiar, might have been permitted by Mr. PLATT for reasons that we have heretofore mentioned, but not if he had anticipated success. Mr. WHITE's nomination, however, was highly improbable at any time, and there was no surprise when Mr. PLATT's Collector of the Port of New York was selected as the Republican candidate. To many Republicans it must be now painfully and suggestively evident that no man of Mr. WHITE's character is any longer a natural and representative candidate of the party.

Mr. FASSETT is a gentleman of high personal character, of liberal education, and of some years experience in State politics. He is the lieutenant of Mr. PLATT, as Mr. PLATT is the lieutenant of Mr. CONKLING. Mr. PLATT is the recognized State agent for the distribution of national patronage for the benefit of the Republican party, and when the late Collector was forced by the PLATT influence to resign, Mr. FASSETT was appointed Collector as the person originally recommended for the place by Mr. PLATT. Mr. FASSETT has devoted himself since his appointment to partisan political business, and for the first time for some years the office-holding force was largely represented in the Convention. This is not surprising, for Mr. FASSETT's appointment was a distinct violation of the President's pledge and of the party's promise, and is a sign of the Republican reaction against reform. No intelligent man can suppose that the success in the State of a party which Mr. PLATT controls, as he is now seen to control the Republican party, will advance reform in the civil service. Whether it will further advance ballot reform or practical temperance reform, or any other truly progressive State policy, remains to be seen. It has been generally supposed that for both of those measures there was more hope in a Republican than in a Democratic Legislature. But it is now clear that Republican legislative action would largely depend upon what Mr. PLATT may think to be the interest of the party.

The platform is an omnium gathrum of declarations which it is supposed may attract voters. The high tariff legislation and reciprocity are commended. The silver bill of last summer is praised as sound and satisfactory. Pension legislation is carefully approved. Protection of the franchise is demanded. The Jewish persecution in Russia is denounced, and "thorough genuine reform in the civil service"—such as Mr. PLATT fervently loves Mr. CLARKSON for enforcing—is gravely favored. In State affairs the general maladministration, corruption, and debauchery of the Democratic administration is condemned, and local option is recommended as the proper temperance policy. The "blanket ballot" amendment to the reformed ballot law of last year is approved, and also the principle that the government of cities is primarily a matter of business administration; and an amendment to the Constitution for a general bill for the government of cities is recommended. This is the result of Mr. PLATT's Convention. The Convention was enthusiastic for the candidate and his speech, and should he be elected Mr. FASSETT will easily take precedence of all the older Republican leaders in New York.

OUR MINISTER IN CHILI.

MR. PATRICK EGAN, our Minister in Chili, has been instructed to recognize the provisional government in that country, and it is not improbable that the first official request of that government to ours will be for the recall of Mr. EGAN. No appoint-

ment by this administration was more extraordinary than his. Mr. BLAINE's policy as Secretary of State, both under the GARFIELD and HARRISON administrations, has been, apparently, to cultivate friendly relations with the governments of South America. His aim seems to have been an American alliance, to proceed from the Pan-American Congress and the plan of reciprocity. Now among the South American republics Chili is the most prosperous and powerful, and one of the first points in such a policy would seem to be the most cordial understanding with Chili. The first step in such a policy would be the appointment of a Minister whose character and standing in this country should be in themselves the credentials of our respect for Chili, and our desire to manifest it in every way. Such an appointment would become the chief American republic in its relations with its chief American associate, and it is always satisfactory to this country to see that its official representatives abroad are men who are in every way worthy of so great a trust.

The person selected for our Minister to Chili was an Irishman barely naturalized in this country, and of no special distinction in his own. Neither by familiarity with our institutions or traditions nor by character was he fitted for such a trust. He was sent to a country where singular discretion and intelligent comprehension of the people and feelings of this country in its relations with others were indispensable, and he had given no proof, either during his residence here or in his career abroad, that he possessed such qualifications in the least degree. It is difficult to see in all that is known of Mr. EGAN what qualification he had for so important a responsibility, or what proper reason can be suggested for his appointment. All that is known of his fitness for his post as Minister of the United States at a very important point is that he was an Irish agitator of what is known as the dynamite school, whose selection as Minister was supposed to conciliate the Irish vote in this country.

When a civil war began in Chili it was the duty of our Minister to comprehend it, and while his official relations were with the existing government, his conduct should have been absolutely impartial, and his reports to his own government should have kept it precisely informed not only of facts, but of what he believed to be the probabilities of the situation. Without such information foreign governments may be made practically hostile to movements which are really those of a people against lawless oppression. It is plain that Mr. EGAN either did not understand the situation in Chili, or, for some reason, that he misrepresented it. He was believed by the Congressional leaders to be peculiarly friendly to BALMACEDA and hostile to them, and they were in a position to know. Certainly our government had no accurate impression of the strength and prospects of the Congressional party, which in a single battle overthrew the BALMACEDA dictatorship, drove him from the country, and ended all resistance to its power. The event showed that the statements of the accredited Congressional agents in this country were substantially correct, and our government should have been informed of that fact by a Minister fit for his trust. Mr. EGAN's Balmacedan partiality was so pronounced that the Congressional party even believed that he had pecuniary interests with the Dictator, an allegation which he denies. But his undeniable attitude gave the impression that the United States were unfriendly to the Congressional movement, so that the moral influence of our name and sympathy was thrown against the side to which our sympathy would naturally incline. In view of this discouragement, the feeling of the people of Chili, who have overthrown the Dictator, is far from friendly to the United States. This is due to the appointment of a Minister not because of his fitness for a delicate and difficult duty, as the representative of this country in such an emergency in another country must necessarily be, but for what seems to be the pettiest and poorest politics.

RUSSIA AND THE DARDANELLES.

BY the Treaty of Paris Russia is believed to be excluded from the Mediterranean by the prohibition of Russian war vessels from passing the Dardanelles. If that passage should be permitted, the Mediterranean would become a Russian lake, and among other results the path of England to India would be obstructed. It is, however, a barrier which Russia will overthrow whenever she can do it without too serious consequences, and England is the power which is most interested in maintaining it. From time to time Russia tries the situation by a little effort, and is enabled to judge from the consequences whether she is really coming nearer to her object. The Russian command of the Mediterranean would disturb so seriously the whole European situation that a decided attempt to secure it would lead to a general war. It is this consciousness which gives such importance to the late Dardanelles incident. It was announced that Turkey had permitted Russian war ships to pass, which would be a violation of the Treaty of Paris which closed the Dardanelles to flags

of war, and made the Black Sea neutral and open only to the mercantile marine of all nations.

The announcement produced great excitement in European foreign offices, and it was immediately explained that the vessels were Russian merchantmen belonging to the volunteer service, not carrying men or munitions of war, but only material and workmen for a new railroad. In any case, it was said, they were not men-of-war or armed cruisers, which alone are prohibited by the Treaty of Paris. On the other hand, however, it is alleged that they were volunteer vessels with guns and soldiers, which can be easily transformed into cruisers, receive armaments at Odessa, and increase the Russian naval force in the Black Sea. This is the view of the English foreign office, and it is certainly not unreasonable. A prohibition of war ships and armed cruisers is in effect and intent undoubtedly a prohibition of ships with arms and soldiers readily convertible into war vessels. If it is not, Russia can do with such vessels everything that she is prohibited from doing with the vessels specifically mentioned. Every such incident at once shows the tendency of feeling among the states that signed the Treaty of Paris and the delicacy of the situation. The Paris *Temps*, which probably expresses the French view, says that Turkey has a right to make agreements with Russia outside of the Treaty of Paris, and that the Russian volunteer ships may be compared with the British steamers which are designed to receive armaments in time of war. France, by the recent visit of her fleet, has been drawing near to Russia, and an allied Russian and French fleet in the Mediterranean would make it impossible for England not to interfere.

With the disturbing fact of the French visit to Russia following that of the Emperor William to England, and the disposition to justify the apparent violation of the Treaty of Paris, comes the report that the new Turkish cabinet will ask of England the evacuation of Egypt, while stating that it does not propose to tolerate any breach of the treaty. Indeed, a Vienna journal, in an article which is believed to be "inspired," says that the conduct of Russia was peculiarly insulting to Turkey. The Russian ship *Moskova* was first detained by Turkey, and then suffered to pass. The *Kostroma* was subsequently detained, and then passed. But Russia demanded the removal of the commandant of the Dardanelles, and a special apology from the Porte to the steamship company's agent. This is a demand which, if the report be true, shows a disposition to pick a quarrel, and forebodes trouble. Germany, which is one of the treaty powers, would not acquiesce in any violation of the treaty or in any extension of French prestige which it could prevent, and Italy is of the same mind. Indeed, the tone of ZOLA and OLLIVIER upon "Sedan day," and the remarks of the German papers, show a condition far from tranquil. It is the consciousness of the feverish state of the public mind, of the real purposes of Russia, of the morbid chagrin of France, of the interests of Germany and England, which gives the gravest importance to any slight incident which has wide relations and remote consequences, like this Russian passage of the Dardanelles.

BRIBERY BY FREE PASSES.

THE question of free passes on railroads has been sometimes discussed, but the great extent of this form of corruption is not generally apprehended. Judge COOLEY, however, before his retirement from the Inter-State Commerce Commission, is understood to have designed a thorough investigation of the evil. President STICKNEY, of the Chicago, St. Paul, and Kansas City Railroad, attributes chiefly to this abuse the peculiar hostility to railroads in the West; and Senator CHANDLER, of New Hampshire, who has been denouncing his colleague as an instrument of such corruption, states that New Hampshire is practically owned by the Boston and Maine and Concord and Montreal roads. It has been bought up with free passes. The Senator says:

"Practically all government officials and persons of influence have passes. All lawyers ride free. The editors and newspaper managers ride free. Ministers ride free, or at special rates. The Governor rides free. His council rides free. All officers of the State-house ride free. The members of the Legislature all ride free, not only during the session, but during the rest of the year. County, city, and town officers ride free. The wives and children of most of the free riders also ride free. Above all, local politicians in every town and ward ride free. The exceptions to the above statements are so few that they prove the general rule. Corruption by free passes and mileage tickets is almost universal. No person of any importance in town or State fails to ride free, unless he omits to ask for his free pass or his free ticket. Moreover, any 'striker' can get a pass. If any person, high or low, rich or poor, is heard to make vigorous protest against any railroad wrong, he is approached by some ready emissary of the roads and quieted by a free pass."

A few years ago, when a bill was introduced in the Legislature to punish the giver and the receiver of free passes, it was voted down almost unanimously, says the Senator, because nearly every member had a free pass in his pocket, and he adds that although there is a law prohibiting passes, the railroads prevented the insertion of any penalty for its violation,

and almost every lawmaker in the last Legislature was a violator of the law.

Judge COOLEY justly held this evil to be one of the most insidious forms of bribery, and the Springfield Republican says that of course those who do pay are made to pay also for those who do not. It thinks that the fares could be reduced twenty-five per cent. if the "deadhead" element were eliminated. The reason of this wholesale bribery is plain, and it is, like the reason of so many other abuses, a stigma upon popular government. It is the apprehension of injurious legislation. The system of free passes is blackmail or blood-money. The company gives the Assemblyman or Senator a free pass to hire him not to vote against the interests of the road, and to support whatever the road may wish. It gives the judge a free pass to conciliate a friendly disposition. The bribe is extended to the family of the bribed because then it is more valuable, and will probably produce better results. The bribed Legislature is elected, among other purposes, to protect the community against fraud and bribery. Its duty is to impeach corrupt officers. The disclosures of Senator CHANDLER are like a biting chapter of SWIFT. No more savage sneer at popular institutions could be made than that legislators will make laws to your injury if you do not buy them off.

The immense disgrace of such facts—for the undoubted bribery must be based in some large degree upon the experience of railroad companies—should be so deeply felt upon the mere statement of them as to lead at least to individual reform. There must be, of course, a great many persons who are bribed by free passes who have hardly thought of the subject, and who are unconscious of the bribery. They do not generalize. The railroad gives them a pass which costs it nothing, and do we suppose that they are to be bought for three dollars? Such persons have only to ask themselves why a pass is not given to them until they are elected to the Legislature. Do tailors give them clothes, or shoemakers shoes? Why does a railroad company search out their names and send them a pass? The answer covers the whole case. It is to bribe them—to dispose them kindly to the road, and that is bribery. It should seem that every man who holds a free pass and thinks for a moment of the nature and object of free passes would instantly return his own. He rides for nothing. His poor neighbor on the seat beside him, who can ill afford the money, pays for his ride. Why is not his neighbor presented with a pass? Has honor nothing to say in the case? Has what is called "old-fashioned honesty" wholly disappeared? The pass represents to a member of the Legislature in New York only some six or eight dollars a week during the session. Doesn't he sell himself rather cheaply? Or does he spurn the insinuation that such a sum buys him? Then if he intends to make no return, why does he take the pass?

THE BLAINE MYTH.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Evening Post* says that he has personal information that the BLAINE boom is not intended to "scare off other candidates," but, while premature, is genuine, although he is assured that Mr. BLAINE "will not be a candidate under any possible circumstances." This is no doubt an honest statement of an actual assurance. But the trouble is with the subject. Nobody can take seriously any assurance of any kind concerning Mr. BLAINE. Nobody has proved that he is authorized to speak for him, and without questioning the correspondent's veracity, probably not a single reader of the *Post* believed the story merely because the correspondent had been assured by somebody that it was true.

The subject of Mr. BLAINE's nomination is one of conjecture solely. Probably Mr. BLAINE has not yet decided whether he would accept the honor if it should be offered to him. All that can be said with any certainty is based not upon private assurances of any kind, but upon the public demonstrations of public bodies, the remarks of individual politicians, and the tone of newspapers, and these undoubtedly agree in showing that Mr. BLAINE is the choice of his party, and that if the Convention were now to meet, he would be nominated by acclamation.

It is undoubtedly the general belief that Mr. BLAINE is not in robust health. But it is not an equally evident general belief that his health would not permit him to accept a nomination. If he were known to be as well as the President, it might still be impossible to know that he would or would not be a candidate. To observers of a cynical turn it is probably satisfactory to perceive that there is something that the newspapers cannot find out.

THE ARMISTICE IN TENNESSEE.

We alluded some time since to the armistice between the miners in Tennessee and the Governor of the State. Certain coal companies had hired convict miners, and the miners who were not convicts appeared in arms to prevent their working. The State authorities were unable or unwilling to maintain order and secure respect for the law, which authorizes leasing convicts for labor, and a conference took place resulting in a treaty by which the armed miners agreed not to interfere if the Governor would summon the Legislature to act upon the subject, and if the Legislature would repeal the law. If not, the miners reserved the right to resume hostilities.

It was an extraordinary incident, but the Governor kept faith, and the Legislature was assembled. He did not under-

take, however, to make the horse drink, and the horse is not disposed to drink. The Legislature is evidently in no hurry to repeal the law. There are various propositions, such as the termination of leases at the discretion of the Attorney-General, an investigation of the whole subject by a committee of inquiry, influencing the lessees in some manner, and even authorizing the employment of militia as long as may be necessary to quell insurrection.

There is no doubt of the evil of convict leases. But the laws that authorize such leases cannot be wisely repealed under the coercion of armed citizens. If that is the way to repeal one law, it is an equally good way to repeal another. It must first be determined whether organized society exists in Tennessee, and the armistice throws considerable doubt upon that point.

THE OHIO SENATORSHIP.

THERE is one possible result of the election in Ohio which interests everybody of whatever party he may be. It is apparently understood that the election involves not only the choice of a United States Senator, but the possible displacement of Mr. SHERMAN by Mr. FORAKER. This is a subject of interest beyond Ohio. The United States Senate has been the pride of the country. It has been the arena of the greatest debates affecting the national welfare by the greatest statesmen that we have produced. A seat in the Senate has been the aim of the political ambition of the ablest men, and although the character of the Senate has undoubtedly somewhat declined, it is a decline which every patriotic American will withstand in every feasible way.

There is no Senator now in the Chamber who is superior in public ability, knowledge, experience, and capacity of great public service to Mr. SHERMAN. His presence there gives the State of Ohio the same kind of prestige that WESTER and SUMNER gave to Massachusetts, and SEWARD to New York. At a time when financial questions take precedence of others, the financial ability which made Mr. SHERMAN's administration of the Treasury rank with the most distinguished in our history, makes his continued presence in the Senate the interest of the whole country. If his party should carry Ohio and remove him from the Senate, it would be what SUMNER's removal by Republican Massachusetts would have been while the slavery question was yet unsettled.

Mr. FORAKER has been in public life long enough to show his quality. Can his warmest friends say that he has exhibited such political wisdom, character, and judgment as to make it desirable to place him in Mr. SHERMAN's seat? If political and party objections may be raised to Mr. SHERMAN, do they not exist against Mr. FORAKER? No citizen, of course, has a vested right in any office, nor is any such right alleged. But if Republican Ohio desires in the Senate the qualities which are now most desirable for the benefit of the whole country and for her own renown, are they more apparent in Mr. FORAKER than in Mr. SHERMAN? That is a question which may be properly asked of Ohio in every State.

THE ISSUE IN PENNSYLVANIA.

THE Republican party in Pennsylvania is held responsible for the acts of BARDLEY and the other dishonest officers in the city of Philadelphia, just as the Democratic party in New York was held responsible for the crimes of TWEED and his crew. It is not supposed in either case that every adherent of the party is personally guilty of fraud, but an organized body of citizens that selects public officers who cheat the public will not be willingly trusted next time to select them. The occasional wreck of a steamer does not harm the reputation of the company that sends it to sea, but successive wrecks and an evident recklessness in management will destroy confidence in the company and drive passengers elsewhere.

A few months ago a large number of Pennsylvania Republicans protested against the continued mastery of the party in that State by QUAY. The State Convention proved that his mastery was still supreme. There is a wide feeling that BARDLEY's naturally flourish in a party dominated by QUAY, and the Pennsylvania Democrats justly denounce in their platform not the policies but the thefts of Republicans. Their platform expresses the feeling of honest men, whether of one party or the other. It is the abuse of patronage which has disgraced Pennsylvania as it disgraced New York, and in Pennsylvania now, as in New York twenty years ago, the question is honest administration, and not the tariff or the currency.

The Philadelphia *Ledger* is a Republican journal of the old-fashioned kind, as the men who protest against QUAY's leadership are old-fashioned Republicans, and the *Ledger* speaks for honest Pennsylvanians in saying:

"It is indispensably necessary that the 'spoils system' should be struck by a crushing defeat in Pennsylvania. It is for the voters of the State now to judge—now that the issue is joined as to the deliverance in the resolutions of both conventions—which party and which nominees are likely to strike the blow that will defeat and stamp out the system. Is it the organization that shows a disposition to confuse and belittle the vital issues in the State canvass, or is it that opposing party which goes to the important work in the clearest, most direct, earnest, and energetic way?"

PERSONAL.

THE accomplishments and acquirements of HIERONYMUS LORM, Germany's blind poet, are remarkable when it is known that ever since the age of fifteen he has been bereft of the senses of sight and hearing. He was born in Austria, but, when a young man, was driven from Vienna on account of his political writings. Going to Berlin, he made himself widely known and influential. Now, at the age of seventy, he lives in a pleasant home at Dresden, among his children and friends, and is still comparatively hale and hearty. His poems and other works have been published in several editions. Communication with the

poet is carried on almost entirely by finger taps or touches, various combinations forming letters and words. He is a good chess-player.

J. C. HAYWOOD, the Harvard graduate who has just been made one of the Pope's chamberlains, was formerly a newspaper writer in this city. He published several volumes of poems and a novel, and then married a rich American widow and went to Rome, where he has lived ever since.

Secretary NOBLE, of the Interior Department, is said to have such a dislike for tobacco that he cannot bear to have any one smoke in his presence. This antipathy has grown out of the fact that when a boy he was at one time forced to work in a room where smoking was constantly going on, and was made very sick by it.

Sir EDWIN ARNOLD and Austin DOBSON are among the prominent English literary men who are coming to this country this fall and winter to give lectures and readings.

Since retiring to Hindhead to finish the work of his life, Professor TYNDALL has been subjected to annoyances from disbelieving neighbors which might try even a philosopher. First, to preserve needed seclusion, he was forced to buy a large piece of land which a speculative builder advertised in building lots as "overlooking the grounds of Professor TYNDALL." He left the property open, however, and picnic parties and wild-fruits gatherings have made free with the health. More recently an adjoining tenant started to build a stable close to the professor's favorite walk and in full view of his study window, and persisted in doing so, although he was offered a different site free of cost and \$500 in money to change his purpose. To protect himself against the offence to his vision, if not to his nostrils, the philosopher had to erect a screen of larch poles and heather, and now carping critics speak of his act as ungenerous and churlish.

Professor FERRUCCIO BUSONI, the Russian pianist, who left the imperial conservatory at Moscow to join the faculty of the New England Conservatory of Music at Boston, is but twenty-five years old, but has been before the public for eighteen years. He made his first appearance as an infant prodigy.

Ex-Senator BLANCHIE K. BRUCE, of Mississippi, has held the highest official position ever attained by a colored man in this country, having at one time, by Vice-President WHEELER's request, presided over the United States Senate. Mr. BRUCE's son was named after ROSCOE CONKLING, in recognition of a courtesy which the New York Senator showed him when he first entered the Senate. It was time for Mr. BRUCE to be sworn in, but his Republican colleague, Senator ALCON, instead of escorting him to the Vice-President's desk, according to custom, quietly ignored him. Then Mr. CONKLING quickly arose, and gracefully performed the service.

JOHN RUSKIN has made a record as a hydraulic engineer by solving for the inhabitants of Filking, a small town in Sussex, England, the problem of obtaining an adequate supply of drinking water. As an evidence of their gratitude the people have erected a tablet "to the glory of God and in honor of JOHN RUSKIN."

DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY, the English journalist and novelist, who has recently made his debut on the London stage, is about forty-four years old and six feet tall. He ran away from Oxford to enlist in a cavalry regiment, where he distinguished himself as a rider, fencer, and boxer. When he tired of soldiering he became a newspaper correspondent, and was at the front during the Russo-Turkish war.

A train on which JAY GOULD was recently riding over the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad made a run of eight and one-half miles in five minutes, an average of one hundred and two miles an hour.

The question of whether Mrs. HOPKINS-SEARLES's mind was unsound because she believed in spiritualism promises to play an important part in the contest of her will by her adopted son, TIMOTHY HOPKINS. She became deeply interested in spiritualism during the latter part of her life, and it is claimed that in the disposal of her millions she was unduly influenced by alleged spiritualistic manifestations.

When Dr. J. R. SPEER, a prominent physician, died at Pittsburg the other day, he was buried in a walnut coffin which was made for him three years ago. His wife's coffin was fashioned from the wood of the same tree.

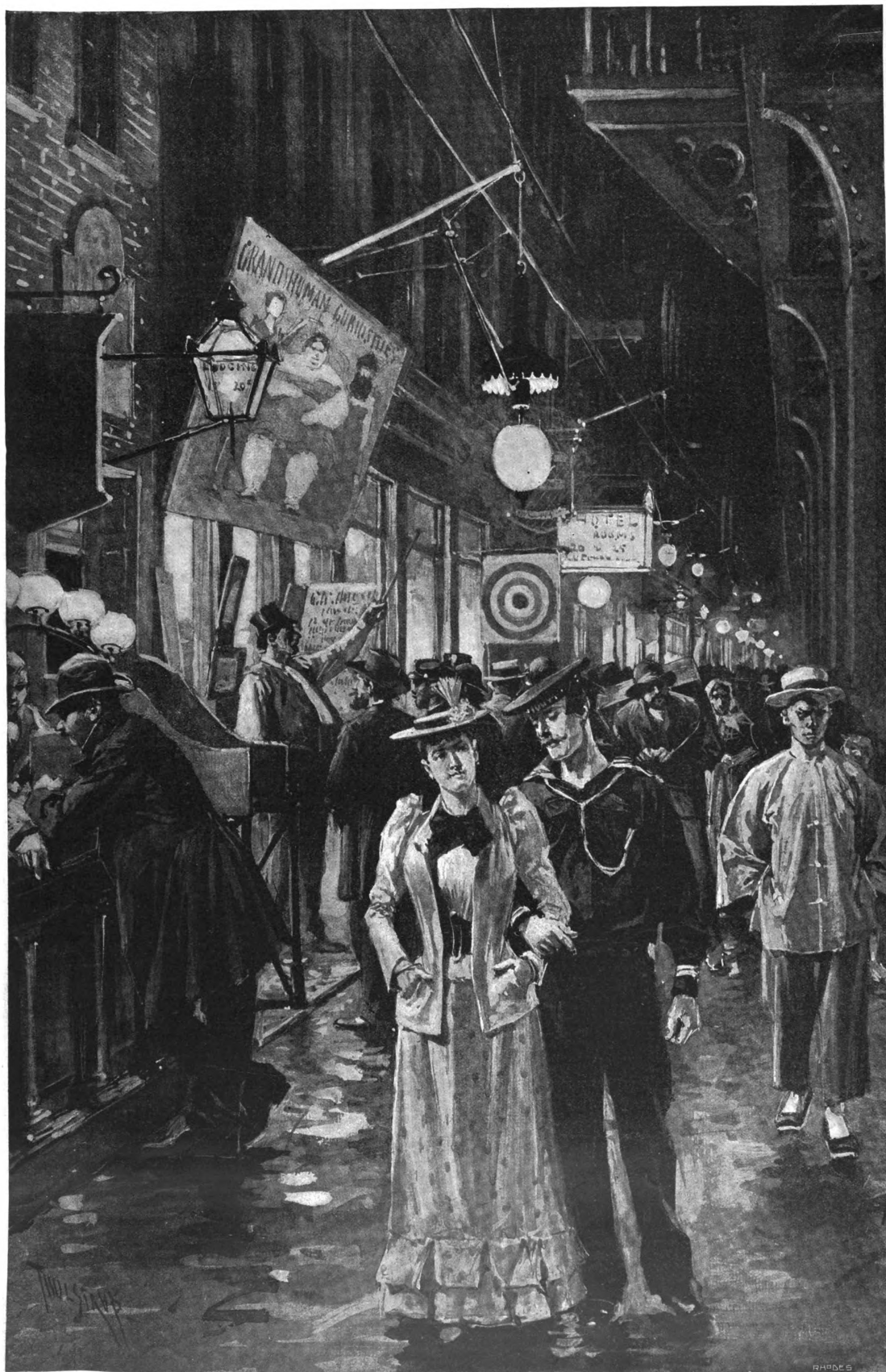
Among the young men in this city who are pushing their way to the front and are bound to make a mark is CLARENCE D. ASHLEY, of the Metropolitan Law School, an evening institution which is meeting with marked success. After graduation from Yale and the Columbia Law School, Mr. ASHLEY took a course of Roman law at the University of Berlin, and has since been successfully engaged in the practice of law in this city.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON is the authority for the statement that the character of Pinkerton, of *The Wrecker*, is drawn from life, the original being the head of a well-known syndicate of this city.

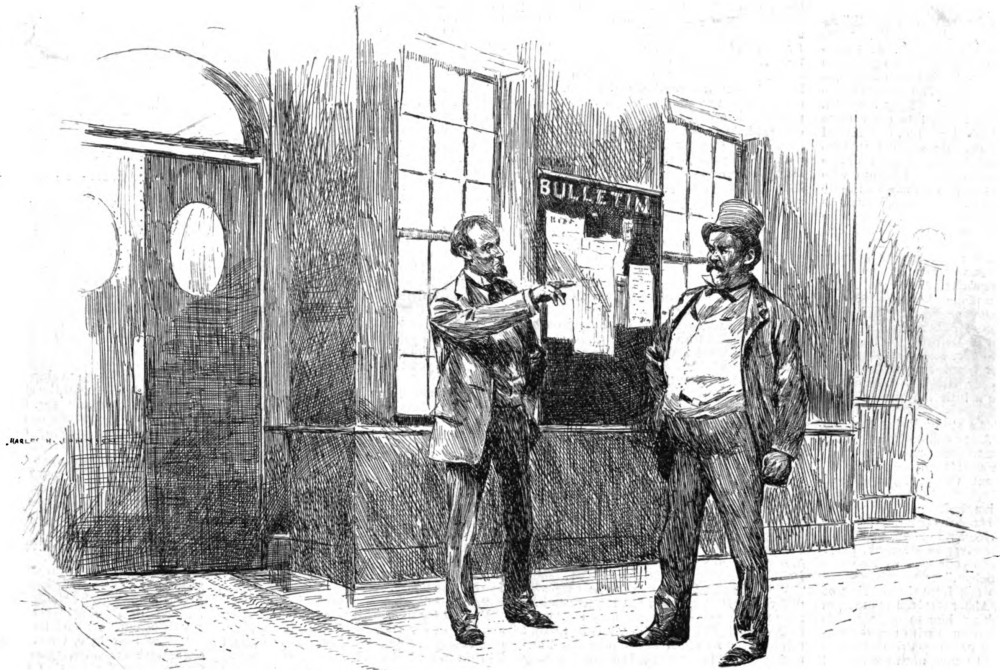
ALLEN NICHOLS, of "Brookside," who has sent several excellent poems to the *WEEKLY*, will oblige the editor by sending a fuller address.

When Justice FIELD was a student at Williams College he displayed a fondness for languages, and after his graduation he continued their study. He has a good knowledge of at least seven different languages, including modern Greek and Turkish, and is undoubtedly the linguist of the Supreme Bench.

The amusing pictures of people in London society which have appeared for so many years in *Punch* are not caricatures, the artist, GEORGE DU MAURIER, says, but faithful representations of the ridiculous side of society life as he has seen it. Bishops and dukes, he admits, are his favorite types for illustration, and many of the absurd situations which he has depicted are actual occurrences. The gowns and bonnets he draws are true to the fashions of the times, and are copied from those worn by his wife and three daughters. Mr. DU MAURIER lives on the top of a great hill, at the edge of Hampstead Heath, in a house full of works of art. A little grandson and his dogs, who often appear in his pictures, are among his companions. Amid these homelike surroundings, this man, who has drawn fun for the English-reading public during the last twenty-seven years, leads an ideal life.



A NIGHT ON THE BOWERY.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 710.]



A NEW DEAL.

BY L. R. MEEKINS.

"WHAT'S this? *Hand-Book of Etiquette!* Well, well!" he opened the volume. "'Forms of Declination!'" he read again. "'Mr. and Mrs. De Dash regret extremely that they are unable to accept the polite invitation of Mr. and Mrs. De Blank.' It's too bad! I wonder if they've got measles in the family, or perhaps the children are down with the croup. Now look here, my dear, if you're going to get fashionable, I'll resign, and go back to Green's Cross Roads."

Abner Green was not the first man who found something amusing in a book on etiquette, and as long as a sense of humor remains with the human race, he will not be the last. But in the case of himself and his wife Jane there was a special significance. They were on the threshold of a new career. He had been elected sheriff of Choptank County. With the honor of personal success and the credit of saving the ticket was the removal from the monotony of a cross-roads store to the excitement of town life. He had established Major Powderdy, his deputy, in the jail residence, and for himself and Jane had taken a house in a desirable section of Salem, the county-seat.

Salem was a place of 3000 people, mostly politicians; but while it was small, it was exacting in its social demands. Family was greater than wealth, although wealth was occasionally accepted as a substitute for ancestry. With the Greens the situation was in the middle; their antecedents were humble but reputable, and their means were the comfortable results of attention to business and economy. In Sussex District they were as good as other people, but in the county town they had the disadvantage of newness. Abner's election had made him known, and he was geographically immortalized in the naming of Green's Cross Roads, but he knew that the best success under the changed circumstances must come from a policy of prudence. He idolized Jane, he believed her better than the best, and he had the fullest confidence in her social possibilities. So while he made fun of the *Hand-Book of Etiquette*, he was secretly elated by its presence in the house.

Their town life began as an experiment, and grew on observation. Everything was new. It was the step from the informality of rural intercourse, in which everybody knew everybody, to the clearly defined circles of an organized society. Salem had an aristocracy. The aristocrats were proud of their transatlantic ancestries, proud of the official honors that had come to their names in the republic. In their life they mingled the consciousness of their origin with a superiority of the present that demanded a dignified standard of conduct and a general recognition of their family importance. Their ancestors may have come over because of a stress of financial circumstances, or they may have come because of other reasons which it would not be polite to inquire into, but the mere fact that they came early was enough.

In Salem politics followed the lines of society as closely as possible. Many of the aristocrats depended upon office for their incomes. The intelligence of the county concentrated in the town manipulated affairs so as to secure the

choicest results for its favorites. Sometimes there were signs of revolt in the outlying districts, and occasionally rural leaders became so strong that danger was threatened, but the bosses at Salem—"the court-house crowd"—were full of policy and pacification.

Colonel Short, who was the chief of the bosses, was a man of middle age, close in his dealings, but zealously alert in his personal habits. In many respects he was an ideal politician of the practical sort. He was well posted. He studied men, managed them by their vanities, and saved himself in emergencies by adroitly allowing candidates to fight one another instead of assailing him. Abner Green's name was placed on the ticket in this peculiar manner. There was a scramble for the sheriff's office. None of the scoundrels suited Colonel Short. Abner had commended himself by his reticence, his good sense, and his service as a secret handler of campaign funds. Colonel Short and he talked it over. The sheriff's office was promised to him. The agreement was a mutual confidence. Not a word was said, but in a few weeks nearly every district in the county had a candidate, and when the convention met they fought each other beyond the hope of peace. It was then that Colonel Short, in his capacity of peace-maker, got Major Powderdy to withdraw as the candidate of Sussex District, and substitute the name of Green, who was there as one of the Major's delegates. The startled look of feigned astonishment that Abner showed to the cheering convention was to Colonel Short one of the most delightful experiences in all his political career, and the fact that Abner, now installed as sheriff, had Major Powderdy as the chief deputy, added to his appreciation of the episode.

Next to Colonel Short in power was Mr. Presford, who for sixteen consecutive years had enjoyed the fees of the clerkship of the Circuit Court. He was the politest man in the county, a dispenser of cordiality that occasionally cheered but never compromised. An illustrious ancestry, comprising an officer in the Revolutionary army, a foreign minister, and a member of Congress, illumined his social importance. His wife, with family connections equalling his own, was the leader of the county society, and her house was the centre of its aristocracy. To Mr. Presford there was a place for politics and a place for society, and he objected to desecrating his home for electioneering purposes. He looked upon Abner Green as one of the incidents of politics. Secretly it may have pained him to see the party conferring its offices on persons of inferior pedigree, but he was too polite and too politic to confess to the feeling, and, moreover, the party had to do something occasionally for the common people or it might lose their votes.

Around Colonel Short and Mr. Presford were a dozen lawyers of varying ages, some of whom held offices, and all of whom were looking for larger opportunities. Henry Carr was the most prominent. He was a fine fellow, with a plenty of natural eloquence, a sturdy manhood, and an unusual equipment of that rare but valuable quality in politics—patience. The aristocrats confidently expected to hear his voice in Congress. A contrast to Carr was little Dickey Binson, a small but active aristocrat, who dressed better and put on more style; with his few hundred dollars salary

as a copying clerk under his uncle, Mr. Presford, than the richest man in the county. Dickey's chief ambition in life was to talk family, dance all night, and draw his salary in advance. Carr appreciated Abner Green's qualities. Dickey thought it a base presumption for an "old hayseed" to try to enter the town's society.

Abner Green was blissfully unconscious of the emotions that his coming had aroused. He had always made it a rule to attend to his own business, and he and Jane thought mainly of getting settled in their home. Jane's natural good taste was quick to appreciate and utilize suggestions, and the result was that within a month their house was in excellent order.

By that time, too, the neighbors had begun to visit them. Among the first were Senator and Mrs. Boone, who lived on the opposite side of the street, and who belonged to the best society of the town. It was foreordained that Jane and Mrs. Boone, both of whom were great home-bodies, should at some time in their lives come together. At first they seemed a little scared at each other, but the moment they began to talk flowers and preserves, they felt very comfortably acquainted. When they got so as to exchange recipes and patterns and cook-books, they reached that domestic affinity that smoothed all thoughts into a perfect harmony of feeling; and when Mrs. Boone was sick for three days, and Jane prepared jellies for her and spent the afternoon at her bedside, the friendship grew into that strong if somewhat occasional reciprocity that makes one family refer to another as "the best of neighbors."

Men have no such short-cuts to intimacy. They cannot exchange patterns and recipes and make jellies for one another. But in some way Abner and the Senator got along wonderfully well. They spent many evenings together. The Senator was a lawyer of long experience with men and affairs, a citizen whose sharp interest in public matters was more in the abstract than in personal participation, although he had been a member of the State Senate, the title of which honor still clung to his name.

"I was very sorry that you refused a second term," said Abner one evening. "You were the truest representative that the county has had since I can remember. If your plans had been carried out, we would have the old-time majority and the old-time enthusiasm."

"I'm glad to hear you say that, Mr. Green. You appreciate as well as I do how methods have changed. We have bossism here in its worst form. Our politics has become a scramble for office, and our friends in town are manipulating it so that they always get the rewards. Money has taken the place of merit, and promises made only to be broken are more powerful than principles. I was placed on the ticket to save it, but when success came to us, and I tried to introduce a few reforms in our county government, I found all the influences arrayed against me. I wanted to abolish the fee system in our offices, and substitute salaries; I wanted strict examination of accounts and a better election law—all of which the bosses opposed. They were stronger than I. And so our high taxes go on, our county is mismanaged, and the people's money finds its way into private pockets."

By-the-way, I understand that you had quite an experience with those managers."

"In what way?" asked Abner, utterly upset by the remark.

"Oh, because I know them so well," replied Senator Boone, with a smile. "See if I can guess the *modus operandi*. Last summer the outlook was bad. The opposition were active, and were loaded with first-class campaign ammunition. The Court-house Crowd became frightened. They needed a majority in Sussex District to carry them through. They looked around, and settled on Mr. Abner Green. He was a man who stood well, who had done good quiet service in politics, who had no antagonisms, and who possessed a few thousand dollars laid aside for a rainy day. Mr. Green was invited to a conference with Colonel Short. The office was promised to him as a gift, without a cent of cost. He was nominated by the clever ruse that made the result appear entirely unpremeditated. It was after the nomination that Mr. Green's troubles began. He had to work like a plough-horse, and he had to go down into his pockets, for after his nomination he would rather have spent all he possessed than be defeated." The Senator paused a moment, and then resumed: "And I very strongly suspect that the nomination offered to Mr. Green so free of expense made quite a little hole into a thousand dollars."

Abner's face was a study during the Senator's diagnosis. All he could say was, "Senator, you will have to guess again."

"Not two thousand!" he exclaimed.

"No; just about twelve hundred and fifty."

And both men laughed.

"Mr. Green, it is not the best of good taste to give a man advice without his asking for it, especially if the giver be a lawyer, but I hope you will keep your eyes well opened while you are in Salem."

In less than a week from the evening of this conversation, Abner received a note from Colonel Short asking him to come to his office. He was welcomed with marked cordiality. The usual greetings drifted into remarks upon current topics, until the colonel reached a personal point.

"It was one of the greatest pleasures of my life, Mr. Green," said the colonel, "in mental in having you nominated and elected, and I am very glad to know that you are so comfortably settled in town. I should have been delighted to have gone on your bond, but you had it all arranged before I could offer my services."

Abner thanked him.

"Of course you know," he continued, "that I hold no office. I give my time and money to the party management because I want to see our party victorious and our country in safe hands. I ask no rewards for my work, but I have thought, Mr. Green, that if you could do me a favor occasionally, we might work together in some matters."

Abner bowed his head, but said nothing.

"You remember," went on the colonel, in his blandest tones, "that when we agreed on the nomination last summer, we also agreed to stand by each other. My part of the contract, you know, has been faithfully carried out."

Abner remembered it. He also remembered the twelve hundred and fifty dollars. What he said, however, had no apparent relation to these thoughts.

"In what way, colonel, can I serve you?" he asked.

"Now we are coming to it. It is in your power as sheriff to give to me as a lawyer a great many important cases, a service which will in no way compromise you, and which will enable you and me to work together. As long as I have no office, it is only fair that I should get these indirect favors from our party."

"Is that all?"

"Well, of course I may ask you once and awhile to give special attention to some legal matters that may fall into your hands. They will give you little trouble, and will be in the strict line of your duty."

There was a pause, which was broken by Abner's rising to go.

"I believe we understand each other," said the colonel.

"Yes," said Abner, "I understand it," and thanking the colonel for inviting him to call, he left the office.

The next evening Abner went over to see his neighbor. They were together in the library. The conversation was mainly on politics and county affairs.

"Senator," said Abner, "I have been looking into things down at the court-house in a quiet way, and I was wondering to-day what the control of all the county offices was worth. Now take my place—the sheriff's work and his influence?"

Sensor Boone's eyes twinkled. "It is hard to say, but I suppose from six to ten thousand dollars would be a fair estimate for all the offices, and about three or four thousand for the sheriff's office, although in some years it is worth five, provided the sheriff devotes all patronage to one lawyer, and gives that enviable gentleman precedence in all legal matters. Do you want a partner?"

"Oh no," laughed Abner. "If I should, I'll advertise for bids."

"The only difficulty about it," said the Senator, "is that it is a big risk for the sheriff's reputation, and is rather against his oath

of office; but of course a little thing like that does not count in our modern politics."

Abner and Jane soon had a comfortable circle of acquaintances, and their town life was altogether pleasant. The fact that the aristocrats, excepting Senator and Mrs. Brown, had not called disturbed them little. Indeed, they never mentioned it to each other. After Lent the Presfords sent out invitations to a reception and dance. The coming event was the talk and the expectation of Salem society. Three days before it occurred, Abner started into the clerk's office on a matter of business. As he reached the door he stopped suddenly to see if he had his memorandum with him, and as he pulled his papers from his pocket he heard a voice say,

"Dick, why didn't your uncle ask the Greens?"

"Oh, come now, dear boy, one has to draw the line somewhere, you know. Just because Green was elected sheriff is no reason why he should be embraced socially. If you begin that sort of thing, what's society going to amount to?"

Abner heard no more. He turned on his heel and walked away. That night at supper he acted more tenderly than usual toward Jane.

"What have you to do to-morrow, dear?" he asked.

"Nothing in particular."

"Well, I'm glad to hear it. You can go up to Sussex with me, can't you?"

"Yes, Abner, and I'll be very glad to go." Then suppose we spend four days there. I've got some business around the district, and it will take you and the other women that long to trade gossip."

When they returned—after a very pleasant visit, of course—the Presford reception was over, and Abner resumed his work as if the greatest social event of the season had not ruffled the surface of the town.

With Powderdry, however, the case was different. He had been in the hands of the resentful. "My family is as good as Presford's," he declared, "and he needn't think he is so much better than the Powderdrys just because he has more money than I have."

Abner drew him aside. "Powderdry," he said, "don't make a fool of yourself. That kind of talk hurts you ten times as much as it hurts Presford."

But if Powderdry accepted Abner's advice in this respect, he did not stop his tongue in other matters. His work took him over the county. Country people always want to know what is going on in town, and Major Powderdry was quite willing to accommodate them.

"The Court-house Crowd are running things with a pretty high hand," he declared, "and are living like lords off the money of the tax-payers. Old Short and Presford have the best of it. If Senator Boone's plan of salaries which he wanted to get through the Legislature, was in force they would not have half the money that they now have, and you people would have lower taxes. We fellows who have worked for the party all our lives hardly get enough to live on."

"How's Abner Green?" they asked.

"Oh, he's all right, but he don't seem to suit the bosses. He runs his office honestly, and they don't like it. I tell you, gentlemen, if we had more of him in office the country would be better off. I know for a fact that he has saved a dozen of the people by giving them a little time and keeping off the mortgage-holding lawyers."

Reports of this sort found their way back to Salem. The bosses were quick to appreciate its influence. They had hitherto negatived criticism by having their own men talk it down, and ascribe it to the campaign lies of the opposition. They had long deceived the farmers and villagers. Powderdry's remarks were doubly dangerous. They must stop it.

Short and Presford sent for Abner. He came at the appointed time.

"Mr. Green," said Colonel Short, "we have a complaint to make."

"Gentlemen, I'm all attention," replied the sheriff.

"Your deputy has been going around the county peddling a lot of nonsense that will hurt the party if his mouth is not closed."

"It will be pretty hard to do that," said Abner, with a smile.

"But it's got to stop," said Presford.

"Yes," joined Short, "and it must stop right away. We don't want this office."

"You gave it to me, gentlemen?" queried Abner, with innocent emphasis.

"If it had not been for us you would never have gotten it. And since you have been there, you have done nothing for us. You appointed Powderdry without consulting us. You run his affairs without asking our advice. You—"

There was a slight pause. Abner uncrossed his legs, and looking directly at Colonel Short, asked, "What do you want?"

"You must discharge Powderdry."

"Yes, and you must discharge him at once," added Presford.

Abner arose. "Gentlemen," he said, with considerable firmness in his voice, "who is sheriff of this county?"

"Oh, there's no use getting angry about it," said the colonel, quickly.

"Of course not, of course not. I'm not at all angry, neither are you, but let me say that as long as I'm sheriff, Powderdry remains my deputy."

There is a kind of atmospheric electricity peculiar to the politics of all county towns. The air in Salem was heavily charged with it, and gradually the office-holders became satisfied that the usual currents were not working regularly. Powderdry had felt that something was going on, and that in some mysterious way he was connected with it. So he asked Abner,

"Come around to my house after supper," replied the sheriff.

Powderdry came. The very fact of his punctuality was a strange exhibition of the ways of politics. Six months before, Powderdry, living proudly on his ancestry and his debts, looked upon Abner Green as nothing more than a humble stockkeeper. He expected to be the county sheriff, but Abner stepped in and got the office, and now he was serving as an underling of the man he once affected to patronize. He was much older than Abner; he had been in politics all his life; but he had talked more than he had acted, and the result had been continuous defeat, until Abner had taken compassion on his twenty-five years of failure, and appointed him a deputy.

In politics talk is costly, silence is valuable. Just how much to say, and how to say it, is beyond the price of rubies and fine jewels.

Abner was not in a hurry to open the conversation. This act increased Powderdry's anxiety.

"What I tell you shall not be mentioned to a soul!" said Abner.

"I promise that faithfully."

"Well, Short and Presford lodged a complaint against you," Abner spoke slowly. Powderdry was nervous. "Against me!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, against you. And they said that you must be discharged." Abner looked across the room.

"And you—you—" began Powderdry, fearing the worst.

Powderdry thought it was true. He arose and gasped: "You don't mean to say, Abner, that you—you— Why, man, it would be ruin to me! I've chased the phantom of politics until I'm bankrupt, with only this salary to keep my family alive. It would be ruin to tell you."

"They are the bosses, you know," said Abner, quite calmly.

"But you—did you—could you—say yes?"

"No, not exactly. I told them that they might go to the devil."

The effect was unnatural, but the major always was of an emotional temperament, and he seemed to come into a spile of his gray hairs. He really cried, and Abner sat there with a smile on his face as if he enjoyed it.

"Come now, Powderdry," said he, coaxingly, "don't take on so. It's a very little matter. We've been brought down here as a pair of country bumpkins, and we've got to make our own way. The trouble with you is that you talk too much. Just shut down on yourself. Politics is a game of bluff and silence, and the less you say and the calmer you look, the more you get."

The major's tears disappeared. "Abner, you are right."

"You have been saying some things about affairs here in town," continued the sheriff. "When you do that again, show discretion. If you are asked about the Court-house Crowd, don't use too many words. They might inconvenience you. Appear mysterious, and so forth, and so forth, and you will get the same effect. And about the sheriff's office, don't say too much, but just say that Green is attending to his work, and is refusing to play into the hands of the legal sharps, and mention a few instances where we have saved farmers by giving them time. But while you are about it, put in a good word for Senator Boone, as the best friend the people ever had in the Legislature."

The bosses did not like Green's independence. It injured their plans. It took away certain revenues that they had enjoyed. The mortgage-holders and note-shavers found that they no longer had a subservient tool. Colonel Short was especially sore. He did not have his usual monopoly of business. And yet Abner was wise enough to give him a share of it. Still the circumstances were serious enough to cause Short and Presford to meet and talk over the situation.

But Sheriff Green became remarkably circumspect in his conduct. He earned the respect and esteem of the town people, and speaking must be done in a private way, the distrust of the villagers and farmers soon got to know him better than any one else in the county. He was always polite, always attentive, and always willing to do any favors that were in his power. More than that, the country folks, when they came to town, found in good home welcome at his house, and Jane presided over the hospitalities with that grace and simplicity that charmed all her guests. She helped the women with their shopping, and pleased the men by her interest in their families. "The Greens are nice people," said the country visitors. "They are always glad to see us, and they are not uppish like the other folks in town."

And so matters went along through the summer. In the fall the campaign was unimportant, but in it Sheriff Green was a worker. While the vote, as in all off years, was light elsewhere, the full party strength was polled in the upper districts, from which Abner had come.

In February the plans for the great election began—the election of the county officers, including the clerk, whose term of office was six years. Candidates sprang up from every part of the county. By March there were enough to fill the places four times over. The bosses welcomed all, but showed no preferences. In April Sheriff Green was invited to a conference at Colonel Short's office. Presford was there. So was Carr.

"We are going to have a big fight this fall," said Colonel Short, "the biggest fight we have ever had, and it looks to me that we must get as much new material on the ticket as we can. What do you think, Mr. Green?"

"Oh, I'm a new hand in politics, colonel," said Abner, deprecatingly. "These other gentlemen have more experience than I have. What do you think, Mr. Presford?"

"I prefer to bow to Colonel Short. He knows more about it than all the rest of us, I fear," declared Presford.

"In some way, I know not how," Colonel Short said, "the people in the county have got the idea that we folks in town are trying to run the party, and they seem to think that they ought to have a larger say in the management. Now I propose that we distribute the ticket so as to cover the county. To do that we should have to skip several districts, and as Sussex has had the sheriff's office for two years, I thought, Mr. Green, that you might be willing to help us out."

Abner stopped twirling his thumbs, and glanced at the men before him.

"Do I understand, gentlemen, that the ticket is to be entirely new?"

"Well, mostly new, as new as we can make it," replied Short.

"I suppose, Mr. Presford, that you will decline a renomination?"

The question was slyly put, and it almost staggered the conference.

"Well—ah—I will do what I can for the good of the party, Mr. Green; but of course I'll remain in the hands of my friends."

Evidently Presford was embarrassed.

"Of course," said Abner, *sotto voce*.

"Now look here, Green," put in Short, changing his manner, "give up this office for two years, and after that we'll have something a great deal better for you."

Abner struggled the smile before it reached the surface.

"We gave this place—one of the best in the county—to you, you know."

"Yes, you did—you gave it freely—and the gift cost me twelve hundred and fifty dollars."

"We couldn't help that," said the colonel; "it's politics."

"Well," asked Abner again, "if I retire, what assurance will I have that you will remember your promise two years from now?"

"You have our word."

"Gentlemen, pardon me, but I don't like the security," said the sheriff as he arose. "I'm not a politician, and I don't like Mr. Presford, and remain in the hands of my friends."

"That is base ingratitude," declared Colonel Short.

"No, colonel; it's politics."

When Abner left, the door closed upon three silent men. They were in that somewhat uncomfortable state in which no one knows exactly what to say. The colonel arose, went to the window, and then turning suddenly, blurted out,

"He's a d— fool."

"That's what we get for putting such a dunce in politics," said Presford, as he threw his cigar into the grate. "We've imported him from the backwoods, and now he thinks that he is the biggest man in the county."

Carr, who had been a silent listener to everything, got up and jammed his hat on the back of his head.

"Carr, what do you think?" asked Short.

"I think," said Carr, musingly, "that you've got a nice large white elephant named Green on your hands, and that if you don't feed him well he'll bust up your show."

Abner went directly home, and retired to his room. He sat by the window poring over a map, making notes, and jotting down names. Then, with his data, he threw himself on the bed. He did not sleep, but with his eyes wide open added occasionally to his memoranda. One hour afterwards he arose, and all the hard lines disappeared from his face. When he went down stairs he was buoyant and smiling.

"Been excited," bowed Jane.

"No, dear; just resting, and making out my route. I've got to go away on business for several days."

Sensor Boone's going away too, to-morrow, and Mrs. Boone was saying she did not know what she should do.

"Ask her to come and stay with you. I'll go over after supper and take the invitation myself."

He went. The invitation was delivered and accepted. Presently the Senator and Abner retired to the library. Their conference was long and earnest. Abner asked the fullest details of the boss management. Every trick, every resource, was explained by the Senator.

"Now, Senator," said Abner, "one more point. Will you go to the Senate again?"

"I will not make a contest for a nomination, nor will I spend anything for the election," he replied. "If the people want me, they can nominate, and elect me. I'll deliver speeches and explain my views, but I

won't pay a cent of blackmail to a lot of swindlers who call themselves managers." "That's all I want to know," said Abner. "Just stick to that position and say no thing."

Abner started out the next morning bright and early. For nearly a week he was travelling from store to store, from house to house, from district to district. Everywhere he was holding conferences, and his invariable explanation of his visits was business. When he returned, Major Powderdy was sent out on another round of official duty. The people began to pour into town for their spring shopping, and the Green house became their rendezvous. It made no difference how many visitors there were, Jane always had room for more.

Weeks were passing, and it was drawing near the busy season of politics. The bosses laid aside their social exclusiveness and began their electioneering hospitality. Even the Presfords unbent, and little Dickey Binson was polite to everybody. Colonel Short and Mr. Presford made their tour of the county, but while they were well received, they seemed to miss something. They could not tell just what it was.

Abner doubled his activity. He was at a different church every Sunday, at the festivals and picnics and camp-meetings, saying little, but saying it well, and being generous when generosity was wise. If two events conflicted in the date, Abner was at one place, Powderdy at the other.

And so it went until the week before the primary election. Abner came back to town—"Come in, stranger," was the way Jane welcomed him—and the political atmosphere was full of latent excitement. Boss Short, doubtful about something and suspicious of the possibility of a defection in the ranks, sent for Sheriff Green.

"Tell the colonel that he can find me at home," was the reply to the messenger; but before the man got to the gate, he rushed out and shouted, "Never mind, I'm going down that way." "It's better for me to go," he added, to himself.

When he entered Short's office he saw that the colonel was ill at ease. He himself was calm.

"Colonel," he said, after the civilities were exchanged, "I believe that you sent for me."

"Yes, Mr. Green," replied Short, in his best voice. "We want to see what you will do for us if we let you have a re-nomination."

"In what way?"

"Well, the usual way, of course. You haven't been treating us fairly. You've been sending business to Boone and Carr that ought to have come to me, and within the past eight weeks you have made me lose money by not acting at once in matters that I placed in your hands."

"My understanding, colonel, is that I am sheriff of the county, and not of any one person."

"Of course you are—of course you are. You don't understand me; so let the matter drop. You want to be re-nominated. Now you understand that! Well, you shall have it if you will help us with the rest of the ticket."

"I'm much obliged to you, colonel, but I do not care for it." Abner said this quietly, but it had an enormous effect on the colonel. Losing his customary control, he jumped up and shouted:

"Then what in Heaven's name do you want?"

"That's my business," replied the sheriff. "It shall be mine too," answered the colonel; "and if you do not help us out now, you'll have to suffer for it."

"Don't bite off too much, you might not be able to chew it," said Abner, with great deliberation.

Short recovered his equipoise, and with evident sarcasm replied, "Thank you very much for your advice."

"Oh, you're welcome," and Abner bowed low and left the office.

On his way down the street he met Carr, who thanked him for having sent certain clients to his office. Abner drew him aside.

"Carr," he said, "if I were you I would keep hands off for the next few days. Take my advice and lay low; and don't say I told you."

Carr was a good lawyer, which is to say that he was a man of large policy and elaborate prudence.

Abner hurried home and resumed the work that he had left. He went over it carefully, and then, when he summed up his results, he took the names and figures over to Senator Boone. The Senator scanned them critically.

"It looks all right," he said.

But Abner did not rest with appearances. He was busy laying out new schemes, exhaustless in checking possible combinations of the Court-house crowd.

The primaries were held. That night the news of them came to town. Abner was apparently unconcerned. Colonel Short and Mr. Presford were in doubt. They knew the men elected, but they knew nothing.

Following closely on the heels of the primaries came the convention. People from every section scented excitement, and they congregated in full force to see the fun. Abner was up at six o'clock. Jane had laid in a heavy supply of food, with turkeys fat

and tender, and home-made pies that pleased the taste so thoroughly that their indigestibility was forgiven.

Around the court-house groups began to gather. The roads leading to town were lined with life. The streets became animated and noisy. Colonel Short's office had its doors wide open, with a welcome in the front room and a supply of demijohns in the rear. Mr. Presford paraded with his abundant politeness, and all the politicians and workers greeted the delegates with cordial hand-shakes and invitations to "wash the dust out of their throats."

The more Colonel Short canvassed the situation the less he liked it. The delegates had come to town with ideas of what they wanted, and what they wanted did not harmonize with the Court-house programme. His demand that Green should be turned down met with little favor. The delegates did not go to his office to see him as they once did. He had to seek them. In his perturbation he ran against Mr. Presford.

"What does it mean?" Presford asked.

"What does what mean?"

"Why, all these fellows are conferring with Green in the jury-room."

The time for the assembling of the convention arrived. Promptly the people filed into the big court-room and filled the benches. Delegates began to drop in. Reporters and secretaries took their seats. Everything was ready.

Just as the presiding officer rapped for order, Colonel Short, by a back stairway, entered the jury-room, and stood face to face with Sheriff Green. The other people had gone to hear the proceedings.

Short motioned to Green, and without a word both men stepped to the alcove of the window farthest from the door leading to the convention. Short jumped at once into the lap of his call, and there was anger in his voice.

"I want to warn you, Mr. Green, that if you attempt any of your tricks to-day you'll suffer for them."

"Are you sure of it?" asked Abner.

"Yes; and if you have any prudence, you will take your re-nomination and help us out with our slate."

Abner put his thumbs in his vest and looked the colonel straight in the eye. "Colonel Short," he said, slowly and impressively, "you and your crowd are beaten out of your boots."

The usual self-control of the colonel disappeared. He flushed, and answered angrily, "I don't believe it."

"You've got to believe it," said Abner, earnestly.

Short's brow darkened. He began to speak: "I say that you—"

But before he completed the sentence somebody opened the door, and just that instant delegate called for cheers for Boone and Green. The response that came, reinforced as it was by a cry of "Down with the note-shavers and up with honest men!" seemed to shake the building.

It shook it enough to break the slate that Short thought he was holding in his hand, and to silence the insult that was trembling on his lips.

"If this is true, it's trickery," he exclaimed, "it's base ingratitude, and I'll break up that convention if I have to die for it."

He started to go, but Abner got in his way, and laid his hands on him.

"No, you won't," he said.

"Take your hands off," Short shouted, hoarsely.

"If you go into that room, I'll expose all the crookedness that has been going on in this court-house, I will, so help me God."

Colonel Short staggered back to the alcove. "What do you mean?" he demanded.

"Never mind what I mean or what I know, but it is more than enough. The question is whether or not you want to get out of your wreck in decent shape. I don't want to be too hard on you. I'm willing to do what I can for your man Stinson for sheriff, if you will let Carr, as your representative, nominate me."

Short's curiosity got the better of his anger. "Nominate you? For what?" he asked.

"For clerk of the court," said Abner, quietly.

"For clerk of the court!" Short repeated, as if dumfounded. "Why, what's to become of Presford?"

"I'm sorry to say," replied Abner, with a calm cool smile, "that Mr. Presford stands no more show in that convention than a morning glory in a January blizzard."

People spoke of the convention as one of the most harmonious that they had ever known, and they always alluded to Carr's speech nominating Abner Green as a masterpiece which was almost if not quite equal in the splendid address which Senator Boone delivered in accepting the nomination for the Senate as the representative of the people.

When Abner came to dinner on the day that he transferred himself from the shrievalty to the clerk's office, he found a feast.

"I thought you ought to have it," said Jane, in reply to his compliments. "I show how glad I am that we are fixed to stay in town for six years more."

"Well," said Abner, "you did it. If it hadn't been for your good dinners and shopping trips with the country folks, we never could have won."

"How did you get along to-day?" asked Jane.

"Splendidly. I appointed Powderdy my chief deputy. The next thing I did was to discharge Dickey Binson, and I've felt good ever since."

"How was Mr. Presford?"

"As polite as a preacher to a rich trustee. In fact, my dear, I really think that if the De Presfords should have another reception they would invite the De Greens."

It was the first time the matter had ever been mentioned by either of them. But Jane understood it.

"And the De Greens," Abner went on, "would regret extremely that they were unable to accept the polite invitation of Mr. and Mrs. De Presford. That's the way it runs, isn't it, Jane?"

"Yes, Abner. At least that's what the *Hand-Book of Etiquette* says."

MANUFACTURES AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING, WORLD'S FAIR.

Who that visited the Paris Exposition of 1889 has forgotten the great Machinery Hall? Its architect, who had an eye to history, attempted the extraordinary, and reached it. His design mapped out a building that when finished was the largest ever erected by man—at least the largest in area of which there is any record or even tradition, for it covered more space than Solomon's temple, if, indeed, that massive pile was a real work and not a figure of speech.

It may be that Mr. George P. Post, of New York city, was familiar with the Paris Hall of Machinery, and it may be that he was not. That is a matter on which Mr. Post himself is perhaps best informed. But it is quite true that Mr. Post surpassed his French confrère in designing the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building for the Chicago Columbian Exposition. Were the ends of the Liberal Arts Building taken out, and a clear space left beneath the grand arch of its roof, a pair of horses might be hitched to the Paris Machinery Hall, and that ample structure drawn clearly through the Liberal Arts Building without the remotest danger of contact with either side or with the glass arch above, for the interior hall of the immense structure designed by the New York artist is fifteen feet wider, at least fifty feet higher, and some hundred feet longer than its French example.

Of course the building, being the largest in the world (and the largest in history, as it is alleged), is the largest and most capacious of all the buildings of the Exposition. Its exact dimensions are 800 feet in width and 1700 feet in length, which means an area of 1,360,000 feet. In the topography the southerly end faces the great court directly opposite the Agricultural Hall and the north end faces the Government Building. The western side is opposite the Building of Electricity, and the broad expanse of Lake Michigan forms its boundary on the east. The form of the structure is rectangular, with an exhibition hall extending about an interior court. This exhibition hall receives light from both sides and from the top. The sections are composed of a great central arch that is 100 feet wide, open to the roof, and eighty feet high, with galleries fifty feet wide on either side.

The original design provided for a lofty and wide dome to rise directly over the center of the building, and to have left beneath it a clear space of nearly 300 feet in diameter, with a surrounding gallery fifty feet wide in addition. The design conceived this dome as lifting itself to a height of 175 feet, and computed its weight as resting on arched trusses of iron. There were open courts on either side of the dome to serve for the purposes of amusements, and which were to be covered spaces measuring 100,000 square feet or more. It was deemed advisable to alter the design in this particular, and the changes have been made. While not, perhaps, as glaringly apparent in the exterior aspect as might be imagined, the change will be much marked interiorly. For with the removal of the dome and the conversion of the courts into available space, just twelve acres of floor have been added to the capacity of the structure.

Instead of the originally designed dome and courts, the entire building in its interior is thrown into one long, high, wide hall, with no more story in that construction than a morning glory in a January blizzard. It is now one immense arch resting on uprights, and constructed much on the same principle as are those remarkable railway-station arches abroad. Indeed, it is very similar (only surpassingly greater in size) to the new station at Jersey City recently completed by the Pennsylvania Railroad.

It is impossible for the human mind to grasp in one conception the cavity that is made and covered by this immense arch. Its dimensions, as expressed in figures, are 400 feet wide by 1400 feet long. These numbers represent certain extension or space, and have a mathematical meaning, but they serve no purpose other than one purely metaphysical. The idea of a room 400 feet wide and 1400 feet long, enclosed by walls and roof, and present to the mind at once, is unthinkable. At the risk of seeming to be paradoxical, it may be said that such an idea is inconceivable; and Mr. Post's mind was in process mathematical when he made the de-

sign. His entire conception was limited to the small and conceivable drawing his assistant ruled out on the oiled paper. The arched roof will be of glass, mounted in iron framing, and the impression it will convey to one under its expansive spread (unless that one be a clod) will be of ineffable sublimity. And be it said that the impression will be traced to no other cause than the purity and ultra simplicity of the design—an interminable lofty arch resting on interminable simple pillars.

Reverting to the detailed description of the structure: The galleries are approached on the main floor by thirty great staircases, the flights of which are twelve feet wide each. There are four leading entrances—one in the centre of each façade. These are designed in the manner of triumphal arches, the central archway of each being forty feet wide and thirty feet high. Surmounting these portals is the attic story, ornamented with immense sculptured eagles eighteen feet high. On each side of the arches are panels with inscriptions, and the spandrels are filled-in sculptured figures in bas-relief.

At each corner of the main building are pavilions forming great arched entrances, which are designed in harmony with the portals. The interiors of these pavilions are richly decorated with sculpture and mural paintings. On each side of the middle room already referred to will run open naves, or on all sides of it rather, and the spaces between the pillars leading into the room will admit of free passage and view. Then the great room itself will be bisected along its entire length by a footway, on either side of which will be the exhibits. The whole scene will be visible from the galleries, twenty feet above the floor.

The long façades of the hall surrounding the building are composed of a series of arches filled in with glass windows. The lower portion of these arches up to the level of the gallery floor and twenty-five feet in depth is open to the outside, thus forming a covered loggia, which provides an open promenade for the public, and which will be a most interesting feature, especially on the east side, where it faces the lake. It is the intention here to locate a number of cafés, where the crowds may loiter at their ease, and enjoy the sea-breezes and the cool shadows of the afternoon. The spandrels of the arches are decorated with large shields, on which may be the coats of arms of the States of the Union. In the department allotted to glasswork each manufacturer will have an opportunity to display his works in a separate window. All the sculpture work is done by Bitter & Moretti, of New York, and the architectural modelling is the work of Ellin & Kitson.

No divisions with concern to the two departments that will occupy the building have yet been made. It may be pertinent, however, to note the various groups into which the general department Liberal Arts has been subdivided. The first group comprises physical development, training, condition, hygiene; the second group comprises banks, libraries, literature, journalism; the third group comprises instruments of precision, experiment, research, and photography. In another group are instruments and apparatuses of medicine, surgery, and prosthesis; in another, primary, secondary, and superior education. Then follow the groups of civil engineering, as inclusive of public works and constructive architecture; government and law; commerce, trade, and banking; institutions and organizations for the purpose of diffusion of knowledge; social, industrial, and cooperative associations; religious organizations and systems, inclusive of statistics and publications; music and musical instruments, and the theatre. Each of these various groups is elaborated into detail. Take, for instance, the group of civil engineering. Here will be shown in an intelligent way the methods of the surveying of land; the surveys and location of towns and cities, with their systems of water supply and drainage; methods of surveying of coasts, rivers, and harbors; construction and maintenance of roads, bridge engineering, bridge designing, and the physics of bridge building in general, with its mathematics; subaqueous construction and irrigation, railway engineering, dynamic and industrial engineering, mining and military engineering, fortifications, roads, bridges, and pontoons; and, finally, constructive engineering.

In the department of the Manufactures the groups will be: chemical and pharmaceutical products and druggists' supplies; paints, colors, and varnishes; type-writers, paper, stationery, blank books; furniture and house decoration; ceramics; decorative designs and combinations in mosaics and tessere; art metalwork; glass and glassware; stained glass in decoration; carvings; gold and silverware; jewelry and ornaments; ethnology, silks, textiles, fur, hairwork, travelling equipments, rubber, toys, leather, scales, materials of war, lighting, heating, refrigerators, wire, wrought iron, and safes.

It will be seen, therefore, that for an exposition of these two departments that will be representative of the world's progress during the past four hundred years the most extensive building that can be possibly erected will be none too large.

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THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE MANUFACTURES AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING.—FROM THE PAINTING BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 707.]

and this one be worked a great deal in one way, while another horse is schooled in another. One horse may need a vast amount of exercise, while another may get along with very little; one horse may be ridden by a recruit at the risk of spoiling his gait, while some other horse may have so good a gait that the recruit cannot spoil it. These cases are only a few out of the three or four million which are a part of the make-up of horse knowledge. Some cavalry officers do not care about all these things, but they are simply a disgrace to their profession, and so not to be considered except with scorn. The remarkable case of this knowledge and judgment regarding horses in a cavalryman was that of Captain Montgomery, of the Fifth Cavalry, as told by Captain Charles King, in his *Campaigning with Crook*, which I quote: "In horseflesh and equipments the gaps were appalling. Some companies of the Fifth were very much reduced, and, of course, when the horse dropped exhausted on the trail there was no transportation for the 'kit.' It often happened that for days the soldier led his horse along the flanks of the column or in the rear of the regiment, striving hard to nurse his falling strength, hunting eagerly for every little bunch of grass that might eke out his meagre subsistence. In all the array of company losses there was one, and only one, shining contrast—Montgomery, of Company B—the Greys cavalry submitted a clear 'bill of health'; he had not lost a single horse. The fact that Captain Montgomery paraded every where which he started is due to the unerring judgment and ceaseless vigilance with which he noted every symptom of weakness in any and every animal in his troop, and cared for it accordingly."

From a purely professional standpoint I think this feat was probably as noted an achievement as any cavalryman could well ask for. It towers over the man who can pick a cracker off the ground at a gallop off a sixteen-hand horse, and the *passage* and *piquette* are as nothing compared; but if Captain Montgomery can pick up the cracker, and do the *passage*, he should have a marble monument at West Point, and every cadet should be made to go out twice a day and sing a psalm before it.

The United States trooper knows enough by the time he has served one enlistment, but his horse, which has as great a capacity for war as the recruit, comes out with little to his credit. Why should he not be educated? Well, let us hope he may be.

THE TRUE.

Thus spake the god: "Take thou this lute of love.
So sweetly tuned is it that when thy true ideal
Thou meetest—and she speaks—the strings will move
In sympathy. The lute her presence will reveal,
And to no other soul, however fond,
Will these sweet tuneful notes of love respond."

I took the lute, and went forth on my quest.
Through all the long and weary day the notes beguiled
The journey. When the sun sank to the west
The strains were gentle as the singing of a child;
And through the night, while buried the heavenly fires,
Thought rose above the sordid earth's desires.

But now the precious lute neglected lies
Outside the palace gate. Oft-times the wind blows free
And stirs the tuneful strings to plaintive sighs
And yet I heed it not—the notes are harsh to me.
The True is won! So sweet her voice is wrought
That all else seems discordant to my thought.

FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

A CONSUMING FIRE.

BY C. A. P. AND R. W. F.

He is a man who has failed in this life, and says he has no chance of success in another; but out of the fragments of his failures he has pieced together for himself a fabric of existence more satisfying than most of us make of our successes. It is a kind of triumph to look as he does, to have his manner, and to preserve his attitude toward advancing years—those dreary years which he faces with pale but smiling lips.

If you would see my friend Hayden, commonly called by his friends the connoisseur, figure to yourself a tall gentleman of sixty-five, very erect still and graceful, gray-headed and gray-bearded, with fine gray eyes that have the storm-tossed look of clouds on a windy March day, and a bearing that somehow impresses you with an idea of the gracious and pathetic dignity of his lonely age.

I myself am a quiet young man, with but one gift—I am a finished and artistic listener. It is this talent of mine which wins for me a degree of Hayden's esteem and a place at his

table when he has a new story to tell. His connoisseurship extends to everything of human interest, and his stories are often of the best.

The last time that I had the honor of dining with him, there was present, besides the host and myself, only his close friend, that vigorous and successful man, Dr. Richard Langworthy, the eminent alienist and specialist in nervous diseases. The connoisseur evidently had something to relate, but he refused to give it to us until the pretty dinner was over. Hayden's dinners are always pretty, and he has ideals in the matter of china, glass, and napery which it would require a woman to appreciate. It is one of his accomplishments that he manages to live like a gentleman and entertain his friends on an income which most people find quite inadequate for the purpose.

After dinner we took coffee and refused cigars in the library.

On the table, full in the mellow light of the great lamp (Hayden has a distaste for gas), was a bit of white plush on which two large opals were lying. One was an intensely brilliant globe of broken gleaming lights, in which the red flame burned strongest and most steadily; the other was as large, but paler. You would have said that the prisoner's heart of fire within it had ceased to throb against the outer rim of ice. Langworthy, who is wise in gems, bent over them with an exclamation of delight.

"Fine stones," he said; "where did you pick them up, Hayden?"

Hayden, shading with one hand on Langworthy's shoulder, smiled down on the opals with a singular expression. It was as if he looked into beloved eyes for an answering smile.

"They came into my possession in a singular way, very singular. It interested me immensely, and I want to tell you about it, and ask your advice on something connected with it. I am afraid you people will hardly care for the story as much as I do. It's—it's a little too roccoco and sublimated to please you, Langworthy. But here it is:

"When I was in the West last summer, I spent some time in a city on the Pacific slope which has more pawnbrokers' shops than that sort of thing in full sight on the prominent streets than any other town of the same size and respectability that I have ever seen. One day, when I had been looking in the bazars for something a little out of the regular line in Chinese curios and didn't find it, it occurred to me that in such a cosmopolitan town there might possibly be some interesting things in the pawn shops, so I went into one to look. It was a common dingy place, kept by a common dingy man with shrewd eyes and a coarse mouth. Talking to him across the counter was a man of another type. Distinction in good clothes, you know, one is never sure of. It may be only that a man's tailor is distinguished. But distinction in indifferent garments, that is distinction indeed, and there before me I saw it. A young, slight, carelessly dressed man, his bearing was attractive and noteworthy beyond anything I can express. His appearance was perhaps a little too unusual, for the contrast between his soft straw-colored hair and wine-brown eyes was such a striking one that it attracted attention from the real beauty of his face. The delicacy of a cameo is rough," added the connoisseur, parenthetically, "compared to the delicacy of outline and feature in a face that thought, and perhaps suffering, have worn away, but this is one of the distinctive attractions of the old. You do not look for it in young faces such as this.

"On the desk between the two men lay a fine opal—this one," said Hayden, touching the more brilliant of the two stones. "The younger man was talking eagerly, fingering the gem lightly as he spoke. I inferred that he was offering to sell or pawn it.

"The proprietor, seeing that I waited, apparently not the young man short. He started, and caught up the stone. 'I'll give you—I heard the other say, but the young man shook his head, and departed abruptly. I found nothing that I wanted in the place, and soon passed out.

"In front of a shop window a little further down the street stood the other man, looking listlessly in with eyes that evidently saw nothing. As I came by he turned and looked into my face. His eyes fixed me as the Ancient Mariner's did the Wedding Guest. It was an appealing yet commanding look, and I—I felt constrained to stop. I couldn't help it, you know. Even at my age one is not beyond feeling the force of an imperious attraction, and when you are past sixty you ought to be thankful on your knees for any emotion that is imperative in its nature. So I stopped beside him. I said: 'It was a fine stone you were showing that day. I have a great fondness for opals. May I ask if you were offering it for sale?'

"He continued to look at me, inspecting me calmly, with a fastidious expression. Upon my word, I felt singularly honored when, at the end of a minute or two, he said: 'I should like to show it to you. If you will come to my room with me, you may see that, and another; and he turned and led the way. I following quite humbly and gladly, though rather surprised at myself.

"The room, somewhat to my astonishment, proved to be a large apartment, a front room high up in one of the best hotels. There were a good many things lying about

that obviously were not hotel furnishings, and the walls, the bed, and even the floor were covered with a litter of water-color sketches. Those that I could see were admirable, being chiefly impressions of delicate and stirring atmospheric effects.

"I took the chair he offered. He stood, still looking at me, apparently not in haste to show me the opals. I looked around the room.

"'You are an artist?' I said.

"'Oh, I used to be, when I was alive,' he answered, drearily. 'I am nothing now.' And then turning away he fetched a little leather case, and placed the two opals on the table before me.

"'This is the one I have always worn,' he said, indicating the more brilliant. 'That chillier one I gave once to the woman whom I loved. It was more vivid then. They are strange stones—strange stones.'

"He said nothing more, and I sat in perfect silence, only dreading that he should not speak again. I am not making you understand how he impressed me. In the delicate, hopeless patience of his face, in the refined, unaltered accents of his voice, there was somehow struck a note of self-abnegation, of aloofness from the world, pathetic in any one so young.

"I am old. There is little in life that I care for. My interests are largely affected. Wine does not warm me now, and beauty seems no longer beautiful; but I thank Heaven I am not beyond the reach of a penetrating human personality. I have at least the original instincts for conviction in social matters, but I assure you it seemed not in the least strange to me that I should be sitting in the private apartment of a man whom I had met only half an hour before, and then in a pawnbroker's shop, listening eagerly for his account of matters wholly personal to himself. I was struck by the calm, natural and charming thing in the world. It was just such chance passing intercourse as I expect to hold with wandering spirits on the green hills of paradise.

"It was some time before he spoke again.

"I saw her first," he said, looking at the paler opal, as if it was of that he spoke, "on the street in Florence. It was a day in April, and the air was liquid gold. She was looking at the Campanile, as if she were akin to it. It was the friendly grace of one lily looking at another. Later, I met her as one meets other people, and was presented to her. And after that the days went fast. I think she was the sweetest woman God ever made. I sometimes wonder how He came to think of her. Whatever you may have missed in life," he said, lifting calm eyes to mine, and smiling a little, "you whose aspect is so sweet, decorous, and depressing, whose griefs, if you have griefs, are the subtle sorrows of the old and unimpassioned—I remember his phrase—'warily,'—I struck them striking and descriptive," confessed Hayden—"I hope you have not missed that last touch of exaltation which I knew then. It is the most exquisite thing in life. The Fates must hate those from whose lips they keep that cup." He mused awhile, and added, "There is only one real want in life, and that is comradeship—comradeship with the divine, and that we call religion; with the human, and that we call love."

"Your definitions are literature," I ventured to suggest, "but they are not fact. Believe me, neither love nor religion is exactly what you call it. And there are other things almost as good in life, as surely you must know. There is art, and there is work which is work only, and yet is good."

"You speak from your own experience?" he said, simply.

"It was a home thrust. I did not, and I knew I did not. I am sixty-five years old, and I have never known just that complete satisfaction which I believe arises from the perfect performance of distasteful work. I said so. He smiled.

"I knew it when I set my eyes upon you, and I knew you would listen to me and my vapidness. Your sympathy with me is what you feel toward all forms of weakness, and in the last analysis it is self-sympathy. You are beautiful, not strong," he added, with an air of finality, "and I—I am like you. If I had been a strong man.... Christ!"

"I enjoyed this singular analysis of myself, but I wanted something else.

"You were telling me of the opals," I suggested.

The opals, yes. Opals always made me happy, you know. When I wore one, I felt that a friend was near. My father found these in Hungary, and sent them to me—two perfect jewels. He said they were the twin halves of a single stone. I believe it to be true. Their mutual relation is an odd one. One has paled as the other brightened. You see them now. When they were both mine, they were of almost equal brilliancy. The paler, the paler, 'is the one I gave to her. You see the difference in them now. Hers began to pale before she had worn it a month. I do not try to explain it, not even on the ground of the old superstition. It was not her fault that they made her send it back to me. It was the fact remains; her opal is fading slowly; mine is turning to a deeper red. Some day hers will be frozen quite, while mine—mine—' his voice wavered and fell on silence, as the flame of a candle fighting against the wind flickers and goes out.

"I waited many minutes for him to speak again, but the silence was unbroken. At last

I rose. 'Surely you did not mean to part with either stone,' I said.

"He looked up as if from a dream. 'Part with them? Why should I sell my soul? I would not part with them if I were starving. I had a minute's temptation, but that is past now.' Then, with a change of manner, 'You are going?' He rose with a gesture that I felt then and still feel as a benediction. 'Good-by. I wish for your own sake that you had not been so like my poor self that I knew you for a friend.'

"We had exchanged cards, but I did not see or hear of him again. A few weeks these stones came to me, sent by some one here in New York of his own name—his executor. He is dead, and left me these.

"It is here that I want your counsel. These stones do not belong to me, you know. It is true that we are like, as like as blue and violet. But there is that woman somewhere. I don't know where, and I know no more of their story than he told me. I have not cared to be curious regarding it or him. But they loved once, and these belong to her. Do you suppose they would be a comfort or a curse to her? If—if—" the connoisseur evidently found difficulty in stating his position. "Of course I do not mean to say that I believe one of the stones waned while the other grew more brilliant. I simply say nothing of it; but I know that he believed it, and I, even I, feel a superstition about it. I do not want the light in that stone to go out, or if it should, or could, I do not want to see it. And, besides, if I were a woman, and that man had loved me, I should wish those opals." Here Hayden looked up and caught Langworthy's amused tolerant smile. He stopped, and there was almost a flush upon his cheek.

"You think I am maudlin—doting, I see," he said. "Langworthy, I do hope the Lord send kindly you to the happiness. You haven't any taste for these innocent green pastures where we old fellows must disport ourselves, if we disport at all. Now, I want to know if it would be—indicate to attempt to find out who she is, and to restore the stones to her?"

Langworthy, who had preserved throughout his usual air of strict scientific attention, jumped up and began to pace the room.

"His name?" he said.

Hayden gave it.

"I know the man," said Langworthy, almost reluctantly. "Did any one who ever saw him forget him? He was on the verge of melancholia, but what a mind he had!"

"How did you know him, Langworthy?" asked Hayden, with pathetic eagerness.

"As a patient. It's a sad story. You won't like it. He had better keep your fancies without the addition of any of the facts."

"Go on," said Hayden, briefly.

"He lived here, you know. He was the only son. He unconsciously acquired the morphia habit from taking quantities of the stuff for neuralgic symptoms during a severe protracted illness. After he got better, and found what had happened to him, he came to me. I had to tell him he would die if he didn't break it off, and would probably die if he didn't know him. Later," he said, "What disgusts me is the idea that it has taken such hold of me." He did break it off, directly and absolutely. I never knew but one other man who did that thing. But between the pain and the shock from the sudden cessation of the drug, his mind was unbalanced for a while. Of course the girl's parents broke off the engagement. I knew they were travelling with him last summer. It was a trying case, and the way he accepted his own weakness touched me. At his own request he carried no money with him. It was a temptation when he wanted the drug, you see. It must have been at some such moment, when he contemplated giving up the struggle, that you met him in the pawn shop."

"I am glad I knew enough to respect him even there," murmured Hayden, in his beard.

"Oh, you may respect him, and love him if you like. He died a moral hero, if a mental and physical wreck. That is as good a pray as any, or ought to be, to enter another life—if there is another life."

"And the woman?" asked the connoisseur.

"Keep the opals, Hayden; they and he are more to you than to her. She—in fact it is very soon—I believe that she is to marry another man."

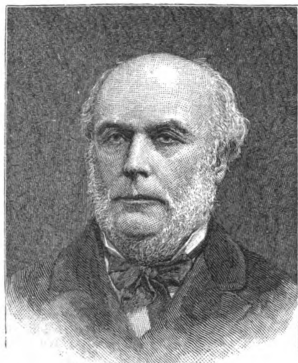
"Who is it?"

"A gilded cad. That's all." Langworthy took out his watch and looked at it. I turned to the table. What had happened to the dreaming stones? Did a light flash across from one to the other, or did my eyes deceive me? I looked down, not trusting what I saw. One opal lay pale, as pure, as lifeless, as a moon-stone is. The other glowed with a yet fierier spark; instead of coming from within, the color seemed to play over its surface in unrestricted flame.

"Soe here!" I said.

Langworthy looked, then turned his head away sharply. The intense and irrational was very strong within him.

But the old man bent forward, the lamp-light shining on his white hair, and with a womanish gesture caught the gleaming opal to his lips. "A human soul!" he said. "A human soul!"



THE LATE JULES GRÉVY, EX-PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

MAJOR BUNDY.

The death of Major Jonas M. Bundy removed from the ranks of New York journalism one of its best-known and best-beloved members. For twenty-five years he has been engaged in newspaper work in this city, first as dramatic and musical critic on the *Evening Post*, and then as editor-in-chief of the *Evening Mail* and *The Mail and Express*.

The Major's boyhood and early youth were spent in Beloit, Wisconsin, his parents having removed thither, when he was very young, from his birthplace in northern New Hampshire. He was graduated at Beloit College in 1853, and took a course of study at the Harvard Law School. His first newspaper work was done in Milwaukee before the war. At the outbreak of the rebellion he entered the army and served throughout the four years, mostly as a member of the staff of General John Pope.

After the war he came to this city, and has made his home here ever since. He never married, but his affection for his mother and sisters was one of the strongest traits of his character. He had, indeed, a strongly affectionate nature, and attached to himself many men in unusual friendship. Senator Matt H. Carpenter, of Wisconsin, was one of his boyhood's comrades, and they remained close friends until Carpenter's death. Of late years his nearest friend was Chauncey M. Depew, whom he visited very often at his home, and with whom he has been enjoying a part of his recent vacation in England.

Major Bundy was devoted to his profession, and thoroughly enjoyed editorial work. He was especially glad to be able to help young men beginning newspaper work, and has aided many who are now prominent in their profession. He was a strong leader-writer, an uncompromising partisan Republican, and never discouraged by defeat.

In 1871 Major Bundy was a member of the famous Committee of Seventy, and in 1880 he was selected by General Garfield to write his campaign biography.

Although a hard worker, and a politician in the good

sense of that word, the Major was fond of nature, of poetry, and of music. His recreation for years was an afternoon walk in Central Park, every nook and corner of which he knew thoroughly. His religious convictions were strong, and were often apparent in his writing on the current topics of the day.

It was on July 23d that Major Bundy sailed for Europe for a three months' vacation. He was overtaken at Paris by a stroke of apoplexy, and died September 8th. His body will be brought to this country for interment.

EX-PRESIDENT GRÉVY.

M. JULES GRÉVY, who was for nearly nine years President of the French Republic, died the other day at Mont-sous-Vaux in the which Mountains, the near where he was born seventy-eight years ago. The closing years of his life were most pitiful. After living more or less in the public view for half a century, and enjoying during all that time the affection and confidence of the great mass of the French people, and while occupying the highest position of state in his country, he was covered with shame by the dishonest acts of his daughter's husband, and obliged to resign his Presidency. And all this misfortune came to him at almost the end of what had been considered a blameless and patriotic life. He belonged to the bourgeois class, and never, in whatever position he was placed, forsook the simple manners of life which had come to him as an inheritance. It appears to have been natural for him to be a democrat. When he was seventeen, and while a student at the Paris law schools, he took part in the insurrection against Charles X., and was a leader among those who fought behind the barricades, and was among the first of the insurrectionists to force his way into the barracks of the Rue de Babylon.

He began his career as a lawyer during the reign of Louis Philippe, and among his first cases he was the defender of those who had been arrested by the King on account of holding dangerously liberal opinions. His appearance in these cases attracted the attention of the republicans of France, and he stood high in their regard for fifty years, and until, a shamed old man, he left the Palace of the Elysée to retire to his native mountains. In 1848 he was sent as a Commissioner to the Department of the Jura to reconcile the mountaineers of that district to the new order which was brought about by the fall of the monarchy and the establishment of a republic under the Presidency of Louis Napoleon. He showed much diplomatic skill in this mission, and at its close was elected a member of the Constituent Assembly by the voters of his native department. He at once became a leader in this body, and of the integrity of his republicanism there has never been any doubt. He foresaw the scheme of Louis Napoleon which culminated in the *coup d'état* of 1851, and attempted to forestall it by a proposition that the Chief Executive should be styled "President of the Council of Ministers," be elected for no definite period, and be removable at the will of the people. This proposition, which was opposed by Lamartine, was defeated, though many able writers have maintained that had it become a law Louis Napoleon could not have overthrown the republic and re-established the empire. His action, at any rate, was not pleasing to Napoleon III., for one of his first acts after making himself Emperor was to arrest Grévy, and throw him into prison. He staid in prison several months, and came out with the ardor of his republicanism not a whit reduced. For nearly twenty years Jules Grévy now devoted himself to the practice of his profession. Public life was impossible for him, for until 1868 he refused to take an oath of allegiance to the empire, and then he waived his personal scruples in the matter only because he was assured that his example prevented many other republicans from participating in the



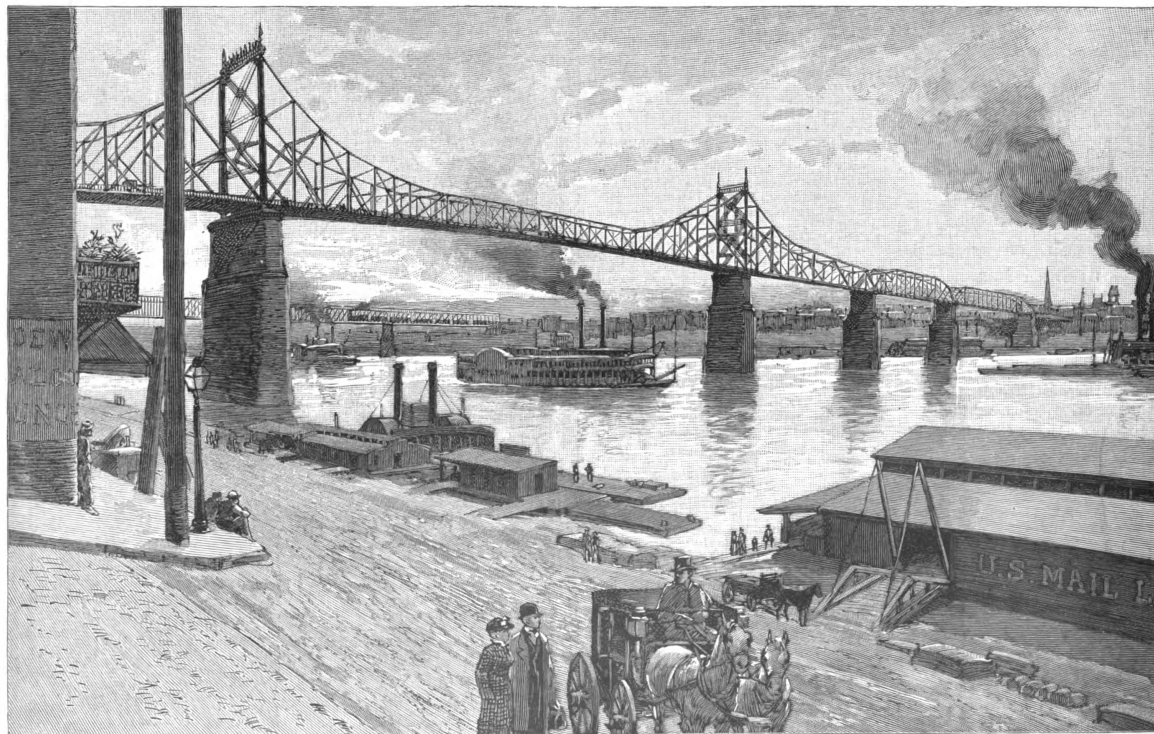
THE LATE MAJOR JONAS M. BUNDY.

affairs of the government. No sooner had he become eligible than the Department of Jura elected him a member of the Corps Législatif, and he was re-elected in 1869.

On the downfall of the empire, during the Franco-Prussian war, M. Grévy refused to associate himself with the self-appointed government, and stoutly maintained that the only legal way to establish a new government was for the Chambers to declare the downfall of the empire. When M. Thiers proposed that Grévy should join him in the irregular diplomatic campaign which he entered upon, Grévy also objected to this as illegal, and said that his part in the emergency would be to carry a musket. He thereupon entered the National Guard, and served as long as the war lasted.

He was, at the end of the war, again sent to the National Assembly by the Department of Jura, and at the first sitting in Bordeaux he was chosen to be President of the body by an almost unanimous vote. In the first meeting he proposed that M. Thiers be elected Chief Executive, and exercise his powers under the control of the Assembly. This proposition was almost identical with the one of nearly a quarter of a century before which he attempted to carry at the beginning of Louis Napoleon's Presidency. For over two years he retained the presidency of the Assembly, being re-elected seven times.

During the Presidency of Marshal MacMahon, Grévy was his firm opponent, and when MacMahon saw the hopelessness of any effort to establish a military despotism in France and resigned, Grévy was almost unanimously chosen as President for a seven years' term. At this time Gambetta was at the height of his power, and it was his great ambition to succeed MacMahon, but in his aggressive career he had made too many enemies to have any chance of success. The administration of Grévy during his first term was quiet and dignified, and the French people prospered amazingly in their affairs. Soon after he was re-elected for a second term of seven years that strange and incomprehensible movement known as Boulangerism had its birth, and the government was vexed not a little by apprehensions of something dreadful which might happen at any moment. But this had



THE NEW CANTILEVER BRIDGE OVER THE OHIO AT CINCINNATI.—DRAWN BY H. F. FARNY.—[SEE PAGE 710.]

small effect upon the personal fortunes of M. Grévy. His daughter, whom he adored, had married a certain M. Wilson, an adventurer of the worst type. Parisians marvelled at the knowledge which Wilson used in his speculations on the Bourse, and long before there was any public complaint close observers of the market in Paris were convinced that Wilson had state secrets to aid him in his ventures. This way of making money was not sufficient for Wilson, so he embarked in the business of selling crosses of the Legion of Honor. In this he was detected, and only escaped conviction by a technicality.

The cross of the Legion of Honor is most highly prized by Frenchmen, and those who held them and those who wanted them were equally filled with shame and rage that there should have been a disgraceful traffic in the decorations. There was nothing else for the old President to do but to resign. He made way for M. Carnot, who now occupies the Palace of the Elysées, and went to his country home a broken man. It is pleasant to state that the French people long ago absolved M. Grévy of any participation in the corrupt practices of his son-in-law, or of having even any suspicion of them. All agree that he should not have been elected for the second term. In that case he would have retired with his fame unsoiled by any scandal whatever.

Personally M. Grévy was the simplest of men, and in his habits he was always of the bourgeois class. His second wife had been his housekeeper during his widowhood. She was a peasant, and they had been privately married many years when he was chosen President. Then the French people learned for the first time that their new Chief Executive had a wife. The manners of the peasant woman at the head of the domestic side of the President's household at first occasioned some comment and derision from those accustomed to the manners of the European courts, but her hearty good nature soon won her the respect and regard of all the good people who came in contact with her.

As illustrating the simplicity of M. Grévy's habits, this anecdote was told of him in 1879, and it is probably based upon more truth than that told of Thomas Jefferson's riding to the Capitol unattended on the day of his inauguration, and hitching his horse to the fence, while he went in to take the oath of his high office.

"Unlike most official Frenchmen, he believes enough in his own country to invest in her funds, and the other day went to the Bank of France to receive his dividends. He was President of the republic, yet he quietly placed himself in the *queue*, and waited his turn, sandwiched between a petty employé and a green grocer's wife. Suddenly a high officer of the bank espied him, but was scarcely able to believe his own eyes, and when he did, almost fainted with horror. The President was forthwith accosted with all honors, and bidden to quit the *queue*, that his money might be paid at once. 'Many thanks,' he answered; 'but I don't mind waiting.' And the Chief Magistrate of the republic—a true liberal in every good sense of that word—quietly bided his time. The humblest citizen was not to lose a moment of time on his account."



SKIFF-RACING ON THE ST. LAWRENCE—PREPARING FOR THE START.

M. Grévy was a great admirer of the American form of government, and at one time, after the establishment of the second empire, thought very seriously of coming to this country and casting his fortune with us.

JNO. GILMER SPEED.

SKIFF-RACING ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

BY C. B. VAUX.

A HIGH rate of speed is the demand of modern civilization. It is only necessary to break a record to become famous. Brains and money are lavished to increase the speed of the Atlantic liners and the limiteds. We must travel fast whether on business or pleasure. So universal is this passion to move rapidly that even little children have caught the fever, and speak knowingly of the winning yacht or horse.

The forty-six-foot yacht of to-day, *Gloriana*, can sail about as fast as the crack seventy-footer of a few years ago, so great has been the development of speed by improvements in the lines of hull and details of rig. The racing sailing canoes of this season's build move nearly or quite twice as fast as those of ten years ago.

There is a class of boats on the St. Lawrence River called skiffs, which carry more sail in proportion to their displacement than any other boats in the world, canoes alone excepted, and which can outsail not only all other boats of their size, but very much larger craft as well. The St. Lawrence River racing skiff is twenty-two feet long, with a beam of four feet. It carries two bat-wing sails; is fitted with a large steel centre board; has a cockpit just large enough to accommodate the feet of six men on either side of the cen-

tre-board trunk; is decked, with a flaring coaming about the cockpit, pointed at its forward end; and has water-tight bulkheads at each end of the cockpit, which convert the two ends of this big canoe—for it is neither more nor less—into air chambers large enough to float the skiff high out of water when the crew is on board and a capsizes has partially filled the only open part, thus making a veritable life-boat of it. High winds and heavy seas have no terrors for the skiff sailors. The boats are of light construction, but strong, and carry not a pound of ballast.

The manner of sailing these skiffs is unique. Be it understood, though, first of all, that the skiff, with her masts stepped and sails in slings, will not float right side up. The weight of a crew of at least four men is necessary to keep the boat on an even keel, and admit of any sailing being done. The usual crew consists of five men, and in heavy weather six or eight. The racing rules do not limit the crew, sail area—in fact nothing but beam and length, and these only in the simplest way—the length in feet multiplied by the beam in feet shall not exceed eighty-eight. The captain sits at the aft end of the cockpit on deck and steers with a tiller. He also manages the mizzen-sheet by which the after-sail is trimmed. The middle man handles the main-sheet by which the foresail is worked.

The forward man sets and furls the jib by means of out-boards and halyards. This sail is used on a few of the boats, and only when reaching. In beating against the wind a jib has not been found to work to advantage on a skiff. The entire crew sit on the weather deck—opposite to that over which the sail is set—with their feet in the cockpit and their toes braced under a long cleat or a rope made fast to the lower part of the centre-board trunk. They are shoulder to shoulder and move as one man. When a flaw strikes the sails and the boat begins to heel, the men lean backward over the side. As the wind decreases, in they come; the object being always to keep the skiff on an even keel, or as near it as possible. If the squall is a severe one, the men lean out so far that the backs of their heads sometimes touch the water. The captain never luffs nor shakes the wind out of the sails until water comes over the side. No orders are given. The men sail together till they have every part of their duty worked down to so fine a point that it is almost a matter of instinct with them.

When it is necessary to tack, the captain luffs up sharp; the main-sheet is eased off a little, and the crew all come in-board together. When the bow points into the wind and the boom swings over, the men duck under it and nimbly climb over the centre-board trunk to the other side, where they take up their positions as before. Just as the mizzen flutters, the captain eases off the sheet a little, and at the same time the mainsail (which is the forward one) is trimmed flat, just as it fills with wind. Then the mizzen is flattened. In this way the skiff is brought about with a spin and loses little headway, and goes flying off on the other tack.

The most trying point of sailing is going directly before the wind. Then the sails are wing and wind—one on one side and one on the other, with booms nearly at right angles

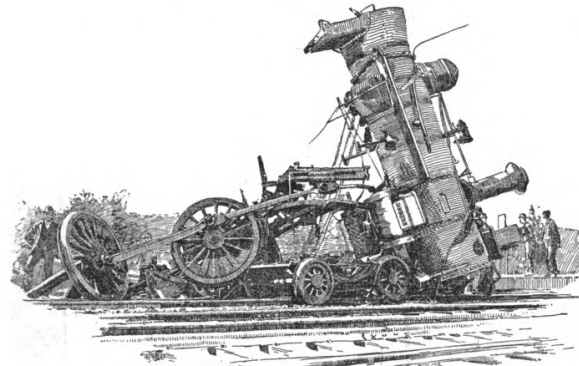


THE REWARD OF BRAVERY—A REMINISCENCE OF THE LATE INDIAN WAR.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—[SEE PAGE 716.]

to the keel. The crew must divide itself under such circumstances, half being on the starboard deck, and half to port. Then it is that a man needs nerve to sit still and keep his head; for the boat rolls, sometimes rail under if the sea is heavy, and there is always the danger of an unexpected jibe of one sail or the other, and an almost certain capsizing if it does.

Sometimes it is necessary to jibe, and then the skill of the crew is tested to its utmost—that is, of course, if it is blowing hard, for these daring sailors carry full sail in almost any sailing weather. The sail swings from one side to the other in a very short space of time, and gives little warning as to when it is going to start on its journey. While the sails are swinging over, the men must shift sides. One or two move across the trunk before the helm is shifted, and get

ready to lean far out as the sails go over. Everything depends on the handling, and the captain must therefore be a man of nerve and great experience, for his is the chief responsibility. An error of judgment is fatal to all chances of winning, as there are rarely less than five very fast boats in each race, and often ten or more start. Of the six races sailed this season for the championship three were won by the *St. Lawrence*, of Gananoque, two by the *Canadian*, of the same place, and one by the *Akake*, of Prescott. An extra race on September 4th at Brockville was also won by the *St. Lawrence*. These skiff races have become so popular on the St. Lawrence, and have excited so much interest, that the whole town where they are held turns out to see them, and boatmen gather from far and near. It is glorious sport to indulge in, and a race is worth seeing.



THE RAILWAY DISASTER AT OYSTER BAY, LONG ISLAND.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

LOCOMOTIVE EXPLOSION AT OYSTER BAY.

The train on the Long Island Railroad which leaves Oyster Bay at 7.08 was waiting in the station on Wednesday morning, September 9th, preparatory to starting. The conductor stood by the engine comparing the time indicated by his watch with that of the engineer. It was just seven minutes after seven, and the conductor stepped toward the cars with the intention of hurrying the last passengers aboard, when consciousness left him. A sudden explosion startled every one. The conductor was thrown beyond the platform; a horse and buggy, together with the nephew of the conductor, were scattered into the air, while a huge volume of steam obscured the place where he stood but a moment before. The massive 40-ton locomotive, and the brakeman were instantly killed, but the conductor was only slightly injured, and his nephew merely shaken up. The body of the engineer was found one hundred feet away, his watch

having stopped at seven minutes and twenty seconds past the hour. The fire-box, tons in weight, was thrown more than a hundred feet, and buried partly in the ground. The iron covering of the boiler was turned inside out, and the body of the fireman was picked up in the rear of the train. A wrecking train soon removed the debris, and before long only the memory of the disaster remained.

The direct cause of the explosion may never be satisfactorily explained. The day before the engine had been thoroughly cleaned, and only last spring had undergone a thorough overhauling in the company's shops. The fireman, Townsend Dickerson, had recovered only a short while before from an accident in which his engineer had been killed. James Donaldson, the engineer, who was regarded as a careful and competent man, leaves a wife and two children. The fireman was a widower, but he also had two children, who survive his death, while the brakeman was unmarried. The locomotive was a comparatively new one, having been built in 1889, but the railroad men considered the run unlucky, it being the same one on which Dickerson's engineer had met his death. The wrecked locomotive was No. 113.

BOAT-RACING IN THE NAVY—THE CHALLENGE.

ONE of the first things a man-o'-war's man has to learn is to handle an oar, and he is not long in the service before he finds out that to pull in a boat of one kind or another forms a very large share of his duties when his ship is lying in port anywhere. Setting aside the regular boat drills, there are frequent trips to be made, either to the shore on various errands, or from one ship to another, should his vessel form part of a squadron at the time, and the music of the bugle calling away this or that boat is heard at frequent intervals during the day. At one time the market-boat, with stewards and cooks as passengers; then the mail-boat, with trim marine orderly and his big square leather mail-bag. At another time the huge launches filled with liberty men, or the cutter with officers going ashore for one purpose or another, or the captain's gig bound for official visit to the flag ship, kept the various crews busy enough in all conscience; and this frequent practice, under all conditions of wind and weather that a boat can live in, soon makes Jack as much at home in barge, cutter, or gig as a landsman on a street car. To see a boat's crew when called away scramble out on the long boom swung out from the ship's side, and swarm down the hanging rope-ladder, and drop into the boat bobbing up and down on the choppy waves, is a sight one never tires of. The oars are out in a jiffy, and the boat brought alongside the gangway almost before you can say Jack Robinson; and then, its freight duly embarked, its crew, "with a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull all together," buckle down to work with long rhythmic swing of the oars that sends the craft along like a thing of life.

One would think that the amount of downright hard work Jack goes through in this

way would cause him to seek any other means of occupying his leisure than to get into a boat again and pull away harder than ever for the fun of the thing; but he is a keen sportsman, and hardly anything affords him greater pleasure than a spirited contest for supremacy between rival boats' crews.

Boat-racing is encouraged in our navy, and, as far as I know, this has been the case ever since an American fleet of war vessels existed, and our sailors have conquered again and again in friendly bouts with their mates of other nations. British tars more than once, Frenchmen and others, have tossed their oars in salute to winning Yankee crews, and a favorite yarn spun on the fo'c's'le—ay, and in cabin and wardroom as well—is that which tells of the laurels won by a boat's crew of a solitary Yankee frigate, some two or three score years ago, over the men of the whole French fleet, under the very eyes of the Emperor.

As I have already stated, boat-racing is popular in the naval service, and the officers are fully as much interested in the rivalry between the crews of different ships as the men themselves.

Every man-o'-war almost—particularly if in squadron with other vessels—has a body of carefully selected oarsmen to man some favorite boat chosen to represent the ship, and the flag, which is proudly planted in the bows of the boat holding the championship, must be defended against all comers of similar build and rating, and the members of the racing club must maintain the readiness for a struggle to maintain the supremacy of their boat, for the blue-jackets are aggressive and ambitious fellows, and will not let their adversaries wear their laurels long without trying to win them for their own.

The strict discipline of the navy reigns even in the sports of the men. The races are conducted with absolute order, fairness, and courtesy, and the sailor-men themselves would be the first to condemn any action on the part of any one concerned not consistent with a spirit of generous rivalry and sportsmanlike conduct.

It is the second dog-watch on a calm beautiful summer evening. Everything is quiet in the squadron, and on the flag-ship the men are gathered for ard lounging about the deck, yawning, smoking, and engaged in various ways as they rest after the work of the day. The men in which the ships are lying stretchers placidly and smooth as a mirror from shore to shore, and out to sea, where sky and water line mingle, the sun, just gone to rest in the west, sheds a lingering sheen of golden glory over the bosom of the ocean. Here and there boats are crossing the harbor, departing for or returning to the war ships, the measured strokes of the oars and the long wakes astern cleaving furrows of indigo through the water. Some one on the fo'c's'le, idly leaning on the rail, catches sight of one white boat gliding quietly out from under the sides of one of the war ships. No flag is

floating from the stern, but the sailor knows its shape and the sweep of the oars too well to mistake it for any but a man-o'-war's cutter, and the word swiftly passes that the new frigate which has but recently joined the squadron has sent her racing crew out for practice.

Nearer and nearer the boat comes sliding over the glassy surface of the bay, her crew in sleeveless racing shirts, a weather-beaten old quartermaster as coxswain at the helm; and as she approaches the flag-ship, steering straight for the huge towering bows, the men for ard swarm to the sides, gazing with eager eyes at the shapely craft below them, and commenting on her "points" as a racer, and the skill of her oarsmen with professional interest.

Then, when close under the flag-ship's bows, the coxswain gives a word of command, and the men cease rowing. "Stand by to toss! Toss!" and with one graceful sweep the long oars rise in salute until straight up over the heads of the oarsmen, and the coxswain, rising, lifts his cap, and the challenge to friendly contest for the championship of the squadron is tendered.

RUFUS FAIRCHILD ZOGBAUM.



THE AMERICAN PONY-RACING Association will open its fall season at Philadelphia on the 23d by a meeting which, judging from what I hear of the entries, will be as successful as the one held under the Philadelphia Country Club auspices last year. On the 24th the Meadowbrook Club will hold a meet at Mineola, Long Island; on the 26th, Southampton, Long Island, will have one. On the 29th, and October 1st and 3d, during the county fair at White Plains, New York, there will be some races each day. October 3d the Richmond County Country Club of Staten Island will also hold a meet- ing.

THE PONY-RACING Association has thus far been quite successful, but it has reached a point now where it must either advance or retrograde. Its prosperity depends on the hearty co-operation of the class of sportsmen which comprise the hunt clubs of the country. It can't thrive by the efforts of only the handful of loyal supporters that have thus far kept it going. It is a glorious good movement, and it should succeed, for it has the best wishes of all who want to see good honest racing, where gentlemen will reign supreme. The arrangement of dates given above seems to be particularly fortunate. Here are seven meetings inside of ten days, and three of the most important follow one another with an interval of but one day—Philadelphia, Mineola, and Southampton. Inasmuch as there has been no meeting since early summer, it seems as though it would have been much wiser to scatter them over three weeks, so that each might have the entries of the other, and every advantage to make it successful.

IT IS TO BE PRESUMED that the American Pony-racing Association knows its business; at any rate, it is convinced that it does, and no one's existence is jeopardized but its own, it can, with good reason, shrug its shoulders and ask whose affair it is, anyway. However, those of us that carry along life's weary road the reputation of a critic must be prepared with the toll for every inquisitive gatekeeper who blocks our journey. Seriously, the A. P. R. A. requires a puff, and of the most drastic description. It needs sufficient nerve first to repeal the present law it has restricting any pony once registered on its books from running at any meeting not held under its auspices, and then to do away with professional jockeys, and have none except gentlemen riders up. The Association will never be thoroughly successful until it has made these two innovations, and for several good reasons: First, there are a number of hunt and other clubs which include gentlemen having horses they now race and would register with the A. P. R. A., but that by so doing they would be deprived of all such sport they now enjoy in their immediate vicinity.

IN REPLY TO THIS ARGUMENT the A. P. R. A. declares that the simple way out of that dilemma is to have whatever meetings there are given under its rules. But that is not practicable. Take the case of the Dumblane clubmen of Washington, as an instance. There are many good sportsmen thereabouts, every one of whom has a horse he considers the equal of any. Impromptu race meetings are continually being held in the vicinity, and in Maryland and Virginia, which is filled to overflowing with fine horses and keen sportsmen. To expect every one of these gatherings of horsemen and subsequent races to be held under A. P. R. A. auspices is too much to ask, and to hope that these men are going to give up their sport for the inestimable privilege of wearing a membership badge stamped A. P. R. A., and attending one or two meetings a year, is really absurd. To give up all these jolly impromptu meetings for one or say two formal affairs is asking a great deal for what is given. What applies to the Dumblane members does equally so to a greater or less extent in a dozen other lo-

calities. On the other hand, if this rule were done away with, it would bring into the fold scores of influential and thorough sportsmen, and swell the register of ponies probably twofold. Once a pony is registered, it would be a simple matter to keep track of him. The owner, for instance, could be requested to furnish a list of the meetings at which those under A. P. R. A. rules at which he had run him.

THE OTHER OBNOXIOUS RULING, which permits jockeys and stable-boys to ride, is deadly to an advancement of pony-racing on the basis defined at the outset. To begin with, what is the *raison d'être* of the American Pony-racing Association? If I mistake not, it is to provide racing which will be governed by gentlemen, and where the practices and general professionalism seen at the regular tracks are eliminated. The idea was not, I believe, to set up an opposition to the jockey club, but to furnish sport for amateurs who own ponies and like to race them. There is a very ancient and homely expression which declares in plain English the impossibility of constructing a silk purse out of a sow's ear.

NOW THE SOW'S EAR of the American Pony-racing Association is the jockey, the same individual we see on the professional tracks. I do not mean to say that all jockeys are tricksters, nor do I deny that there are those who can give points on clean running to some of our alleged amateurs; but I do mean to assert that regarding the professional jockey into these pony-race meetings detracts from the general air of amateurism, and respectability, if you like, which is supposed to be the ruling element. The professional jockey owes whatever advantage he may have as a race-rider to the fact that it is his business; his bread-and-butter depends on his success; his education, first, last, and always, is to win, fairly if possible, of course, but—to win. Like beetles like, and the presence of a professional in a race where there are amateurs is bound, sooner or later, to either compel the gentlemen jockeys to resort to all the tricks of the trade, which his professional rival excels, or drive him out of the field altogether.

THERE IS ANOTHER SIDE to this professional jockey question. He is virtually retarding the growth of the A. P. R. A. by keeping a host of amateurs out of the sport, who would otherwise ride. Some members of the A. P. R. A. will dismiss the subject by informing you, with utmost satisfaction—to themselves—that gentlemen riders are very scarce. Of course they are, and will be a great deal scarcer in time if the present tactics are pursued. What encouragement is given amateurs to ride? There are scores of young horsemen who ride, and who would be seen on the A. P. R. A. tracks if properly encouraged. They do not ride so well as Foxhall Keene or J. L. Kernochan or Len. Jacobs, perhaps, but they ride in fair form, and in a short time would rival the best. Who wants to put up a leg alongside of a professional? The two elements will mix, and unfortunately the influence of the professional seems to be the greater. If one owner employs a professional, the proprietor of a rival stable is certainly going to take equal chances of winning by doing likewise; another owner follows the example of the first two, and the first thing one knows the professionals will have all the mounts, and pony-racing will take on a Gutenberg flavor, to the eventual annihilation of the A. P. R. A.

LORD HAWKE'S CRICKET TEAM, the cable informs us, has finally been chosen, and comprises the following: Lord Hawke, Lord Dudley, G. W. Hillier, L. C. H. B. B. B. B. H. L. Hewett, K. J. Key, G. W. Ricketts, G. W. Wright, C. Wreford Brown, K. McAlpine, and J. H. Hornsby. They will arrive here on the 23d of this month, and play their first match at Philadelphia two days later, to

be followed by another on the 28th. After this the Englishmen enter on a tour, beginning with New York, and including Baltimore, Pittsburgh, and Chicago. In each of these cities, where cricket has taken firm root, the game is well played, and if the visitors do not lose matches where they least expect it, some very wise calculations will have gone astray.

AS FOR PHILADELPHIA, if the Quaker City cricketers do not win their matches, they will consult their best comfort by seeking a more congenial climate, for this section is likely to be visited by a hot wave, compared to which the tropics will be frigid. As set forth in this column last week, the Britishers look upon the American trip as an outing, and the cricket matches an incidental feature that is too easy. In consequence they have sent a team not sufficiently expert for Australia, but good enough to defeat the Yankees. An opportunity is presented of simultaneously taking down British conceit a few pegs, and elevating the standard of American cricket to a position where it may command respect.

THE INTERCITY CRICKET CHAMPIONSHIP was won on Saturday by Philadelphia from Chicago by an inning and 859 runs. Now, then, we are prepared to hear of the slaughter of Lord Hawke's job lot of English cricketers.

THE NEW JERSEY ATHLETIC CLUB's games on the 5th opened the athletic season, and furnished the first opportunity of our getting a line on the public form of a few of the best men. Heavy rain the day and night previous had made the track heavy, but some excellent times were done notwithstanding, notably A. B. George's (M.A.C.) mile in 4 minutes 31½ seconds, in which he was pushed by E. Hjersberg, who was running in great form. A comparatively new man, F. F. Burns, X. A. A., did a half-mile from the 15-yard mark in 2 minutes ½ seconds, and opened every one's eyes, while Copland secured the broad jump after several attempts with 22 feet 4½ inches. Nickerson, N.Y.A.C., was not up to his form, and could do no better than 5 feet 8½ inches in the handicap high jump, which gave him second place; the hurdles in slow time went to a handicap man. Generally speaking, the games furnished some good sport, and were well managed. The entertainments of this club are always interesting to attend, for every member is a worker, and an aid of industry and harmony prevails. The club, moreover, is one of the few that holds out no "inducements" to "athletic members," and has developed more material than any other of its rivals. Besides some excellent handicap men, it has four in Barnes, Puffer, Edwards, and Morrell, any one of whom is likely to win championship; then it has Willie Day, now retired, and who was never defeated; it did have the bicyclist Zimmerman, who has recently been making records, until the M. A. C. held out "inducements." The most gratifying feature of the N.Y.A.C., in my opinion, is that its athletes are all home-made and American born. My advice is to stick to the domestic article; it will surely win in the long run.

THE STATEN ISLAND ATHLETIC CLUB was very fortunate in receiving entries of such high grade for its Labor-day carnival of sport. All the events were scratch, which of course kept out the second-rate men, and confined the contests to such of the cracks that had gotten into form. And yet the contests were not especially interesting, for the simple reason that, with one or two exceptions, each event had one entry much too good for the others. The sprints were tiresome; the 100 yards, although well contested, was very slow, owing to soft track; the 220 yards, was given away; Dolm had a walk over in the half, but it was a magnificent one, and his time, 1 minute 58½ seconds on a heavy track, showed what grand form this greatest of America's middle-distance runners is in. Conneff had as much of a walk-over in the mile, running as he liked, and finishing in 4 minutes 38½ seconds. Copland lost the high hurdles to Puffer in slow time of 17½ seconds. The jumps were the most interesting of the athletic programme, Nickerson taking the high easily with 5 feet 11 inches, and Edwards, the coming champion of the N.Y.A.C., taking second with 5 feet 10 inches. Malcolm Ford won the broad with 21 feet 11½ inches, which shows he has not yet regained his old form, though he was not pushed, and the path was so soft the men could get no speed.

THE PARTICULAR EVENT OF THE DAY which appealed especially to Staten-Islanders was the lacrosse match between the N.Y. A. C. and S. I. A. C. The first time, by the way, the clubs had come together since the squabble over the rejection of the former by the Association. For the first half of the game to about ten minutes of the second half the play was as skillful as any ever seen in this country; but after this the S.I.A.C. team, which was leading by a goal, fancied it had the match won, and began playing a "rag" game. They thought to tire out the N.Y. A. C., but should have known better. They will another time. Failing in wearing down their opponents, the home team became rattled, and the N.Y. A. C. secured 4 goals, and won by a score of 5 to 2. I have no space to comment on individual play other than to say that goal-keeper Melarg of the S.I.A.

C. made some marvellous stops, and saved, by actual count, 4 goals to my certain knowledge. It was a great mistake to change him. McLain, of the same team, played his usual strong game, while on the other side Bush put up a skillful, strong game, and Flannery guarded his goal well.

THE AQUATIC EVENT OF THE DAY was the eight-oared shell race for the S. I. A. C. challenge cup. Crews were entered by the Columbia Athletic Club—holders of the cup—Triton Boat Club, and the S. I. A. C. The last named was expected to win, but, like many other good things, it went wrong, very much wrong, for really the crew did not appear to be in it. The Tritons took the lead at the start, but the Columbians soon overhauled them, and were never headed afterwards. The Staten-Islanders hung to the Tritons for a time, but soon dropped back, and eventually finished about four lengths behind Triton, which was second by a length. There was quite a number of Columbia A. C. men on hand, who, headed by Howard Perry and Sam King, took up a triumphant march over the club grounds, and made the island ring with their C. A. C. war cry. No club is more happily situated for such a day sport, than the Staten Island, and the success of the Labor-day entertainment should encourage the members to make it a permanent feature. It was well managed, and reflected great credit on its projectors.

LOCAL ATHLETIC CIRCLES have been set agog recently by a few prejudiced members, who first persisted in setting down Remington's (M. A. C.) desire to retire from active competition to fear of defeat by Downs, N. Y. A. C., and when this had been settled to their entire satisfaction, further worked themselves into a fine fury over Luther Cary's (M. A. C.) failure to keep them posted on his whereabouts. Hereafter when Mr. Cary prolongs his stay in any locality, or moves to a different one, he will please understand that the pleasure of the reportorial staff of We, Us, & Co., of the Amateur Athletic Union, is to be consulted. At the championships of the Metropolitan Association last Saturday, however, Mr. Remington did compete in the quarter-mile against Mr. Downs, and won by six yards in 49½ seconds; and Mr. Cary did turn up, and captured both the 100 and 220 yard events. I have not heard of any one seeking the whereabouts of these two athletes since.

IT WAS THE FIRST CHAMPIONSHIP of the Metropolitan Association, one of the ramifications of the A. A. U., and likewise the opening of the Manhattan Athletic Club's new grounds. Briefly, they are large, and every advantage has been taken of the natural resources. The track is fine, and fast for a new one. The arrangements of the field events are perfect, and when the inner field is sodded it will properly finish off very handsome grounds. The situation of the grand stand, so far as the sprints are concerned, is very bad, spectators in the left half not being able to see any of the race save the finish. Of course it's the best that could be done, but it's bad nevertheless. Then the finish of the 220 is but a few feet from the stand, and in a hard race it would be impossible for a runner to avoid a collision with the lower boarding. As foot-ball and baseball grounds, the new field is perfection for players and spectators, and to be equally so as an athletic field the 220 straight should be put on the opposite side of the grounds. In the way of improvements, hurdles, etc., the M. A. C. has furnished everything of the most modern pattern. To absolutely complete the equipment it is only necessary now to provide a foot-kicker with a stout club to take care of the sideline officials and their friends, who persist in sauntering about the field, annoying the jumpers, and keeping the spectators in a condition of nervous fright lest the shot, hammer, or weight drop on them.

IF THE METROPOLITAN ASSOCIATION lost money on the meeting, it was certainly not due to extravagance in the matter of programmes. The games as a whole were much inferior to those given by either the New York A. C. or the Manhattan A. C., while the spectacle of two men in the weights' competition from the Xavier Club without the conventional costume was startling. Such a thing is not to be tolerated in club games, but in a championship meeting it is disgraceful. Moreover, it was extremely confusing to the spectators who were unable to distinguish between these two and the laborers that carried back the shot and 56. While on the subject, by-the-way, since the M. A. C. is leaving nothing undone in the equipment of its grounds, it might not be an unwise investment to provide at least a couple of its groundsmen with trousers, the tattered exhibition of which does not at once fill the spectators with commiseration for the wearer, and fear less unusual exertion part him from that little which he bath. Club servants in-doors are provided with apparel that they may make a cleanly appearance. Why should not those on the grounds, where their poverty is quite as much exposed to investigation, be suitably clad? This is a hint that all clubs will do well to act upon, and spare us the apparition of a groundsman whom we mistake for a stray tramp.

IN THE SHORT SPRINT Remington was a good second to Cary, and led Vredenburg,

who is not running so well as he was in the spring. Cary's time, 10½, was only fair, considering the track, but he made it up in the 220, when he won easily in 23½, leading Lee and Vredenburg. The high and low hurdles were won by Copland in 18½ and 20½, respectively, and the quarter-mile was won in time to what we became accustomed last spring, when Lee and Williams were running, with Puffer a very close second in each event. The mile walk brought out the last British importation, Curtis, who sported the Cherry Diamond, and started out to show the people how fast he could walk, but fell by the way side after the quarter, and finally finished about an eighth behind Shearman in 6 minutes 49½ seconds. With all the magnificent material America affords, it seems too bad the Manhattan Athletic Club cannot confine the casting of its athletic grab net to this country. The winning of a few races is nothing to the example it sets. It would be at least a little more like it if the club waited until the importation had become a citizen of this country. But here we have a British subject, in the country less than a month, representing an American club which had better expend its energy on some of its three thousand members. I have opposed to this sort of thing, and shall have to go on the subject in a later issue. W. C. Dolm, N.Y.A.C., who seems to be getting into better form with every race, ran a magnificent half-mile in 1 minute 57½ seconds; and Turner, the Princeton man, who was second, must have been very close to 1:58. If any one turns up who can push him, I cordially expect him to touch the record this fall.

CONNIEFF IS ANOTHER ATHLETE who is in fine form, and will make a five-mile or a mile record the first time all the conditions are favorable. He has not been in such form for three years, and it is most unfortunate for the record that he is not running in a race between these two would be a rare treat, as well as a record-breaker. Both the mile and five Conneff won on Saturday with ridiculous ease in 4 minutes 26½ seconds and 26 minutes 22 seconds respectively, and in each case had enough in reserve to do much more. The high jump was a close and hard-fought contest between Nickerson, N.Y.A.C., and Edwards, N.Y.A.C. They both cleared 5 feet 11 inches, and at 6 feet the latter failed. Edwards got over the bar at 6 feet several times, but invariably struck it with his shoulder in coming down. In fact, he easily cleared with his legs and body, but could not get his shoulder over the bar. The way Hallock reached 5 feet 9 inches, but failed to get higher. Neither Copland nor Ford competed in the broad jump, and the event lost its interest. George Gray, who appears able to make a record with the 16-pound shot at every attempt, raised the figures from 46 feet 2 inches to 48 feet 10 inches, and a five-mile reached his limit yet. The great feature of the day was the marvellous work of J. S. Mitchell, N.Y.A.C., with the 16-pound hammer and 56-pound weight. He threw the hammer 138 feet 3 inches, the world's previous record being 133 feet 10 inches, and in the weight event he raised the record from 32 feet 10 inches to 38 feet 8½ inches. Mitchell has undoubtedly proven that in these two games he has no equal in the world. Queck-berner was 10 feet behind him in the hammer, and over a foot in the weight. Nothing has ever been done with the 16-pound hammer in any style of delivery or in any country that approaches Mitchell's wonderful performance.

THE NEXT ATHLETIC EVENT, and one of the most important of the year, will be the Manhattan Athletic Club's carnival of sports next Saturday. From noon until ten o'clock at night there will be a succession of contests on land and water. Whoever fails to get a satisfactory sport for one day will, indeed, be hard to satisfy. An especially pleasing feature of the athletic programme is the limited handicaps, which bring together none but the best.

THERE IS NO SPACE for me to comment this week on the recent meeting of the Amateur Athletic Union other than to characterize it as a disgrace to American amateur athletics. The time is ripe for the self-respecting clubs to retire from this organization, and leave it to the element which now robs it of all decency, and in an early issue more detail will be given.

WHATEVER THE COMING FOOT-BALL SEASON may bring forth in the way of new strategies or men, there is one division of players which it will be a pleasure to watch, and that is the half-back section. There is Lake, of Harvard, one of the sturdiest and most enduring line-breakers we ever had the good fortune to see—a man of good judgment last year, and now with another season of experience to temper his work. There is McClung, of Yale, one of the best types of the dodging method, whose runs in the Princeton game of last season were simply phenomenal, and who enters the field this year with an added spur to good work in the thought that he must lead his team instead of only serving as one of many men under a captain. There is King, of Princeton, who may, it is true, be made a quarter, but if he is it will be because a younger Poe is an even more remarkable half than his brother was a quarter.

THEN THERE ARE MEN of whom we had but a glimpse last season who are going to loom

up as stars this year—such men as Fearing and Bliss and Sherwin. And there is another man who, report says, will not play this year, but who may, in spite of this, appear on the field, and if he does he should stand at the top of this list. I mean Corbett, of Harvard. His game shows the widest scope of any of last year's halves in that he can run straight and strong or dodge with equal facility, and was far and away the best punter of them all. With such an array of men, and practically nothing yet known of dark horses, the present season promises a treat in the line of half-back play of a kind to which last year gave us but an introduction.

WHILE YALE'S FOOT-BALL CAPTAIN was planning to steal a march on the other eleven, and hoping to secure the polo field at Newport for a few weeks' preliminary breaking in, Princeton has been quietly maturing a similar project, though with greater success. Last week the polo field at Cedarhurst, the finest in America, was secured for a couple of weeks, and Captain Warren now has about thirty men working the summer softness out of their muscles falling on the ball and kicking. It is a good-looking lot of men too, though as I have not had the opportunity of glancing over them individually, I saw a couple of heavy fellows who looked as though they might be worked into "forwards." Princeton's rush line is where she needs material and plenty of it, for at the present moment her prospects without it are not encouraging. I should think the line she is cared for, and if a line forward can be built strong enough to protect her backs, Princeton will be considerably "in" the race for the championship this year.

WE DO NOT HEAR anything of Harvard doing preliminary work, and Captain Traflet, who is very likely to be in the line of play, is well, he is about right; Cumcock built up enough material last year for two elevens, and nearly all of it will be back to Cambridge this year. It was so well drilled that it won't take long to get it into fighting trim. Indeed, I am of the opinion that it is a matter, except on occasions where it is positively necessary because of green material, to put men to work so early. It makes the season too long, and the men get weary of the game before its end. Moreover, it's making too much of a business of it. If a man knows the game he can get into prime physical condition in six weeks, and have besides all the advantage of green material, which goes stale in a long siege.

COLUMBIA'S FOOT-BALL CAPTAIN, Mr. Chrystie, I am pleased to notice, is taking on the spirit of the times, and will have all the candidates for the eleven at work on the magnificent new grounds by the way of J. M. Hewlett will have charge of the coaching, and I heard a strenuous effort will be made to put out a stronger team than ever represented the blue and white. Columbia's lot heretofore has not been a happy one, but the pluck of her athletes commands admiration, and deserves the heartiest co-operation of undergraduates of such courage and go unworried, and I predict a good showing from Columbia this year.

AMATEUR BASE-BALL RECENTLY RECEIVED a good lift when Huyler Westervelt, the pitcher of the Englewood Field Club, declined a very flattering offer to play on the professional New York league team. This young man is an amateur in the strictest sense of the word, and as such stands out almost alone in the vast army of alleged amateur pitchers about New York. Last season he occupied the box for the Field Club, and made a very good showing although poorly supported. It was the first year in the league for the Englewood team, and the officers of that club were sufficiently well satisfied to again enter the Amateur Base-ball League this season. Hardly missing a game during the two seasons, Westervelt has pitched great ball without a suggestion of compensation. And mention is not made of this fact to commend him only for his athletic honesty, but that it is so rare a trait in pitchers as to become a novelty.

THE LENOX CLUB TENNIS tournament failed to bring together the players it was confidently expected it would. No one of the first class men turned up, and the club committee should gain now by experience what it might have learned by reading this column regularly—i.e., that it is out of the question to bring the cracks together immediately after the Newport tournament. They have had ten days of steady tennis, and are weary of it. Before the national championship is won, the first year in the league for the Englewood team, and the officers of that club were sufficiently well satisfied to again enter the Amateur Base-ball League this season. Hardly missing a game during the two seasons, Westervelt has pitched great ball without a suggestion of compensation. And mention is not made of this fact to commend him only for his athletic honesty, but that it is so rare a trait in pitchers as to become a novelty.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.



THE HON. J. SLOAT FASSETT, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK.

REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK.

FOR several weeks before the Republicans of the State of New York met in Convention at Rochester to choose a candidate for Governor, it was announced that Mr. Andrew D. White was the preference of ex-Senator Thomas C. Platt, the acknowledged leader of the Republican party in the Empire State. There was not a little wonder expressed that Mr. Platt's preference should have fallen on such a man, for it was not likely that in case Mr. White should have been nominated and elected, he could have been made use of in the way most agreeable to the masters in the art of practical politics. Before the Convention met it was evident that Mr. Platt had merely brought Mr. White forward to conceal a movement which was to be at once a surprise to the party, and appear to the public as the spontaneous action of the Convention.

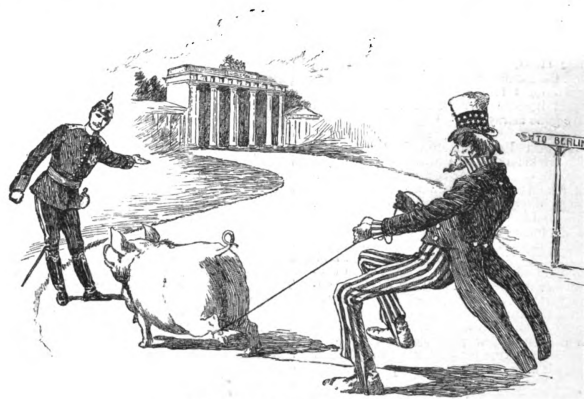
There were several candidates for the nomination. Prominent among these were Mr. Wadsworth, of Genesee, General Carr, of Troy, and Mayor Becker, of Buffalo. Each of these candidates had done more or less work to secure the nomination. Mr. Platt had only expressed his preference for Mr. White, and this was at first thought to be sufficient to secure the nomination for the ex-President of Cornell. But Mr. Platt was all the while secretly maturing another plan—the nomination of J. Sloat Fassett, the young gentleman who was named by President Harrison a few weeks ago to succeed Colonel Erhardt as Collector of the Port of New York, when Colonel Erhardt found the bearing reins placed on him by Mr. Platt interfered too much with the independent and faithful performance of his duties, and therefore resigned. At that time the WEEKLY told something of Mr. Fassett's public career. He is a young man to have achieved so much distinction, and is only in his thirty-eighth year. He is of Scotch extraction, and was born in Chemung County. He studied at the Rochester University, but did not finish the course for lack of funds. Later, however, he managed to go to Heidelberg, in Germany, and take a course there. Soon after being admitted to the bar Governor Lucius Robinson appointed him District Attorney for Chemung County. In 1884 he was elected Senator for Chemung, Steuben, and Allegany counties, and he has been re-elected for each term since. In 1888 he was Secretary of the National Republican Committee, and took a prominent part in the campaign which resulted in the election of Mr. Harrison. In the Senate he was the leader of his party, and as chairman of a committee to investigate the condition of the city of New York he unearthed a good many things which local politicians would rather not have had brought to public notice. He weakened the effect of these disclosures by making it manifest that he was working rather for partisan advantage than in the interest of good government.

Mr. Fassett married the daughter of Mr. Crocker, the California millionaire, and his control of money has doubtless helped him no little in his political advancement. But whether as Senator, Secretary of the Republican National Committee, or Collector of

the Port of New York, he has always been Mr. Platt's man, and he is now Mr. Platt's candidate for Governor of the State of New York.

DECORATION OF AN AMERICAN SOLDIER.

THESE times of ours are devoid of sentiment, and modern republics are so decidedly matter-of-fact that their ingratitude is proverbial. The United States is no exception; even the enormous pension roll is the outcome of political jugglery, and not sentiment, as some dyed-in-the-wool people would have us to believe. Once in a while, however, Congress is attacked with a fit of generosity, and votes a medal to some man for some act of daring and bravery, but ere long grows ashamed of its outburst, and when the medal is ready to be delivered, it is sent in a sealed envelope to the man whom it is desired to honor. There is no outburst of



THE AMERICAN PIG IN GERMANY.
EMPEROR WILLIAM. "All right, Sam, let him come in."

enthusiasm over the presentation, no public honor beyond a newspaper report of the proceedings of Congress. The attitude of the men who passed the bill appropriating the few dollars seems to be, "Well, we spent the money, you know, but publicity is a thing to be shunned; perhaps the people might object if it were generally known that their surplus was squandered in this way"; and then the honorable gentlemen go back and try to beat the record in passing pension bills. And the recipient of the honor, when he opens the sealed envelope and finds the medal, is, of course, highly pleased, and then, with the modesty of bravery, goes forthwith and hides the decoration and says nothing about it, lest he be accused of bragging. They know how to do these things differently on the other side—even in republican France.

It is pleasant, therefore, to note an exception to the rule. We are glad to be able to enthuse over the recognition of bravery in public, and to honor the brave man. Out in Kansas recently an interesting ceremony took place, which was the first of its kind, as far as known of, in this country. First Sergeant F. E. Foy distinguished himself for bravery at the battle of Wounded Knee. A Medal of Honor was therefore voted to him. When the medal was ready, the sergeant was at Fort Riley, Kansas, with his troop, and the good sense of somebody omitted the sealed envelope presentation, and substituted a formal ceremony. "G" Troop drew up in line, mounted, with Lieutenant Brewer in command. Sergeant Foy was called to the front by Captain Edgerly, who, after a brief complimentary speech, pinned the medal on the sergeant's breast. The captain retired. Sergeant Foy wheeled about, and Lieutenant Brewer presented arms to him and saluted

him before his troop, thus honoring the award of merit. It is pleasant to chronicle such a ceremony, and everybody with a spark of loyalty delights in the public recognition. Perhaps the republic as a whole will realize the extent of individual sentiment, and consign the envelope, unused, to oblivion, where it belongs.

THE BEST TEACHER.

The surest lamp to guide our wayward feet, is experience. It points to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as the best medicine, the surest safeguard in cases of malarial disease, whether in the form of chills and fever, bilious remittent, dumb ague, or ague cake. The same guides indicate it as sovereign in constipation, rheumatism, "la grippe," liver complaint, kidney trouble, and dyspepsia.—[Advt.]

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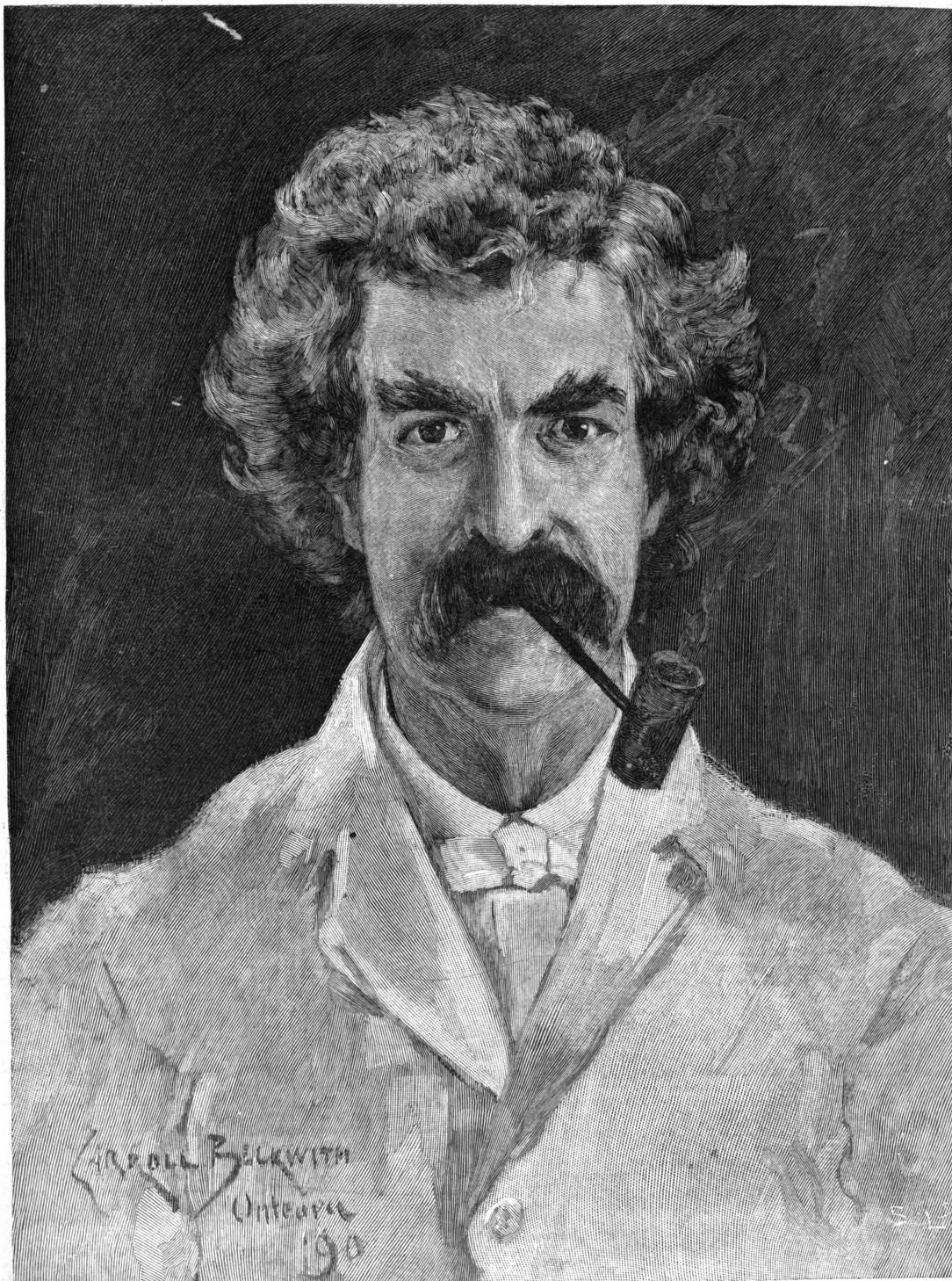
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THE CAMPAIGN IN NEW YORK.

THOSE who would vote for any ticket and support any platform of their party are not interested in the discussion that follows the action of nominating conventions, and those who hold that the question of tariff revision takes precedence of all others at every election, national or local, will of course vote to promote the prestige and success of the Democratic party. But there is a large body of voters in New York whose vote at a State election is decided by consideration of probable advantages to be gained within the State. The result of the election in this State, for instance, will have but a remote and indirect influence upon the tariff, but it will decide the chances within the State of perfecting the ballot reform law, the probability of reasonable temperance legislation, and of separating municipal government from politics, and of advancing similar local measures of good government. Meanwhile every voter knows that while parties may be fairly judged by the representatives whom they select and the leaders whom they tolerate or follow, there is a difference in the general individual force or moral momentum of parties. A party leader may be properly distrusted, while with equal justice there may be comparative confidence in the party as an aggregate. Thus the free silver bill was carried in the Senate under Republican leadership and by Republican votes, yet it cannot be doubted that the general sentiment of the Republican party upon the subject is sounder than that of its opponent, and that the confidence of the country that there will be no mischievous meddling with the currency at present is based upon the fact of a Democratic majority in the next House, but upon the certain veto of the Republican President.

In New York, however mortifying to honorable members of both parties must be the fact that the party boss on one side is Mr. PLATT, and on the other Governor HILL or a new CROKER & Co., and although it is pure comedy that Hillism should be denounced by Republicans, as if Platism were preferable, yet the real question of the election is what we have stated, namely, how to advance in New York measures in support of which good citizens are and have been united. Would the election of Mr. FLOWER with a Democratic Legislature secure, for instance, the blanket ballot amendment, or reasonable temperance laws, or tend to emancipate city government from politics, or any other real reform measure, more probably than the election of Mr. FASSETT and a Republican Legislature? To say that it would prevent "TOM PLATT'S" dictatorship, and strike a blow at tariff corruption, and promote the election of Mr. CLEVELAND next year, is an evasion, and a very unsatisfactory evasion. Undoubtedly "TOM PLATT'S"

dictatorship is humiliating, but no more so than Governor HILL's or Tammany Hall's. Tariff corruption is unquestionably a great evil, and we shall all vote upon it next year, but the evil at hand in the State is ballot corruption, and that we can vote upon this year, while as for Mr. CLEVELAND's election next year, it is certainly not evident that it will be promoted by a victory of Hillism or Tammany in New York this year. This evasive reply, of course, is an admission that the chances for these measures are greater with Republican success, and even assuming that the action of the Governor and of the Legislature would be determined by Mr. PLATT, yet Mr. PLATT, knowing the disposition of his party and of the Democratic party, would be much more likely to favor such measures than either Governor HILL or Tammany Hall, whichever may be the actual Democratic boss. Voters of an independent turn who think that the Republican party in New York ought to be made to pay the penalty of tolerating Mr. PLATT as its leader can hardly think that the Democratic party ought to be sustained for submitting either to Governor HILL or Messrs. CROKER and MURPHY as its bosses.

There has been no political reform of late years which is more distinctly a check upon the threatening evil of political corruption than ballot reform. The bill which was passed in this State has made a good beginning of reform. But its effect was paralyzed as far as possible by Governor HILL's device of a paster. The Republican Convention made this distinct declaration upon the subject:

"We favor the amendment of the ballot law by the substitution for the unofficial 'paster' ballot of the 'blanket' official ballot, upon which the names of candidates shall be compactly grouped, rendering the voter's duty easy, treating candidates with equal justice, lessening opportunities for fraud, bribery, and corruption, and largely reducing the expenses of elections."

The legislative action of the party hitherto shows that this is its real feeling and purpose. The Democratic declaration is as follows:

"We demand an extension of electoral reform, with a view to preventing the profuse expenditure of money by candidates and political committees; but we resolutely oppose any effort to hamper or restrict the constitutional privilege of manhood suffrage. And we congratulate the people of the State that by the persistent efforts of a Democratic Governor, sustained by the Democrats in the Legislature, in defense of this principle there has been at last wrested from a Republican Legislature by force of public sentiment a genuine electoral reform law, which guarantees an absolutely secret ballot, which prevents intimidation and corruption, which reserves for working-men the right to two hours on election day in which to vote without loss of pay for time consumed, which largely diminishes the opportunities of candidates to expend money illegitimately, which prescribes a careful system of registration of electors, which imposes heavy penalties for corrupt practices in elections, and which preserves inviolable to every citizen, however humble or unfettered he may be, the right to cast his ballot for whomsoever he may choose for any office within the gift of the people."

That is a very transparent declaration. The silver plank in the Democratic platform is sound in its opposition to "any dollar which is not of the intrinsic value of every other dollar of the United States." The rest of the platform is largely an indictment of the Republican party. The ticket, with one or two exceptions, is the selection of Governor HILL, and will arouse no enthusiasm. Mr. DE WITT's bitter insinuation against a class of candidates to which Mr. FLOWER is supposed to belong naturally displeased a Convention which was about to nominate him. The lines are now drawn, but prophecy is idle. Hosea Biglow says,

"Don't never prophesy—unless ye know."

MASSACHUSETTS.

THE season of active politics opens simultaneously all along the line. Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, and Massachusetts, with other States, are now hotly engaged with their State elections. Some time since we said that it seemed to be settled that the Massachusetts Republicans would nominate Mr. CRAPO against Governor RUSSELL. The nomination, which was then universally conceded, showed that the Republicans were conscious that in the actual situation they must take no chances, but depend upon their best traditions and the highest personal character, as well as the party policy in general, to defeat the re-election of a Governor whose administration has been so satisfactory and acceptable as that of Mr. RUSSELL. This was a just conviction, for Governor RUSSELL is too young a man to be in any manner whatever identified with the injurious traditions of the Democratic party. He is a man of the highest character, of acknowledged ability, of public experience, of evident taste and talent for public life, in full and active sympathy with the reforms which the best Republican sentiment demands, a capital speaker, a man of popular sympathy and attractive manner, whose good sense and sound judgment have been attested by his administration, although in the case of one or two appointments to office there may be fair difference of opinion.

To unseat such a Governor is not an easy task even for Massachusetts Republicans. It is not denied in the State that there has been for some time

a strong current of the vigorous, intelligent, and conscientious younger voters toward the Democratic party. Nowhere is the old distrust of that party so thoroughly removed as in Massachusetts. The older Republican orators find that their shafts at the old-fashioned, slavery-supporting, ignorant, liquor-befriending Democracy are pointless against a Democracy among whose leaders are Republicans of yesterday. If those orators advocate an honest currency, they only echo the arguments of Democratic members of Congress from Massachusetts. If they insist upon a force bill, they must face not the old allies of slavery, but young men politically bred in antislavery sentiment, and differing from them now not in conviction or purpose, but in method. In this situation the vital Republican necessity was, in a word, a candidate who represented what was and is best in Republicanism, and this, it was supposed, was found in Mr. CRAPO.

But without any very clear reason, except that he was a younger man, Mr. CHARLES H. ALLEN, of Lowell, an ex-member of Congress, was suddenly presented as a candidate, and his friends worked so diligently that his nomination seemed to be assured. At the last moment, however, the friends of CRAPO, who had supposed everything to be settled favorably to their hopes, took alarm, and "spirted" for their candidate. But it was too late. Mr. ALLEN was nominated by a decisive majority. He is a man of high character and education, successful in business, and of some public experience, a good speaker, and of pleasant address, who will stump the State. He is not, however, very widely known, and his personal campaign will be one of introduction to the people. The platform is a general commendation of the party and its administration. Massachusetts political opinion has been Republican for many years. But last year the Republican hold was relaxed, and the Democratic strength and hope in the campaign are the rapidly deepening distrust of the Republican party, and the character and administration of Governor RUSSELL.

PARTIES AND PLATFORMS.

THERE is a great deal of fun made of party platforms, which have become largely nets to catch voters, and are consequently composed of declarations upon all kinds of public questions so expressed as to mean much or nothing. But it is nevertheless true that platforms are important as expressions, first, of the general party sentiment; and second, of what is believed to be the popular view of questions which are not articles of party faith, such questions, for example, as temperance, woman suffrage, the World's Fair, the persecution of Jews, and various forms of the Irish movement. These are designed both to satisfy those already within the party who have opinions upon such questions, and those outside the party whose votes may be determined by the more or less favor with which certain topics are treated. But when every kind of buncombe is deducted, the party platform states in strong terms the essential difference from the other party. On doubtful and debatable points, where the party is afraid of its own members, and anxious to conciliate outsiders, the value of the declaration must be determined by the general considerations which we have noted elsewhere.

Mr. FASSETT in his speech of acceptance said, "I believe that party offers the best system of means and appliances for good government in the nation, in the State, and in that great product of modern times, the city." The last clause of this sentence is in flat contradiction of the platform upon which he is supposed to stand, which says,

"We approve the principle that the government of cities is primarily a matter of business administration, and the enactment of laws to secure for all the cities of the State genuine home-rule, the enactment of a law to require a general and uniform system of municipal accounting, and the adoption of an amendment to the Constitution requiring the passage of a general bill for the government of cities."

The platform thus declares that city government is a matter of business, not of politics. It is to be interpreted not by Mr. FASSETT's remark, but by knowledge of the general view and character of the party. We believe it to be true in this instance, as in that of the free silver vote in the Senate to which we allude elsewhere, that, as between the parties, Republican sympathy with the view expressed in the platform is much the stronger.

But Mr. FASSETT's general proposition about party is one with which it is very easy for a man to deceive himself. It is a truism that in a republic public measures can be best carried by the organized action of those who agree in opinion upon them. This is party, legitimate party, and nothing else is legitimate party. To combination in an honorable way for an honest purpose no sensible person that we ever heard of objects. But when a man says that he would vote for the devil if he were regularly nominated, is he still within legitimate party lines? Is that disposition part of the honorable combination for an honest purpose? Does a man who holds that party is the best system of means

and appliances for good government defend voting for the devil if he were regularly nominated? If not, if he permits individual judgment of the character or fitness of candidates, and consequent refusal to vote for them or opposition to them, how is he better than a mugwump? But if he does not permit such judgment and action, then he concedes that legitimate party duty may require of a man support of a candidate whom he may hold to be dishonest or unfit. Independent voters do not disagree with Mr. FASSETT that party is a necessary agency in political action, but they disagree with any man who draws from that view the conclusion that a man must abdicate his own conscience and judgment in favor of a party. The reason that such voters are not acknowledged as party men is not that they repudiate party action, but certain party acts. They may desire honest government, for instance, and agree that it is to be obtained by organized action, but they will not therefore vote for a dishonest man as the means of obtaining honest government. When, however, the man is honest and fit, and stands for measures that they approve, then for that reason they vote for him, and in that way, which is not a bad way, they are party men.

MR. ABBEY'S ILLUSTRATIONS OF SHAKESPEARE.

FOR some months Mr. ABBEY'S illustrations of the comedies of SHAKESPEARE, with comments by Mr. ANDREW LANG, have been appearing in HARPER'S MAGAZINE, and it is long since there has been so delightful a Shakespearian publication. The art of wood-engraving has been brought to such perfection in the modern popular magazine that it has opened a facility to the illustration of the drama, as of all forms of literature, of which Mr. ABBEY has availed himself to the utmost, and with a singularly happy result.

Mr. LANG well says, in modestly describing his comments as but a setting for the artist's work, that to illustrate SHAKESPEARE'S plays is like acting them. Both the actor and the artist are judged by preconceived notions, by an audience which has its own view, its own interpretation. When a Shakespearian comedy was first produced, indeed, the actor had the opportunity of making the original impression upon the public mind, which he could largely mould at will. But the long succession of actors has furnished new difficulties for their own craft by imposing certain traditions of proper representation, and the same kind of difficulty they have prepared for the illustrative artist. The general reader sees Hamlet as JOHN KEMBLE dressed and acted him, and as Sir THOMAS LAWRENCE painted JOHN KEMBLE. The reader comes, therefore, to an illustration with his mind already occupied. When DICKENS read *Pickwick*, there was consternation at his rendering of Sam Weller. He probably knew, but it was very different from the popular conception, and there was a decided disposition to say, "That isn't Sam Weller."

But in his illustrations of the comedies, Mr. ABBEY introduces us into a realm of the imagination where his own apprehension touches our eyes with glamour. We see as he would have us see, and in that atmosphere of a world beyond our experience, which SHAKESPEARE revealed, we put a girdle round the earth as we turn the pages, and, as in Shakespeare, a sea-coast in Bohemia does not disturb the essential reality of the picture. The figures of the Shakespearian comedy world are living people, as Mr. LANG says, but they are still people who only live in dreams. Just here is the felicitous advantage of the artist. What actor can body forth the tender grace of Rosalind, the feminine force of Portia, the subtle humor of Mercutio, the humorous colloquy of Benedick and Beatrice? It is all too elusive for the actual representation. But the pencil, happier than the huskin, can seize that nameless grace and transport us into those gardens and groves and balconies, the hall at Belmont, the woods of Arden, and make us part of that whole airy life—so vital to the mind, so true in every generation, that SHAKESPEARE is the poet of all time. Nothing more important and interesting has been attempted in this charming art than these illustrations of Mr. ABBEY. His drawings from Herrick and the old English poems have shown the completeness of his sympathy with that world of poetry, and revealed the sensitive skill of his hand in staying the lovely vision. The Shakespeare illustrations are a daring work beautifully done.

THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION AND A LOAN.

THE amusing contest over the site of the World's Fair, or Columbian Exposition, which culminated on the New York side in the never-to-be-forgotten farce of the meeting at Cooper Institute, seems to be culminating on the Chicago side in a less amusing manner. The Queen City of the Lakes was betrayed by the fervor of her enthusiasm into a promise of subscribing all the money that might be necessary for the enterprise. But it is now said that the managers propose to ask Congress for a loan of five million dollars of the public money.

The managers who have been to Europe to awaken general interest in the enterprise have just returned, very favorably impressed with the welcome that they have received and the general favor shown to the project. It was intended undoubtedly, and it was certainly hoped, that in its whole cost and management the Exposition should be an illustration of the distinctively American spirit, and that private resources and skill should show as great a result as the energies and treasures of governments accomplish elsewhere.

That this is not to be must be regretted, although it is by no means clear that the situation would have been different had New York obtained the Fair. The alleged enthusiasm of New York was very factitious, and there were those in New York who subscribed large sums, but who hoped fervently that New York would not win the prize. It is not easy to discover at present much enthusiasm for the enterprise. But that is probably due to the fact that the date is yet so distant, and that the universal excitement of a Presidential campaign will intervene. Now that the government has recognized it, and appeals have been made to foreign governments and contributors, the work must go on, and if money be actually wanted Congress must supply it.

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

THE theory of our political system is that the people, divided into parties, meet to nominate those whom they wish to elect to legislative and executive offices. How completely the theory is contradicted by the fact, and how quietly the great body of a party follows a few men who devote themselves to the business of politics, is shown in the following letter. A convention or any primary action of the people would seem to be wholly useless. The power that makes the state controls the selection of those who are to ratify its decrees. It is an old gibe that the advantage of belonging to the Catholic Church is that it saves the individual from any care or responsibility for his salvation. Our boss system saves him the care of reflection upon public questions or choice in public officers. The voter pays his money, but the boss makes his choice.

The letter was published just before the meeting of the Convention:

"Governor HILL has been busy most of the day listening to grievances and giving directions to delegates to the State Convention. His decision to have SUMMITTS dropped out of the slate and Senator DONALD McNAUGHTON, of Rochester, substituted for Lieutenant-Governor, caused Mr. SHEKHAN an unusual amount of uneasiness. Mr. SHEKHAN came here early to-day, and went directly to the Executive Mansion. The Governor was determined in his plan to supersede Mr. SHEKHAN with Mr. McNAUGHTON, and Mr. SHEKHAN retired greatly depressed in spirit. Mr. SHEKHAN called EDWARD MURPHY from Troy, and he and Mr. COOKER spent some time with the Governor, urging that SHEKHAN'S name be allowed to stand. Their mission failed. Then Mr. SHEKHAN announced that he had delegates enough to elect him, and would have his name presented before the Convention. This evening Mr. SHEKHAN, accompanied by ANTHONY N. BRADY, the capitalist, of this city, made another call upon the Governor, but the result could not be learned, as both are uncommunicative."

If one boss fails of his purpose, it is because another group of bosses may be stronger.

THE PHILADELPHIA "LEDGER."

MR. W. V. MCKEAN has retired from the editorship of the *Public Ledger* in Philadelphia, which he has held for a quarter of a century. His successor, Mr. L. CLARKE DAVIS, pays a hearty tribute to his ability and good service, in which Mr. GEORGE W. CHILDS, the proprietor of the *Ledger*, warmly joins. But the general tone of the paper, which is one of the most prosperous of American journals, is largely due undoubtedly to the combined sagacity and ability of the three gentlemen. The *Ledger*, as a newspaper, is always full and timely, and its discussions of public questions are singularly candid and temperate. It is essentially and in the best sense a family paper, perfectly cleanly and refined. It treats politics and public men with unflinching courtesy, holding its own views firmly, but without assuming that those who hold other views are therefore rascals or blackguards. The character and general management of the *Ledger* will not change with the withdrawal of Mr. MCKEAN. Mr. DAVIS is a journalist of admirable accomplishment and long experience, and of the highest character, who has been intimately associated with the late editor, and under whose control the *Ledger* will command the unabated respect and confidence of the public.

THE SPARROW AND THE CUCKOO.

A CORRESPONDENT of the London *Times* makes this amusing complaint from Homburg:

"The Americans follow the English by an unerring instinct into every pleasant retreat where we desire to sulk or amuse ourselves alone. Nice, Pau, and Cannes, once English preserves, can now hardly be distinguished from American cities. The same thing is true of Homburg. The English sparrow is being pushed out of its nest by the Yankee cuckoo. Our only revenge is found in the conviction that if we are disliked on the Continent, the Americans are more disliked. They inherit our unpopularity abroad, being more unsympathetic and aggressive."

The British right to enjoy Homburg, to the exclusion of other people, which is implied in this strain of woe, is not self-evident, and what the Germans may think of the British sparrow who builds his "nest" in Homburg is not stated. Perhaps the German is not less pleased with the disturbing cuckoo than with the appropriating sparrow, for the allegation of the sparrow that, disliked as it is, the cuckoo is more disliked, is testimony wholly *ex parte*.

The sparrow is evidently conscious that it must give some reason for the disfavor into which the cuckoo has fallen, and sets forth that it is the Yankee voice and accent which imbitter the cuckoo's relations with less strident races, and which, indeed, "is at present a blight on all social relations." Whether the Yankee voice is less agreeable than the voice and speech of the British cockney is a question which need not disturb the peace of nations. But it is plain from this little outburst that some sparrow is as much annoyed by the note of some cuckoo as the cuckoo has been amused by the conduct of the sparrow.



THE LATE HON. W. L. SCOTT.

PERSONAL.

AMONG all the celebrated self-made men of this great country none had a more brilliantly successful career than the Hon. Mr. SCOTT, of Pennsylvania, who died at Newport, Rhode Island, September 20th. As a boy he served as a page in the House of Representatives, and eventually saw himself elected a member of that body in the Fifth Congress, representing the Erie district of his State. Mr. SCOTT was also a prominent member of the Democratic Central Committee during the Presidential campaigns of 1854-8. During his term in Congress Mr. SCOTT was practically the leader of his party in the House, and a trusted and confidential adviser of President CLEVELAND, but subsequently declined a re-election, preferring to return to private life. Mr. SCOTT was one of the largest operators in and miners of bituminous coal in the country, being one of the so-called "coal barons" of Pennsylvania. He was also largely interested in various railroads, and occupied a prominent place among the financiers of this country, and was well known and highly respected as a public-spirited citizen. Mr. SCOTT made his home at Erie, but had also a palatial residence at Washington, which he established at the beginning of his Congressional term, and had maintained ever since. He was an extensive farmer, owning one of the largest and best-equipped stock farms in Pennsylvania. His horses were his especial pride, the list being headed by the famous Rayon d'Or, imported from Normandy at a cost of \$33,000. He also owned a fine herd of blooded stock, which were successfully exhibited at fairs in the vicinity of Erie.

Few men have filled their lives so full of successful accomplishment as the late JOHN H. B. LATROBE, of Baltimore. In several of the professions he won more than ordinary distinction, and he was known beyond the confines of his own country as a practical philanthropist. He was the oldest student of West Point, the oldest railroad official in this country, and the oldest lawyer in his State. Becoming greatly interested in African colonization, he was prominent in founding the republic of Liberia, and more lately the King of Belgium sought his advice in carrying out similar projects. He was among the first to promote the building of railroads and telegraph lines in this country. By his varied talents he was able to obtain rest and recreation by changing his work, and thus to prolong his useful life.

The sword which ETHAN ALLEN carried when he demanded the surrender of Fort Ticonderoga is now owned by H. ALLEN HOPKINS, of Jackson, Michigan, a descendant of the old hero.

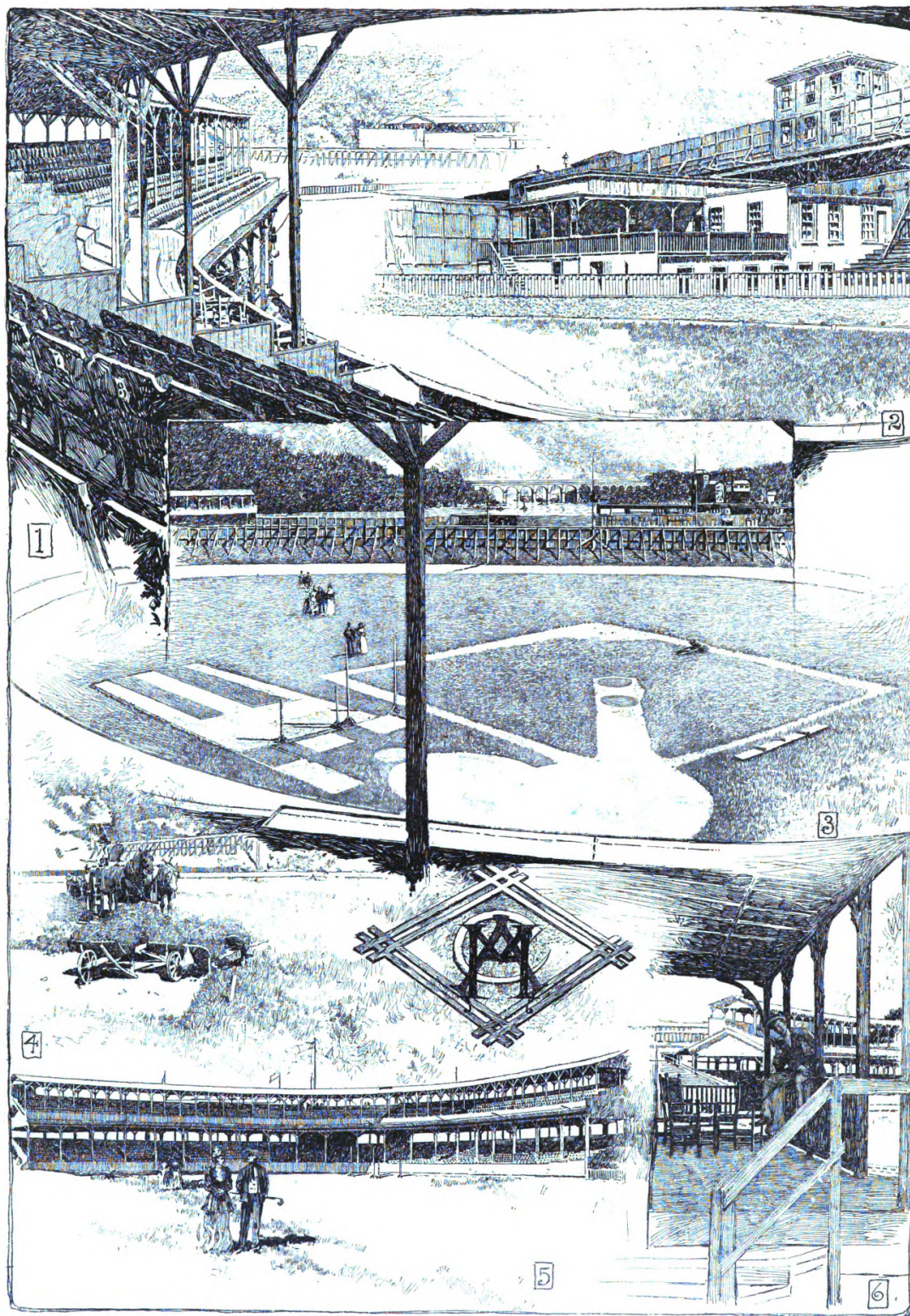
Two Bowdoin College students, named CARY and COLE, have recently distinguished themselves by exploring the Grand Falls, in the interior of Labrador. The falls are higher than those of Niagara, and have hitherto had only a legendary existence.

Dr. HEMAN LINCOLN WAYLAND, of Philadelphia, a son of the famous President WAYLAND, of Brown University, has just married Miss FRANCES GREEN, of Providence, Rhode Island, whose hand he is said to have sought over forty years ago, when he was a college student. The opposition of Miss GREEN'S mother prevented the earlier consummation of their youthful hopes.

SHIBATA JUNZO, the greatest worker in lacquer that Japan ever produced, has just died at the age of eighty-five years. He enjoyed the especial protection of the imperial household, and had won many medals by his skill. Dr. SIGURD ISEN, the son of the author, is to marry Miss BERGLOTT BJÖRNSSON, the eldest daughter of the Norwegian poet, and a young woman of quite remarkable musical talent.

Some of the former slaves of the South have not been slow to take advantage of the changed conditions of their section since the war. Senator C. N. BURTON, of Fort Bend County, Texas, owns his old master's plantation and three other valuable farms in the State, while MILTON STERRETT, of Houston, formerly a waiter on a steamboat, has made \$400,000 by real-estate speculations, and lives like a prince on one of several plantations he has acquired.

Rev. Dr. ROBERT SPENCER LOWELL, who died recently at Schenectady, New York, was the elder brother of the late JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. He was the author of a number of stories and poems, but was best known by his religious novel, *The New Priest of Conception Bay*, the scene of which was laid in Newfoundland, where Dr. LOWELL was for several years stationed as an Episcopal minister. Dr. LOWELL studied both medicine and theology, and was for a time Professor of Latin at Union College.



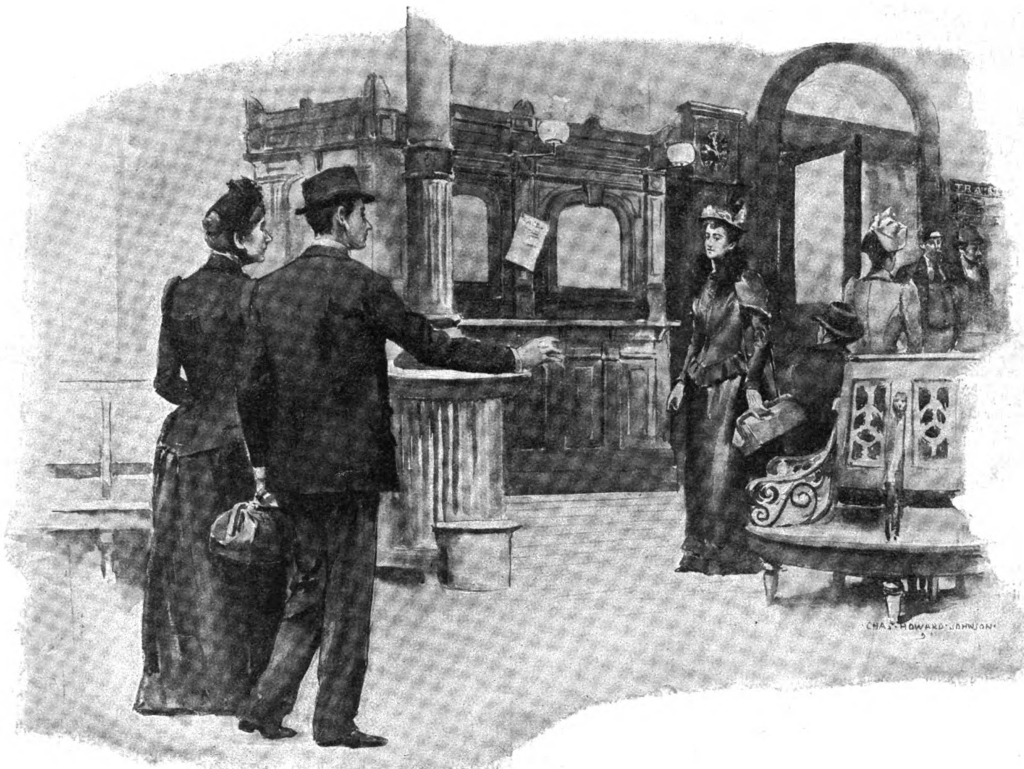
1. View from Grand Stand. 2. Club-House. 3. The Field and River View. 4. At Work on the Grounds. 5. The Grand Stand. 6. Club-house Piazza. DRAWN BY F.V. DE MOSA.

THE MANHATTAN A. C. GROUNDS.

Among the athletic fields of this country the recent acquisition of the Manhattan Athletic Club at 155th Street and Eighth Avenue will occupy a very prominent place. Nature has done very little for the field; on the contrary, the site was formerly a swamp, or really a part of the bed of the Harlem River, and the grounds had practically to be made. This mud bottom proved, however, to be a very fair foundation, and it has been so well built upon that the running track is said by experts to be even now one of the finest in the country. If the times made on it at the Metropolitan championships, when it was used for the first time, are any criterion, a little age will make it a close rival of the Berkeley track, now claimed to be the fastest. It is not uninteresting to note how this new track was constructed: First, the mud river bottom was filled in with cinders; then it was covered with loam clay, and rolled and rolled

until it was as smooth as a board. After this, brick-dust was used as a top layer for the first time in this country. It is said to be very good, combining the characteristics of both cinders and clay, being firm and springy, and yet porous enough to absorb the rain. The shape of the track is neither round nor elliptical; there is a 220-yard straight-away, which starts at the extreme left of the grounds and finishes at the bottom of the grand stand at an angle. The location of this track in relation to the grand stand is very unfortunate, for nothing of the race except the finish of either the 100 yards or 220 can be seen by the spectators in the left wing of the stand. There should be no danger of jostling among contestants, ten men can run in a heat of the sprints, and the track is thirty-three feet wide, which at the widest turn is increased to sixty-six feet. On the curves the track is graded four feet six inches, so cyclists may turn the corners with ease. The hurdle course is very fine, and the new hurdles are individual affairs of a patent that

makes them equally 2 feet 6 inches and 3 feet 6 inches. Probably the *pièce de résistance* of the new grounds are the arrangements for the field events. These, so frequently neglected on athletic grounds, are here simply perfect. The running broad and high jumps, the pole vault, and any one of the weight contests may be carried on simultaneously, and the runway and landing-place for the jumps are the best that have ever been seen. The broad jump runway is 125 feet long over a good path; that of the high jump and pole vault, 75 feet each. In the jumps the competitors are running parallel with the grand stand; in the shot the arrangement is similar; and in the 56-lb. weight and hammer they throw away from the grand stand into, in the latter case, a bed of clay, which enables accurate measurement. Within a stone's throw of this field is the club boat-house, which is to be replaced by a handsome structure. There is also an enclosure for carriages, and for base ball and football there are no grounds in the city to excel them.



AU TROISIÈME.

BY ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

MAMIE, trying the irons on the stove, went to the window and drew in the line, and took from it her white gown. At the other window, jabbing a knife into the sill, was a young fellow.

"That dress is a dead give-away, Mamie," he growled. "You're going out again to-night with little Simpson."

Their mother, at the stove stirring a pot, paused, looking anxiously at her daughter, spoon uplifted.

"That's all right, mother," called the bright-eyed girl. "Harry's soured on the world, that's all."

"I don't like Mr. Simpson," said her mother; "he wears too much jewelry."

"Oh, it ain't real," laughed Mamie. She slammed an iron viciously. "Can't I have the least bit of pleasure?" she complained. "The Lord knows I worked hard enough for the sweaters all winter, never out once—sewing, sewing, till I was sick all over. Now I get a breath of air in the evenings, Harry has to make a fuss. And won't I have to work again next month?"

"Simpson's a Johnnie," returned her brother. "He wouldn't notice you if another girl came along."

"Oh, wouldn't he?" she asked, derisively. "All the same, the other girl hasn't put in an appearance yet. Oh, I say, mother, the hokey-pokey man's dead; there's black on their door."

"Black!" repeated her mother. "That reminds me. Won't you go ask Mrs. Leary to lend me her black cashmere for this afternoon?"

Harry's knife stopped its jabbing.

"Oh, I suppose so," answered Mamie. "But the last time she said all the third floor's relations must be dying off at once."

"What do you want the black dress for, mother?" asked Harry.

"She's going to General Grant's tomb," said Mamie.

"I've got to see your uncle Sam," answered the mother, hesitatingly.

"That crunk," sniffed Mamie.

"I don't know what we'd do without him," sighed her mother.

"A measly twenty dollars a month," retorted the girl; "that's all he does for you. He sha'n't do that when I can help it. But—with a glance at Harry—"he does more than some brothers do for their sisters."

"Ain't I going West to-morrow?" snarled Harry. "And won't I stop his money when I can?"

"Oh, West?" cried Mamie. "You'll come back again. What's the matter with Cherry Street?"

"I don't go to Cherry Street."

"Since when?"

"He's been home every night for over a month," interposed the mother.

"And you've been out with Simpson every night," cried Harry.

"Oh," jibed Mamie, "he's too cute for any use. He don't

have to go to Montana to grow up with the country; he's the kind of man a girl don't go back on—not like you."

"No girl ever went back on me," he cried.

"Oh, didn't they?" laughed she.

He sprang up, and she cried out, getting back of her mother.

"This ain't a Whyo gang," she said. "A pretty man, to strike a girl!"

"Who touched you?" he retorted. "Only you keep a civil tongue in your head!"

"Oh no! nobody dares say a word about Cass Jamison—"

"Look out, Mamie; I won't have it!"

"Mamie," cried her mother, "stop! Here, I'll iron that dress. You go down to Leary's and get her cashmere. Go!"

She almost pushed the girl from the room, and went to the ironing table.

The lad walked up and down the room. "Mother," he suddenly said, "I want you to tell me what you're going to Uncle Sam's for."

His mother kept on ironing. "I'm going to see him, that's all," she said. "I haven't seen him since they moved."

He looked at her keenly. "Mind!" he said, "not a word about me and my affairs."

"I've got enough to think about without that," she vouchsafed, fretfully, and got a fresh iron; "plenty to think about."

The young fellow leaned out the window, and she could not see his face.

Then Mamie came back with the cashmere. "There it is," she said. "It's a daisy, if you don't mind what you're saying. Oh, mother, she says the hokey-pokey man had the jim-jama."

"They mostly have here," returned her mother.

"She says four policemen had to hold him. One of 'em eat up all the ice-cream and had to go to the hospital. I'll finish that; you can't iron a bias ruffle worth a cent."

She snatched the iron from her mother, singing, "'She's my Annie. I'm her Joe, soon we'll marry—'" and hummed thoughtfully, smiling at her thought.

Her mother was critically examining the borrowed garment. "That Dugan woman's had this," she said; "here's some of her snuff in the gathers."

Harry sauntered to the door. "Dinner'll be ready soon," his mother said; but he went out without a word.

Then his sister's iron went down. "Mother," she whispered, excitedly, "what did Oppenheim say?"

"He said," returned her mother, wearily, "that when he lent Harry the coat the fifty dollars were in the pocket; they weren't there when the coat came back. He says he'll hold off till eight to-night."

"If he'd waited till to-morrow, Harry'd been off to Montana."

"He said only till to-night."

"You're going to Uncle Sam to try to get the money?"

"What else can I do? If Harry's arrested it'll kill me! If I get to your uncle's at four, I'll catch him; he leaves the office at three. And, Mamie, I don't see how you could say that to Harry about your cousin Cassie."

"What's he going on about Mr. Simpson for? I could have Simpson to-morrow if I wanted to."

"I hope"—with alarm—"you'll not have him."

"What's the matter with him? I'm not stuck on myself or my relations. It's Uncle Sam that makes you and Harry so toney."

"You know we weren't always what we are now."

"That was before my time, I guess. Pop was a poor fiddler, but he was decent. I was never ashamed of him," and her voice quavered—"never!"

"Who was?" demanded her mother.

"Oh, you and Harry," answered the girl, tearfully. "You hardly noticed him towards the last; you broke up his violin when he died. What did you marry him for, anyway?"

"That's pretty talk from a daughter to a mother."

"Oh, rats! Well, you and Harry needn't fret. I don't take too much stock in Simpson. But he's a gentleman, and he treats me like a lady. But wait till I'm a type-writer; then I'll get in my work. You wait till next month."

She threw the white dress over a chair, and got a rakish-looking hat, and set about altering the trimming.

When Harry came in to dinner his mother was arrayed in the black cashmere. He ate little or nothing, sitting sullenly at the table. A piano-organ in the street played "Comrades," and Mamie hummed the tune. The children of the house were enjoying the halls. There was a sudden shock and a shriek.

"That's Edna McCurdy," placidly remarked Mamie. "I know her fall. She's learning to slide down the stairs on roller-skates."

The young fellow rose and, hands in pockets, went outside.

"Mother," said Mamie, "will Oppenheim arrest him if we can't pay the fifty?"

"Yes," answered the mother, harshly.

Mamie looked around her. "If we only had something to sell," she said. "I'd do anything to keep Harry out of trouble, upon my soul I would! Poor fellow! I blame Cassie Jamison for this."

"What has she got to do with it?" irritably asked her mother.

"You know Harry was always spoons on her," answered Mamie.

"She never noticed him."

"You mean Uncle Sam wouldn't let her. Ever since Uncle Sam told you she was engaged, Harry's let everything slide. Before that he never touched a drop, talked about poor men getting rich if they worked hard and watched their chances—"

"But you know Cassie never cared for him."

"Well, I don't know. He's good-looking, and— Who's she, anyway? She's no better than we are. Oh, I only wish I had fifty dollars! Say, mother—" and she paused.

"Well?"

"Never mind. I was only thinking—I wonder if Mr. Simpson—"

"Don't you dare to ask him for the money," sharply cried

her mother—"don't you dare. Do you want Harry to know? It's all I can do to keep it from him now. I wonder Mr. Oppenheim hasn't told him before this."

"Only Mr. Oppenheim knew he wouldn't make anything by it. And Mr. Oppenheim did know you and I might manage it between us. It is queer, though, that Harry doesn't know a word about being accused. Still, mother, where did Harry get the money to go West with? But the idea of our Harry being called a thief!" she cried indignantly, supplementing with, "the Jew!" in reference to the accuser.

"Well," said her mother, "all I can do is to see your uncle Sam. I don't think he'll refuse me."

"Then don't," piously remarked Mamie. "Tell him he needn't send any money for the next two months; he'll manage some way. 'She's my Annie, I'm her Joe—'"

Outside the room the mother met her son. "Remember," he said, "you're not to mention me to Uncle Sam."

"Oh," she complained, "just as if a woman can't go see her brother. Am I never to go anywhere?"

He leaned over the railing and watched her go down the stairs. Mrs. Leary was at the door of her apartment.

"Mrs. Harned," she said, "Leary he's got bill-board tickets for the theatre to-night. I hope you'll send my dress back in time."

"Yes, indeed," she replied, "I'll be the borrower. 'I'm only going to see my brother.'"

"Oh!" said Mrs. Leary, somewhat mollified; the whole house knew of Mrs. Harned's rich brother.

On the first floor the hokey-pokey man's children, washed as for a festival, were imbibing mint-stick, the centre of an admiring group.

"Say, Aurora Amelia," cried a girl, "didn't it take six coppers to hold your daddy down?" Aurora Amelia nodded acquiescence.

"Huh!" cried the interrogator, turning to the other children, "water-givins? You make me tired. Didn't I tell you six?"

Mrs. Harned, who had replied for a few blocks when she ascended an L station and sped to Harlem. There, after a walk of ten minutes, she came upon a vast brown-stone efflorescence. There were glass hall-doors here, and a page in a brazen uniform. Gayly striped awnings protected the hundred plate-glass windows from the glare of the June sun.

It was so grand that the poor woman stopped a little way down the street and smoothed her hair inside her bonnet, before she ventured nearer. She smiled a self-deprecatory smile on the hall-boy, she smiled on the elevator boy; she was sure no palace had a finer marble floor or richer stained glass.

Her brother lived *au troisième*, as she did, but how differently! A polished walnut door confronted her; she knocked timidly upon it, hating to touch the electric button and raise that whirling terror inside.

But her knock was heard; the door was opened by a fair-faced girl in a soft trailing gown, with flutters of lace from chin to hem. She had beautiful brown eyes, holding in them the sadness that goes with just that shade of eyes.

"Why, Aunt Mary," she said, in a low sweet voice, a little startled, perhaps.

"How'd you do, Cassie?" returned her aunt.

"Is papa in?"

She looked past her niece into the room, and saw a man in a glowing plush chair, reading a paper.

He was clean-shaven, short-necked, stocky, with an overgrown face, from which there glimpsed out a power often allied to men who have begun to fall down as he and surpassed their environment.

The daughter was that occasional outcome of such a man and the weak effeminacy of a shallow pretty mother—a refinement that is puzzling to the beholder.

"Samuel!" said his sister, entering the room.

"Oh, Mary, is that you?" he replied, his eyes still on his paper.

"My! how nice it is here!" Mrs. Harned said, turning to her niece. "What curtains! And how quiet it is! I do love quiet."

"This is the first time you've been to see us since we moved," returned her niece.

"It's just grand," murmured Mrs. Harned, looking about her—"grand!"

"And expensive," interposed her brother, not averse to her admiration.

"Anybody can see that," effusively returned Mrs. Harned.

"It is *en suite*," he continued; "nine rooms all in one. The bathroom's tiled in marble."

"Dear me!" ejaculated his sister. "You must be doing well, Samuel."

"So, so," he said, stretching. "Contracts are not what they used to be."

"Is Mamie well?" asked Cassie.

"Oh yes," said her aunt, "she's well."

"What's she doing?" asked Jamison.

"Well, Samuel," said his sister, "nothing just now; the overcoats nearly killed her. But next month she expects to type-write for Mr. Cohen; she's learning off a friend of hers."

"There's something in her," commented he. "As for Harry—" He shrugged his shoulders.

Cassie's eyes were on her aunt, waiting for what she should next say.

"Harry starts for Montana to-morrow," said Mrs. Harned. "You know I wrote you that last month."

Was Cassie's face a little paler?

"Mark me," laughed Jamison, "he won't stay. He's like a bad penny. I didn't have to go West."

"Oh," asserted his sister, "I'm sure he'll get on out there. Cassie, when will you be married?"

The question came oddly, immediately after Harry's name. The white face of the girl was red now. But her father answered for her:

"Kate and Yates will be married in the fall. I shot and got in getting married now. There's a man for you! He didn't have to go West; New York was good enough for him. I tell you, Charles C. Yates will live on the Avenue yet."

"I'm glad to hear it," dryly responded his sister. "I only hope you may, too."

She shifted uneasily in her gaudy chair. Cassie's eyes had never left her aunt's face. Jamison was softly whistling while he examined the backs of his hands. A clock with a cathedral chime struck five. Mrs. Harned thought of Mrs. Leary's parting injunction regarding the cashmere.

"Samuel," she said, tremulously, "I hate to bother you, but—"

"There!" he bounced out. "I knew it would come. It's about money, of course."

"It's about Harry," she said, and she could not keep back her tears.

"He's in trouble, I suppose?"

"For the first time. It's fifty dollars. He—she borrowed a coat from Mr. Oppenheim, the pawnbroker next door to our house; he borrowed it because his own was shabby, and he wanted to see about this situation in Montana. Well, it was Mr. Oppenheim's best coat, and he says he left fifty dollars in the pocket. When Harry took back the coat Mr. Oppenheim says the money wasn't there."

"Harry had spent it, of course."

"Sam, how dare you!" she began, angrily, only to amend her tone meekly. "I mean, how can you! Harry doesn't know a thing about it—I'm sure he doesn't. Mr. Oppenheim hasn't said a word to him about it, either, but came to me and told me. This morning he told me if he hadn't the money by eight o'clock to-night, he will arrest Harry."

"And you expect me to give you this money?"

"I thought maybe you'd advance it; you needn't send us any for the next two months and a half."

"Mary," he said, an unpleasant look in his eyes, "stop right there! Harry's a lazy, good-for-nothing fellow. He hasn't done a stroke of work for nearly a year."

"Not since you told him not to visit you?"

"Hold on! That's got nothing to do with it. His father was lazy before him."

"Harned meant well," she sighed. "But he was never strong, and he liked pictures and music—and Oh yes, I often used to tell Harned—"

"Mary," broke in her brother, "laziness leads to anything—crime, for instance. I bet idle Harry's going with a gang, and that fifty dollars—"

There was a swish of feminine garments. Cassie had left the room.

"I'm glad you spoke of this before her," Jamison went on, more quietly. "She's not trusting Yates as I'd like. There was that nonsense between her and your Harry; it was his good looks; he looks like his father; it was Harned's looks that made a fool of you. No, Mary, not a word more. I won't give you the money; it would only be sending good money after bad. Look at the expense I'm under here, and all for Kate and Yates! You go see this Oppenheim fellow, and tell him you'll give so much a month. Then when I send you your money, you can pay him with that. Besides, Mamie will help you out. There's something in her, she's like our family."

"I'm afraid Mr. Oppenheim won't—"

"Oh, yes, he will," he headed her off. "He only wants you to make him an offer. That's why he hasn't said anything to Harry. You'll see I'm right. Not a word more now. And get Harry West as soon as you can."

"He's going to-morrow, Samuel."

"He sure he goes. Here!" he opened his pocket book and took out a bill. "Here's something for a new dress; that one has seen its best days."

She folded her guarded fingers over the note, thinking how she would pay it to Oppenheim at once. She was bewildered, excited.

The clock chimed the half-hour. It would take her an hour to reach home. Mrs. Leary would want the black cashmere.

"That's all, Mary," said Jamison. "I'm sorry I can't ask you to stay longer, but we've got an engagement, and—"

"Oh, I couldn't stay a minute longer," she said, rising. "I've said too long as it is." She looked about her. "Where's Cassie?"

"I guess she's gone to order dinner. By the way, Mary," he said, "I wish you would call her Kate; that's her name."

"I'm so used to 'Cassie,' Samuel," she smiled, feebly.

"Well, I'll tell her you said good-by," he said. "Maybe she's with her chaperon."

"What's that?"

"I've got a lady, a widow, quite fashionable, to be a sort of companion for her. She has no mother, you know."

"I think she'd rather have a young lady friend," perhaps with a lazy thought of Mamie.

"Well, good-by, Mary, and be sure Harry gets off," said Jamison, brusquely.

She had a lingering desire for more speech regarding Harry, who Samuel evidently believed to have possessed himself of Oppenheim's money, but she was out in the marble hall, and the polished walnut door had closed on her. She sighed as she walked toward the elevator, thinking how she should explain to Mamie her failure to get the money.

Suddenly a hand was laid on her arm. There stood Cassie, as white as death, a long, lingering look in her eyes.

"Aunt Mary," she said, hurriedly, "here is the money you wanted. It was intended for some of my wedding things. I shall not need it. Take it; pay that man. I know Harry is innocent—I know it!" She swayed, and her aunt put out a supporting arm.

"Never tell Harry," she went on, repulsing the other's touch—"never! Only, if he hears you have seen me, tell him I am very, very happy, and that I love Mr. Yates with all my heart and soul."

She turned, and glided down the hall, her trailing garments making a slight swishing sound, like that of a leaf blown across a garden walk; and she was gone.

Did Mrs. Harned understand? She had grown sluggish with time and trouble. She knew that she had the means to get trouble away from Harry.

"Thank Heaven!" she said. "Thank Heaven!"

She must see Oppenheim at once, and pay him the fifty dollars. She entered the pawnbroker's, her head held high in the air, not as she had gone into that shop once before, when her husband and Harry both lay sick with the gripe, and there was no fuel, but there was a little gold bracelet her father had given her years before. She came from the interview with Oppenheim, her head still elevated, and with the addition of a bright color in her faded cheek.

"How pretty you must have been when you were young, mother! Your visit's done you good. And," she continued, tying a gold-colored ribbon around the waist of the white dress, "what do you think? Oppenheim's been here. He must have guessed you'd gone to Uncle Sam's, and he knows Uncle Sam's in politics. That lost money was a fake. He says he found it in the lining of his coat this afternoon. Maybe I didn't give the Sweeney a piece of my mind!"

"I know," her mother said. "He told me. I went there to pay him the money."

And in her open hand were the bills Cassie had taken from her.

"The bodice!" cried Mamie. "That's all right. I'll want lots of things next month. I'll get a pair of russet shoes to-morrow, and you shall have a black lace dress, and—"

Then her face clouded. "No, no," she said, angrily, "send it back to me; send it back to me; I'll be the better for it. I'll just tell what Oppenheim told me and you. Send it back to-night yet, every cent of it. Write him a note, and post it yourself. I wouldn't touch a note to him with a forty-yard pole, so you'll have to post it yourself. The idea of me wearing anything bought with *his* money! Of course you saw Cassie? That did she have on? And here, get out of the dress! Nora Leary's been here twice for it. Do hold still!" For the unsheathing of her mother was going on while she talked.

Then the door opened, and Harry was with them. He looked at his mother uneasily, reproachfully.

"I thought to see how splendid they live, Mamie," she said, as though continuing a conversation. "The furniture's made out of all-colored plush mats; the curtains are real lace, not Nottingham; the bath-room's tiled. And Kate—I mean Cassie—she gulped—"

Cassie's very, very happy, she told me, she called him by his old pet name, the dear and soul. Oh, Harry! Harry!"—she went to him, and hung on him, something nearly clearing in her brain at sight of his misery, now that she knew he was innocent of crime—"must I lose you, my boy, my only son, and me a widow?"

"I leave at eight in the morning, mother," he replied, almost tenderly. "I'll do what's right out there, you'll see. I'll have you with me yet out there. I'll get six hundred the first year. But—you didn't say anything about me at Uncle Sam's, did you?"

"I told 'em you was going West," she faltered. "Don't be mad at me for that, Harry. I called him by his old pet name, the dear and soul. Oh, Harry! Harry!"—she went to him, and hung on him, something nearly clearing in her brain at sight of his misery, now that she knew he was innocent of crime—"must I lose you, my boy, my only son, and me a widow?"

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"I told 'em you was going West," she faltered. "Don't be mad at me for that, Harry. I called him by his old pet name, the dear and soul. Oh, Harry! Harry!"—she went to him, and hung on him, something nearly clearing in her brain at sight of his misery, now that she knew he was innocent of crime—"must I lose you, my boy, my only son, and me a widow?"

And then a strange thing happened. Suddenly Harry gave a cry, the like of which she had never heard before. Before them stood Cassie, tall and straight, in plain trailing garments, a leather bag in her hand. Her eyes were burning, like soul lights in her pale face.

"I am going with you," she said to him. "Hush, Aunt Mary! Not a word! This is between Harry and me. You have told me, Harry, that you loved me, and you surely tell me, Harry, that you love me. I am going with you. I can help you. You should have a wife with you."

"Wife!" gasped Mrs. Harned.

"Cassie," Harry was saying, in a suppressed voice, "I know I oughtn't to have doubted you; but, oh, my girl, I am so faulty. I have done so much that is wrong."

"Am I guiltless of those wrongs? Had you been sure of me, would they have been committed? Is there any one faultless past redeeming? Does not the Bible tell me to honor my father, and am I honoring him in going against what he thinks is his just authority? God knows us better than we know ourselves, or we should be more so; and God, who has implanted it in our bosoms, knows what love is."

"Don't, don't," he said, huskily. "You break me up. Cassie, Cassie, you give up too much for me!"

"But I can give up no more," she returned softly. "Unless you say you are unworthy the love of a pure woman?"

"No," he said; and in the way he said that little word his mother felt immeasurably removed from them, almost as though they had been raised to some elevation so far above that she was a mere spectator in a mass of others. The old puzzlement and bewilderment were on her; she kept pulling at the hem of her tear-damp handkerchief, wondering with a sort of dread what Samuel would say, and wondering with a fierce exultation if she had not brought around Harry's happiness by that visit to Samuel yesterday. As in a dream she murmured beside the two young people, as in a dream she went along with them to find a magistrate; as in a dream she heard the words of the marriage ceremony, like far-off, old-remembered music; as in a dream she was back in the station again, had handed Cassie the money the girl had given her the day before, and hurriedly glanced over the story of Oppenheim's mistake, as she had there and heard the engine puff, saw the hurrying people, knew that Harry spoke to her, praised her, blessed her, kissed her; knew that Cassie kissed her and called her mother, and looked up to her husband—Harry, no longer depressed and wavering and useless, but a man with a new, a conquerable world spread out before him.

And then she was alone on the platform, and the train had rolled away. She waited there a little while, trying to make it all out.

"How sudden it all was!" she said.

"What all my head?" And oh, how tickled she was to be so! Yes, I'll be home to Mamie. And what do I care for Sam? Ain't Harry happy? Harry'll look after me and Mamie

lections equal if not superior to any in Europe. When it is said that the conditions will be favorable to American purchasers, it is because there will be an almost entire absence of competition on the part of European buyers, owing to bad times there, while the noble Italian vendors are in such dire straits for want of ready money that they will be ready to dispose of their paintings and statuary at almost any price. Indeed, their financial difficulties are of so aggravated a character that nearly all will hasten to avail themselves of the repeal of the *Pacca* law to at once convert their collections and galleries into hard cash, thereby causing the art market to become positively glutted with old masters.

The restoration to the Italian owners of artistic and archeological treasures of the right to dispose of their property as they list—a right of which they have been so long and so arbitrarily deprived—is due to the recent bankruptcy of Prince Paul Borghese, the chief of the famous and ancient house of that name—a name which has been borne by several of the most powerful and celebrated of the Popes. The prince failed for a sum of about \$10,000,000, most of his liabilities being incurred in vast building speculations. Already a couple of years ago he found himself in difficulties from which he was extricated at the time by the pontiff. Now, however, the Vatican is itself undergoing a period of financial depression, and is no longer in a position to assist its friends, and the time-honored name of the Borgheses has in consequence been dragged into the court of bankruptcy, precisely as if it had been that of some petty trader or small manufacturer.

The official receivers appointed by the court very quickly perceived that, in view of the low prices of real estate at Rome, there could be no prospect of effecting any satisfactory compromise of the extensive liabilities of the princely defunct, unless he were permitted to dispose of the paintings and statuary contained in the twelve galleries of the marvellous Villa Borghese, just outside the gates of the Porta del Popolo, as well as in his other palace in the city. These, indeed, constituted almost his only assets; but they could not be made available as long as the obnoxious *Pacca* law remained in existence. Realizing that the failure to effect a settlement of the prince's financial situation would result in the ruin and misery of a vast number of his creditors, the government consented to repeal the statute, and to permit the sale of his art treasures to foreign purchasers (it was hopeless in the present condition of the kingdom to look for any Italian buyers), on the condition that he surrendered the exquisite park and gardens around the Villa Borghese to the state for a merely nominal sum.

The bargain driven by the government is less than it would appear at first sight, for the city of Rome possesses no other traditional but unwritten rights in connection with the property. The latter formerly belonged to the Cenci, but was confiscated by Pope Clement VIII. after the tragical death of Beatrice Cenci and her brothers on the scaffold, and was conferred upon a Prince Borghese, the favorite nephew of the pontiff just named. So great was the horror created among the people by the circumstances connected with the torture and murder of the Cenci family at the Castel San Angelo, that the Prince Borghese of the day hesitated for a time before venturing to assume possession of the estate. When he finally mustered up sufficient courage to do so, he endeavored to conciliate public opinion by proclaiming his intention of throwing open the gardens to the people on certain days of the week, and by thus rendering them beneficiaries of the crime, to efface the recollection thereof from their memory. Moreover, he undertook that if ever either he or his descendants were led by circumstances to dispose of the property, or to convert it to other uses than those of a park and gardens, the state or city should have the option of acquiring it at a price to be fixed by valuation. They were to have the preference over all other would-be purchasers, and the land was neither to be built upon nor to be applied to any other purposes without their consent.

A few years ago the municipality made clear that it possessed vested rights in connection with the park by securing an injunction from the courts to prevent the prince from arbitrarily closing its gates altogether to the public in revenge for some annoyance to which he had been subjected by the city authorities. The gardens of the Villa Borghese, I should add, constitute the only park worthy of the name within easy access of the city. Its absolute and full possession by the state or municipality for the use of the public will therefore prove an inestimable boon to the population. Hitherto it has been open to certain hours of the afternoon on four days of the week, even Queen Marguerite herself being denied admission on one occasion when her carriage reached the gates thereof half an hour before the appointed time. Henceforth, however, the park will remain open all the year round, and the government has already commenced the construction of a broad roadway from the Pincio—up till now the only lungs of Rome—to the Villa Borghese grounds.

The Prince Paul Borghese, the unfortunate author of the ruin of one of the three greatest families in Rome, is reported by his friends and relatives to have been rendered insane

by the disasters which have overwhelmed him, and to be at present under restraint in one of the Hungarian castles of his wife. The princess, formerly a woman of renowned beauty, is a member of the old Hungarian family of Apponyi, and possesses several châteaux and unproductive estates away in the wildest parts of Hungary, and it is in one of these fastnesses that her husband is asserted to be interned.

It is quite possible that the prince has really lost his reason; it requires a more powerful mind and physique than his to bear up under such a disaster as the one by which he has been overwhelmed through his own indiscretion. He has dragged the grandest name in Rome—one which figures in huge letters above the main entrance of St. Peter's—into the mud; and while a few years ago he scarcely deigned to return the courteous bow of King Humbert when the latter took his afternoon drive along the shady avenues of the Villa Borghese Gardens, he now appears in the light of a suppliant before the throne of the Savoy—a *une bonne petite famille de province*, as he was wont to describe them—begging for remission of the penalties which he has incurred by infraction of the law of the land.

So proud are the Borgheses that they regard their matrimonial alliance with the house of Bonaparte and that of Torlonia in the light of misalliances. Their connection with the former was through the marriage of one of the cadets of the family to Pauline, the beautiful sister of the first Napoleon. Her charms were immortalized by Canova in his incomparable statue of Venus, which constitutes one of the *chef-d'œuvre* of the Villa Borghese galleries, and it is to her that is ascribed the well-known reply to an inquiry as to whether she had not felt uncomfortable at the idea of posing for the sculptor in such an exceedingly airy raiment:

"Oh dear no; it was quite warm and comfortable. For I had had two large fires lighted in the room."

It is more easy to understand the objections of the Borgheses to the connection with the Torlonias, who owe their dual rank to their enormous wealth, obtained through banking, and who are of very plebeian origin. For the marriage of Prince Julius Borghese with a cousin of the head of the house, Prince Paul, who has just come to grief—to the daughter of the late Duke of Torlonia, was purely a money match. For the princess is not altogether in her right mind, while both her mother and sister are hopelessly insane. She, however, inherited at her father's death a fortune estimated at \$30,000,000. Under the circumstances it seems strange that her husband should have failed to come to the assistance of the head of his family, and thus saved the name of Borghese from disgrace. His refusal to do so is attributed at Rome to a desire to be revenged on his cousin for the intolerable disdain and contempt with which the latter had treated him since his marriage.

Another famous collection about to be dispersed, now that the *Pacca* law has been repealed, is that of the Princes Odescalchi. The latter have been driven in late years to all kinds of queer expedients of replenishing their empty coffers. Thus the head of the house has established on the ground-floor of the princely palace at Rome an agency for Hungarian wines, where the latter are not only disposed of wholesale, but also retailed by lovely Hungarian girls dressed in Magyar costume.

THE BROADWAY CABLE ROAD.

New York is not a Puritanical city, everybody knows that, but it is perfectly safe to assert that since the Broadway Cable Road began tearing up the main thoroughfare of the town there has been more "cuss words" uttered than ever before in any street on Manhattan Island. The next day after the tears up Broadway after this is over should be lynched," said an angry man, who dodged a loaded beer wagon lumbering over one of the "rustic" bridges which span each crossing. He had the profound sympathy of the by-standers. The Broadway people, in their petition to the Mayor and Aldermen for permission to lay the cable, declared it would revolutionize the roadway. For the first time within the memory of the "oldest inhabitant" a street railway company has kept its word. Broadway has been revolutionized beyond recognition; for four months and more it has been a yawning abyss, surrounded by extemporized fences, posted all over with theatrical "snipes," mud from curb to curb, or raising a stifling dust.

The cable road—in fact any system of street-car propulsion—has a curious effect upon the travel up and down any highway it may occupy. It undoubtedly regulates the traffic more completely than the ordinary Metropolitan Police force could do if concentrated at any one given point. "Power," that mysterious word carries with it a force characteristic of the word itself; it will be found when the cable starts in on its endless journey, that the law "keep to the right" will enforce itself as it has never been enforced in New York city. So, in spite of the enormous discomfort which the building of the road has caused the public, the cable will benefit the street, simplify the traffic, and in the end really revolutionize Broadway. The work of laying the cable is the A B C of engineering; the difficulties to be overcome are connected with the labyrinth

of gas and water mains, sewer, telegraph, electric light, and telephone wires in their underground conduits. All these changes are made, too, at the expense of the railroad company; but the various electric companies have taken this as an opportunity to lay additional conduits, change those already down, and generally improve and extend their underground plant.

To give some idea of the work of moving pipes, etc., there are twelve gas-mains—six on each side of Broadway—a sewer in the middle of the street, and over this a 36-inch Croton main; all these have to be taken into consideration in laying this road. Frequently, as is the case at Canal Street, they find a 36-inch Croton main immediately over a 24-inch gas-main, and the laying of the cable makes it necessary to place the Croton main under the gas-main. This is an interesting feat of engineering, but commonplace enough nowadays. To shut off the gas during the change, the main is cut through at two points and rubber bags inserted, which operate like an exhaust upon the gas pressure; with the water they apply the two nearest stop-cocks.

The endless cable is as old as the history of applied mechanics. A very popular and easily understood use of it can be learned from the time a rope ferries numbers of which still exist all over the world.

The system consists simply of an endless wire-rope placed in a tube (having a narrow slot from one-half to three-quarter inch wide, the latter being standard width), beneath the surface and between the rails, maintained in its position by means of sheaves, wheels, or rollers. The rope is kept continuously in motion by a stationary steam-engine at either end of the line, or at any convenient point between the two extremes. In the case of the Broadway system there are to be two "power-houses"—one at the corner of Broadway and Houston, with a frontage of 125 feet on Broadway, running through 225 feet to Market Street. The machinery will be in the basement, excavated to the depth of 40 feet, and the upper stories of the building will be used for business purposes. The machinery here situated will operate the cable from the Battery to Thirty-seventh Street; the revolving wheels are to be 36 feet in diameter, and will drive the 13,000 feet of wire cable.

The other power-house will be placed in the car stables at Seventh Avenue and Fifth Street. This house will work about six thousand feet of rope, from Thirty-seventh Street to the Park. The "cable" is an attachment at the end of a vertical steel rod connected with the car track, and passing through the narrow slot in the tube, transmits the motion of the cable to the car. The speed at which the car moves is determined by the rapidity of the cable, this being regulated by the revolutions of the driving-wheel of the stationary engine. This wire-cable system was first employed in San Francisco, where the steep gradients of some of the streets rendered the use of horses expensive or impossible, and was first introduced on the Clay Street Hill Railroad in August, 1873, by Andrew S. Hallidee and his associates. The unqualified success of this road led to the extension of the system all over the country.

This Broadway cable road, because of the great traffic on the street, is very heavily constructed. The road-bed and yokes rest upon concrete piers 45 feet long, 18 inches wide, and 6 feet deep, and the tube itself is incased solidly in concrete 6 inches thick. In addition, the slot rail is securely braced and supported by a San Francisco style of the yokes upon which the tube rests are placed 5 feet apart, but in this construction they are placed but 4 feet 6 inches apart, to give additional solidity. The yokes generally in use are 36 inches high; but when the contractors began to excavate, they found that it would be necessary to place the yokes of Broadway, added to the foundations for the piers, Hades was plainly in view.

The great Croton main, resting on the sewer, came in sight. To change both these constructions was absolutely impossible; the only thing that could be done was to change the yokes to 30 inches. This necessitated a complete new set of plans, and besides this nearly two miles of tubing and yokes had already been delivered. One great blessing conferred upon the driving community will be the disappearance of the old T bearing rail, and the first use in this city of the "slot," or grooved rail, with which all European travelers are familiar. How this rail will be after a hard freeze has followed a thaw remains to be seen. Two duplex 14-lb. cables will be run through each conduit; one, of course, constantly in use; the other in case of breaks, which are liable to occur, particularly on a newly laid road. The "cable drums," i.e., huge cylinders over which the cable is wound in the power-houses, are 32 feet in diameter; there are also smaller ones of 10 feet.

The width of the "ditch" with which Broadway has been ornamented since June last is 15 feet; depth at yokes, 8 feet; and at man-holes, 4 feet. The car rails weigh 81 pounds each, the yard and the slot rail 67 pounds; the gauge has not been altered at all, and remains at 4 feet 8½ inches. The strain on each cable is about 12,000 pounds, and to operate it under ordinary circumstances requires about 2000 horse-power, although twice that amount can be furnished in an emergency by the machinery to be erected. The section under the control of

the Houston Street power-house covers 4½ miles, and the other one 2½ miles.

The "grip" really consists of two lever bars or frames, one sliding inside the other. The outer one is secured to the grip bar on the forward truck by bolts, and carries the lower jaw; while the inner frame, which slides up and down upon the outer one, carries the upper jaw, the quadrant, the operating lever, and adjusting mechanism, and is held in place by guide plates extending across the inside frame, and between which it slides. The frame carrying the jaws of the "grip" passes through the slot, directly down alongside of the cable, without offset.

The grip bar on which these parts are mounted is secured and supported on a frame on the forward running gear or truck, and not on the car itself. The car body, therefore, can be mounted on springs, without any of the spring motion being imparted to the grip, and through it to the cable. When the car is at a standstill, the cable passes aloft over the chilled iron grooved rollers, 14 inches in diameter at each end, with the lower die or jaw. The lever operating the grip is then inclined forward. When the gripman desires to start the car, he draws the hand lever back. This cable road will also necessitate an entire new outfit of rolling stock. The new cars will be 29 feet over all, and an amendment to Broadway—at least so it is promised.

Mr. John D. Crimmins has been the contractor for the entire work, while Major G. W. McNulty, whose connection with the Brooklyn Bridge has given him a world-wide reputation, is the engineer-in-chief for the Broadway and Seventh Avenue road, and superintends the entire construction. Although Mr. Crimmins took the entire contract, he has found it expedient to sublet certain portions of it, principally the excavating; this simplifies matters very much, and facilitates construction. One of the impossible nuts to crack was the New York team-heaving pipes below the street. It cost the railway company just \$100,000 to "crack it," the heating company agreeing to discontinue their privilege for this slight consideration. Very kind of it, was it not?

The power behind the throne in this cable work is the well-known Philadelphia syndicate, Messrs. William M. Kemble, William L. Elkins, and Peter A. B. Widener. These gentlemen are justly called the street railway magnates of the world. They control 95 per cent. of all the street railways in Philadelphia in their Traction Company (by the way, an admirable word that "traction," i.e., the act of drawing or pulling, is a very old one), also, nearly all Chicago's railways, and other lines in Baltimore, Pittsburgh, etc., etc. Mr. Kemble, whose career is too well known to be dilated upon here, is said to be the real brains of the concern. Mr. Elkins is a successful oil merchant, and is generally supposed to be very close to the Traction Company in their Philadelphia business. "Pete" Widener, as he is generally known in Philadelphia, began life as a butcher, gravitated into politics, and was elected City Treasurer, an office since rendered famous and infamous by "Honest" John Barsdeley.

HARRY P. MAWSON.

"THE PLAIN-CHANT."

In the illustrated catalogue of the Paris Salon of 1891 the following mention is made: "687 Gay (W.). H. C. Le plain-chant." This is the charming picture, which is reproduced on page 724, and a worthy successor of the paintings that have held a place in the Salon for the past few years, which won for him the enviable "H. C.," as the catalogue puts it. The initials stand for *Horace Coenraets*, which may be interpreted as "out of it," which expression is the latest antithesis of the modern slang "not in it." When a man is "out of it," in the phrase of the noble jury of the Salon, he is removed beyond competition. He can win no medal and no further honor, but he may exhibit at the Salon year after year, and have no fear of receiving his masterpiece back again as "rejected."

Walter Gay was born in Hingham, Massachusetts, January 22, 1856. He began a business career, but, his health failing him, he went to Nebraska in 1872 and essayed the life on a cattle ranch. A year later he returned to Boston and engaged in flower-painting, and in 1876 had a subject entitled "Fall Flowers" exhibited at the Philadelphia Centennial. He then went to Paris and became a student of Bonnat. Three years afterward he was impressed by a journey to Spain, which brought about his first important picture of "The Fencing Lesson," which picture won a place in the Paris Salon of 1879. Since that time he has won much success as a genre painter, and in 1885 received honorable mention from the Paris Salon for his picture of "The Spinners." His earlier important works include "Landscape," "Fast Asleep," "Unsuccessful Musician" (1878), "The France Pigeons" (1880), "Troubles of a Bachelor" (1881), "The Knife-Grinder" (1882), "Armorer" and "Conspiracy under Louis XVI." (1883), "The Apprentice," "The Cabbages" (1884), and each year has added to his fame. Mr. Gay has likewise exhibited in New York and Boston, and is a nephew of Winckworth Allen Gay, famous as a painter of mountain and sea-coast scenery.



"THE PLAIN CHANT."—FROM THE PAINTING BY WALTER GAY, IN THE PARIS SALON OF 1891.—[SEE PAGE 723.]



H. P. BAILY. E. W. CLARK, JUN. G. B. WARDER. G. S. PATTERSON. H. I. BROWN.
F. E. BREWSTER. W. C. MORGAN, JUN. NEWBOLD ETTING. D. S. NEWHALL (Captain). D. P. STORVEL. WALTER SCOTT. R. D. BROWN.
J. W. SHARP.

THE PHILADELPHIA CHAMPION TEAM OF 1889.

CRICKET IN AMERICA.

BY CHARLES BLANCHE.

FEW of the *habitués* of the cricket-ground who watched the feeble efforts of American cricketers to defend their wickets against the bowling of Parr's professionals in 1859 would have ventured to predict the improvement that has taken place in their play since that date. The evolution from a nerveless, scienceless twenty-two to an eleven of bright, active young fellows, keen of eye and skilful of hand, has been most complete. Chronic disparagers of their countrymen's abilities were wont to declare that the American's lack of patience would prove an insuperable obstacle to his success as a batsman. And yet the American cricket field has developed stonewallers, in the persons of William C. Morgan, Jun., and Walter Scott, possessing patience enough to stock Barlow or Hall.

The game of cricket possesses in itself all the essentials of first-class amateur sport. It has not inaptly been called the gentleman's game. No sport in the amateur category appeals more forcibly to the noblest instincts of our nature. Politeness, courtesy, and forbearance towards opponents, unquestioning submission to the authority of the umpire, patience, skill, and activity, are alike demanded from the votary of the sport. Possessing such passports to favor, it is not strange that Americans have adopted it as a standard pastime.

Cricket undoubtedly owes its introduction to American soil to the enterprise of the sport-loving Englishman. As far back as the year 1751, we have a record of an international match between eleven colonists and an equal number of "merrie men" hailing from London, which resulted in the discomfiture of the surprised cockneys. From the year 1770 until the outbreak of the Revolutionary war cricket seems to have been much affected by men of fashion, who practised regularly on grounds set apart for the purpose. Crude were the implements used in those days, and rough were the grounds, but they did not seem to detract from the enjoyment experienced by participants in the sport.

Cricket was first introduced into Boston in 1809, where a regular club was started under the name of the Boston Cricket Club. Following the progress of the game still further, we are brought to the next important event, the founding of the St. George's Club, of New York, in the year 1830.

Purely American cricket does not appear to have made much headway prior to 1854. Strong clubs there were, and of cricketers there was no lack, but of American players there was a sad scarcity.

In the days of the fifties cricket took a sudden bound into popularity, clubs sprang up in every direction, professionals

were engaged to impart instruction to aspiring cricketers and to strengthen the weak points of the elevens. In the cities of New York and Philadelphia every available piece of ground was eagerly snatched up by cricket clubs.

To the Young America Club, which was founded in 1855 by the younger brothers of the members of the Germantown Cricket Club, belongs the honor of instituting a school of purely national cricket. Circumstances conspired to deprive Young America of the advantage of regular professional coaching; its members were consequently thrown upon their own resources, and it is small wonder that their form exhibited peculiarities distinctly individual in character.

The year 1853 ushered in the international matches between Canada and the United States. The first match was played on the Red House grounds, Harlem. It was won by the United States team, which was composed entirely of English resident cricketers. In the following year another important series was started, which was designed to test the relative merits of English and American resident cricketers. So superior were the Englishmen considered at the outset that they were able to take the field against eighteen Americans. This humiliating state of affairs continued until 1859, when the native contingent had the satisfaction of meeting their erstwhile conquerors on even terms, and of administering two successive defeats to them. The early struggles of the American amateurs to obtain recognition from their British brethren would form an instructive chapter in the history of the game. Previous to the year 1859 the sport had been entirely in the hands of the English cricketers, who viewed with distrust the proposition to give Americans a representation on all-United States elevens, probably recognizing in the innovation a menace to the prestige they had so long enjoyed. The formal declination of the St. George's Cricket Club of New York to be represented on amalgamated elevens was the beginning of a movement that was destined to throw the responsibility of maintaining the credit of national cricket upon American shoulders.

In the year 1859 Americans were for the first time called upon to face bowling of the highest class. A strong team of English professionals, captained by the great George Parr, visited our shores. The excellent all-round play of these worthies was a source of admiration and delight to the native players, who felt that the shekels so freely poured into the visitors' pockets were well bestowed. About this time bowling underwent a great change. Hitherto professionals had enjoyed almost a monopoly of round-arm bowling, the amateurs having been content to confine their attention to underhand

bowling. Now, however, American amateurs began to master the art of round-arm bowling, and it was to the rapid acquirement of this delivery rather than to their skill in batting that they owed their superiority over the resident English amateurs.

Troublous times were now in store for America. The peaceful implements of mimic contests were exchanged for the sinews of war. Clubs were disbanded, never to be reorganized. At the close of the war cricket seemed to fall under the ban of popular disfavor; the more quickly played game of base-ball supplanted it as a national pastime, and many cricketers forsook their early love to follow the train of the new idol. Indeed, if it had not been for the efforts made by the Young America Cricket Club, cricket would probably have died out altogether. This club, being composed mostly of the younger brothers of those in the army, made its reputation during the war-times, playing against English residents, etc., and it did more than all the other clubs combined to prevent the death of American cricket under base-ball pressure. Encouraged by the example set them by Young America, other clubs were organized, and little by little cricket began to get on its legs again, until the game once more became firmly established as a gentleman's sport. The matches between Willsher's all-England eleven and twenty-two Americans in 1868 did not redound to the honor of American cricket; in fact, the batting of our cricketers showed but little improvement in form over their display against Parr's team. In bowling, however, the native players showed up remarkably well, for whereas in 1859 the burden of the attack was borne by the English professionals attached to the various clubs, the bulk of the bowling in 1868 was done by American amateurs.

There now appeared to be a general desire to see how American amateurs would figure against an eleven of English gentlemen. This feeling led to the visit of Fitzgerald's team, captained by W. G. Grace, then in the zenith of his fame. The progress of this powerful team was a triumphal march until it reached Philadelphia. In that city the distinguished visitors were barely able to secure a hard-earned victory, thanks to the fine bowling of Spencer Meade and C. A. Newhall. The last match of the tour in Boston resulted in a draw. American batting now began to exhibit a very marked improvement. The star of R. S. Newhall was in the ascendant, and such excellent cricketers as John Large, R. N. Caldwell, F. E. Brewster, etc., were coming into prominence.

In the year 1874 the Philadelphia gentlemen competed in an invitation tournament with the officers of the English



AT THE PONY RACES.—FROM A P



BY W. T. SMEDLEY.—[SEE PAGE 734.]

THE WORLD AND LIFE.

THE onward rushing stream of life
Engrossed his every thought.
The turmoil of the day, the strife
With which man's breath was wrought,
Made up existence to his mind;
The world was all in all.
He was a captive—passive, blind—
To struggle or to fail.

Such was his thought; he never knew
What force beyond it lay,
Until across his path Love threw
A rosy, sunlit ray.
He drank its warmth, and then it seemed
'Twas he who ruled the world;
And sweeter than he ever dreamed
Before his life unfurled.

FLAYEL SCOTT MINES.

A BENIGHTED COMMUNITY.

BY TUDOR JENES.

HAD I suspected that the "good" ship *Polygon* was to be wrecked, I certainly should not have sailed in her. I read the prospectus of the trip very carefully, and am sure there was no mention of desert islands or of rocks in it—that is, in the prospectus. So when we struck that bit of coral, even the captain was surprised. He told us as we took to the boats that he had a theory to explain just how the disaster occurred, but as he was in the jolly-boat, which turned upside down and spilled him out, he and that far from jolly boat were lost forever—theory and all. It happened in a latitude and longitude some distance from the Royal Observatory at Greenwich, but I cannot give any exact figures, because I was kept from school by a severe cold when they were studying that part of the geography, and have never had time to look it over since. But it was all covered with salt water, and you would certainly be wrecked yourself if you should go there, so perhaps it doesn't matter much where it was.

Leaving these scientific considerations, let me tell my own adventures. The vessel was fractured, water entered rapidly, gravitation asserted itself, and down she went. We lowered the boats from the davits, loaded them with sextants, compasses, books on navigation, hardtack, fresh water, and human beings, and shoved off. Then the waves turned the boats over, sank the brass instruments, and left me clinging to a barrel of ship-bread. I floated about for some time, and finally was thrown high and wet upon a sand-bar.

The island was inhabited by a race of semi-civilized Javanese. Fortunately I was familiar with that language, as I had taken it as an optional study during my last year at college. Although this dialect bore no direct relation to my legal studies—I intended to become a lawyer—yet I had mastered it as a form of mental discipline, and very fortunate this proved.

I was found by a native fisherman, who soon brought assistance, and these kindly people carried me to one of their comfortable huts, and removing my moist clothing, gave me a becoming suit of cocoa-nut fibre. After they had made me comfortable for the night, they left me to sleep. Being shipwrecked is very fatiguing, and I slept soundly until the morning sun, entering through a crevice, awoke me by shining full upon my face. As soon as I was fairly awake, I reflected upon my situation.

This unhappy adventure may be the means, I thought, of bringing to these benighted persons a knowledge of our enlightened institutions. A college graduate like myself, somewhat familiar with the laws and customs of our own great republic, cannot fail to give valuable aid to these poor beings struggling toward the goal we have already reached.

Consoled by this thought, and hearing some one moving near the door, I resolved to let my hosts know I was refreshed and ready for breakfast. I knew something of their customs, for during my Senior Year I had assisted Professor Borowski in editing his great *Treatise upon the Minor Social Etiquette of the Javanese and Related Races*, so I called out:

"*Barekata, galo mekarabata!*" which in English would be, "The sun is risen, and I am very hungry."

I heard suppressed sounds just outside the door (that is, mat, for the doorways among these people are closed by portières of wave-cocoa-nut fibre, indicating the amazement of the natives upon hearing their beautiful tongue so fluently spoken by a foreigner.

In a moment a slave entered bearing the usual dish of fried *cush-cush*, a mixture of cocoa-nut meat, dried yams, and fermented bread-fruit. I said easily, in the Javanese tongue:

"Thanks, my friend, but I'm not fond of *cush-cush*. Won't you bring me a little plain *gorubundia*?"

"Willingly," replied my light brown servant, departing with an expression of great surprise, and returning with the desired dish, a preserve of crushed mango flowers, *saut*, soaked in sugar-cane juice.

I thanked him, and made a hearty meal. Hardly had I finished, when the chief entered. He was of benign aspect, and wore his hair in sixteen or eighteen pigtails of bewitching grace.

"White flowers upon your head," said I, kissing my own hand.

Delighted with this observance of their system of etiquette, he made me a slight obeisance, and responded, in the courtliest manner, "Cocoa-nuts uncountable, crammed with luscious milk."

Having thus exchanged the time of day, so to speak, we were at liberty to converse. Now the Javanese despise curiosity, and I well knew that the chief would never deign to ask me a question, though full of wonder as to my presence in their land. It is also their custom to permit inferiors to speak first. Consequently he said nothing, and I also held my peace, for I could not, as an American citizen and the peer of any petty Javanese potentate of them all, admit social inferiority. We passed the day in silent meditation, and I feared that we would find some difficulty in coming to an understanding. But about sunset I took out my watch, and the chief's curiosity was too much for him.

"Tick engine?" he said, eagerly, after a vain attempt to preserve his impressive bearing.

"Wheel-mill," I replied, with some hauteur, as I offered the chronometer for his nearer inspection.

"To make music, no doubt," he observed, holding it to his ear. "A great fetch."

"It chronicles the flight of time," I replied, as nearly as I could convey that idea in his tongue. (To give the ignorant reader an idea of the language, I will here explain that to express the above sentence in Javanese one must use metaphor. What I said, translated literally, would be, "With daily knife, upon the time-tree it notches the footsteps of the hurrying lord of day.")

He didn't seem to get the idea exactly, but said, politely, "I see."

Pitying his curiosity, I explained further, as follows:

"As the drops from the water-jar count the hours of the Javanese, so for the free and haughty American the wheel-mill ticks out the song of the bird of freedom as his gay hours dance to the ruddy sunset glow!"

He seemed satisfied, and drew a long breath. Then, in order to find out how I came there without asking, he remarked, artfully,

"Your country is far toward the rising sun."

"Yes," I said. Then, knowing he would be pleased to know of my journey, I explained that "our big canoe drank too much water"; that we "sat in the little canoes until they stood upon their heads"; and that the breakers had propelled me ashore with inconsiderate haste.

"You are no doubt a great chief," said the chief, remembering I had forced him to speak first.

Now I was in a dilemma. I was no doubt his social equal, and far more enlightened. But by that very fact I was bound not to deceive him. I resorted to a harmless subterfuge.

"No man in my country is greater than I," I said, with pardonable pride in our national institutions.

"Do you make the laws?" he asked, humbly, and after a few moments' pause.

"With some help," I replied, easily. "All the really important laws are submitted to me." This was true, for I was a voter.

Knocking his head thrice upon the cocoa matting, he said: "Oh, chief, truly the waves have brought thee at a good time. My chief lawmaker has kept a pressing appointment with his departed ancestors, and his place yawns for a successor. As an alien, you cannot become our chief. But as lawmaker you will hold the second place. Will you humble yourself to its acceptance?"

I reflected a few moments before replying. It was certainly a most promising opening. Perhaps it would be quite as good as any position I was likely to secure, even after being granted from the law school.

"And the emoluments?" I asked.

"A residence in the chief's house, ample fare, three umbrella-bearers, and several palanquins," he replied.

"I'll try it for a week or two," I answered; and then I added, "Leave me, chief; I would repose."

He left me, with great respect. Settling myself upon the mat, I thought the matter over. I could see no reason why the place shouldn't be a good one, and soon I sank away in slumber, for the long immersion in salt water had made me very tired.

Upon the second morning of my residence in the island—which was as shilly-shally of Java proper; I do not care to describe it more fully—I was invited by the courtly official to whom I had already given an audience to be present at the "Sitting of Justice," as they call the session of their court. I gladly accepted the invitation, and was installed upon the bench, after a pleasant palanquin ride.

"I should wish, worthy stranger," said the chief, "to profit by your wisdom in administering justice, and have therefore invited you to be present and to witness our methods of procedure."

I smiled indulgently, and thanked him with a gracious inclination of my head. I do not believe in being haughty to foreigners, and only hurts their feelings, and they cannot see why we are so superior to themselves. The ancient Greeks called all other nations barbarians; and we know better than to say everything we think.

The court-room was a long thatched double roof, supported on pillars, and open on all sides. The policemen, or court officers, were

armed with creosots and other crooked steel implements, and the crowded court-room was very orderly and quiet. Several cases had already been tried.

The first case which came up for decision after my arrival was very simple. A dark-skinned native in a yellow tunic was the plaintiff, and came into court to recover the price of some fowls which he had lost.

"Where is the man who bought the fowls?" asked the chief.

"Here, oh, chief," replied one of the officers, leading in the culprit.

"What have you to say?" asked the judge.

"Oh, most righteous judge," said the prisoner, "the plaintiff keeps an inn. I was hungry, and I called for food. He said he had roast chicken. I inquired the price. He charged, so he said, three pieces of silver, and said I might eat all the chicken I could. I paid the money, he served me up a chicken, and I began my dinner. But, behold! as I cut a wing from the fowl, a large dog ran in, jumped upon the table, and carried the chicken away. I insisted that he should replace the fowl. He refused; whereupon I entered the poultry-yard and carried off what justly was mine. I have told a story without crookedness. I have done."

"But, oh, most wise chief, the dog was his own dog, and the chicken was due besides my chickens," said the innkeeper.

"Is that true?" asked the chief, addressing the prisoner.

"The dog had been mine, but my brother bought it from me, and I was upon my way to deliver it to him," said the prisoner.

"And did you take four chickens?" asked the judge.

"Four little chicks," said the prisoner, "but no more than I could eat."

"Enough. Remove the prisoner, while I consult with the wise lawyer who has landed upon our coast."

The prisoner was removed, the court adjourned for luncheon, the crowd dispersed, and the chief and myself were left alone.

"What shall we decide, wisest of counselors?" said the chief, with much deference. "Let me know first what your decision would be," I suggested.

"The fellow is a rogue. I would have him soundly thrashed, and make him pay for the chickens whatever was due besides the three pieces he has already paid," answered the chief.

"Why do you decide so?" I asked, with some surprise.

"Because such seems to me the truth," answered the chief. "But do not let me prejudice you. Upon your permission, I shall turn the case over to you, and you may do as you see proper."

"Very well," said I: "the case would proceed very differently in my country. If I am to have your co-operation, I will gladly show you how such matters are settled in my own land. But I shall need the assistance of some capable lawyers, so far as this particular case went. If you will put a number of your subjects at my disposal, I shall be glad to give them the necessary instructions, so that we may proceed in a proper legal manner."

"So be it," replied the chief; and drawing a scroll of parchment from his girdle, he wrote the necessary orders, and sealed them with a curiously carved stone which was set into the top of the handle of his dagger.

I caused the case to be adjourned for several weeks, and meanwhile made myself busy in getting ready for a trial. I selected two of the brightest natives I could find, and carefully taught them enough to make them very capable lawyers, so far as this particular case went. I myself was to act as judge.

When the time came to try the case, the first difficulty was to secure a jury. This was quite a task, because the man who had taken the chickens was well known to be a scoundrel, and the lawyer on the other side was not a large one, everybody knew his reputation. The result was that the lawyer who defended him was able to show that every inhabitant was prejudiced. This required, however, the examination of every citizen in the country, and as many had to come from a distance, much time was consumed. Three more weeks passed, and we were still without a jury. Then the enterprising prosecuting lawyer sent out a war canoe, captured some neighboring islanders, and produced them in court. The prisoner's lawyer objected that they were not citizens; but the prosecutor said that was an old maxim that "necessity knows no law," and insisted upon his right to a trial.

As I saw no other way of proceeding with the case, I upheld the prosecutor; and the jury, tied hand and foot, were ranged in the jury-box. Then we were ready to proceed.

I report the proceedings, without giving the peculiarities of the Javanese idioms. The prosecutor told the plain facts of this case, and put him on the witness stand. The man repeated his complaint much as before. He was cross-examined by the prisoner's lawyer at great length, but did not change his story at all. Then the prisoner's lawyer began his address to the jury:

"Gentlemen," said he, "we do not propose to dispute the plain facts of this case, but to appeal to your fair-mindedness. The simple question is whether the prisoner took more than he paid for. He was to pay three pieces of silver, and to eat all the chicken he could. Now, gentlemen, of course that meant all the chicken he could eat at that time and under those circumstances. But

he was interrupted, and it is impossible to tell how many chickens he might have eaten. If he could have eaten the large one and the four small ones, he would have been entitled to them. We do not dispute the facts; we rely only upon the justice of our cause."

"A more ridiculous claim was never made in a tribunal of justice," said the prosecutor, rising to his feet. "The question is not to be so distorted. The prisoner, gentlemen, paid three pieces of silver, but that entitled him only to eat chickens, not to carry them off. We do not propose to go into an absurd inquiry as to what the prisoner might have eaten. We did not agree, gentlemen, to keep the chicken on his plate. If he wished to eat more than the wing, he should have chased the dog and recovered the chicken; though even then, gentlemen of the jury, it is a serious question in my mind whether it would not have been necessary to come back and eat the chicken on the premises."

Well, I never saw a more perplexed courtroom. The chief, who sat beside me, had gone to sleep, and I myself felt a little drowsy. The jury were planning how to escape, and paid no attention to either lawyer, and the audience had either disappeared or were also asleep. In fact, the whole atmosphere was so like the true legal atmosphere of the law home, that I longed for my native land again.

Just as the lawyers finished speaking, the chief woke with a start. "How far have you got?" said he.

"The jury now have to settle the matter," I answered, "after they hear a charge from the bench."

"What is that?" he inquired.

"I have to instruct them as to the law," I answered. Then turning to the jury, I said, "Gentlemen, please stand up."

The court officers used their spears freely, and the jury rose.

"Gentlemen, this is a difficult and yet a simple case," said I. The innkeeper agreed to furnish the prisoner with all the chicken he could eat. A dog, possibly the prisoner's dog (or maybe his brother's), carried away a chicken which the prisoner was in the act of eating. It is for you to say whether he could eat the chicken after the dog had carried it off. Then the prisoner took four smaller chickens and carried them off. It is for you to say whether he was entitled to take them, on the ground that he could have eaten them, or whether he must eat them on the ground in order to prove he could eat them. If you do not all agree upon the case, you will be kept away from home until you do.

So you say the prisoner is guilty of stealing these chickens, because he had no right to them, or that he is not guilty, because he took only what he had bought and paid for?" The jury retired, having their feet untied for the purpose. When they were out of the court-room, they ran for the beach; and as one of their number had secreted a knife, they succeeded in cutting their bonds, and making their escape in a canoe lying upon the shore.

The sheriff (or court official) returned and reported the matter, and I sent the prisoner back to jail, and walked home with the chief. "What is the next step?" he asked me, as we sat along.

"We must catch another jury," I answered.

"And suppose that they find the prisoner guilty?" he asked.

"Oh, then the prisoner appeals."

"What does that mean?" said the chief.

"He says there have been mistakes in his trial, and he brings them up for settlement before several judges."

"Yes," said the chief.

"Yes," I replied; "and then if he doesn't get a new trial, he appeals some more."

"And how long does this take?" asked the chief, with deep interest.

"Seven years," I replied; "not always so long, but often." "And meanwhile how about the man who has lost his chickens?" said the chief, very politely.

"Oh, he goes without them," said I. "It's a very old system with us. It has been in existence hundreds of years."

"Come with me," said the chief, abruptly, turning off from the path.

Somewhat surprised, I followed him.

He led me to the shore, and there I found a small sampan, or native boat. It contained a jar of *cush-cush*, a paddle, another jar of drinking water, a mat sail, and several odd trinkets.

"Get in," said the chief.

I entered the boat, for he drew his creosot as he spoke, and I saw that his invitation was not merely formal.

"Your country is toward the rising sun," said he, courteously.

"It is," I replied.

"Get in and paddle. Do not come back here, or we will rejoice your departed ancestors, who long for your presence."

"White flowers upon your head," said I, kissing my hand.

"Cocoa-nuts innumerable, crammed with luscious milk," he replied, with a courtly bow. The dog, formerly aided me to push off, and I paddled eastward.

I was picked up by a passing steamer, and arrived at home in time to enter the law school.

After all, the Caucasian race is the only one capable of appreciating legal methods. Savage and semicivilized nations are too precipitate.

CRICKET IN AMERICA.

(Continued from page 736.)

opening of the Philadelphia innings in this match. Here were two local batsmen, John Hargrave and F. E. Brewster by name, playing the bowling of "the demon" Spofforth with ease and confidence. The dreaded bowling, once robbed of its terrors, became a plaything for the American crack, R. S. New-



J. E. SCHWARTZ.

hall, who followed. And when the hero of the day, after compiling eighty-four notches, went the way of all cricketers, and was borne on willing shoulders in triumph to the clubhouse, Americans realized that their countrymen had in them the material from which great cricketers are made. The match terminated in a "draw," by no means creditable to the antipodeans, but highly creditable to American cricket, which now took a distinctly higher place in the estimation of the cricketing world. Perhaps in the light of subsequent matches played between Philadelphia and Daft's eleven, Shaw and Shrewsbury's team and the Australian team of 1882, the result of the memorable match with the first Australian cricketers will be considered by many people a fluke. I cannot concur in this opinion. The Australians were forced to act on the defensive all the time. They failed to punish the American bowling to any extent, and in no department of the game did they outplay their opponents.

In the year 1880 a team of Irish gentlemen landed in New York, and after defeating the metropolitan cricketers, journeyed to Philadelphia to meet their Waterloo. Then, as if to prove to the Quaker lads that they had yet much to learn before they could rank with the great ones of the world, Daft's professionals invaded the Quaker City, and after scattering the local wickets and knocking the bowling to all parts of the cricket fields, departed in search of other scalps. I make no apology for the failure of American amateurs against either Shaw and Shrewsbury's team or the second Australian team which followed them. I have always maintained that the Philadelphia authorities made a mistake in playing eighteen men against the Australians; eleven would have made a far



DR. J. ALLISON SCOTT.

better show both in the field and at the bat. About the year 1884 the patrons of American cricket began to consider the advantages our amateurs would derive from studying the style of English players on their own native heath. Eminent English cricketers encouraged the idea, aiding the projectors of the scheme by sound advice, and using their powerful influence to make the social side of the tour a success. As the visit was mainly

educational, it was thought best not to play against the English professionals until amateurs had gained more experience. The result of the tour was very gratifying. Although beaten by Scotland, M. C. C., Sussex, Kent, and Hampshire, the American amateurs were successful in other matches, their defeat of Gloucestershire, the county of the Graces, being especially pleasing. Perhaps the most admired of the American batsmen was J. A. Scott. W. C. Lowry was by long odds the most successful bowler, while William C. Morgan, Jun., kept wickets to the king's taste. R. S. Newhall, the captain of the team, as usual stood well up in the batting average, while John B. Thayer, Jun., displayed the best all-round cricket. Space will not permit me to follow further the progress of international cricket. The visit of E. J. Sander's eleven furnished the first instance of a victory being gained by an American team over a picked eleven of English amateurs. The more recent international matches are still fresh in the minds of American cricketers. In order that my readers may fully realize the difference between American cricket of the past and present, I would invite their attention to a few facts. Among the noble army of martyrs who played against Wills' team in 1868, only one American figure is left. In the year 1889 eleven Philadelphia amateurs, playing against a strong eleven of M. C. C., captained by W. G. Grace, topped the second century on an extremely bad wicket.

If we look at the progress cricket has recently made in New York, Chicago, Boston, Baltimore, Detroit, Pittsburg, and through New England, we shall find great encouragement for the future of the game. The past two years have been an era of unexampled prosperity. Some intelligent attempt has at last been made to bring the clubs scattered around the large cities under a proper system of government. Associations and leagues have been formed with a sufficient number of clubs enrolled in them to give them the necessary stability. Prizes have been offered not only to the clubs winning the greatest number of games, but to individuals securing the highest batting and bowling averages. A further stimulus has been given to cricket by the formation of a league having for its object the improvement of inter-city cricket. Hitherto the geographical positions of such cities as Pittsburg and Detroit have proved detrimental to their advancement in cricket, on account of the difficulty of arranging matches with outside clubs. Pittsburg has particularly suffered from this cause, as well as from other discouragements calculated to dampen the enthusiasm of local supporters of the game than Mr. J. E. Schwartz.

With such brilliant cricketers as Walter Scott and F. Penn in the club, Pittsburg may be expected to give a good account of itself in the future. Baltimore, thanks to the unselfish efforts of Mr. Tunstall Smith, has been struggling bravely to establish a reputation in the cricket world, and though its progress has been slow, it has succeeded at least in winning the respect of the stronger clubs. The career of the Boston A. A. C. C. has been one of singular success. Under the title of the Longwood C. C., this club was favorably known as an exceptionally strong organization, while its fine grounds have furnished excellent if somewhat slow creases. Boston is now recognized as the centre of New England cricket, and its principal club is naturally looked up to by the smaller clubs of New England. Under the able guidance of the veteran George Wright, the Boston A. A. C. C. has taken a leading position among American cricket clubs, and should continue to hold it, as it numbers among its members such excellent amateurs as L. N. Mansfield, Laurence Houghton, Sam Wright, etc.

The formation of the Metropolitan League has exercised a wonderful influence upon New York cricket, which was really sadly in need of a powerful restorative to keep it alive and vigorous. Deficient as New York is in first-class native amateurs, it has always been well stocked with English resident cricketers, who have ever been ready to wield the willow in defence of her reputation. Perhaps Chicago has outstripped her neighbors in the enterprise she has exhibited in inducing cricketers to settle within her borders and ally themselves with local clubs. But with Chicago, as with New York, cricket is rather an importation or a transplantation than a development of her own material. In Philadelphia, on the other hand, native talent has been fostered with the utmost care

under the zealous eyes of watchful enthusiasts.

Philadelphia may well be termed the paradise of the American cricketer. No single city in the country possesses such an array of genuine amateur talent; nowhere else can be found such a collection of beautifully kept grounds, conspicuous among which is the magnificent ground of the Germantown C. C. at Manheim, which is second to none in the world. There flourishes the ubiquitous junior in all his glory, conscious of his importance as a powerful factor in the future prosperity of American cricket.

The growth of cricket as a college game has been slow. Some few academies and schools, such as St. Paul's School, of Concord, New Hampshire, and the Germantown Academy, have for years given the game an honored place among their pastimes; but the sport has not met with the favor it deserves at the hands of American students. The institution of annual tours has proved a great benefit to the cricketers in defence of their *alma mater*. Never for an instant has the Haverfordian wavered in his allegiance to the grand old game. Even in winter, when most cricketers are taken up with other pursuits, the young student of the Quaker college is faithfully preparing himself for the opening of the cricket season by regular, systematic practice in a covered shed provided for the purpose. Intercollegiate cricket has been robbed of much of its interest by the overwhelming strength of the University of Pennsylvania. Occasionally a few strong cricketers have, as divisors of their colleges or 'varsities the benefit of their assistance for a time; but with their departure for fresh fields and pastures new, the interest so suddenly awakened has died out. With a more even and regular distribution of strength among the universities and colleges, we shall doubtless see a more general interest manifested in the game.

The history of American cricket has been one of continued progress. The American amateur has no regrets for the past; he does not sigh for the good old days of action. Sam Wright or a host of dead and gone worthies, who served their day and generation faithfully, and helped to lay the foundation of a later and better school of cricket. We do not wish to forget our obligations to the many excellent players who have graced our cricket fields, but we know that in the first-class cricketer of the present day we have a cricketer of a finer mould.

Beyond question, the finest cricketer America has produced is George S. Patterson, the Germantown crack. Although he is very young, Mr. Patterson shows a degree of headwork that would do credit to the very best English amateurs. Mr. Patterson is a cricketer to the finger-tips. With him batting is a science. I do not hesitate to say that Mr. Patterson would be considered a first-class man in any county in England; and if he were allowed the advantage of practising against the best professional bowling, he would stand very high among the amateurs of England. It seems superfluous to praise a man who has made ten centuries; his deeds speak for themselves. But Mr. Patterson's abilities are not confined to his batting; he has been wonderfully successful as a bowler, displaying a great deal of headwork and plenty of command over the ball. George S. Patterson occupies the same position to the cricket field of to-day that Walter Newhall did to the early American era, and Robert S. Newhall to a later age. Rumor speaks with no uncertain voice of Walter Newhall's ability. He was the noblest bowler of his all, standing a head and shoulders above his fellows as a batsman. He it was who commanded the admiration of Tom Senior by the skill with which he parried the then terrible round-arm deliveries of the good old professor. The untimely death of this beloved young cricketer at the age of twenty-three robbed the world of one of the truest gentlemen that ever graced the cricket field.

Robert S. Newhall, the hero of the Australian match, was for years regarded as the representative American batsman. Indeed, this gentleman came nearer to founding a national school of batting than any other native cricketer, his aggressive style being particularly popular with the youth of his day. Mr. Robert S. Newhall was as much a type of the last age of batting as Mr. Patterson is of the present. American form has gradually lost its individuality, following more closely the best English models, with probably a trifle more aggressiveness than is common



SPENCER MEADE.

to the foreign cricketer. The weakest point in American fielding is the wicket-keeping. Strange to say, we are ages behind England in this most important department, our men still evincing a repugnance to stand up to the wicket, and an inaptitude for the work when they are there. For years wicket-keeping was a lost art with American amateurs, who were content to play back midway between the wicket and the position once occupied by long stop, sacrificing the opportunity to stump the batsman for the sake of having another man in front of the wickets. I need hardly say that batsmen of the type of R. S. Newhall took full advantage of the opportunities afforded them to step out of their creases.

For some reason the project to establish a national cricket association has hung fire, although the necessity for such a body is generally recognized. No doubt much of the trouble arises from the difficulty experienced in uniting the interests of the English and American residents, the Englishmen preferring rather to bear those ills they have than to fly to others that they know not of.

If I were asked on what the future of American cricket depended, I would say on the establishment of a governing body qualified to provide for the growing wants of the American cricketer, and on the permanency of the junior organizations. Our cricketers must go abroad from time to time prepared to meet all comers, win or lose. No doubt discouragements will be experienced by them at first, but practice against the best professional bowling will be of infinite service to them, enabling them to familiarize themselves with the most puzzling deliveries until they learn to master it as Walter Newhall master-



JOHN B. THAYER, JUN.

ed the intricacies of Tom Senior's bowling in the early days of American cricket. England's position on the cricket field is not by any means as assured as it was in bygone years. Already Australia is disputing with her the power of the round-arm cricketer, and America has advanced so rapidly that she can even now dare to look forward to the day when her sons will be able to hold their own against the best of old England's sons.

LAYING THE CABLE FOR THE BROADWAY SURFACE RAILROAD AT UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY HUGHSON HAWLEY.—[SEE PAGE 728.]



PONY-RACING.

It is a little bit curious that with all the natural facilities at our immediate command—stock, conditions, and enthusiasts in abundance—the sport of racing ponies should have had no organized recognition until two years ago. The home of the mustang, the sturdiest animal in the world, is here, or, more correctly speaking, it is within three days' travel of New York; and although as he comes to us at first he is not the ideal racing pony, a very few generations serve to make him so. Not infrequently, however, it is possible to pick up a bronco which for a sprint is very fast, and it is very safe in such a case to conclude that he comes from over the Mexican border, and is no stranger to racing. Among the Mexicans horse racing is one of their greatest sports. Indeed, among the classes that live outside the few large cities it is the chief form of recreation. Every plaza (small village) has its quota of racers, and the times are dull indeed when each week does not witness several intensely interesting races, in which the desire for supremacy and desire to win the stakes make a combination of rivalry than which nothing sharper is possible to imagine. No where have I seen such exciting, really distressingly exciting, horse-racing as in Mexico. From the very moment the racers are off, which is almost invariably on a standing start, and generally at the crack of a revolver, the excitement begins, and it never flags until the winner crosses whatever may have served for the finish line.

The broncos do not undergo any especial preparation for the race; the curry-comb and brush are strangers to their coats; the saddle will be the one used every day, of the Mexican, Texan, or California type, and weighing anywhere from twenty to fifty pounds; the bridle, possibly of plated hair, particularly if the rider wears a sombrero heavily ornamented with silver braiding and is therefore more or less of a local swell, but it is more likely to be of the cheaper rawhide kind, with the bit either of the ring or spoke variety. They ride like veritable demons, with hands, legs, and heels—the quirt (whip) is rarely used, spurs being considered sufficient—accompanied by a series of yells which, to the uninitiated, would be a correct imitation of the accepted "blood-curdling" vocal prelude of Poor Lo's picturesque but impolite forefathers, just previous to one of their inopportune visits, known to florid literature as the "swoop before the massacre." The Mexican cares more for his bronco, if it is fast, than for any other of his possessions, and if it is a particularly speedy one he will positively "go broke" on its adornment. The Mexican racing bronco, however, and in fact the bronco throughout his Western home generally, is not fitted to the kind of racing more prevalent on the Atlantic coast tracks without training and breeding. The bronco is unexcelled in either the sprint of a few hundred yards from a standing start, or for a race of some considerable distance, such trials as we never have in the East. The same nervous catlike alertness which has made the mustang the greatest, the only cow pony in the world, makes him the fastest starter among equine flesh. Add to this a natural turn of speed for a short distance, and you have a sprinter of unequalled speed. He is quite as unbeatable in tests of long distance. There is no quadruped which possesses such endurance as this same unkempt, unattractive bronco.

To me the bronco has been one of the most interesting studies, and I may add, the safest. He has found trails in strange country, and on a night, so dark that no man could see with his ears; he has discovered water when both of our tongues were swollen from extreme thirst; he has been a watch-dog against murderous thieves and wild beasts; once his astonishing intelligence saved us both from death in a snow-slide, and gave me a cue which later did much to save my navigation; in tests without number has he after finishing the day's journey with apparently not another pound of strength in reserve, "bucked" the next morning with every particle of his pristine vigor and skill. No animal is more susceptible to kindness once he is assured of your good intentions, and those that assert to the contrary simply do not know the bronco, or their interviews with him have been through the medium of loaded quirts and blood-stained rowls.

I have wandered from the immediate subject which Mr. Smalley has presented so artistically for the pleasure of our readers. The American Pony-racing Association was organized two years ago through the efforts of a handful of thorough-going sportsmen, including Jenkins Van Schnick, H. L. Herbert, Elliott Roosevelt, A. Belmont Purdy, J. Clinch Smith, F. T. Underhill, August Belmont, Louis V. Bell, J. R. Wood, and others whose names do not come to me just at the moment of hurried writing. It was really the direct result of polo, which, in its earlier days, had for the first time brought together sportsmen on these diminutive horses and developed the natural result—a race. Its success for the first year was all that could be desired, showing a record of eleven meetings and 210 ponies, and allowing professional jockeys to ride at its meetings, and one or two other arbitrary rulings have rather worked against it in its second year, and the present season does not make so good a showing as the first. It is a movement, however, that is bound to win, if the

advice given in these columns from time to time is followed. The officers of the A. P. R. A. will realize the truth of what was said last week in considering the details of "Amateur Sport" in this paper, and come to the rescue of the grand sport ere it is too late.

C. W. W.

J. CARROLL BECKWITH.

The Parisian American, though a type of recent development, is not rare in the art world of New York to-day, and he flourishes likewise in literary circles. In London his prototype is the delightful "Continental" Englishman, who, from long residence in France and other countries, has lost all trace of insular prejudice, and has picked up most of what is good and worth knowing from his neighbors. Our New York Parisians began to come home ten or twelve years ago, and they had to fight hard for places in the front ranks of American artists. They were called foreigners who had learned to paint in Paris, and who had nothing in common with the Americans. What of all, it was said, that they sneered at American subjects. Well, the Parisian has gained his right to stay and to be respected now; and though those who came first have lost their old air, perhaps, they are none the worse for that, and in its place many of them have taken on the firmness and quickness that distinguish the American in profession and business life, and are found among the leaders in everything that helps to advance our civilization, and ready workers in every good cause that tends to improve the condition of native art and education.

Among the Parisian Americans who came back to their native shores in 1878 was J. Carroll Beckwith, and no one among them was endowed with more graces. He could twang a guitar like a Sevillian, and sing Spanish, French, and Italian songs. He wore a jacket that looked as if one could paint a masterpiece in it; the dog at his heels was admirably picturesque; and, like a man who had lived long in a place where real delights of urban life abound, he involuntarily winced with pain at the horrible clatter and din of our streets, and shrugged his shoulders at the shocking bad taste of the inhabitants. But Beckwith had that in him that prevented him from spending his life as a carper. He soon saw that his new life was worth it, and he took it for what it was worth. He rented a studio in Fourteenth Street, got a sitter, and painted a portrait of a lady in full length; sent it to the academy, was highly praised for his likely talent, and set about getting other orders. He became thrifty, and made every stroke pay. The intending patron, who was never without the politest of speeches, found that he had a clear-headed man of business to deal with as well as a talented young painter. Beckwith clinched his orders, and made rapid progress in his career. He is now one of the best known of American portrait-painters, and an active publicist.

James Carroll Beckwith was born in Hannibal, Missouri, September 23, 1852. Somewhat delicate as a child, he found—as far back as he can remember—more amusement with his lead-pencil than in anything else, and, encouraged always by his mother, he began to paint in drawing when he was about sixteen years old. Soon afterwards he became a pupil in the schools of the Academy of Design in Chicago, which had then become the home of his family. In 1871 he came to New York, and worked two years at the National Academy under Mr. Wilmart, and in October, 1873, he sailed for Europe. He went directly to Paris, and entered the atelier of Carolus-Duran. He made the *concours* for Yvon's celebrated class in drawing at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts for the first time in the spring of 1875, and was admitted. He was admitted seven times to this class, and drew there from life during almost all of his Paris residence, and his honorable mentions for his work. He studied constantly in the mornings in the Carolus school, and for a couple of winters in the evenings worked in the Bonnat night school. He was elected *maître*, or chief of the school, in the atelier of Carolus in the autumn of 1874, and held that position until his return to New York, in 1878.

Perhaps no one among the American painters who have studied their art in Paris enjoyed the same intimacy with his master as Beckwith did with Carolus. He took a studio in 1875 with John S. Sargent, who had come up to Paris from Florence the year before, and the two young men were much together. Sargent and Beckwith were favorite pupils, and aside from their study in the working atelier in the rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs, were a good deal occupied in their master's own studio in the Passage Stanislas near by. The first work Beckwith did of this sort was in 1877, when Carolus called on him to paint a background in a boy's portrait. This working in the master's studio is something by no means common in Paris, but Carolus loves the traditions of the princes of painting, and delights in the homage of his pupils. Beckwith painted backgrounds and draperies with right good will for six months or so, and at the same time, with Sargent and two or three other pupils, in a vast room furnished by the government, helped in the great work of painting a ceiling for the Salle Beaux-arts in the Louvre. This composition represents "The Triumph of Marie de Medici," and covers a canvas about forty feet square.

Carolus made a composition sketch of the ensemble; the pupils made studies from models in the poses of the different figures, as shown in the sketch "squared them up" to the required size on the big canvas, and blocked in the masses of color. Then the master used to come in, with praise for one and blame for another, and complete the work. This period of his stay in Paris, which covered the last two years, Beckwith much enjoyed, and it was not strange if New York impressed him as decidedly Philistine in character when he came here fresh from such agreeable surroundings. A strong lot of men were the American students in Paris who were his contemporaries. Among his own studio companions were Sargent, Low, and Fowler. In Bonnat's were Blaisfield, Leland, and Pearce. At the Beaux-Arts, under Gérôme and Cabanel, were Bridgman, Brush, Thayer, and Weir.

One of the first things Beckwith found to do in New York was teaching. The Art Students' League, now the most flourishing art school in the country, was in its infancy when Beckwith was in Paris, and it was the organization of a class in drawing from the antique. He is still an instructor in that class, and among his pupils who have been to Paris too and come back again are such well-known painters as Irving R. Wiles, Herbert Denman, and W. M. J. Rice. He used to go back to Paris himself pretty regularly, and spent the five summers following his return to America in France. Later he has remained at home, and now he has a summer place at Oteora, in the Catskills. There he painted the lifelike portrait head of Mark Twain, who was one of the pleasant colony that makes the Bear and Fox Inn such a delightful place of resort, and there, more perhaps than in his fine studio in the Sherwood, where he is the busy portrait-painter, his friends find again the clever companion of former days, with whom they worked and played in Paris and strolled through the sunny towns of Italy and Spain. Beckwith is a draughtsman of great skill and a painter of much more than ordinary cleverness. His portraits are notable for sound construction and solid modelling, as well as elegance and truth of line, and he rarely misses a likeness. He may not be counted a colorist, perhaps, in the sense of sacrificing other things to obtain quality of color, but his new work is coloring and never open to the reproach of blackness, as the work of men who are especially impressed by form very often is. He first exhibited at the National Academy of Design, and has exhibited there regularly ever since. His first picture at the Society of American Artists was shown in 1878, and the one that has been constant contributor. He made his debut at the Salon in 1877 with a "Head of an Old Man," and exhibited there afterwards—in 1882, Portrait of William M. Chase; in 1887, Portrait of William Walton; in 1889, "Girl Reading"; and in 1890, "Mr. Isaacson." He is a member of the American section of the Universal Exposition at Paris in 1889, exhibited a picture called "The Falconer," and at the Paris Exposition of 1889 he was represented by three portraits. He received a *mention honorable* at the Salon of 1887, and a bronze medal at the Exposition of 1889. He is a member of the Society of American Artists, and was elected to the National Academy, a member of the American Water-color Society and of the Painters in Pastels, an honorary member of the Art Students' League, and president of the National Free Art League, which made such a good fight in Congress last winter for the abolition of the barbarous duty on foreign works of art.

WILLIAM A. COFFIN.

THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE.

MR. ROSWELL PETTIBONE FLOWER, the Democratic nominee for Governor of New York, is a man who has been in politics, and also as one who by reason of his wealth had been brought forward. However the latter part of this idea may be, it is scarcely true that he is new in politics, as he was chairman of the Jefferson County Democratic Committee many years ago, and long before he became a man of wealth, and ever since his youth he has taken an active personal interest in political affairs. He was born in Jefferson County, New York, in 1835, and lived there until 1869, when he came to New York. He has, however, always kept a home in Watertown, and one element of his strength now is that he really represents on the ticket two parts of the State quite remote from each other. His father's ancestors came from Ireland in the seventeenth century, and settled in Connecticut. His mother belonged to the thrifty and hardy Scotch-Irish race, from which so many of our most successful and hard-headed men have sprung. Mr. Flower's father had a wool-carding and cloth-dressing mill at Theresa, Jefferson County, and the son, when a mere child, was obliged to do a full day's work all through the summer in the mill. After his father's death, which occurred when the son was eight years old, he was obliged to work even harder than before, but during the winters he went to school. He staid at school till he was sixteen, when he was graduated from the Theresa High School. Then he secured a place as a teacher in a country school, and had the usual experiences while boarding around with the parents of his pupils.

He was a clerk in Watertown at five dol-

lars a month, a clerk in Philadelphia for a house which failed in one month after he entered its service, and then settled down when he was nineteen as Assistant Postmaster of Watertown at fifty dollars a month. This position he held for six years, and during that time saved his first thousand dollars. With this he bought an interest in a jewelry business in Watertown, and he conducted this shop until he removed to New York nine years later. In 1859 Mr. Flower had married the daughter of Mr. Morris M. Woodruff, one of the substantial citizens of Watertown. Another daughter of Mr. Woodruff had married Henry Keep, who from the humblest beginnings became one of the richest and most successful railroad managers in the country. He had been president of the New York Central, treasurer of the Michigan Southern, and president of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway. When he found his health broken down, Mr. Keep sent for Mr. Flower, and asked him to take charge of his affairs, when he was dead, for the benefit of Mrs. Keep. This Mr. Flower consented to then, and the business compelled him to live in New York.

Mr. Flower soon after coming to New York went into the banking business, his firm being Benedict, Flower, & Co. This lasted several years, and was then changed to R. P. Flower & Co., two of Mr. Flower's brothers being his partners. This firm is still in existence, though Mr. Flower has retired from an active participation in its affairs, and is now only a special partner. The Keep estate under his management has increased greatly in value, and Mr. Flower also, through the chances open to him as Mrs. Keep's agent, has accumulated a very ample fortune. He has such an interest in the management, as director, of many railroad and other corporations, and has always declined to invest in any property of which he did not have personal knowledge.

In 1880, when General Garfield sent Mr. Levi P. Morton to Paris as United States minister, he had just been elected to Congress in the Eleventh District of New York, a majority of 4000 votes. When he resigned, the Republicans nominated Mr. William Waldorf Astor, and the Democrats put up Mr. Flower, who consented to run upon the distinct understanding that he would not purchase a single vote. He was elected by a majority of 3000 votes. This success, which gave Mr. Flower great prominence, and at the next State Convention he had a very large following as a candidate for the nomination for Governor. In the first ballot he had 123 votes; General Slocum, 123; and Mr. Cleveland, 61. Every one knows how Mr. Cleveland was nominated. At the next State Convention he was nominated against his protest for Lieutenant-Governor on the ticket with Mr. Hill. He declined to accept, and General Jones was substituted for him.

He declined a renomination for Congress at the end of his first term, but he was very active in political work. He was a delegate to the National Democratic Convention which met in Chicago in 1888, and was somewhat spoken of as a suitable person for the nomination for the Presidency, but it was inevitable that Mr. Cleveland should be the choice of the Convention. The same year Mr. Flower was a candidate for Congress for the Twelfth District, and was easily elected. In this Congress he served on the Committee on Ways and Means and the Committee on the World's Fair. He worked hard to have the Fair located in New York, and when Mr. Springer, of Illinois, questioned the validity of the \$10,000,000 in bonds which the New-Yorkers proposed to issue, Mr. Flower said that he would undertake to buy them all at par, and pay for them in cash.

As a political organizer, Mr. Flower has been very successful. Before he came to New York to live, and while at the head of the Jefferson County Democratic Committee, he urged upon Mr. Tilden the wisdom of interesting young men in the party organization, and Mr. Tilden followed his advice. In 1877 he was chairman of the Democratic State Executive Committee, and his party won, although there was a bolt. Five years later he was chairman of the Democratic Congressional Committee, and last year in the same position he had the satisfaction of seeing more Democrats elected to Congress than ever before. As soon as he had accepted the nomination at Saratoga for Governor, he wrote his resignation as a member of the Congress which meets in December.

In the use of his wealth Mr. Flower has acted with generosity and public spirit. In the neighborhood of Watertown his benefactions have been large and numerous, and have helped no little in making him the most popular man in that section of the State. In Theresa he has built a church in memory of his mother, and in Watertown he has built another church, which is said to be the handsomest in northern New York. He is a vestryman of St. Thomas's Church in New York city. When his only son, died, in 1881, Mr. and Mrs. Flower gave \$5,000 to St. Thomas's to construct, at Sixty-fifth and Second Avenue, a building to be called St. Thomas's House. This was in memory of his son. He has also given a hospital to be used by the students of the Homoeopathic Hospital. He has only one child, Mrs. John B. Taylor, of Watertown. His home life, whether in New York or Watertown, is very simple and unostentatious.

JNO. GILMER SPEED.



FURTHER INFORMATION GOES TO PROVE the correctness of my criticisms on Lord Hawke's job lot of cricketers that have come over this week to show us how little we know of the game. Last week, in giving the names of the English eleven, I said it was by no means a team of the first class; this week I add that it hardly ranks as such. It is only fair to say, however, that Lord Hawke's efforts to bring over none but simple amateurs have resulted in numerous declarations that have been very disappointing to him. Had he succeeded in getting together the team he had planned, we should have had our hands full in beating them. It is just as I have before said a number of times, the English cricketer considers us small game, and we must give him a sound drubbing ere he respects our prowess. This week and next the golden opportunity is presented.

LORD HAWKE is nominally, I believe, still captain of Yorkshire. New Yorkshire is represented in the cricket field entirely by professionals, and as it is fatal in the interests of good cricket to permit a professional to captain a county team, Yorkshire has to put up with the best available amateur. He is an enthusiast of course—cricketers usually are—but what has he done? Nothing at Eton, very little at Cambridge, and less since. Indeed, his form this season has been so uniformly bad, his average being only 16.11 for 14 completed innings, that not even a lucky century scored against Somerset could demonstrate that he had any right to play for his country. Moreover, he is shockingly careless in his field.

LORD THROWLEY, TOO, IS ONLY a third-rate bat and a fourth-rate bowler, whom all poor batsmen are wont to refer to as "sweet," and has not even been chosen to represent his county this year. K. J. Key loses more runs in the field than he makes by the bat, although occasionally, when set, he can hit pretty freely. Hewitt, Ricketts, Wreford-Brown, and Hillyard are, of course, fair cricketers, but to include them on an eleven purporting to represent England, even in a remote degree, is simply ridiculous. C. W. Wright and L. C. H. Palairet are probably the two best men of the team. The former is a steady though puny batsman, first-class behind the wickets; and Palairet is the mainstay of Oxford and Somersetshire in the batting line this season. A cable in a recent issue of the *Herald* announced the substitution at the last moment of S. M. J. Woods for Palairet. If this is so, it will greatly strengthen the visitors, for Woods is one of England's best bowlers. Horsley and McAlpine are hardly worth mentioning, so far as their prowess is concerned, both having evidently been chosen on account of *bon camaraderie* rather than ability. The latter plays for a little Kent club called "The Mote," and generally goes in at the tail end of the innings. He invariably comes out about as soon as he goes in. None of the men are bowlers, and to hail the team as a national one is to confess our ignorance.

THE TEAM CHOSEN BY THE International Committee of Philadelphia to play in the first match against Lord Hawke's team Friday, Saturday, and Monday, September 25th, 26th, and 28th, is as follows: G. S. Patterson, F. H. Bohler, H. I. Brown, R. D. Brown, F. E. Brewster, F. W. Ralston, Jun., C. Coates, Jun., W. Brockie, H. P. Bailey, W. Scott, and S. Law.

This is a very strong team, probably the strongest native-born eleven that could have been chosen. A. M. Wood, who played so finely against Boston and Chicago, being of English birth, has not been asked to take part in the coming matches, although his presence would have strengthened the team considerably. The policy of the Philadelphia committee in following none but players who have learned their cricket on our grounds to take part in international matches has been the subjects of much adverse criticism from the English resident cricketers and their sympathizers, but there is no doubt as to the soundness of the Philadelphia decision that the practice in vogue in some cities of including Englishmen in American representative eleven is an international match of its interest by eliminating the national feature. Indeed too much praise cannot be given the Philadelphians for their sportsman-like stand and evidence of thoroughly American spirit.

WHILE WE ARE DISCUSSING the international match, I have been sorry to notice several intemperate remarks at the Philadelphia committee by one of our New York papers, and the New York match against the Englishmen. Space is too valuable to go into the matter very deeply; suffice it to say that such comment comes from the uninstructed. The fact of the matter is the executive of the committee wrote over here to the "Metropolitan League" concerning the date, etc., as early as September 2d. The New Yorkers failed to reply until a few days ago, and now, I understand, they are objecting to the terms, which are simply that they shall take charge of the expenses of the Englishmen while in their hands, retaining all gate re-

ceipts. Some people are never satisfied; if the Philadelphians had offered to pay all expenses of the visitors while they are in New York, giving all gate receipts to the "Metropolitan League," I presume the New Yorkers would then be howling for a share in the receipts at Manheim.

AS PREDICTED IN THIS COLUMN would be the case, Philadelphia won the cricket match for the championship of America. I must acknowledge, however, that I was scarcely prepared to see the Chicago players so completely outclassed in every department of the game. The absence of Dr. Ogden was sorely felt by Chicago; but even that would not account for the almost childish exhibition given by the Western players, who were practically never in the game from the start until the finish. With the single exception of A. M. Wood, who is a naturalized citizen, the Philadelphia team was composed exclusively of American-born citizens, whereas the Chicago eleven was made up entirely of imported material. The victory of Philadelphia may therefore be looked upon as a vindication of the principle of national representation as opposed to that of importation.

The Philadelphians batted superbly and bowled most effectively, disposing of their opponents without any trouble, and winning with ridiculous ease. Their fielding, however, was scarcely first-class; but the carelessness observed in that department was doubtless due to the fact that they were never for a moment required to exert themselves in order to win the match.

THE MANHATTAN ATHLETIC CLUB'S carnival of sports on Saturday last proved to be the biggest affair of the kind ever given in this country. It is wellnigh impossible to say how many people visited the club's grounds between eleven in the morning and ten at night, but it is a fact that the immense grand stand, the lengthy rows of bleachers, and every available bit of ground about the track were filled to overflowing after two o'clock. There were at least 15,000 people on the grounds all the time, and they were going and coming constantly. Anything so elaborate has not before been attempted in athletics, and the exceptionally good management was therefore the more praiseworthy. From the clay-pigeon shooting at eleven o'clock down to the electric-light display at seven, every event went off on time and without a hitch. The programme was scheduled to finish at 6.15 p.m.; it finished at 6.32.

When it is considered that it covered seven hours, and included a shooting competition, swimming, naphtha launch, canoe and eight-oared shell races, athletic and cycling events, a tennis tournament, base-ball and lacrosse match, and a foot-ball exhibition, the excellence of management is appreciated. The track was in superb condition, and will be a lasting monument to the skill of James Robinson, the club's athletic manager. No new track in this country has ever recorded such times as this one, and it is unquestionably destined to be the fastest in existence. This carnival of sports was a huge undertaking, but in carrying it off successfully, the club has given vigorous encouragement to every one of the season's sports in its general athletic department. The club's most recent departure, lawn-tennis, has its first tournament, and H. L. Bloomfield is to be congratulated on its success, for he worked early and late, and under great difficulties.

WHEN LUTHER CARY FINALLY secures the 100 yard record, no one will have the hardihood to deny that he has earned it. He has had enough hard luck to take the heart out of the average man. Every time he makes an exceptionally good performance something prevents its recognition. On Saturday, in the trial heat of the 100 yards, he was timed in 9½ seconds, equalling the world's record, made by John Owen, of the Detroit Athletic Club, at Washington, last October; but as there were only two timers on hand, the other three being off wool-gathering, it cannot be accepted as a record, the A. A. U. calling for three timers. It was too bad, and the one blunder to mar the day. In the final Tommy Lee, N. Y. A. C., who is running in grand form, starting from the 14-yard mark, raced Cary the entire distance, and finally won by a foot in 10 seconds. Cary made a desperate effort, but Lee was too strong for him. An ex-professional from Providence got into the 220 on the 10-yard mark, and captured the prize in 21½ seconds, with Henry Remington, M. A. C., and Vredenburg, N. Y. A. C., running strong and close. More care should be exercised in taking unknown entries from a distance. Massachusetts is full of reinstated amateurs who have left the professional ranks because business is slack. Athletic committees must keep their eyes open. The absence of Dohm, Downs, and Remington from the race gave the impression that the event would be uninteresting, but it wasn't; quite the contrary, it was the most stirring event of the afternoon. G. J. Bradish, N. Y. A. C. (one of the best captains that club ever had), was on the 10-yard mark, and ran a fluently judged race, finishing first by five yards in the fast time of 49½ seconds. Downs failed to run because of a boil on his hand, and Remington devoted himself to the 300-yard dash, which he won easily in 31½ seconds.

THE MILE WALK BEGAN the record breaking of the day. Curtis, the recent English

importation, lowered the world's quarter-mile record to 1.23, two seconds better than it was, and finished the mile in 6 minutes 38½ seconds, with Shearman second by 15 yards in 6.42½. Curtis's form is very fine, and his style of walking the fairest of any save that of Shearman. "The latter, by the way, is a greatly improving man—he did seven seconds better last Saturday than the week before—and I expect to see him some day at the top. Dohm ran magnificently in the half, with his free strong stride, and although pocketed at one time, finished first in 1 minute 54½ seconds, surpassing the American record (his own) 1 minute 55½ seconds. The world's record is 1 minute 54½ seconds, held by F. J. K. Cross, an Englishman. The surprise of this race, however, was the showing of T. B. Turner, M. A. C. He is the Princeton half-miler, and at his present rate will be a sure winner of that event next May. He started on the 15-yard mark, and was beaten about eight yards, making his time for the full distance 1.58 or thereabouts.

THE HURDLES BROUGHT OUT H. H. Morrell, N. J. A. C., who is certain to be a champion in one of these events, if not in both, before he is many months older. His form is good, and he is strongly put together. He won the high event from one yard in 18½ seconds, and had the low in hand easily until he lazily fell over himself on the last hurdle, and took second to Schwieger in 28½. The latter seems to be somewhat out of it nowadays in the hurdles. The triumphs of his Staten Island days have passed from him. I fear, not to return. There are many good ones in the field, and that makes me pause to reflect how this game has come up in the last few years. In '98 Jordan made his 16½ record for the high hurdles, and was considered a wonder; and when Copland created a name for himself in '87 by making the world's record for 56 lb. weight in 28½ seconds, these two had it all their own way in those days, and without record time in either event being touched. Then came Herbert Mapes, the most graceful of them all—dear boy, how little I thought then I should be called upon to record his drowning this summer!—then Williams, of Yale; and Lee and Ducharme and Lewis and Fearing, of Harvard, and now Puffer and Barnes and Morrell. The result is that the high hurdle record is 15½ seconds, held by Williams; and the low, 25½, by Lee. The old time is considered slow now, which any one of them can equal.

GEORGE GRAY, N. Y. A. C., has a penchant for making new records with the pound shot that is very fetching to spectators as well as the shot itself. He raised the world's record again on Saturday to 46 feet 7½ inches. J. S. Mitchell, N. Y. A. C., is acquiring something of the same failing, for he likewise again broke the world's record with the 56 lb. weight by bringing it 94 feet 6½ inches. Whether or not the mile record is finally allowed Conneff, M. A. C., the fact remains that he can make a new American record for the mile or five miles whenever the conditions are favorable. On Saturday he won the mile in 4 minutes 21½ seconds, and it was so announced, but as there was a ½ second disagreement by the timers in the reading, the chances are the time eventually given will be 4 minutes 21½ seconds. This is the present American record, made by W. G. George, the Englishman, in this city, November 11, 1882. George also holds the world's amateur record of 4 minutes 18½ seconds, made in '84 in London; and the world's professional record of 4 minutes 12½ seconds, made in London in '86. Hallock, M. A. C., cleared 6 feet 4 inch in the high jump, the best in his career, if I am not greatly mistaken. Nickerson, N. Y. A. C., was not up to his form, and Edwards, N. J. A. C., beat his performance of a week ago half an inch by clearing 5 feet 11½ inches.

THE COMING TWO WEEKS will be filled with athletics, and three of the most brilliant meetings of the year are assured. Next Saturday—the 26th—the Canadian championships will be decided at Toronto. On the following Tuesday the Detroit Athletic Club will hold open games, and all the Eastern athletes that are at Toronto will compete at Detroit on their way to St. Louis, where the national championships will be decided October 3d. The Canadian championships, coming first, will mark some very close contests. If Jewett, of the Detroit Athletic Club, is in the form reported, he will not be beaten by any one. Lee and Vredenburg, N. Y. A. C., in the sprints, Cary certainly should win both, unless he is caught napping. Downs and Remington will have a killing tussle in the 440 yards, and the winner is not at all assured. Each believes he can win, and both are game to the core. I have not figured on John Owen, Jr., D. A. C., in the 440 yards because I don't believe he will start. He has been ill, and it will take a strong man and a remarkably fast one to stay with Remington and Downs. Dohm is certain of the half-mile, but there will be an interesting struggle for second between Turner, M. A. C., Waldron, the Canadian, who is reported going to the United States, and runner Morris, of the Philadelphia Y. M. C. A. Turner ought to take the place, however. Morris may enter the mile instead, but there he will have an equally formidable opponent in Conneff, who is sure to win, even, I believe, if the Canadian Gibbs turns up. The hurdle events ought to be among the best, with Du-

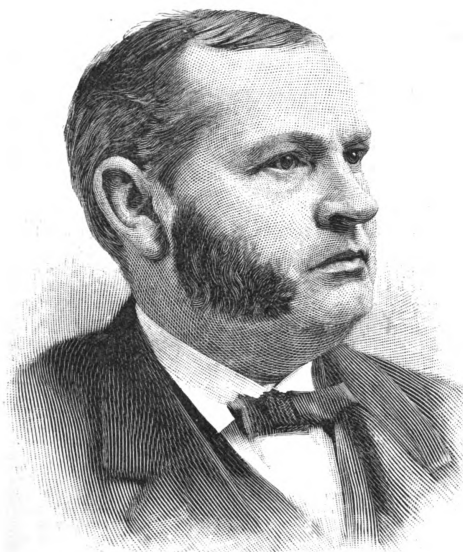
charme, D. A. C., and Lewis, A. C. S. N., added to Copland, Morrell, and Puffer. It's too bad Williams and Lee are not in form. It is not certain the A. C. S. N. will send a team, but with Lewis in the hurdle, Ramdell in broad jump, Rodenbaugh pole vault, and Taxis bicycle, it can furnish strong men. Moreover, every club of any importance ought to be represented at championships. Gray and Mitchell will secure the weights for the N. Y. A. C. Reber, if he is in such form as reported, will take the broad jump, and Copland, Ford, Ramsdell, and Jordan there contest second. Ford is not in shape. Nickerson, Hallock, and Edwards should take the places in high jump. It looks, as usual, as though Canada's chances for points are slim, though I remember they have a broad jumper who promised well last year.

THE LADIES' OUT-DOOR CLUB of Staten Island had an invitation tennis tournament last week which was worthy of more space than I shall be able to give it. And this calls to mind, by the way, the fact that I have read recently something on the decline of the game's popularity with women. So far as number of tournaments go, it does appear to have lost in favor this year, but I believe I am getting very near the truth when I say it is neither because the game has become too fast nor because it is not so fashionable as formerly—two reasons put forth—but because of the manner of giving tournaments. Women are just as fond of tennis as ever they were, and the game has lost none of its charms for sport and health, but they are not so indifferent to playing before an assorted lot of spectators, nor in a tournament where entries are accepted indiscriminately, as their brothers. What they want are invitation tournaments given under the auspices of a club, such as the one on Staten Island, or others of the same kind. Given this, and tennis for women will not want for encouraging results. The special feature last week was the easy defeat of Miss G. W. Roosevelt by Miss Burdette, of Englewood (who had beaten Miss Voorhes in the second round, 3-6, 6-1, 6-5), in the final single round, 6-1, 6-0, though Miss Roosevelt was handicapped by a strained wrist, and that necessitated a bandage, and must have had some influence on her strokes. Miss Moore, who was beaten by Miss Roosevelt in the second round, is only fifteen years old, and somewhat resembles in face and general form photographs of Miss Lottie Dodd, the former English champion. This, I understand, was her first open tournament, and the form displayed gives promise of very strong play another year. Her backhand especially is very good. It doubles the Misses Roosevelt won with great ease from Miss Stone and Miss McKinley—6-1, 6-2—and showed form that would probably have won from the pair which defeated them at Philadelphia in the early summer.

PREPARATIONS IN FOOT-BALL are making all along the line, and while there are many conjectures and much learned and lengthy discussion as to who is coming back and who is not, and what green material will be on hand, nothing will be known positively until about the 1st of October. Harvard men have not yet come together at Cambridge, though Trifford is there getting ready for them, and counting on Lake, Sherwin, Fearing, Hollowell, Corbett, and Alward. Captain Warren has taken the men he had at Cedarhurst down to Princeton, and will scan the green material as rapidly as it comes in. At present he has two new and heavy men in view for possible forwards, and is sure of King, Poe, Symms, Wood, Davis, Homans, and hoping for Hayden and some youngster from New York—a dark horse, who is promised a good one by those who know him. Captain McClung was on hand last week, but not all of those he expected turned up. Disappointment is already overtaking the Yale captain. Ives will not be able to play, after all, his physician positively forbidding it. Lewis, the green centre, who did much to lose the game at Springfield, but redeemed himself at Eastern Park, has written that he will not be back, and rumor has it that S. Morrison, who did so well last year, will not be back until late in the season, but he probably will come around in due time. The others expected are Noyes, Wallis, Kidd, L. and C. D. Bliss, Mills, Cochran, James, Paine, Heffelfinger, Barbour, McCormick, and Crosby.

ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING horse shows of the coming season will be that at Mount Morris, this State, next Saturday, the 26th. It is the occasion of the seventh annual show for hunters and carriage horses, which the sportsmanship of S. S. Howland, Esq., has made possible, and while it is not one of the largest of the year, it is one of the most instructive. There are prizes for green, light-weight, and heavy-weight hunters, and a cup for high jumpers, open to all save Mr. Howland's champion Ontario. There are also cups for tandems and fours, and cash prizes for singles and pairs under and over 15.2 hands, to be shown in harness. The judges are among the best in the country: for hunters, Messrs. H. L. Herbert, Charles Mather, and J. T. Hyde; for carriage-horses, Messrs. J. Roosevelt Roosevelt, and Frank Sturgis.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.



THE HON. ROSWELL P. FLOWER, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BELL, WASHINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 734.]

Some progress had been made in securing the necessary fund when the financial distress of November of last year postponed the active prosecution of the scheme. Before the effort had been renewed this year, Mr. John S. Kennedy, the retired banker, addressed a letter to the two societies above named, and also to the Children's Aid Society and the City Mission and Tract Society, announcing that he had bought the property at the northeast corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second Street, then occupied by the St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church, and proposed erecting thereon a building for the use of the four societies. This generous offer was quickly accepted by the societies, and shortly afterwards the old stone church was unroofed and the walls pulled down.

In his letter offering to construct and give this building, Mr. Kennedy said:

"It is, however, my opinion that greater benefits and more extended co-operation could be secured by enlarging the circle of institutions primarily interested in a building constructed for this purpose than by confining its ownership to the two originally active in the plan. . . . The building will be called the United Charities Building, and will provide offices at a nominal rent for these societies. It will also provide offices at a moderate rental for other benevolent institutions.

Portions of it may be rented for other purposes. It is my expectation that the rentals will more than meet all the expenses of maintenance, and that the building will not only furnish headquarters for these four societies, and thus release all the income now used to provide office accommodation, but will produce a surplus. In such case the surplus will be equally shared by these four societies. Correspondingly, any deficit will be met by them in proportion to the space they occupy."

The site chosen by Mr. Kennedy was a very fortunate one. It is central and easily accessible from all parts of the city. The building, which will be finished and probably occu-



THE HON. FRANCIS HENDRICKS, COLLECTOR FOR THE PORT OF NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 737.]

pled a year from now, has been designed by Mr. R. H. Robertson and Messrs. Rowe & Baker, architects of New York city. It has a frontage of 100 feet on Fourth Avenue and 150 feet on Twenty-second Street. It is a massive and dignified structure of a composite style of architecture, with Grecian ornamentation. It is seven stories high, the basement and the first two stories being of bluestone, while the other stories are of gray Ohio brick, with vitrified terra-cotta ornaments. The roof is of Spanish tile. Mr. Hughson Hawley's picture of the building, with these notes as to the material of which it is to be constructed, will give a very adequate idea of its appearance when finished. The interior

THE UNITED CHARITIES BUILDING.

Two or three years ago the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor and the Charity Organization Society proposed to erect on a carefully chosen site in New York a charity building in which the head offices of the various charity organizations should be located, and these societies appealed for help to all who had the social interests of New York at heart. The aim in view was the establishment of a strong administrative centre, from which the work of active benevolence throughout the city might be conducted with more efficiency than had before been possible.



THE NEW BUILDING FOR THE UNITED CHARITIES OF NEW YORK CITY, CORNER TWENTY-SECOND STREET AND FOURTH AVENUE. DRAWN BY HUGHSON HAWLEY.

THE STEAM-YACHT "VAMOOSSE."

ONE hundred years ago the possibilities of steam were unknown; to-day the noise of broken records fills the world, and the limit is not yet reached. There is a limit, of course, and safety and prudence may call a halt before all the possibilities are exhausted; yet to-day we are still forging ahead—literally, it might be said. Only a little while since, comparatively speaking, the steam-yacht *Siletto* surprised everybody by her speed, and the government took such a fancy to her that she is now a torpedo-boat, yet to-day the *Siletto* is out of the race.

The possibilities of speed have increased since then, and there are two boats now that are being discussed with wonder and amazement. Mr. W. R. Hearst is the fortunate owner of one of these marvels of swiftness. She is the *Vamoosse*, a production of the Herreshoff Company that is revolutionizing records on water. The object of the vessel is speed, and the purpose is attained. The *Vamoosse* measures 112 feet in length, is 12 feet 4 inches in width, and 7 feet in draught. Her hull is of white pine, 1½ inches in thickness, being double-planked, with a copper bottom. The hull is painted white, the framework of the deck finished in bronze and iron, and above rises the 12-foot pilot-house, fashioned of mahogany. Her machinery is most careful in its construction and rendered as safe as modern science can dictate. An 800-horse-power Thornycroft boiler, containing 9400 feet of cold drawn tubing which stands a pressure of 350 pounds to the square inch, and a quadruple expansion engine, with five cylinders, make up the speed-giving power. The equipment of the engine and boiler rooms is perfect. The large propeller shaft is of forged steel, and the screw rudder and propeller of brass.

Early in September the *Vamoosse* went down the Bay and ran alongside of the swift steamer *Monmouth*, forging ahead now and again, crossing the steamer's bow, and doing all kinds of tricks. There was too heavy a sea outside the Narrows, so the *Vamoosse* gave it up at that point. There were various rumors to the effect that the yacht had tried conclusions with the *Mary Powell*, the swift steamboat in these waters, but it was said that she had cut across bends in the river, and only gained half a mile in a run of fifty miles up the Hudson. On the 12th of September, however, the *Vamoosse* started out to race the steamboat in earnest and succeeded, going at the rate of twenty-two miles and more. This trial settled all questions; and now people are wondering if she will race the *Norwood*, her rival for public consideration. It is said that the two boats will shortly meet, and it is not improbable that another record will go under, and a new one rise from the remnants of the old.

THE OLD SHAKESPEARE TAVERN.

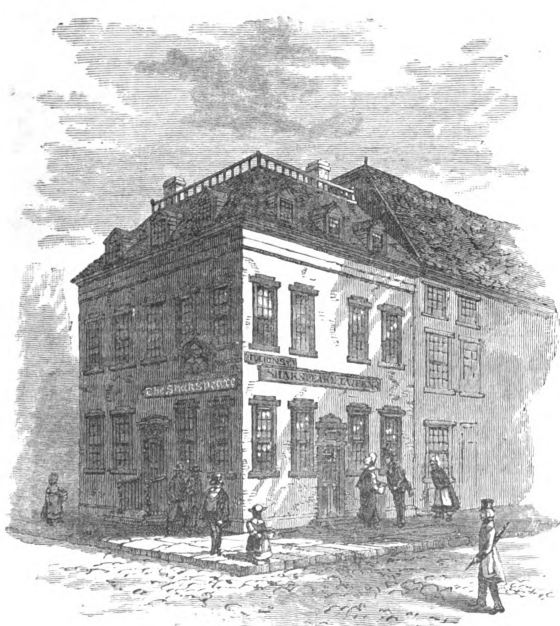
THE old building on the corner of Nassau and Fulton streets, known commonly as the *Commercial Advertiser* building, was widely destroyed by fire on the morning of September 15th. Then the "oldest inhabitant" shook off the weight and weariness of years and indulged in reminiscences. Old laud-

marks are passing away very fast, and the genial old story-teller doesn't often have a chance, so he makes the most of every possible occasion.

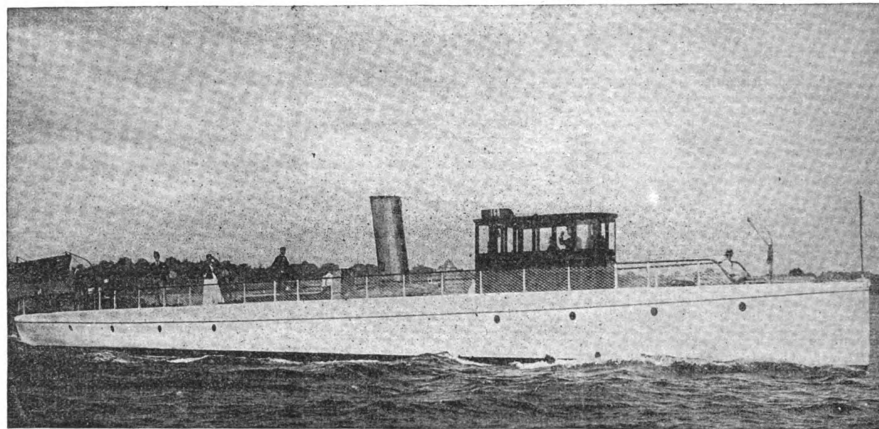
"Well, well," he remarked, as he alighted from a Broadway car, and stumbled over some cable-road cylinders at the corner of Fulton Street; "I remember when they tore down the old tavern in '36, just to widen the street, but it seems fuller than ever now-days. Goodness gracious me!" he cried, pushing through the crowd that gazed at the ruins from afar, "the whole population seems to be interested. Do you know," he continued, as he came in sight of the burned corner and rested on his cane, "that the building just burned was built upon the site of one of the most famous taverns of our town? Yes, sir; the old Shakespeare tavern used to be the rendezvous for everybody a hundred years ago. They danced there and dined there and talked politics and society. Some famous men in history have sat in the little house that used to be on that corner—sat there while they drank and talked. I remember 'twas in '24 that the Seventh Regiment was founded in that same building. They called themselves the "Battalion of National Guards," and were preparing for the reception to Lafayette, and wanted to have a name. Before that, about '17, I remember—"

In his excitement the old gentleman had pressed beyond the crowd, and was talking in the ear of a policeman. At that moment the interested listener caught the eye of his captain, and interest was neglected for business.

"Come, now, get back," remarked the blue coat, and the "oldest inhabitant" forgot what he was going to say in his hurry to escape the warning club of the policeman.



THE OLD SHAKESPEARE TAVERN.



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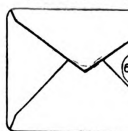
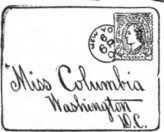
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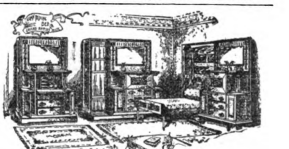
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THE RUSH FOR OKLAHOMA—THE SIGNAL FOR THE START.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 747.]

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THE ISSUE IN NEW YORK.

UNLESS all questions of State government are to be wholly subordinated to national policy, the pending issue in New York is well summarized by Mr. FASSETT as that of good government against Tammany Hall. Tammany Hall is properly described as "the most corrupt and unscrupulous political organization which ever existed in this country." At the late Democratic Convention it overthrew all opposition within the party, and the success of the Saratoga ticket would secure its supremacy in the State. In this situation Mr. FASSETT stands for the intelligent opposition of New York to Tammany Hall, and the protest of the County Democracy speaks for the Democratic part of that opposition:

"The Democratic party of to-day in this State, like the Democratic party of those dark years prior to 1871, is absolutely dominated and controlled by a combination between Tammany Hall and a canal ring. What consequences befell the party before, as the result of such a combination, we are none of us old enough to forget, and we warn all the honest, sober-minded Democrats of the State to remember those consequences, and when the proper time arrives to unite with us in the effort to wrest the control of the party machinery from those who in the end can bring to it only disgrace and defeat."

A prominent Democrat, the late fusion candidate for District Attorney, also says:

"The election of FLOWER would be the death of the County Democracy. It would make Tammany triumphant throughout the State, and would give that organization a voice in the national affairs of 1892. The interest of self-preservation demands that the Counties should work for the defeat of ROSWELL P. FLOWER, who was placed in nomination without a voice from this Democratic association."

That is undoubtedly the opinion of a very large body of strictly Democratic voters. The County Democracy may think that party "consistency" and party "loyalty" require a public expression of adhesion to the "regular" nominations. But the voters who compose the County Democracy will hardly vote to destroy their organization by wholly subordinating the party to Tammany Hall. It would be stultification for any Democrat who thinks that the control of the party machinery should be wrested from those who can bring only disgrace and defeat upon the party, to vote for that disgrace and defeat and for a return of "the dark years."

The opposition to the Tammany ticket, therefore, will be very much stronger than the united Republican vote, for it will include a very large and influential Democratic vote and a great multitude of independent voters who will gladly unite in the opposition to Tammany Hall. We speak of the united Republican vote, because opposition to the leadership of Mr. PLATT will not prevent the closest union of Republicans against the supremacy of Tammany. It is long since the Republican party was less distracted by factional feuds. Mr. WHITE, who represents its general intelligence and character rather than any personal faction, and the representative friends of Mr. WARNER MILLER are all co-operating sincerely with the especial friends of Mr. PLATT, while Mr. FASSETT has opened the campaign amid an enthusiasm which usually marks the close of a Presidential canvass. This is partly due to the fact that the Republicans feel that in him they have found the leader who has been long wanting to the party; and it is largely due also to the fact that the Republican platform, amid the general baits of all party platforms to catch votes, declares strongly and unequivocally for the great measures of State policy which all good citizens approve, and which Tammany Hall instinctively opposes. It cannot be seriously supposed that the hope of completing ballot reform, and of honest government in general, lies in the supremacy of Tammany Hall, sustained by the vast and corrupting liquor interest of the State.

It is not surprising that the campaign should have opened with enthusiasm, and that "Plattism" as an issue should have disappeared, although it threatened to become an issue until the action of the Democratic Convention and its consequences were fully apprehended. Such an issue as the practical control of the State by Tammany Hall takes precedence of every other at this election. It appeals to everybody who has the public welfare at heart, and it is a simple and intelligible issue. We have not failed to express our opinion of "Plattism," but still less have we failed to declare, in the words of an eminent

Democrat and a distinguished and public-spirited citizen, that Tammany Hall is a conspiracy against honest government. The incisive and unsparing revelations of the Tammany power and methods made two or three years ago in the *Evening Post* are not forgotten. That power is unchanged, and its managers are the same. That the scheme of holding the World's Fair in New York was a shrewd plot for the benefit of Tammany is now a very general belief, and it is no discredit to Mr. PLATT that he saw it when others did not see it, and stoutly resisted it. The fight against Tammany must be carried on under the necessary conditions of a party contest. Those who would make it effective must vote with the Republican party for Mr. FASSETT, and the candidate and the party must prosecute the campaign as a party and a party candidate. They will, however, if they are wise, restrict the discussion as much as possible to the State issues. But they cannot risk the effect upon their own voters of throwing over all allusion to the general party policy. It is fortunate that the combined foes of Tammany have in Mr. FASSETT a candidate whom in this contest they can cordially support. In personal character and address, intellectual and political ability, educated intelligence, and familiarity with State affairs, he is what the Governor of New York ought to be.

FREE SILVER-COINAGE.

THE New York Democratic declaration that "we are against the coinage of a silver dollar which is not of the intrinsic value of any other dollar of the United States" is very satisfactory and very politic. For no sensible Democrat could suppose that had Democratic New York followed the Democrats of many other States in declaring for free coinage of silver, the Democratic ticket could escape defeat upon that declaration alone. The great apprehension that was manifested before the Convention by those who are not unfriendly to the Democratic party showed, however, the feeling in regard to its possible if not probable action. There was, however, no doubt whatever, certainly none was expressed, that the Republicans would pronounce, as they did, for a sound currency. There is no doubt the free silver movement in the Senate was led by Republicans and was carried by Republican votes. But there is equally no doubt that the acknowledged Republican leaders and the majority of Republican Senators voted against the bill, while only two Democratic Senators voted against it; and in the House, while a small Republican minority voted for it, only a small Democratic minority voted against it.

It is impossible to deny, of course, that while neither of the parties is united in sentiment upon the subject, and while even Republican leaders like Mr. MCKINLEY have a confused and uncertain record of action upon it, and have not maintained a consistent and simple opposition to disturbing the currency, yet the great force of Republican sentiment is against free coinage, while the leading Democratic candidates for the Speakership are either open free silver men, or wisely reticent, or say with Mr. MILLS that it is not an immediate issue, although the Democratic ex-Speaker, Mr. CARLISLE, anticipates the passage of a free silver bill by the House. The Speaker appoints the committees, who are the promoters of legislation, and the chances that a free silver Speaker would appoint anti-free silver committees are not many or large. Granting, as it must be granted, that both Republicans and Democrats, as parties, are not a unit upon the question, there is a very great difference in their attitude. Probably it is not doubted that next year the Republican platform will declare distinctly the President's doctrine that every dollar issued by the government should be as good as every other dollar. But it is very unlikely that the Democratic platform will contain the New York declaration upon the subject.

It cannot be said, therefore, that the question of currency or of the free coinage of silver has been excluded by the action of New York from the contest of next year. Democratic New York, controlled in its action as it now is by Tammany Hall, will hardly be allowed to rule the National Convention at its pleasure. Moreover, the free silver coinage representation in it will be too strong to be disregarded. The important fact is that this issue in some quarters takes precedence of that of tariff reform, and it cannot be bowed out by those who are more interested in the latter. The Massachusetts Democratic Convention will probably express a distinct and satisfactory opposition to the universal business disturbance which free silver coinage threatens. But we shall still doubt whether a Speaker will be elected who holds the Massachusetts view, or whether a free coinage bill would be lost in the House. When parties differ within themselves upon public policies of vital importance, voting by party names and labels becomes still more difficult. Eloquent orators will continue to repeat the venerable truth that we must choose between parties, but sensible men will choose, when choice is required, according to circumstances and probabilities and experience.

MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT.

ANOTHER question in the State campaign of peculiar interest and importance is that of the separation of municipal government from politics. Upon this subject the Republican Convention made this declaration:

"We approve the principle that the government of cities is primarily a matter of business administration, and the enactment of laws to secure for all the cities of the State genuine home-rule, the enactment of a law to require a general and uniform system of municipal accounting, and the adoption of an amendment to the Constitution requiring the passage of a general bill for the government of cities."

The Democratic Convention contented itself with declaring that the Republican party "indicates its hostility to home-rule by its efforts at meddlesome legislative interference with the affairs of large cities." As large cities receive their charters from State Legislatures, and as charters are legislative acts, there must naturally be some legislative relation between the State and the cities, and there could be no wiser legislation than that which would secure to cities and their tax-payers the enormous saving of money and gain of efficient administration which would result from making their government primarily a matter of business. Political city government is virtually a matter of spoils, and there is probably not a great city in the world so poorly governed as New York, nor one in which the intelligence and character of the city are so little represented in the government.

The movement for making city government a business administration is favored by the same public sentiment which demands ballot reform and reform in the civil service. It is the same intelligence which holds that the public welfare means something else than party spoils, and that those citizens may properly take an active part in public affairs who are concerned with something else than the distribution of patronage. This feeling has led to several impromptu efforts to elect a Mayor upon a platform of the interests of the city, and not of a national party. But they have been the sudden rallies of minute-men, and did not prevail against the trained bodies of regulars. But their constant recurrence, and the hearty and active support that they receive from the younger voters, show how strong and permanent is the conviction that it is a most important branch of the political reform to which the public intelligence inclines. There is no more hopeful sign than the fact that the better political interest and action of the country does not yield to the tyranny of the party machines, but turns from the overthrow of slavery and the maintenance of the Union to the purification of administration.

This sentiment probably does not yet control either party, but it exists in both, and the plain and emphatic Republican declaration of this year shows how strong it is in that party, and will naturally attract to its support in this campaign those who hold the measure proposed by the Republicans to be an essential part of the general movement of political reform. A constitutional amendment authorizing a general law for the government of cities, a general and uniform system of municipal accounting, and a business administration, which means thorough civil service reform in the city offices, compose a scheme of municipal reform which should command the sympathy and support of those who have given both to former local movements to rescue the city from the ignorance and corruption in administration to which it has been so long helplessly subject. Platforms are often *omnium gatherums* of professions to catch votes. But the professions prove the existence of the public sentiment to which they appeal, and the probable sincerity and future action of the professors must be determined by experience and observation, and he would be a person of extraordinary faith who should anticipate honest and effective legislation for business municipal administration from the leadership of Tammany Hall.

BLACK-MAILING GOVERNMENT CLERKS.

GENERAL GARFIELD'S memory has always suffered from the publication of his letter in 1880 asking, "How are the departments doing?" And the HUBBELL circular of two years later led to an exposure of the facts in the infamous system of black-mailing the government employés for campaign expenses, which has been of the utmost service in diminishing the ravages of the abuse. No honorable and self-respecting member of Congress would now care to authorize the use of his name to pick the pockets of government clerks and messengers and char-women. This system of extortion is familiar, of course, to Tammany, which lives upon such ill-gotten gain. The late Street Commissioner in New York wrote in April, 1890: "All the Republicans have been removed from the Department of Street-cleaning, all of the County Democrats and all of the VOORHIS Democrats have been removed, and none but good Tammany Hall Democrats are to be found." Every-

body knows how such street-cleaners are made to pay for their places.

Notwithstanding the odium which has been justly cast upon this practice of extorting money from government employes under the implied threat of removal, which makes the money the price of the place, and notwithstanding that the law recognizes the infamy of the business by punishing its transaction in a public building and by one public officer with another, the Republican Executive Committee of Ohio has issued a circular to the Ohio clerks in Washington demanding "a liberal contribution," and five per cent. of the salary is, we understand, suggested. The plain plea is that the places are spoils, and the implied argument is that the holders may be justly despoiled.

It is such conduct as this, and the general, not universal, silence upon it in the Republican press, that covers with ridicule the Republican claim to be distinctively a civil service reform party. There is no more flagrant and repulsive form of the spoils system than the outrage of political assessments. It is the thief's challenge, "Your money or your place." Mr. MCKINLEY, then Republican leader of the House, said last year in his place that the best sentiment of the country, Republican and Democratic alike, sustained the civil service law. That law forbids all government officers to solicit anywhere, and forbids everybody from soliciting in public buildings. The law brands the practice as a misdemeanor, and there are men now under indictment for the offence. Will Mr. MCKINLEY suffer the offence to be attempted by outsiders in his behalf without rebuking the offenders?

BALLOT REFORM IN NEW YORK.

As we have already said, there is no more important question involved in the New York election than that of ballot reform. It is a measure for which the intelligent public mind everywhere has shown itself to be ready, and nothing proves more plainly the essentially sound political condition of the country than the rapidity with which the value of this reform has been perceived and the promptness with which it has been adopted. New York was not the first State to move, and the effort in this State has been obstructed throughout by Governor HILL. The bill was three times vetoed by the Governor, and was finally signed by him only after it had been much weakened. But Mr. FASSERT, in one of his speeches, says that that fault shall be remedied if he and his friends get the chance. The two Conventions have pronounced upon the subject, and last week we quoted both declarations. It is the misfortune of the Democratic party in New York that it is not instinctively a party of reform and progress, and the friends of large and positive measures of reform would hardly count first upon the support of Democratic sentiment in the State.

The weakening of the bill was mainly due to Governor HILL's "paster." One chief object of the bill is to secure entire secrecy to the voter, so that his selection of a ticket may be completely protected from observation. This prevents bribery by making it impossible to know just how the voter votes. Under the old system the ticket which the voter was paid for voting was kept in view of the boss until it was dropped in the box, and the boss knew by observation that the goods he had paid for were delivered. To prevent this was the vital object of the reform bill, and this the Governor would not tolerate, because it completely baffled the boss. The Governor therefore declared that the provision disfranchised the illiterate voter, and he made the paster the condition of his approval. The paster is a complete ticket which the boss furnishes to the voter; and although he cannot actually see that the ignorant voter uses it, yet it is so much easier for him to use it than to make a selection from tickets that he cannot read that the Governor, in the interest of bosses and bribery, was satisfied to sign the bill.

The friends of an honest ballot reform now propose to substitute for the paster and the other tickets one large ticket, on which all the names of candidates are to be printed, and their party character will be indicated by some device, as the flag or the eagle, so that the most illiterate man, upon looking at the paper, will see the names for which he wishes to make his mark. For this amendment of the blanket ballot the Republicans distinctly declare, and make it one of the points of their canvass. Their declaration is short and unmistakable, like the old Republican demand for no slavery in free territory, or free soil, free speech, free men. The Democrats flounder in a long and confused statement demanding reform, but no limitation of manhood suffrage, and claiming the credit of the existing law. But they make no allusion to the amendment to strengthen and perfect the law, and should they carry the Legislature there is no reason whatever to suppose that they would support it. On the other hand, there is no reason to doubt that a Republican Legislature would pass the amendment and complete the great reform.

DEMOCRATIC CLOUDS IN NEW YORK.

LEUTENANT-GOVERNOR JONES, of New York, who had at one time anticipated the Democratic nomination which has fallen to Mr. FLOWER, has announced his intention of opposing the election of Mr. FLOWER in every effective way. This he does believing that the interests both of the people and of the Democratic party have been jeopardized by the "usurpers" who have obtained control of that organization. Mayor CHAPIN, of Brooklyn, who was urged by Boss McLAUGHLIN's delegation as the candidate, and was nominated by it in the Convention in a speech so savage in its insinuations against Mr. FLOWER that the orator was loudly hissed, has written a letter of congratulation to the candidate. In Buffalo and Erie County, where the friends of Mr. CLEVELAND felt themselves to be outraged by the friends of Mr. SHEEHAN, the candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, the feeling is so strong that many Democrats will probably decline to vote for him.

As part of the political game, perfect harmony in the party is proclaimed. But those who are familiar with the game know that play in it as well as the others. One immense advantage of the secret ballot is that the voter can bolt any candidate or all the candidates, and no other man the wiser. Party discipline, because of bolting, becomes practically impossible under this excellent law, and thus parties will more truly represent real conviction by enabling their members to discipline the leaders by refusing to support improper nominations.

The Democratic situation in the State is further complicated by the allegations concerning Governor HILL. It is said on one side that he has been deposed as Democratic boss-in-chief, but on the other he is reported as expressing his entire satisfaction with the situation. He would, however, hardly announce dissatisfaction even if he felt it. What is plain is that he has lost prestige. There is no doubt that the Convention nominated by acclamation the candidate whom, although he had originally selected him, he threw over just as the Convention met. Probably there will be no further talk of Mr. HILL as a Presidential candidate next year. On the other hand, with the evident renewed ascendancy of Tammany Hall in Democratic State politics, it cannot be said that the special friends of Mr. CLEVELAND are much encouraged, although it would be interesting to know who it is that reasonable Democrats suppose could be a successful candidate of their party next year if the man who represents the chief issue upon which Democrats can appeal hopefully to the country should be set aside.

DEBATES ON THE STUMP.

THE custom of debates upon the stump between opposing political candidates has never become common in this part of the country, nor is it likely to become so. The reason is that a man who is an orator and used to public speaking, or who has ready humor and plenty of assurance, has an immense advantage over one whose views may be sound and who would make a much better public officer, but who cannot speak, or who speaks ineffectively. In the present campaign in New York, for instance, the candidates would be very unequally matched upon the stump.

A quick wit, a talent for ridicule, the sympathetic power of putting an audience in good humor and raising a laugh against an opponent, easily influence a crowd, and give the advantage of a public discussion to the speaker who possesses such gifts. A platform discussion presupposes an equality of oratorical equipment between the candidates which very seldom exists. The weight of the argument is very much less effective upon such an occasion than the skill and charm of the advocate. Indeed, the chief service of the platform in a political campaign is to arouse enthusiasm, to appeal to party spirit, and to secure prestige. The effect of a political speech which is a well-considered plea, fortified with facts and appealing to reason, is made less upon the hearer than the reader. WEBSTER and SEWARD affected a multitude by their presence and reputation as great men and leaders, but much lesser men "carried the crowd."

It would be, generally, a great mistake for a party to encourage public debates unless it was as sure of the quality of its speakers as of the soundness of the views which they would advocate. The intellectual work of a campaign is done among the millions of readers at home, not among the few hundred hearers at a meeting. Of course the speakers address these millions also in the reports of their speeches. But the immediate effect at a meeting is produced by the cleverest speaker, not by the most intelligent, able, and judicious man. LINCOLN's victory in his debate with DOUGLAS, the most noted in our history, was due rather to his immense superiority as a popular orator and to the obvious justice of his cause than to his undoubted mastery in the argument.

A WAR CLOUD IN EUROPE.

It is impossible that this country should not be deeply interested in the prospect of a European war, and it is undeniable that there is reason to think such a war not improbable. The purpose of Russia to reach the Mediterranean is a permanent threat of war. It is not a purpose which Russia is likely to relax, and it is one which can be fulfilled only by force. While such a situation continues, the disarmament of any of the great powers of Europe is not to be anticipated, and the smallest cloud may portend the tempest.

The late incident of the passage of the Dardanelles by Russian vessels carrying armed men and material of war, following the evident extremely good understanding between Russia and France, has been followed in turn by the landing of British troops upon the Turkish island of Mitylene, commanding the entrance of the Dardanelles, with the unsatisfactory explanation that it was for purposes of drill. This,

again, was followed by an urgent request for explanation from the Porte to the British government, and at the same time the Porte shows itself not unfriendly to the Russian-French alliance by conferring upon the French foreign minister a decoration of great distinction, and upon his wife the similar decoration of a Turkish order for women, instituted by the Sultan himself. Meanwhile the British ambassador at Constantinople, Sir WILLIAM WHITE, has received no explanation of the Mitylene incident from the British admiral in Turkish waters, which favors the view that the landing was a demonstration to test Turkish feeling. The admiral, however, has communicated with the home government, which, if pressed, will say that the Porte had long ago granted the privilege of drilling on the islands of the archipelago.

In this situation Russia is the important power in apparent alliance with France and Turkey, and Russian opinion, that is to say, the government, expresses itself decidedly in a newspaper article that "the clearest explanations are required from England, and the naval commander responsible for the landing on the island of Mitylene should be punished. The powers in sympathy with the Sultan will unite to prevent England from committing arbitrary acts which endanger the security of Turkey." The London *Standard*, in an article said to be inspired if not written by Lord SALISBURY's private secretary, says, with equal decision: "It is advisable that the whole world should know what the English government will do. Russia will lull itself into a most dangerous delusion to imagine that Great Britain will, under any circumstances, suffer Russia to obtain command of the Dardanelles. As long as Turkey effectually guards the straits, England will not interfere, but immediately the government of the Sultan, in a fit of timidity, perversity, or bewilderment, shows itself incapable of performing that imperative duty, England will assuredly not shrink from having recourse to expedients for meeting the difficulty." This is plain language of the kind that would be used if trouble were considered probable.

THE BOWERY.

A WORD OF EXPLANATION.

SOME of the observations in an article on the Bowery printed in the issue of this paper for the week of September 19th have conveyed an unforeseen impression of their meaning. The intent of the article was to present characteristic sides of Bowery life. To this end the main and obtrusive elements of it were set forth.

It is well known that businesses of long standing and of excellent repute are to be found there. Although they are in the Bowery, they are not of it. And thus it happened that the article failed to mention the rare and pleasant exceptions to the rule of Bowery life. DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS.

PERSONAL.

In a pleasantly appreciative review of CHARLES DUNLEY WARNER's book, *Their Pilgrimage*, published by HARPER & BROTHERS, the London *Spectator* speaks of it as an excellent guide to all the chief summer resorts in the Eastern States, from Niagara Falls to Fortress Monroe. The story which runs through the book is also praised, the descriptions of scenery and characters truthfully recalling to the writer in the *Spectator* a trip which he took through the same region some years ago.

The Prince of Wales, it is said, smokes daily three or four cigars of a brand that costs \$1800 a thousand. His royal taste can be satisfied only by income from cigars most carefully made from the best material raised in the choicest tobacco-raising district of Cuba.

The proposed construction of M. JANSEN's observatory on the summit of Mont Blanc has been suspended, temporarily at least, M. IMFELD, the Swiss engineer, having failed, after cutting through twenty-six metres of snow and ice, to find the necessary rock foundation.

H. B. SILLIMAN, of Cohoes, New York, who has been appointed President of Hamilton College, was graduated from Union College in 1845, and has made considerable money in various business enterprises. He is a trustee of Hamilton, and received the degree of LL.D. from the college.

The number thirteen has proved a lucky one for J. SLOAT FASSERT, the Republican candidate for Governor in this State. He and one of his sons were born on November 13th; he was married on February 13th; he became Collector of the Port of New York on August 13th.

Candidates for political honors are sometimes driven to queer expedients in their pursuit of votes, but Colonel WILLIAM J. VANNORT, the Republican candidate for Governor in Maryland, takes the lead for originality by challenging his opponent, FRANK BROWN, to a ploughing contest at some agricultural fair in the State before election day. Whether the challenge is accepted or not, the granger voter is expected to be duly impressed.

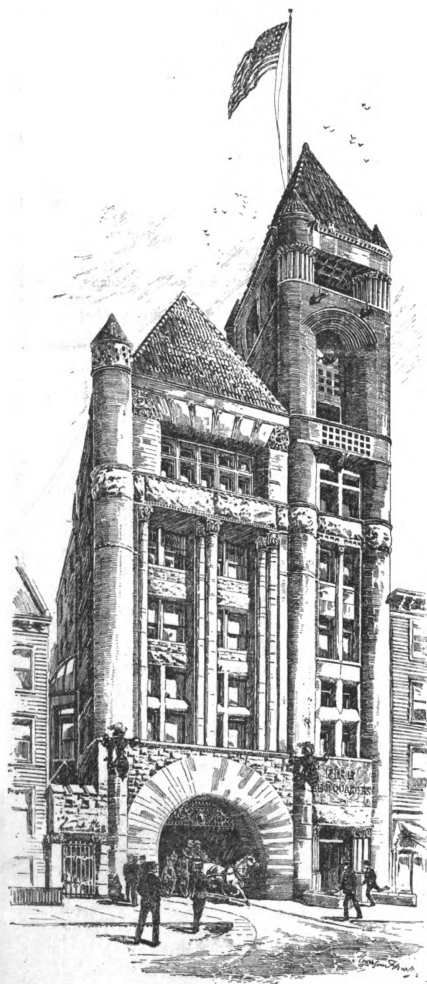
POULTNEY BIGELOW, FRANK MILLET (vice-president of the National Academy), and ALFRED PARSONS, the English draughtsman, whose work has frequently appeared in HARPER'S MONTHLY, recently made a canoe trip together down the Danube, from the Black Forest to the Black Sea.

Notwithstanding the cares of office and the disquietude caused by nihilist plotters, the Czar of Russia has kept his interest in and increased the fine collections of birds' eggs and stamps which he began as a boy.

Two crowns have recently been designed by Emperor WILLIAM for himself and the Empress. They are to be of pure gold, one a little smaller than the other, and in their construction will be used many valuable gems from the magnificent collection owned by the house of Hohenzollern.

FRANCIS DARWIN, a son of the great evolutionist, is winning fame for himself in London as a biologist.

LOUIS CORTIGNY, a well-preserved centenarian living not far from Paris, is the last French survivor of the battle of Trafalgar. He was a cabin-boy on board the *Redoubtable* when the shot that killed Lord NELSON was fired from that vessel.



THE NEW HEADQUARTERS OF THE BROOKLYN FIRE DEPARTMENT.—AFTER THE ACCEPTED DESIGNS.

THE BROOKLYN FIRE DEPARTMENT.

It becomes more and more evident that for the better control of the paid fire department of a large city there must be one general headquarters, sufficiently large to centre there not only a certain portion of the directing power, but also of that electrical machinery without which a fire department to-day would lose most of its efficiency. The old Brooklyn quarters on Jay Street having been found entirely inadequate for the necessities of the case, in the spring of this year a new building was proposed, and in March plans and specifications were sent in to the authorities, and the designs of Mr. Frank Freeman, an architect of that city, were accepted.

On the old site where the former Fire Department stood the new building is now in process of erection, and it is believed that in a twelvemonth the construction will be finished. There will be a frontage on Jay Street of 50 feet, and the main tower will have an elevation of 126 feet from the curb. Within certain restricted limits of width, Mr. Freeman has been able to devise an imposing building. The façade is to be of red Jonesborough granite, red Lake Superior sandstone, brick, and terracotta. The roof will be covered with dark Spanish tiles. There will be a double entrance, one leading to the offices immediately under the taller portion of the building; the other, a large and well-proportioned arch, will be used for vehicles. In the basement will be the heating and elevator machinery, and above that ample room for those horses and wagons without which the heads of a fire department could not perform their duties when quick service is a necessity. There is to be full space for the clerical force required, and for the storage of documents. On the fourth floor there will be a training-school and gymnasium, for the saving department of a city fire organization must have men who understand their perilous duties. Above this floor are the offices of the telegraph, superintendents, inspectors, and linemen. Here, too, will be placed the central electrical machinery, with its many wires stretching to all parts of Brooklyn. The Fire Department of that city will be fortunate in having two complete sets of electrical apparatus, as a duplicate will be kept in another building on Jay Street some distance from the new headquarters. It will be at once understood that in case of an accident and the destruction or breaking down of one set of central apparatus another will be always ready.

The inside decoration of the building will be in good taste, the doors being of solid oak. Such ornamental features as are necessary in railings to stairs are to be in bronze. Tiles of a color adapted to the building will be used for floorings, and in some cases for the walls. The high tower will be surmounted by a steel mast, on which the flag of the department will be flown.

Mr. Freeman, who has designed a number of large buildings in Brooklyn, has shown good taste in this structure. He has kept strictly within such limitations as were imposed on him by a fire department. A certain elevation of one portion of the building was necessary, and the 126-foot-high tower is not a cam-

panile, but a lookout. All buildings should be fire-proof, and there would be something ludicrous in the idea of a fire department being reduced to ashes. The architect has therefore made his structure strong and forcible, as if to assert its indestructibility. He has, then, controlled his art, and made it properly subservient to the requirements of the case.

CHICAGO ELECTRIC FOUNTAIN.

People have been known to travel miles to see the electric fountain in Lincoln Park, Chicago. It is worth travelling miles to see if one be of the sort that can be entertained by the play of infinite combinations of colors in flowing water rising into the air to a height of say 100 feet or more. Every Tuesday and Friday night from 20,000 to 30,000 spectators gather to see the brilliant show.

Whenever the fountain plays, it plays at night. Of course it plays at night. In the daytime, under the pitiless revelation of the bright sun, the fountain looks like a Christmas dinner table after the family has left it, or like the old morning stage of a tank drama. It is nothing but a large pool of more or less muddy water, out of which arises a circular wall of brown granite. Very prosaic indeed. But at night—when you see the fountain at night in the witchery of the darkness—no wonder-work of Hermes the Thrice Great, no illusion of Robert of Flood, no design of Apollonius or marvel of Johannes Philostratus, was more singularly beautiful, more laden with the raiment and color of the magical, more deft in touches of transition, in changes changing from one bewildering aspect to another, infinite in number, fascinating, full of surprise.

This is what the thousands see in the fountain at night. Higher, higher, as if it were aiming at an aspiration always just beyond its reach, but still possible of attainment, leaps the central stream, big of endeavor for climax, and never wearied of its failures, flashing from its lateral spray a million points and prisms of light, and piercing on and upwards with noble effort until its force is spent; then breaking over the topmost point, and tumbling and tossing down upon itself, flinging the old and passed water in the faces of the subordinate jets that follow it meekly, coming anew eternally with new supply, only to mount and flash and fall and fall again. As it leaps up from its unseen source in the pool, and stretches itself longingly towards the stars, it may be said to resemble some ancient snake deity in some ancient temple in the old Orient, showing its lithe and lovely form covered with beautiful flames and flakes, fit for worship, and symbolizing the purpose of man in the universe—"upward endeavor, ampler existence." A little thing as measured by the stand-

ards of material extension, but noble, sublime, inspiring, ineffable, unspeakable sentiment.

Across this central bit of color, of light and shadow, the main picture, are flung the eight subordinate streams, equidistant from the centre at the base, and between these are several hundred minor jets, each a little rainbow in itself, adding to the incomparable coloring of the greater streams their own bedazzling splendor. By a clever arrangement of reflectors and colored cover glasses, to be described below, every stream—central, subordinate, and minor—is turned into a living, leaping rod of color. The light falls on every drop, every spray, every atom of water that is thrown out of the jets, and the total result is an ever-shifting and surprising rise and fall of a clear liquid column about one hundred feet high and about fifteen feet in diameter.

The height to which the central stream is thrown (and this is true of all the streams) is controlled by a system of valves in the great square cellar or room directly under the bed of the large pool surrounding the exterior wall of the fountain. From the roof of this room rise fifteen cylinders of brick wall, inclined (except the central one) at an angle leaning toward the centre. These cylinders resemble the ventilators of a steamship if you remove the arched neck. Their tops are nearly level with the top of the circular wall, and out of their mouths project the nozzles of the water-pipes. They are closed at the mouth with round plates of glass, designed to prevent the return of the water to the cellar. Directly beneath each opening in the roof of the cellar is a carbon electric light backed with a strong reflector. On an upright turning post near the light is a circular frame, in which are fixed five circular plates of colored glass—blue, green, purple, orange, and white. The post is turned, the light is covered by one of the plates, and all the water that issues from the jets in this cylinder is transformed into a column of brilliant fire—blue, green, purple, orange, or white.

As has been said, there are fifteen cylinders; therefore, to be sure, there are fifteen lights, and five sets of color glasses of five glasses each. The master of a system of quaternions may oblige you by calculating the combinations into which these seventy-five different glasses can be thrown. But the people who watch the beautiful spectres of the fountain are too much impressed with the poetry of it to bother with the mathematics of it. The central stream measures one and a half inches in diameter, and the eight subordinate streams one and a quarter inches.

The fountain was made in England, and is said to have cost Mr. Charles T. Yerkes, who presented it to the commissioners of Lincoln Park, \$30,000. The work of the erection of the fountain and the arrangement of the sublights were made under the supervision of Mr. Dwight Wiman, son of Erastus Wiman, of New York.



THE ELECTRIC FOUNTAIN AT LINCOLN PARK, CHICAGO.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.

Original from
PENN STATE



PARSON BLACKFOOT.

THE JONAH OF LUCKY VALLEY.

BY HOWARD SEELY.

THEY called him "Jonah." Even before he burned down his ranch in 1880, in an ambitious attempt to fertilize his broad acres by a system of prairie fires, he had acquired this baleful title. As he lost his wife as well as his home by this last catastrophe, it would seem that his cup of misery was full. Such, indeed, was the current opinion among the stockmen of Lucky Valley. A few who had the honor of Mrs. Durgy's acquaintance were known to express scepticism. But be that as it may, the name of the unfortunate ranchman had by this time become so synonymous with misfortune that although Parson Blackfoot made his trials the theme of a stirring sermon, and exhorted him to renewed hope on the ground that "whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth," it was noticeable that the worthy divine did not thereby increase public confidence in his future fortunes. Neither did this glowing discourse improve his prospects as an eligible widower among the fair sex of Tom Greene County. In spite of such potent recommendations as agreeable manners, a fine figure, and a handsome face, it was generally agreed among the feminine portion of Lucky Valley that the marry William Durgy would be simply to tempt fate. This conviction was the outcome of a long train of personal disasters. It began 'way back in '71, when he told his partners one morning that he had compounded a new "sheep dip" that was prompt and efficient against the ravages of scab.

"No need of hot water, tobacco strippings, nor nothin'," he explained in his enthusiasm. "Ye jest fill your vat, put in the drug, chuck in your sheep, and the jig is over."

It proved so. Within twenty-four hours after the first experiment they lost 2000 fine ewes and wethers, and the firm went into voluntary bankruptcy. The chagrin with which this accident filled his partners is said to have inspired his unfortunate christening. It clung to him ever after.

Then Durgy abandoned sheep-farming, and went into the saloon business. At the outset he seemed successful. He had the best billiard table in the county, his bar was well patronized, and he was an agreeable and popular proprietor. But his evil genius pursued him in his new vocation. One day he mistook some strychnine, which he had used for killing wolves, for the powdered sugar he employed in the preparation of a cocktail for which he was famous. The blunder had a disastrous effect upon his patronage. For the second time the ill-starred individual availed himself of the bankrupt act, and the hostelry, which had acquired fame and popularity as a public-house, became the property of an enterprising undertaker.

And so misfortune pursued him. He borrowed capital and set up a "faro game" at Okaloos, which at first won largely, but was ruined by a famous plunger who was monotonously fortunate in "coppering the jack." A fast mare he bought at a very low figure broke her leg in her first race, and destroyed the flattering prospects which the turf seemed to offer. Some cattle he owned as a side venture drifted during a cold "Norther" the same winter, and were frozen to death on the Llano Estacado. Shipwrecked in health and fortune—in all but the flow of animal spirits, which seemed to survive his every calamity—he wandered aimlessly about from one point to another, until one summer's day he stranded helplessly in Lucky Valley. He had been attracted thither by the prevailing prosperity which seemed to favor his inhabitants. An easy affability of manner, to which I have before alluded, speedily won favor with the stockmen. In the garrulous confidences of the bar-room they listened to the story of his woes and wanderings. In this way they came to regard him as a man of push and energy who had fallen upon evil days.

One memorable evening,

when the convivialities at the "Round-up Saloon" had been unusually hearty and harmonious, some local philanthropist, roused by Durgy's eloquent recital of his troubles, mounted a bench and suggested that contributions were in order to mend his broken fortunes. "What we want to do is to set Bill on his feet agin and give the boy a show," was the spokesman's terse way of putting it. The proposition, though a novel one in a frontier community, met with singular success. A hat was passed around immediately, and whether owing to the mellow condition of the donors or the personal popularity of Bill, it was returned to him half full of greenbacks and silver. Certain individuals whose wealth was better represented by live-stock than currency promised to assist him in starting a ranch by generous contributions from their own herds. The real-estate agent of the county was importuned in Bill's behalf by influential parties, and induced to offer him a fine and well-watered range, to be settled for on a very indulgent system of partial payments. Thus it came to pass that, through the kind co-operation of his neighbors, Durgy found himself once more embarked upon a sea of apparent prosperity. He pursued his new enterprise with the enthusiasm of his sanguine temperament. But that same evil star which hung over his past was apparently too potent for even the favorable atmosphere of Lucky Valley. As soon as Durgy began to put certain theories of his own into operation, they recoiled upon their projector with ruin and disaster. When his ranch burned down in the prairie fire that he himself had started, he was evidently disheartened. The loss of his wife he bewailed in eloquent terms.

"You see I'd got kinder used to Marier," he explained to a friend who was well aware of the late Mrs. Durgy's temper and eccentricities, "and I miss her jest ez much ez I do the house and the rest of the furniture. Marier was a little inclined to leave things, and used to round me up occasionally, but all the same I feel right lonesome now that I'm travellin', so to speak, on a lone trail."

The sympathy of his auditor was apparently beyond words.

II.

It had been raining intermittently for several weeks in Lucky Valley, and the force of nature showed everywhere the effects of so much moisture. Although it was in the fall, the encircling hills were green with verdure, and the black line which marked the recent prairie fire was fast disappearing before the upspringing grasses that flourished above the burned area.

As the unfortunate ranchman rode over the undulating prairie billows, he noted with a melancholy satisfaction this renewed fertility.

"Jest as I reckoned," he muttered, "and now the ranch is gone when things is lookin' up."

A gray forbidding sky hung above him, and in the air were the cries of various wild fowl winging their way in the direction of the river. Mounted upon Lone Star, a powerful chestnut horse, of which he was justly proud, William Durgy felt a momentary sense of superiority to his misfortunes. With the strong horse beneath him, that feeling of power which every good rider knows seemed to stir within him.

"Game's plenty to-day," he said to himself, with a sweeping glance over the outlying prairie. "Praps if I rode over to Wild Cat River I might get something. I've only my rifle. I know," glancing down at the Winchester in its leathern case attached to the saddle, "but I might get a crack at a flock of geese. I reckon I'll try it."



THE SHERIFF SHOOTING AT BEER BOTTLES.

He touched his horse with the spur and dashed away.

Lone Star was feeling good that morning, and seemed to enjoy the gallop as much as his master. They were already half-way to the river, when the rider's eye was attracted to a piece of writing paper fluttering in a thorny shrub. Such an object is so rare a sight on the prairie that Durgy at once reined up and dismounted it from the sticks and grass in which it had lodged. It proved to be a note that had been folded and was now lying half open. Durgy glanced over it. It was written in a feminine hand:

"DEAR JIM,—I got the bracelet all right, and on my arm it looks too lovely! I'm coming across again Wednesday, if I can. I'll meet you at the old place. Take care of yourself, and keep out of mischief. Father's suspicious. Excuse this note. My ink's out, so I had to write with shoe-polish. Lou."

A smile of amusement gathered on Durgy's face as he read this unusual missive. It was evidently some appointment for a clandestine meeting. He had stumbled upon evidence of some secret romance. With pardonable curiosity he ran over in his mind the names of the ladies of his acquaintance in the neighborhood. There was none that corresponded with the one attached to the note. A sudden inspiration came to him.

"I wonder if thet ain't Sheriff Townsend's daughter?" he soliloquized. "I hear he's got an uncommon fine girl, but I never yet got to see her, she's been away visitin' so much. The old man's been so crippled up since the fellow filled his right arm full of buckshot thet it's likly he can't look after his family. Now I think of it, his daughter was away from home the time he got shot. I should think thet the man who got this note would be a little more careful of such favors. Maybe he had it inside his hat and it blew away."

So thinking, Durgy rode on. "I wouldn't wonder if it might be rather risky at the crossing to-day," he muttered, as he thought of the recent rise in the water holes and creeks.

"Strikes me I wouldn't want any child of mine fordin' the Wild Cat such a day as this." With these meditations passing through his mind, he drew near the line of trees that bordered the watercourse. Arrived at the crossing, he found the current rushing with unusual force over the stones and rocks that marked the ford. Below the shallows the water dimpled and eddied in the sullen depths, and hurried its swollen tide through the recesses of a rocky glen. A brisk wind that was blowing was tossing spray and foam about, and the noise of the gill and the rush of the river increased the general sense of insecurity. A perilous day certainly to attempt a crossing. Durgy was thinking of this as he rode Lone Star knee-deep into the stream and permitted him to drink.

Sitting in the saddle, with the bridle thrown loosely over his horse's neck, he saw a young



DURGY RESCUING THE GIRL.

girl rode suddenly down the sloping bank of the farther shore. She was mounted upon a small sorrel pony, and without hesitation plunged into the stream, guiding the animal with singular courage over the slippery stones. In his surprise Durgy was stricken mute with a feeling of admiration for the daring rider. But as he noted the unusual depth of the water her progress denoted, he raised his voice in a cry of warning. Apparently this was not heard by the girl, between the noise of the gale and her preoccupation in guiding the footsteps of her horse. Immediately after, Lone Star raised his head, and seeing the mustang, now half-way across the stream, uttered a shrill note of welcome. The unexpected sound caused both rider and horse to look up, and in the act of stepping from one stone to another in the swift water, the latter missed his footing. A series of stumbles, ending with a plunge into deeper water, followed, and in his efforts to regain his foothold the horse rolled half over with a mighty splash. He emerged immediately after, but with an empty saddle, and turning about in mid-stream, started in a panic for the opposite shore, which he rapidly gained. Seated in his saddle, William Durgy witnessed this sudden accident with a look of amazement that sent a chill through his pulses. A second later he saw the young girl rise to the surface and make an effort to sustain herself on the swiftly flowing current. She appeared to have some knowledge of swimming, but hardly had she risen when, striking his spurs deep into his horse, Durgy was himself struggling with the river. A few plunges and he felt the noble animal swimming under him, Lone Star's grand muscles keeping him well up as he sat in the saddle. Aiding his horse as much as possible, he was in a few seconds by the side of the struggling girl, and he cast an arm about her in the midst of the flood. Raising her with all his strength, he enabled her to gain a foothold between his heavy boot and stirrup leather, while she clung with the tenacity of fear to the pommel of his saddle. Then turning his horse about in the stream, he made every exertion to reach the opposite bank. Encumbered as he was by the additional weight of the girl, he was unable to make a severe struggle, but the exceptional strength of his horse stood him in good stead. The brave beast labored with eyes starting from their sockets, and once, as he fought his way into shallow water, he fell upon his knees. But, assisted by a strong rein on the bridle, he struggled to his feet, and panting and blowing at length drew them out upon the opposite bank, where he staggered from exhaustion. Durgy lost no time in dropping with his clinging burden to the ground.

His first impulse was the masculine one to chide the girl he had rescued for her temerity. But as he glanced at her he saw at once that, notwithstanding her wet and bedraggled condition, she was unmistakably pretty, and with a self-restraint equally masculine, under the circumstances he refrained. When he released her she did not fall, but, after a few gasps for breath, tottered to a tree and leaned against it. Here she dashed the water from her hair and eyes, and discreetly wrung her garments. The ranchman busied himself with his horse, which was badly spent, and had scraped himself a trifle against the rough rocks.

As soon as possible he turned his attention to his fair companion. She was still leaning against the tree and quietly awaiting the result of his scrutiny.

"Rather a close call," he remarked, pleasantly.

The girl laughed, and said, "I reckon." She glanced at Lone Star, who was shaking himself like a huge water-dog. "How did your horse stand it?"

"All right. He's a little winded, that's all, and the rocks cut him up some. You must have wanted to get across pretty bad to try the ford such a day as this," Durgy hazarded.

The girl blushed. Then she shivered. "Yes, I did; but that's all right," she said. "It was mighty lucky you happened around. I can swim a little, but don't believe I could have done much." She laughed again nervously. "I reckon you saved my life. Now my pony's gone, do you reckon you can take me home?"

Durgy glanced at his horse. "I shouldn't wonder. Where do you live?"

"At Sheriff Townsend's."

"Are you his daughter?"

"I am."

"I want to know! Well, I reckon you'd better climb up, and I'll foot it. You can manage, I reckon."

"After a fashion," the girl replied, "if you'll go slow."

He held the stirrup for her and assisted her into the saddle, where she perched with a knee over the pommel.

"Go on," she said, as Durgy took the bridle, preparatory to leading Lone Star. "You can be the house up on the divide there. And one moment."

Durgy turned and faced her.

"You needn't say I was tryin' to get across the river. Draw it a little mild."

Durgy nodded. Leading the horse slowly, he started for the cottage.

III.

The cottage of Sheriff Townsend was perched on the summit of a long divide that afforded an extensive survey of the surrounding country. Several times, as they paused

in the tedious ascent, Mr. Durgy inhaled his breath with a sense of the growing altitude, and cast an admiring glance over the landscape below him. There was Wild Cat River, from which they had but recently emerged, winding between banks of fertile greenness at his feet, and far beyond his own ranch, fringed by distant blue hills, over which an eagle was wheeling aloft on motionless pinions. He caught a glimpse, on a distant slope, of several flashing white bodies, which his eye readily detected to be a herd of antelope. A succession of pistol shots came faintly to his ear.

"The hunters seem to be aware that game is right plenty to-day," he said to his fair companion, with an air of attempting conversation.

The girl smiled down at him from her lofty perch on his chestnut gelding. "Oh, that's only papa practisin'," she said, quickly. "He keeps that up reg'lar every day since he's been able to get about. He's down in the peacan grove back of the house, I reckon."

"What does he shoot at?"

"Beer bottles—mostly; tomato cans—sometimes—when the bottles give out," the girl replied. "He don't have much to settle for, but I reckon he knows what he's up to, so I don't bother him much. Well, if there ain't Calico, the old rascal!" she suddenly ejaculated, as they came in full view of the cottage, and beheld a small sorrel mustang leisurely cropping the grass in front of the gate. "He ought to be hickied within an inch of his life. I reckon I can catch him on horseback. Maybe you better go down to the grove and keep papa busy talking, while I get myself to rights. I can manage mother if I'm let alone. Remember to 'draw it mild' about the river."

Durgy looked up at the still dripping naid, glancing down sadly at him as he spoke. Raising her wet garments clinging uncomfortably to her figure, in spite of the bedraggled tresses, and a certain chilly pinched look in the face, which the brisk breeze of the summit was momentarily augmenting, the eyes that met his own were very roguish and interesting. With a peculiar tremor that suddenly passed over him, and which he did not attribute to his recent immersion, he instantly made a mental resolve to "draw it very mild"—even if it led him to actual pervariation. And so hesitating, he turned away. But as he walked he felt the subtle fascination of the young woman still thrilling his pulses. He began to realize that he might perhaps be good ground for the magnetic influence which he had formerly heard this daring girl was wont to exert over her various lovers. So thinking, his hand sought his pocket-book in order to glance over again the singular missive he had found that morning. But he was startled by a volley of shots from the hill below him. This suddenly recalled to his present surroundings, he hastily ran down the hill and entered the grove.

He had no sooner penetrated its shady confines than he perceived, at a short distance from him, the absorbed figure of the sheriff. He was standing in front of a small table, which he had been roughly knocked together out of a few boards, and was painfully loading with his left hand a large frontier Colt's revolver. As the occupation necessitated his turning the cylinder and inserting the cartridges with the same hand, the process was necessarily slow. His right side, which was turned toward Durgy, exposed his crippled leg, which he had recently acquired, and which he had steadily refused to have amputated—still asserting its lost power in the sleeve of his coat, and holding the revolver in position by pressing it against his body. Sheriff Townsend was a large, powerful man, with a singularly determined expression about his mouth, and a few white hairs on his beard, and it was currently reported that since his accident his charming daughter had been his barber; but the expression which his closely shaven face revealed frankly to an appreciative public was that of a thoroughbred bull-dog in an exceptionally ugly mood. This suggestive appearance was accentuated by the manner in which he stood, close, and by certain lines due to pain and suffering, which had not, it may be remarked, tended to refine his features.

Mr. Durgy, as he remarked the general resemblance I have noted, was so impressed by this morning that he forebore to intrude at once upon the sheriff's privacy. He halted in his tracks, and remained breathlessly watching the latter's every movement. Having loaded his weapon, the sheriff raised it slowly in his left hand, as if about to shoot. The gesture indicated the direction of his marksmanship. With an amusement that almost found vent in a shout of laughter, Durgy saw a number of beer bottles perched on the tops of bowlders and vinegar kegs surrounding the sheriff in a rude semicircle.

He had hardly noticed the various targets when the sharp shooting began. The sheriff handled his revolver with admirable dexterity, wheeling from left to right with great rapidity, and as his pistol dropped to the horizontal, in each instance a tremendous explosion followed. When the smoke lifted, it was apparent that two of the five bottles still remained intact. Raising his revolver slowly, Mr. Townsend shattered one of these to atoms with a final shot; and then dropping the smoking arm, and picking up a piece of chalk, he limped painfully to a long board that leaned against a neighboring tree trunk. Upon this he recorded the result of his last volley, and for a moment re-

mained in serious contemplation of former scores. The sheriff's record was faithful, but not scholarly. It ran as follows:

Munda—Oktobre 5.—13 broke 5 mist.
Towanda— " 4.—14 " 1 "
Towanda— " 7.—15 " 1 "
Towanda— " 8.—15 " 1 "
Towanda— " 9.—14 Klean Swepe—bar one.

He was still looking at this illiterate testimonial of his prowess as a pistol shot when he heard a dry twig crack beneath an incautious foot. Wheeling about suddenly, he met the brown eyes and handsome lineaments of William Durgy.

"Howdy?" said that gentleman. "What's up—practisin'?"

"Be ye blind, thet ye can't see?" the sheriff responded, with a sharpness of utterance that was more like a peevish bark than human speech. He limped nimbly back to his pistol and began reloading the arm, his sullen look accentuated by the interruption.

"No, my eyes ain't gone back on me none jest yet, I reckon," responded Durgy, cheerfully. "But I didn't quite see the object of wastin' so much powder, thet's all."

"Ye didn't," replied the sheriff Townsend. "Be ye payin' for it?"

"No."

"Waal, then," replied the other, sharply, "e'sposin' ye leave thet to the feller thet is." He smiled a grim smile that disclosed a set of strong, almost canine teeth. "Thet's a pretty neat score, ain't it?"

Durgy cast an admiring eye over it. "All done with the left, Joe?"

"Sartin," said the sheriff. "Did ye reckon I held the six-shooter in my teeth?" "Jonah," why don't ye let yer brains save thet tongue o' yourn a trip?"

"I don't see how ye do it," said Durgy, ignoring the other's peevishness.

"Do it? I got to do it!" replied the sheriff, pausing in his loading, and bringing his jaws together with a snap like a steel-trap. "Ever sence you sent me on thet fool's errand, and I got them twelve buckshot in my right arm for my foolishness, ef I don't learn how to sling 'em left, while in thunder's goin' to become o' my business!"

A pained look stole into Durgy's ingenious features. "How was I to know, Joe, thet the feller reckoned to lay ye up?" he remonstrated.

"I don't know ez I said ye knowed it," the sheriff responded, testily.

"I met him in the dusk," Durgy continued. "The man was a stranger to me, and was coming from the village. He asked me to tell you thet there was a fight down at the 'Round-up' and some permissies shootin', and he wanted to see you about it. Naturally I came in and told ye he was waitin' outside."

"And I went to the door empty-handed, and got both barrels of a shot-gun like a plumb digit," the sheriff broke in.

"Well, was thet my racket?" inquired the other, deprecatingly.

"Ef you weren't natchally sech a 'Jonah,'" returned the sheriff, bitterly, and raising the mutilated stump of his arm in protest, "I don't know ez I'd thought so much of it; but it's yer bein' thet, and me gittin' shot inter the bargain—thet's what gits me!"

"I reckon I am; thet's so," said Durgy, plunging his hands into his trousers pockets, and gazing down at his boots in apparent despair.

"Reckon ye are," said the sheriff, mercifully.

"See here," said Durgy, suddenly, stung by the other's manner. "You know what I've always told ye. I've brooded over this thing until I'm plumb crazy about it. If you know a feller thet crippled ye, and I know how to get to him, I'll make him a fact similar of ye. I will, so help me!"

The sheriff sneered in infinite scorn. "Do ye see thet score?" he asked.

Durgy nodded.

"What's the total of them figgers?"

"Sixty-three out of a possible seventy."

"Do ye reckon," Jonah," said Townsend, fiercely, "thet I'm down here every day poppin' away for the sake of givin' somebody else an opportunity to bury my dead fur me?"

He drew himself up with a grim professional pride.

"You hear me? You kin bet yer life I've spotted him; you kin bet yer life I'm layin' for him; but it's because I do my own shootin' thet I'm keepin' dark in this business. All I ez is thet this finger"—he extended the index finger of his left hand significantly—"is jest itchin', and liable to get St. Vitus's dance, and I'm kinder in to get thet top on him. When I do, the effect on him 'll be suthin' like this."

He raised the revolver as he spoke, and with a sudden quick aim took the head off the last beer bottle in a twinkling.

Mr. Durgy applauded in genuine admiration.

"Thet's why I'm holdin' this solitary prayer meetin' in this grove every mornin'," Sheriff Townsend continued, wiping the weapon carefully before restoring it to its holster—"so I kin jest natchally drop thet gentleman ez winged me, and do it proper. I don't ask no assistance whatever. But when I do it, you like, I'll call on you to read the burial service over him. He's a likely chap, and p'raps you might be able to say suthin' neat on thet occasion."

He paused and reflected a moment. "And

ef he should happen to be a little peartier with two hands than I be with one, and should drop me, instead of I him, why, then maybe you might want to apply fur thet contract. Ef you should, I hain't no objection, but I will ask ye in thet case to look after Little Lou and the old woman, for then, ye see, there wouldn't be no one left to take my place."

"Ye needn't worry on thet score," returned Durgy, warmly. "Ef it should be your hard luck, Joe, to strike a snag and go under, I'll do what I can for the family."

"I reckon ye would," Jonah," I'll do ye thet much credit," said the sheriff. "But gorrarnity! whar hev you bin, anyway?" he asked, now for the first time noticing the soaked garments of the other. "Hev you been inventin' a new 'sheep-dip,' thet yer plumb wet through?"

"Hardly, Joe," returned the other, with a forced smile at this malicious allusion to the mistake that had been the beginning of his misfortunes. "The river was a bit high comin' across, and Lone Star and I took a little tumble."

"I reckon so," said the sheriff, eying his companion. He made an ineffectual effort to extract something from the pistol pocket of his trousers.

"Here, 'Jonah,'" he said, "ye might take the trouble to git thet bottle out for me, bein' ez I'm crippled."

Durgy assisted him, and with some difficulty produced a beer bottle with a corn-cob cork. It was half full of a light-colored liquid. The sheriff drew the cork with his teeth and extended the bottle.

"This is one I didn't break yet," he said, facetiously. "It's a sort of 'silent comforter' thet I kerriy always. Ef you've got any sense you'll give it an introduction to your insides ez a counter-irritant."

"Thank ye," said Durgy. He extended his hand for the bottle. Here's the hair all off yer head!" he remarked, with easy frontier humor, applying his lips to the bottle. "Say when!"

"When!" shouted the sheriff, anxiously nursing the disappearing fluid.

Mr. Durgy stopped promptly, and restored the bottle.

"How does it strike you?"

Durgy laughed. "Well," he said, "seem ez I don't owe my stomach any particular grudge, Joe, I may say it don't strike me at all."

"Ye never had no taste for thet genooine article, 'Jonah,'" the sheriff responded, reprovingly. "This is A1 apple-jack, and no mistake. I reckon ye didn't see anythin' of Lou down by the river," he continued, tilting the bottle.

"Yes, I did," Durgy replied. "She was down there pickin' wild flowers," he added, but he was silent.

"Pickin' wild flowers, eh?" returned the sheriff, suddenly removing the bottle from his lips. "It's a nice time of year fur thet business. Why didn't ye say pickin' 'strawberries'?"

"Waal, I didn't see any flowers, thet's a fact," Durgy rejoined, quickly, seeing he had made a break, "but thet's what she said she was doin', Joe," he added, ingenuously. "I didn't gainsay it."

"No," said the sheriff, incredulously. "I reckon thet's one of Lou's 'fibs'—lies, I call 'em. Waal, this pickin' wild flowers and picknickin' generally hez got to be stopped. Thet young gal is too much for me and the old woman, 'Jonah,'" he added, decidedly.

"Women generally are," said the other, with the air of a philosopher. "Now there was Mrs. Durgy; she was too much for me—she was too much for pretty near everybody, but I tried to make the best of it."

"Yes, I know," replied the sheriff, with appreciation; "but this is different. I know Lou's an attractive gal, and all thet, but I don't like her hev'n' her own way so. She hez took a notion to goin' down by the river a great deal lately, and I don't know jest what's back of it. I may say thet my comin' down here every mornin' to kinder git my left hand in her some bein' for me on this very subject. I don't reckon to hev any son-in-law in my fam'ly thet I don't fancy. Sooner than thet, I'll do a little shootin', I reckon."

The sheriff brought his jibber-jaws together with a click and an expression that were very convincing to Mr. Durgy.

"I see the way you feel about it," he replied. "Well, Joe, I must be goin'. I've got to get back to the ranch and put on some dry clothes."

"You have, eh?" ejaculated Mr. Townsend, turning again to the table on which his revolver lay. "Well, I'm sorry I can't go back to the house with ye. The fact is I ain't quit here, but thet's the way it is. But now I know my mind," he said, raising the revolver; "ef ye get onto anythin' in regard to Lou thet ye reckon I oughter know, I'll be obligeed to yer lettin' me in on the ground-floor."

Durgy strode rapidly away without replying to this protest, and ere he left the grove the echoes were again busy with the rapid target practice of his crippled occupant.

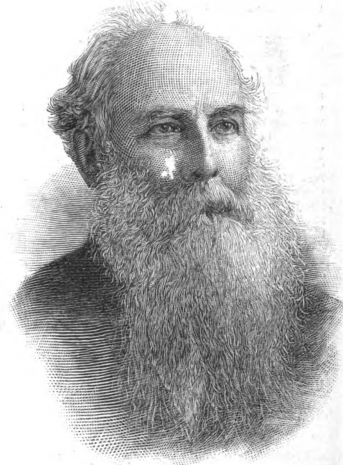
As he approached the sheriff's cottage he beheld Lone Star tethered to the front gate and restlessly awaiting him. Not feeling that his recent efforts in Miss Louise Townsend's behalf had been particularly successful, he unhitched the animal, and throwing himself into the saddle, was riding away, when the opening door of the cottage and an eager hail caused him to draw rein.



JOSEPH HOBSON, CHIEF ENGINEER OF THE ST. CLAIR TUNNEL.—[SEE PAGE 758.]



SIR JOSEPH HICKSON, PROJECTOR OF THE ST. CLAIR TUNNEL.
[SEE PAGE 758.]

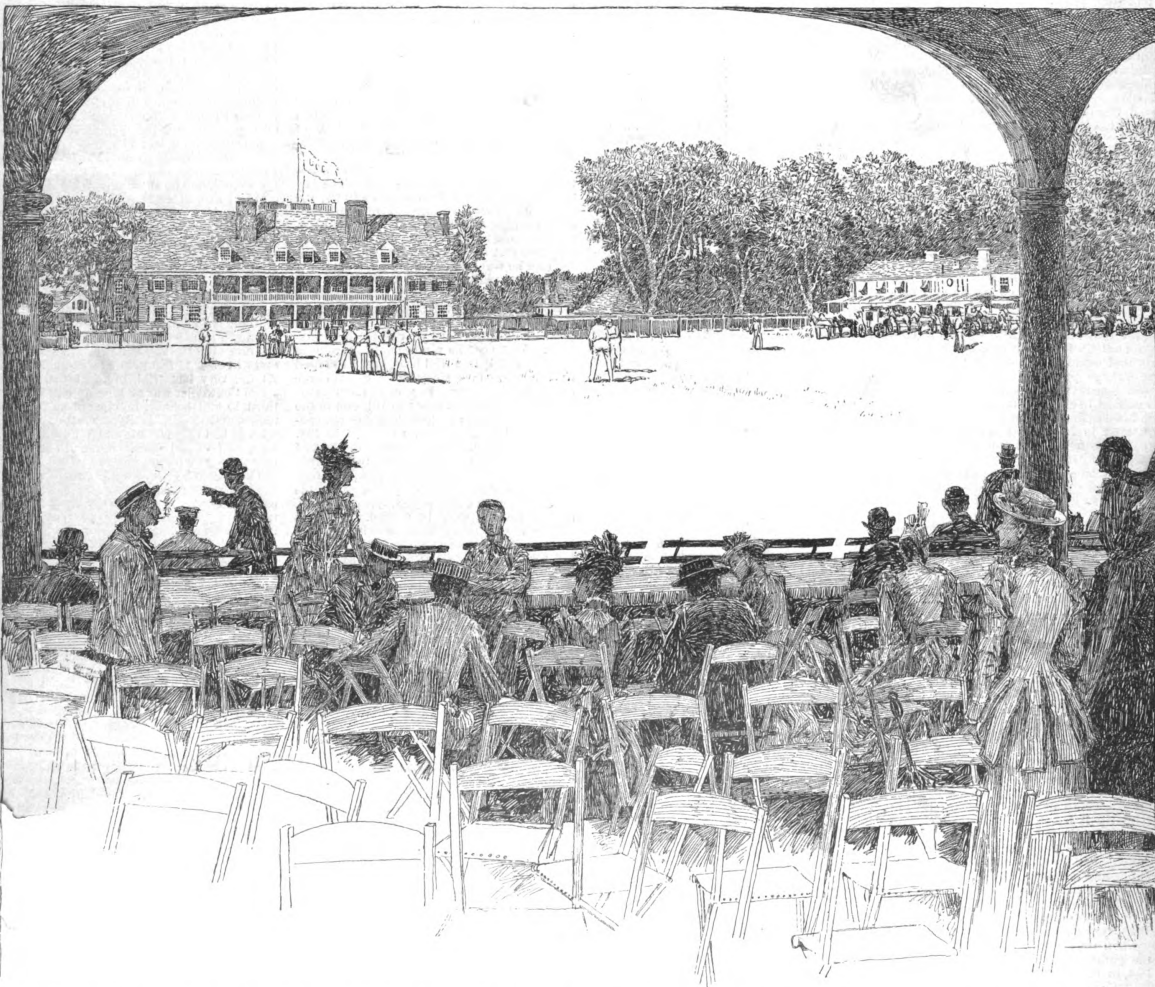


SIR HENRY W. TYLER, M.P., PRESIDENT OF THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY AND OF THE ST. CLAIR TUNNEL.—[SEE PAGE 758.]

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF SWARTHMORE.

CHARLES DE GARMO, Ph.D., Professor of Philosophy and Pedagogics in the Illinois State University, who was recently elected President of Swarthmore College, was born in a small town of Wisconsin in 1849, and is in the prime of life for executive work. His early education, received in the public schools, drew his attention to the profession of teaching, which he followed for a year before he was of

age. Entering the Illinois State Normal University, he completed the course in three years, and graduated with distinction in 1873. After being principal of the public schools in Naples, Illinois, for three years, he returned to his *alma mater* as assistant training teacher, and continued in this capacity for seven years. During this time the *Illinois School Journal*, one of the widest-known and best-conducted school publications of this country, was



THE NEW "MANHEIM" GROUNDS OF THE GERMANTOWN CRICKET CLUB, PHILADELPHIA.—DRAWN BY F. V. DU MOND.—[SEE PAGE 759.]



PROFESSOR CHARLES DE GARMO,
PRESIDENT-ELECT OF SWARTHMORE COLLEGE,
PENNSYLVANIA.

founded by him, in connection with Professor E. J. James, of the University of Pennsylvania.

In order to further pursue his philosophical study, he went abroad in 1883 with his wife and two children. For three years he studied in the Universities of Jena and Halle, at which latter place he received the degree of Ph.D.; and he closely examined the methods and systems of education in the institutions of France, Germany, and England. He returned to this country to accept in the Illinois State Normal University the chair of Modern Languages, and subsequently that of Philosophy and Pedagogics in the Illinois State University.

Dr. De Garmo is a member of the National Council of Education and president of the Normal Section of the National Teachers' Association. He has established strong claims as an author in the educational field, and in addition to numerous magazine articles, has prepared the following works for the press: *A System of Dictionary Work for Common Schools*; *Translation of Luther's Empirical Psychology*; *Language Work below the High School*; *The Essentials of Method*; *A Philosophical Investigation of what is Universal in Correct Methods of Teaching*.

In speaking, his address is pleasing and impressive, and his manner carries conviction to his hearers. His advanced ideas on educational topics, strong personality, and moral tone will make him felt in the educational circles of Pennsylvania, and under his wise and prudent guidance Swarthmore will assume a leading place in the colleges of the East. BENJAMIN F. BATTIN.

AN OPTIMIST.

In summer-time sweet Nature I adore,
Because her geniality appeals
Unto my very soul; and furthermore
For all the wondrous beauties she reveals.

In autumn days I love her quite as well,
Because I dote upon her fresh and cooling
breezes;
And then the hues spread over hill and dell
My deep-seated love of color greatly pleases.

In winter hours, too, I bend before
Her shrine and worship; she doth so allure
By sending spotless snow the whole world o'er,
And making thus all things seem good and pure.

And spring still finds me lying prostrate there,
To render praise that to her might belongs;
Because in spring all is so wondrous fair,
And worthy well the best of poets' songs.

Indeed I do not cease to sing my praise
To Nature, in my poor and halting rhyme,
In summer, spring, in fall, or winter days,
Since I'm her lover true at every time.
JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

ORIGINALITY.

EMERSON says that "Plato has made havoc with our originality." But before Plato taught, Solomon declared, "There is nothing new under the sun!" Now here is an array to daunt the boldest. Who dare speak when such authorities declare it useless? If everything has been said, what is there left to say?

Early in the world's history men discovered a few great truths. And they found out that mankind being always and everywhere the same, there would be no more to discover. And when these truths had been preached and sung and taught awhile, the listeners, who could not understand them, got tired and turned, as the Athenians did, to hear and to tell some new thing. Yet the Athenians never heard or told a new truth. It was all as old as the foundations of the world.

The few who have declared these truths in words which cannot die have at the same

time declared them old. Their names stand out like great towers in the land. We who listen and understand and long to grasp them, concede that the words of wisdom have all been spoken, that the sage of to-day can tell us nothing more, and that the last living philosopher can but give his testimony to what has been already said. "There is one truth," they all cry. "But originality! It died long before the wisest man was born."

To each mind that strives to see clearly, truth, although ever the same truth, presents itself in original forms, and in endless combinations. It is new to whoever perceives it newly. As the morning, which is always breaking since the first morning broke, seems dewy and glittering, and freshly descended from heaven to just-opened eyes, so to the mind awakened to perceive truth, it comes as strong and pure as ever it came to the first mind that gladly opened to receive it. Nature is not old. She is forever new. Truth is not old. It is born to-day in every young heart. To find an original thought would be a vain hope indeed. Yet the words of the weakest need not be silenced for that reason. For, with sages and philosophers, they may bear witness in whatever way is given them to testify. Only expression can be new. The truth itself is eternal.

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When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[Ade.]

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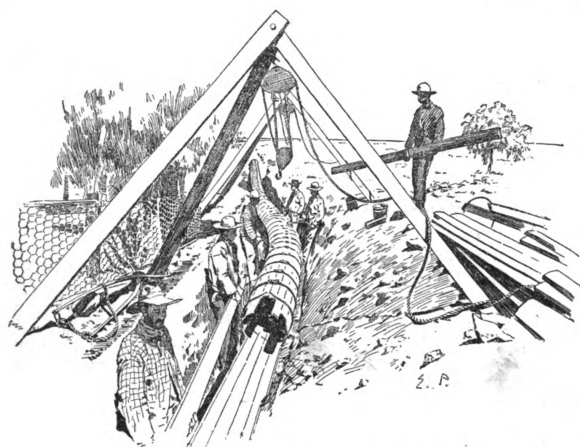
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WOODEN-PIPE LINE IRRIGATION, PARRIS VALLEY, CALIFORNIA.

WOODEN PIPES FOR IRRIGATION.

IRRIGATION is one of the oldest of the arts, and many of the ancients practised it with as great skill as has been shown in our own time, when by its help we know less than a generation ago was known as the Great American Desert has been converted into as fruitful farming land as any in the country. In such an old art it is interesting to note anything that is new, and something in this direction has just been accomplished in California. The usual method of taking water from place to place for irrigating purposes has been by the construction of canals, and that was the universal practice in ancient times. But in the western part of the United States, for some time past, large pipe lines have been laid, and have been used with much success. There is a long pipe line in California from the Great Bear Reservoir, in the San Bernardino Mountains, which extends for forty miles into the Parris Valley, in southern California. This steel-pipe line has now been tapped by a pipe line seven miles in length made of redwood staves from twelve to twenty feet long, and bound together with steel bands or hoops. This wooden pipe is thirty-six inches in diameter, and will therefore carry a large volume of water. What is new in this line is the use of wood for constructing so long and large a pipe as this for irrigating purposes. Wood is not usually plentiful in sections needing new irrigation works, and it is therefore not likely that this plan will be imitated to any considerable extent.

TO THE DEFENDERS OF THE UNION.

PATRIOTISM is one of the higher virtues of man—one of the oldest, it might be said. The ancient poets wrote hymns in its praise; the oldest established peoples held a love of their country that made them brave in the face of death. One of the greatest punishments of Rome was exile; and to-day every true man will respond to the call of his country, as the men responded thirty years ago. Patriotism cannot be analyzed; it is akin to love, but demands oftentimes the renunciation of personal love, and offers to the citizen no reward greater than that epitaph, "Dead—on the field of honor." A monument may be raised to his honor, to his corps or regiment, by State or county, but he is only one of the thousands that brought about the glorious consummation, even

though he led. Memorials, more or less local and distinctive, are raised every where, but the tribute dedicated October 1st by the people of Schuylkill County, Pennsylvania, is deserving of national credit. President Lincoln's first proclamation was issued on the 15th of April, 1861. Three days afterwards the First Defenders of Schuylkill County passed through Baltimore, and were the first volunteers in Washington. The towns of Pottsville, Reading, Allentown, and Lewistown sent forth their citizens to the defence of the Union, and Congress has recognized the band of 500 men as the First Defenders. With the patriotism that fired the people then they have raised the monument of Liberty, not only to that noble little company, but "to the brave sons who served in defence of the Union." Qualified in all respects to raise such a memorial, no more fitting sentiment could be found.

Four years ago several gentlemen formed the association for the erection of the monu-

ment, and called for contributions. One dollar was the amount necessary to secure membership in the association, and poor widows of the brave men saved little by little until the dollar was secured, in order to be numbered with those who raised the tribute. It was a popular movement from the start, inspiring every one to contribute at the cost of personal sacrifice. The memorial is an irregular octagonal column of Vermont granite. It is 18 feet in diameter at the base, and, receding in size, is reduced to a square at the height of 9 feet. Upon this rises a simple Corinthian shaft, crowned by a statue of Liberty, holding a wreath in her right hand. The figure is heroic, graceful in pose, and her foot presses upon broken shackles, and her left hand clasps the sheathed sword. At the four corners of the base four life-sized figures in bronze represent the branches of the service—cavalry, artillery, infantry, sailor. The whole is 42 feet in height. Upon the sides of the square base are the following inscriptions:

Erected A. D. 1891.

This memorial is the tribute of Schuylkill County to the brave sons who served in defence of the Union.

1861-1865.

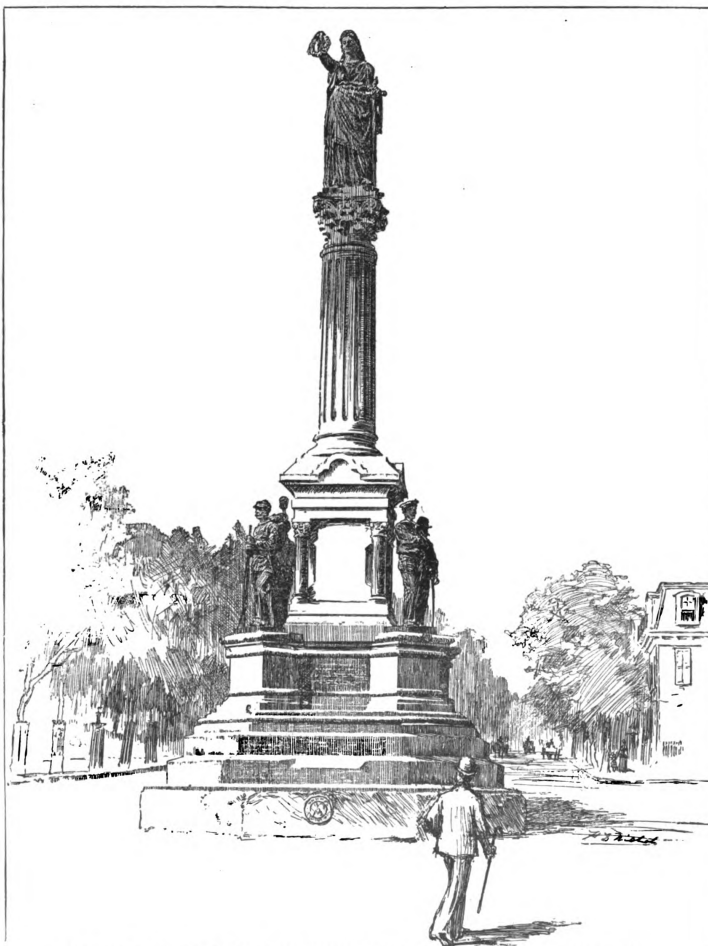
The Washington Artillery and National Light Infantry of Pottsville, 246 men, were part of the 630 Pennsylvanians who first arrived to defend the National Capital, April 18, 1861.

From a population of 90,000, Schuylkill County, during the War of Secession, gave to the armies of the Union 13,000 volunteers.

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Not long ago the Legislature of Pennsylvania ordered medals to be struck off for the men who tarried not at the first call for succor. Each of the survivors and the heirs of those who have passed away receive the memorial, and the presentation of the medals by Governor Pattison and the reception of them by War Governor Andrew G. Curtin make up one of the most interesting incidents of the day. The monument stands in Garfield Square, situated in the heart of Pottsville, and is a noble record of valor and a tribute of love and patriotism.



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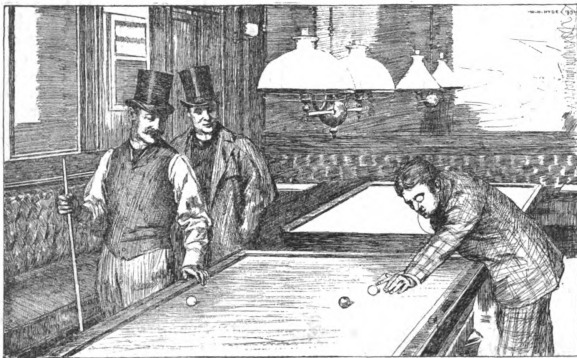
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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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TAMMANY HALL AND BALLOT REFORM.

INDEPENDENCE in politics does not mean voting the Democratic ticket. It means supporting at all elections the candidates who seem upon the whole most likely to advance the results which the independent voter desires. In his late admirable letter to the *Times*, Mr. MATTHEW HALE, of Albany, states very lucidly an independent view of the situation in New York. The independent voters in that State are generally friends of tariff revision. As a body they are certainly not the least intelligent and public-spirited citizens, and they are ready and active in every movement of political reform. They are also no less friends of ballot reform and of civil service reform than of tariff reform or revision. While, therefore, in a national campaign in which tariff revision should be the chief issue, they would support any proper Democratic candidate as its representative, unless there were reasons which required other action, they would be naturally disposed in a State election to support the candidate of whatever party, assuming his general fitness for the office, whose election promised to promote ballot reform. In other words, while next year they might support the national candidate of tariff revision, this year they would support the State candidate of ballot reform. It would be a singular abandonment of the most immediate and pressing duty in the State to vote against ballot reform this year in order to secure prestige for tariff reform next year.

To the assertion that State politics cannot be separated from national politics, the answer is that they are separated this year in New York. There is no doubt that a very large independent vote will be cast for the Republican candidate for the Governorship, whose convictions and legislative conduct, and the express and detailed declaration of his party, make his election with a Legislature of the same views the guarantee of ballot reform. It can be hardly seriously urged that the success of a candidate originally selected by Governor HILL, and adopted if not proposed by Tammany Hall, with a Legislature in sympathy with him, offers a reasonable hope of such reform. Tammany Hall has apparently extinguished the County Democracy, which, theoretically, represented "the better element" of the party. It has recovered a power in the party such as it has not held since the days of TWEED. If it be said that it is only nominally Democratic, that it is a mere conspiracy of men who live upon the public money, and have no political or other principles whatever, the reply is that it is a conspiracy of thieves maintained in power by the Democratic party. It nominates the party candidates, and it is the chief and controlling party organization. All intelligent men know perfectly well what Tammany Hall is, and if honest Democrats would refuse to sustain it, it would fall. It is an extraordinary illustration of party sophistication that Democrats who are sincerely friendly to ballot reform and honest government should suppose that they can secure them by supporting Tammany Hall, or that they should be willing to support Tammany Hall in New York this year as a method of promoting tariff reform in the country next year.

To say that ballot reform, for instance, has as good a chance of success, that the blanket ballot is as likely to be adopted, and the pasteur, which was Governor HILL's method of neutralizing the effect of the bill, is likely to be abolished, with a Tammany Governor

and Legislature is to waste words. To allege that with Democratic success this year there would not be a Tammany Governor and Legislature is to forget the power that controlled the Convention. This year in New York Democratic success means defeat of ballot reform as plainly as last year in the country it meant approval of tariff reform. To vote for Tammany this year, and to call it supporting tariff reform next year, is most seriously to wound that reform. For when in New York Democratic success means Tammany ascendancy, it is an issue which takes precedence of all others, and greatly decreases the chances of independent support, for any purpose, of a party which is the bulwark of the most corrupt and corrupting of political organizations.

THE MASSACHUSETTS CAMPAIGN.

THE Democratic party in Massachusetts has renominated Governor RUSSELL by acclamation. He accepted the nomination in a vigorous and aggressive speech which showed his consciousness of the admirable manner in which the pledge of good government given by his nomination last year has been fulfilled. The platform makes, upon the whole, the best declaration of all the conventions of the year upon the silver question, and its declaration that appointments should be made in the spirit of civil service reform is justified by the course of Governor RUSSELL. But while in New York the Republican campaign will turn mainly upon State issues, in Massachusetts the Republicans are obliged to rely, as in Ohio, upon national questions. The situation in New York and Ohio shows why it is that the larger part of the independent vote in the country, while favorable to revision of the tariff in the interest of raw material and of the great body of consumers, yet declines to identify itself with the Democratic party, although as a party it favors that policy. In a word, the reason is that the Democratic party is very much more than a tariff-revision party. In Ohio it is a free silver coinage party, and in New York it is a Tammany party. In Massachusetts, on the contrary, it is not only a party of reform in the tariff, but of the soundest views of the currency, and friendly to reform in the civil service, some of the most conspicuous civil service reformers in the State being Democratic leaders. Besides these advantages, the administration of the Democratic Governor RUSSELL has been so excellent and acceptable that his party is strengthened by it in the campaign, so that the Republicans have no alternative, and are forced to make their fight upon the comparative general merits and national policies of the two parties.

As in New York Tammany tries to prejudice voters against Mr. FASSETT by charging him with injuring the city in opposing the Tammany scheme to secure the World's Fair, so in Massachusetts the Republicans assail Governor RUSSELL for a speech last winter at the Reform Club dinner in New York. The attention given to this speech by Mr. LODGE, the chairman of the Republican Convention, by Mr. CRAPO, the chief competitor of Mr. ALLEN for the nomination, and by most of the speakers at the great opening meeting of the campaign in Boston, shows the great difficulty of assailing Governor RUSSELL upon the demerits of his administration, or indeed upon any substantial issue except the difference of party view of national politics. The Governor is charged with calumniating his State in an address to the people of another State; and the apparent implication is that, if what he said was not untrue, it was disloyal to Massachusetts to say it. The facts are that the dinner, although given in New York, was really a meeting of distinguished Democrats from all parts of the country, and as the club is organized to promote the Democratic view of national politics, the speeches naturally treated national topics.

Governor RUSSELL, who was then not yet inaugurated, spoke of the general injurious effect of a high protective policy upon Massachusetts, and as the object of the dinner was to advocate modification of the present tariff policy, a guest from Massachusetts might very properly speak of the effect of protection upon the community which he knew best, provided that he said nothing which was not true. If subsequently the orator as Governor of Massachusetts served his State so well that his re-election could be opposed only upon such grounds as that of his New York speech, it would prove that his opponents were exceedingly hard pressed. For in his speech Governor RUSSELL did not assert a general decay and decline of the State, nor deny that its population and wealth had increased. What he said in substance was what Mr. GLADSTONE said in his tariff reply to Mr. BLAINE, that under a less stringent tariff the prosperity of the State would have been greater. It is, however, unavoidable that national considerations and the general course of parties as affected by local successes should affect voting at a State election, and the fact that the contest of the autumn is with the Democratic party as a free-silver party in Ohio and as a Tammany party in New York will probably injure the chances of so good a Democratic candidate as Governor RUSSELL in Massachusetts.

TEN YEARS OF CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

THE National Civil Service Reform League has just held its tenth annual meeting at Buffalo. Three years ago it was held in New York, the following year in Philadelphia, and last year in Boston. The League was formed in 1881, at Newport, by delegates from local associations throughout the country, and speaks, as an organization, for the national reform sentiment. Upon the completion of its tenth year a retrospect of the progress of reform within that period is exceedingly gratifying. Such a retrospect was summarized in the resolutions, which were supplemented by an admirable paper upon the extension of the classified service by the Hon. SHERMAN S. ROGERS, president of the active and aggressive Buffalo association. Besides this paper there were two other exceedingly valuable essays, one by Mr. MOORFIELD STOREY, of Boston, on municipal government, and one by Mr. W. D. FOULKE, of Indiana, on the secret sessions of the Senate. Neither of these subjects has been more acutely and conclusively treated than in these papers. There is a Republican impression that nothing was accomplished for reform during the CLEVELAND administration, and a Democratic belief that reform has receded under HARRISON. Both impressions are incorrect. The advance of the reform since the organization of the League has been steady and constant. But while its principles have been practically applied to a quarter of the whole public service, the favorable change in public opinion is the great victory that makes further progress easier, and secures all that has been achieved.

Among the general results as shown by the survey of ten years are, in the first place, the passage of the reform law in 1883, the appointment of a commission which put the law honestly into operation, and the faithful support of the commission by Presidents ARTHUR, CLEVELAND, and HARRISON. During these three administrations the law, although its scope is limited, has been honestly observed, and the classified service itself has been extended so as to embrace fully twenty-five per cent. of the public employes. The system of political assessments, one of the worst outrages of the spoils system, although not destroyed, has been not only greatly restrained in its ravages, but has fallen under general contempt. They are hardy men who, like the chairmen and secretaries of the Ohio Republican Executive Committee and of the Pennsylvania State Committee, are now willing to sign their names to a stand-and-deliver circular to extort money from government employes under terror of removal, and the name of a Congressional Representative from Michigan is pilloried by its attachment, nearly ten years ago, to the black-mailing letter known as the HUBBELL circular. Another and most important result of the reform within the ten years of the League is the demonstration of its entire practicability. That it was absolutely impracticable even if reasonable in itself was one of the chief objections to it. But experience and observation have led the highest officers in every branch of the government warmly to attest not only its perfect practicability, but its immense value to the public service. The radical change in public opinion is shown by the fact that it is becoming personally discreditable for a public officer to make himself a spoils agent either for a boss or for a party.

Although there is a different impression, the practical progress of reform has been very significant within the last year. The decision of the Court of Appeals in the Buffalo case, affirming the constitutionality of the law, and the consequent emancipation of the city service from politics, with the strong approval by the Court of the principles of reform; the adjustment of the quotas of the Southern States for appointments by inducing candidates of all parties to apply for examination, which was due to the confidence of those States in the honest enforcement of the law; the extension of the reformed system to a part of the Indian service; the report of the committee of eminent citizens that the street-cleaning in the city of New York could not be honestly or effectively done except by the application of the reformed system to city labor; the introduction into the Post-office Department of an honest system of promotion by open competition, and the Executive approval of the same system in all departments; the defeat in Congress, after vigorous debate, of the attempt to cut off the supplies of the Civil Service Commission; and, above all, the thorough application by Secretary TRACY of the reformed system to the selection of skilled and unskilled laborers in the navy-yards—are all events of the year which show the undoubted and prosperous progress of civil service reform. The forced resignation of the Collector at the Custom-house in New York, and the refusal to reappoint in Boston the reform Collector and Postmaster, and the neglect of Commissioner ROOSEVELT's Baltimore report are illustrations of the unfaithfulness of the President to his pledges, but they do not show that the cause which the League was organized to serve has not constantly advanced and is not steadily advancing.

THE STATUE OF MRS. SCHUYLER.

JUDGE O'BRIEN, of the Supreme Court, has decided that the rights of every private citizen include that of immunity from unauthorized public representations of them, such as was contemplated in a statue of Mrs. MARY M. HAMILTON SCHUYLER, who was in no sense a public character, as a "typical philanthropist." In common with a large part of the press, we protested at the time against this gross outrage, and Judge O'BRIEN has delivered an excellent opinion upon such performances, sustaining the opposition of Mr. PHILIP SCHUYLER and the other members of Mrs. SCHUYLER's immediate family.

The plea for an injunction was based upon the fact that Mrs. SCHUYLER was wholly a private citizen, that no one authorized by her or of authority to speak for her had desired or approved the proposed enterprise, and that invasion of privacy was against public policy. The adverse claim was that the public may at its pleasure commemorate distinguished citizens. Judge O'BRIEN says, justly:

"It was not shown that Mrs. SCHUYLER ever came within the category of public characters. She was undoubtedly a woman of rare gifts, and of a broad and philanthropic nature, but these she exercised as a private citizen in an unobtrusive way. Such a person does not lose her character as a private citizen merely because she engaged in private works of philanthropy. There is no refutation of the allegation that notoriety in any form was both extremely distasteful and wholly repugnant to her character and disposition."

He also quoted from a paper in the *Harvard Law Review*, upon the "Right to Privacy," as follows:

"The intense intellectual and emotional life and the heightening of sensations which came with the advance of civilization made it clear to men that only a part of the pain, pleasure, and profit of life lay in physical things. Thoughts, emotions, and sensations demanded legal recognition, and the beautiful capacity for growth which characterized the common law enabled the judges to afford the requisite protection without the interposition of the Legislature. Recent inventions and business methods call attention to the next step which must be taken for the protection of the person, and for securing to the individual what Judge COOLEY calls 'the right to be alone.' Instantaneous photographs and newspaper enterprise have invaded the sacred precincts of private and domestic life, and numerous mechanical devices threaten to make good the prediction that 'what is whispered in the closet shall be proclaimed from the house-tops.' For years there has been a feeling that the law must afford some remedy for the unauthorized circulation of portraits of private persons, and the evil of the invasion of privacy by the newspapers, long keenly felt, has been but recently discussed by an able writer."

Mr. SCHUYLER, in doing an unpleasant duty, has performed a public service. The right to privacy has been in peril of practical denial, and there is no doubt that Judge O'BRIEN's decision will prevent much outrage not easy to redress. The proposed action in the case of Mrs. SCHUYLER might be taken very easily in other cases for the purpose of blackmail, and Mr. SCHUYLER's vigorous course has put an end to a scandalous wrong.

THE WARM SEPTEMBER.

THE unusually warm September is fortunate for the American farmer because of the threatening want of the normal amount of food product in Europe. The European situation, indeed, is said to be much worse and more alarming than had been supposed, especially in Russia. An important article in the *American Agriculturist* says that the danger of famine will probably spare Europe the ravages of war for a year at least. Even if the United States and Canada can export 225,000,000 bushels, there will be a deficit of nearly as much more, with a possibility that it may be twice as great.

In any event there seems to be a prospect of great suffering in Europe, because, besides the want of grain, there is almost a total failure of the potato in Ireland, and a very serious reduction of the crop on the Continent. There was an enormous export from this country in August, amounting to four times the usual quantity. The *Agriculturist* anticipates a sudden and large advance in the price of cereals as soon as the situation is fully developed, and it holds that every bushel of wheat is now worth fully one dollar on the farm where it is grown.

Eastern Germany and large parts of Russia are already practically stricken with famine, and have been so for some months. In Russia the exportation of cereals is forbidden. The situation is so serious that it must necessarily affect military and political plans, for the usual reserves of food supply are exhausted. The warmth of September, therefore, was an angel of succor, but not in disguise, for the landscape was almost untouched by frost to the end, and the days, relieved by the cooler nights, were generally delightful.

BOULANGER.

THE sole reason that so much attention has been paid by the press to the suicide of BOULANGER on the grave of his mistress, on whose bounty he had recently lived, is that he had been Minister of War in France, and that in a country which abounds in disturbers of the public peace he was the chosen representative of public disorder. A daring and clever soldier who has obtained great popularity is always a dangerous figure in France, and however contemptible in himself, BOULANGER as a mob-leader could not be despised.

But his popularity did not prove to be available for his objects. The government early saw that he was essentially a conspirator, and its treatment of him forced BOULANGER to appear as its open enemy. There was a moment when his election to the legislative chamber seemed to threaten France. But he was unable practically to use his opportunities, and he sank swiftly into a ridiculous figure, which was, of course, the end. The *Tribune* compares his career with that of the late ex-President GRÉVY—the one a faithful and devoted servant of the republic, the other its enemy.

The utterly futile career of BOULANGER serves to illustrate

the strength of the republic. The various factions which oppose it show constantly declining force, and the French Republic is apparently established in French conviction. It is not to be doubted that any form of a royalist or socialist rising would be resisted not only by the government, but by the opinion and force of the country. This is the result which is not yet fully attained, yet promises plainly the end of the revolution which began a century ago.

OUR NEIGHBOR CANADA.

IN the *Manitoba Evening Free Press and Sun*, published at Winnipeg, we find some interesting statistics relating to the population of Canada and the emigration into "the States," as John Bull is pleased to describe this country. Canada is a country of which we hear much, but it is not so large as one of "the States," say New York. Its total population is 4,823,334, which is an increase of only 11½ per cent. during the last decade, instead of 10 per cent. in the previous decade.

The Canadian immigration into this country during the decade was 1,080,655. Of these there are 744,266 in the States adjacent to the international boundary; 204,106 in the North Middle States from New Jersey to Oregon; 80,825 in the South Middle States from Maryland to California; and 11,988 in the Southern States. The 82,997 American-born in Canada are distributed as follows: Eastern Provinces, including Quebec, 1,99th of population, or 23,924; Ontario, 1,42d, or 50,292; Manitoba, 1,37th, or 4174; Northwest Territory and unorganized districts, 1,490th, or 190; and British Columbia 1,21st, or 4174.

The *Free Press and Sun* is of opinion that

"Except the relations of population in this respect existing between New England and the Eastern Provinces, it is highly probable that the next decade will materially increase the American element. In Ontario, the lumber interests have always attracted it, and now, with the traverse of the Laurentian mineral districts by the Canadian Pacific Railway, the enterprising body of experienced and successful miners from the United States will assuredly seek the new fields north of Lakes Huron and Superior, and the gulches of the Rocky and Cascade mountains of British Columbia. As for the intermediate agricultural district, there is no reason to doubt that the alternate migrations of the people of the Dominion and Union will preserve their present equilibrium—namely, 1,37th respectively of future as of existing populations."

Our Canadian contemporary draws cheerful conclusions from its figures. It looks forward to the harmonious conquests of the undeveloped districts of Northwestern America by the two great allied columns of Canadians and immigrants from "the States." But for this purpose two conditions precedent must be considered: First, equality of trade or reciprocity, including the freedom of navigation and fisheries; and second, a railway to Alaska and Bering Strait! The proposition for this is to come from Washington to Ottawa. A draft already exists, says the *Free Press and Sun*, only requiring concurrent legislation, "to create an international commission, headed by JAMES G. BLAINE and Sir DONALD A. SMITH, to whom the inauguration and administration of the proposed Alaska and British Columbia railway could be properly intrusted." Then we have this brilliant surburst:

"Let us hope that he [President HARRISON] will supplement his Executive excursions by a fundamental proposition for a charter and land subsidies by the governments of British Columbia and the United States, attended by a guarantee of four per cent. by the United States upon \$50,000 per mile for twenty-five years, with an assured certainty that the commerce and railway dividends sure to result from opening to the world 1500 miles of continuous gold fields—consisting of the districts of Kootenay, Cariboo, Omineca, Cassiar, and Yucan—would constitute an ample warrant for the enterprise of the Alaska and British Columbia Railway. In such a contingency President HARRISON would doubtless insist that the southern terminus of the proposed line shall be as convenient of access from Portland and San Francisco as from Chicago."

Here is a spirit of reciprocity which may, perhaps, be gratified when the conference with the Canadian commissioners takes place this autumn in Washington.

A "SINGLE-TAX" VIEW OF THE NEW YORK ELECTION.

THE *Standard*, the journal of the "single-tax" movement, undoubtedly expresses the conviction of all the friends of that cause in saying:

"Genuine ballot reform is the one definite issue in New York this year, and, fortunately, no national issue interferes with it. Unlike the election in Ohio, the result here will have no influence on the coming Presidential election, for the tariff issue is in no wise involved. And as this State is not any longer a pivotal State in national politics, it will be no conclusive recommendation in the Democratic National Convention that a candidate can carry New York, nor conclusive objection that he cannot. There is, therefore, no controlling reason why a Democratic voter of New York should support the HILL-Tammany combination; and there are many reasons, if he is a Democrat from principle, why he should oppose it.

"It aims at defeating the nomination of CLEVELAND; and, to perpetuate the power in politics of the elements that compose it, it labels the Democratic party by placing it in an attitude of hostility to the only immediate remedy for bribery and intimidation at the polls, the sale of nominations and the levying of blackmail upon subordinates in the public service. Its success is a menace to civil service reform, to ballot reform, and to tariff reform. It is a parasite upon the national Democratic party, and to shake it off is a duty that New York Democrats owe to their coworkers in other States. To do this is not to jeopardize CLEVELAND and tariff reform next year, even though the patronage of the State be thrown to the Republican party. Their danger, which is in the Democratic Convention and not before the people, will be intensified by the triumph of the Saratoga combine."

THE SEAL FISHERY AGAIN.

WHATEVER view may be taken of the merits of the seal-fishery dispute between England and this country, patriotism certainly does not require the defence of whatever the North American Commercial Company may choose to do. That company is an association of private traders bent upon making all the money possible. As a company they have

no patriotism, and as individuals they are no more patriotic than their fellow citizens who have no pecuniary interest in the seal fisheries.

Pending the settlement of the difference between the countries it was agreed that until May 1, 1892, there might be taken 7500 seals for the subsistence of the natives and for compensation of the expense of preparation for the year's fishing. But the company has taken already 13,000 seals, and pleads, with the player, that such is their conception of the part. This is the more annoying because we resented the request of the British government that it should be allowed to take measures to ascertain that no more seals were taken than the number stipulated.

The company says that it understood the count of 7500 would begin only after their agents on the island had received notice that a close season had been ordered. But the company evidently did not so understand at the time, because it protested that the limitation to a catch of 7500 deprived it of its profits. There is a sharp practice in the whole proceeding which will probably persuade the British government that its request for supervision was not unreasonable.

PERSONAL.

AN unusual interest is being taken by Emperor WILLIAM's subjects in the beard which he has been raising since his visit to England. During the growth of this hirsute appendage there has been dismay among Berlin photographers and portrait-sellers, whose incomes have been materi-



ally lessened by the Emperor's refusal to have his picture taken and supplied to the trade until he considered his facial adornment sufficiently advanced. That stage has now been reached, and the Germans generally agree that the new departure is quite becoming to their youthful ruler.

—THOMAS BAYLEY POTTER, M.P., the author of the *Colden Club*, that bugaboo of American protectionists, is a stout, silver-haired patriarch, and lives near Midhurst, Sussex County, England. He was a life-long friend of RICHARD CORDEN, and succeeded him in Parliament at his death in 1865. At Mr. POTTER'S home, a quaint, dainty old house, his friend often worked, and in a little church not far away rest the remains of the political economist.

—BRET HARTE was a clerk in the San Francisco Mint in 1865, when M. H. DE YOUNG started the *Chronicle*, and did his first writing for that paper.

—Rev. Dr. AARON LINDBLEY, well known in Oregon and the Pacific Northwest as a Presbyterian clergyman and an organizer of Presbyterian churches, died recently at Portland. He was educated in the East, and began his useful life with missionary work in Wisconsin, a long pastorate at South Salem, New York, following. He also held a pastorate of eighteen years at Portland, Oregon, and organized twenty-two churches in that vicinity. After that he founded the evangelical missions in Alaska. During his life Dr. LINDBLEY was a contributor to many religious publications, and received degrees from Princeton and other colleges.

—MATTHEW, DANIEL, and WILLIAM GRANT, of Torrington, Connecticut, triplets, and cousins of the late General U. S. GRANT, have just celebrated their seventieth birthday.

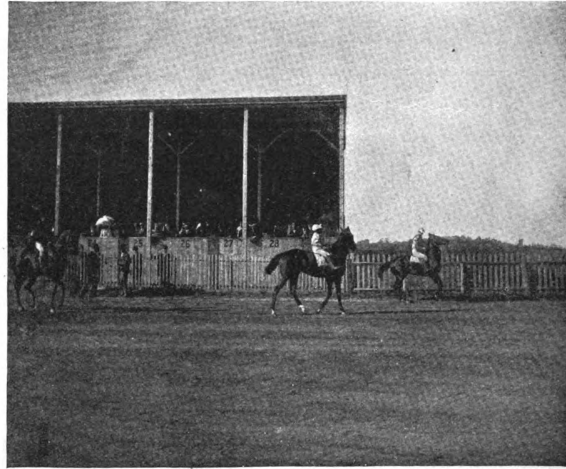
—Notwithstanding the Czar's promise to Countess LEO TOLSTOI to have the imperial censor deal more leniently with her husband's writings, the book *Conversations with and Criticisms of Tolstoi*, published by R. LEWENFELD in Germany, has been suppressed in Russia.

—M. RENAN, the French historian, is sixty-eight years old, but mentally and physically vigorous, and as full of work as ever.

—Many tourists to the "Land of the Midnight Sun" now visit the little town of Skien, the birthplace of HENRIK IBSEN. The modest house to which the poet's father retired after reverses in fortune still stands, and its walls are covered with caricatures and other evidences of the artistic talent that was developed early in HENRIK IBSEN'S life.

—General BRUGÈRE, controller of President CARNOT'S household, holds his present place through a curious piece of bad and yet good fortune. He was a member of Marshal MACMAHON'S and President GRÉVY'S household, but had been removed by President CARNOT had not the latter accidentally wounded him while out shooting.

—Among the most imposing of California edifices is the palace which JOHN C. FLOOD, the millionaire, erected on "Nob Hill," at a cost of \$3,500,000. All the materials used in its construction were brought in ships around Cape Horn, it is said, and the owner hesitated at no cost in furnishing the inside and outside. Now the great pile is deserted and dreary, the only tenant being the gardener, who looks after the grounds.



THE WESTCHESTER COUNTY FAIR.

THIS is the season for country fairs, and all over the United States the farmers are exhibiting in friendly competition their horses, cattle, farm produce, and other fruits of the earth. The harvest is over, and the proud husbandman is glad to show to admiring audiences what his patient labor and skill have managed to produce. Those who get their idea of Westchester County from the daily papers have a notion that on account of its contiguity to New York city it has no country in the ordinary sense, but that the whole of its area is occupied by fine places of rich city gentlemen, who, while finding summer homes for their families, play at farming in an amateur and expensive way. There are certainly many fine places in Westchester County, and it probably is true that some of the wealthy gentlemen who do a little farming by way of amusement find that there is much more outlay than income from such ventures, but it is not at all true that the whole of the county is taken up in this way. A visitor to the Westchester County Fair, which was held near White Plains, New York, last week, would have been obliged to abandon such an impression, for he would have seen evidences on every side that not only were the exhibitors as a general thing country people, but the very great majority of those who attended were certainly men and women and boys and girls who were born and bred on farms, and were by no means ashamed of the fact.

The genuineness of those features of the fair which were distinctly agricultural made the exhibition all the more attractive to the New York city people, who visited

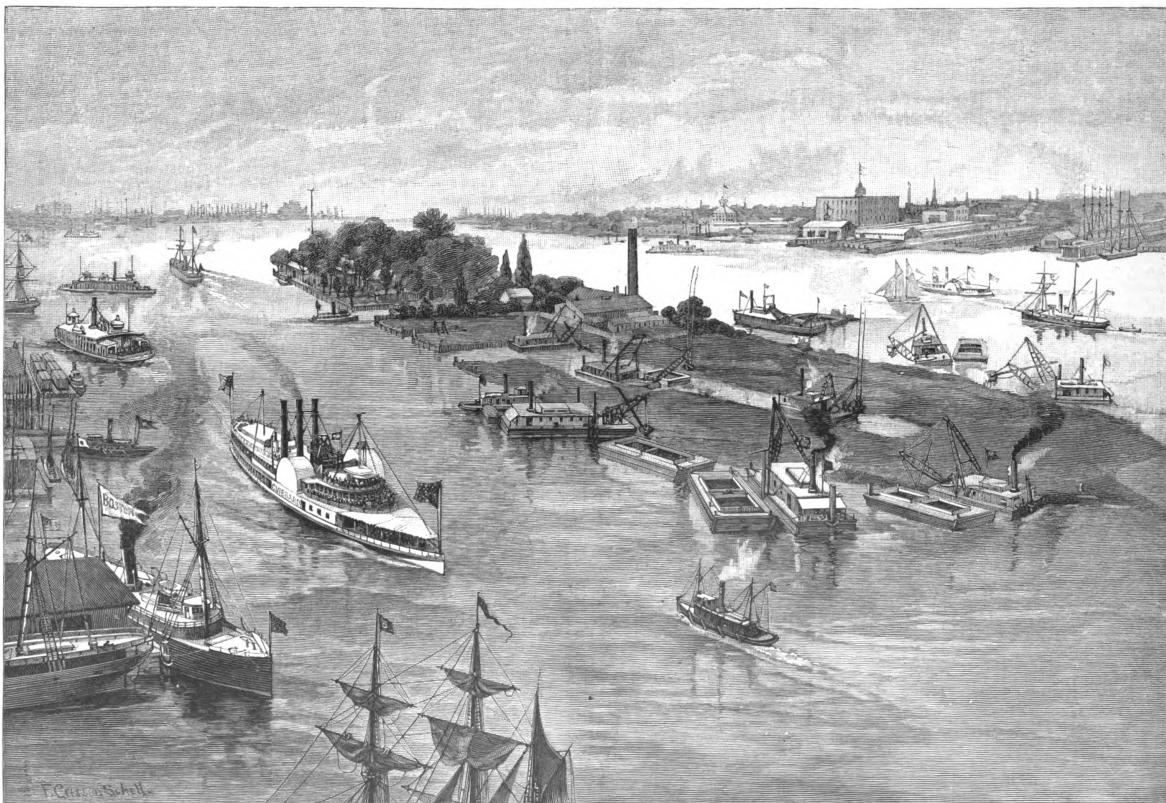


the show in great numbers; while those things which were departures from what is ordinarily seen at a country fair were probably of more interest to the country folk than those which were merely usual. For the reason, therefore, that those who attended found always more than they expected, the affair was unusually successful, and it is likely that many more such will be held. This fair had been talked about a good deal in New York, and was looked forward to by many city lovers of country life. The Westchester County Hunt Club also took an interest in the undertaking, and the pony races, which have been an amateur sporting event each autumn for several years, were run during the fair and on the fair grounds. The Hunt Club was also very liberal in the prizes offered, and in nearly every instance these prizes, from the very nature of the contest, were only open for the competition of actual farmers. The Country Club also gave many prizes. The co-operation of these sporting and social organizations very naturally drew to the county fair the attention of those whose notice it would otherwise have escaped.

The weather makes or mars a country fair, and as the autumn days of last week were very lovely, the managers are to be congratulated upon the good luck which was theirs. But no congratulations are due upon the precautions taken to keep the country visitors from being fleeced by the sharp rogues and tricksters who congregated in great numbers at the show, and who were permitted without molestation to openly swindle the unwary. When an association of gentlemen invites large crowds of coun-

(Continued on page 771.)

SCENES AT THE WESTCHESTER COUNTY FAIR.



THE GOVERNMENT IMPROVEMENTS OF DELAWARE RIVER AT PHILADELPHIA.—DRAWN BY F. CRESSON SCHELL.—[SEE PAGE 771.]



"I LOOKS TOWARD YOU, PARDNER."

THE JONAH OF LUCKY VALLEY.

BY HOWARD SEELY.

IV.

IT was a fortnight after the romantic rescue at the crossing, and an hour after midnight. Mr. Durgy was seated on a sack of cotton seed in the tent that had served him for a shelter since the burning of his ranch the month before. A hurricane lantern depending from the tent pole afforded him a dim, uncertain light, and, from without, gave his canvas quarters the appearance of a transparency. Although the hour was thus unseasonable, the gentleman was making no preparations for retiring, but was blowing clouds of tobacco smoke from the corn-cob pipe he was smoking, and apparently lost in a reverie inspired by nicotine and despondency. The fact was that in the interval Mr. Durgy had seen much of the society of Miss Louise Townsend, and had enjoyed thereby many pleasant hours and suffered much in secret. To be brief, he was beginning to realize that he was deeply in love. A consciousness of the deplorable state of his finances and the strange fatality that hung over him was far from alleviating his disquietude. Granted that the charms of the lively and debonaire young woman it had been his fortune to meet had been sufficient to obliterate his grief for the loss of his former helpmeet, what, pray, had he to offer the object of his fascination? But his reflections can be hardly said to have progressed thus far. A more tangible perplexity presented itself. Could he flatter himself that his passion was reciprocated? Mr. Durgy was by no means positive.

He had improved the interval to take dinner several times at the Townsend cottage. "Miss Lou" had met him with a frank and cheerful greeting, treated him with marked coolness in the presence of her irritable father, and flirted desperately with him whenever her sire's back was turned. Mr. Durgy had not known what to make of this eccentric behavior. While charmed and thrilled by the condescension of her conduct in private, he was correspondingly disconcerted by her public attitude. In his perplexity he had made a confidant of his foreman—a certain long-haired philosopher who shared his tent with him, and looked after the affairs of his ranch in his absence. This individual was at present snoring stertorously, in blissful unconsciousness of Durgy's protracted vigil.

"Obadiah, what do you allow thet a gal thinks of you when she makes faces at you before the old man, and is oncommon sweet if he's out of the way?" Mr. Durgy had inquired.

Mr. Obadiah Hawkins took out a large clasp-knife, and, cutting off a liberal chunk from a plug of tobacco, stowed it away in his capacious mouth, and brought his slow faculties to bear upon the subject. "What do you call bein' 'oncommon sweet'?" he remarked, tentatively.

Mr. Durgy, thus challenged for a bill of particulars, displayed a reluctance to expatiate.

"Women is different," said the sage he had invoked, ejecting a copious libation of tobacco juice with unerring aim upon a wandering beetle as he pursued his meditations—"ez various and onsartin ez—Missouri mules. Ye can't judge by their bright eyes and the length of their ears what's their capacity fur bein' druv in double harness. Now I axes ye, ez a question of fact, whether she allows ye to sit by?"

Mr. Durgy considered this doubtful interrogatory, and replied in the affirmative.

"Will she stand if you flit a rein over her back now and then?" asked the philosopher.

Mr. Durgy hesitated.

"Does she rear any when you put the curb onto her?" pursued his imperturbable friend.

Mr. Durgy was too confused to reply.

"Because, ef she does," continued the oracle, calmly, not heeding his silence, "ye ain't got the whip-hand of her yet."

"When I was teamin' it between Lampassas and San

Saby," pursued his unique authority, launching into personal reminiscence, "I was a-courtin' a young woman down at the Springs at the same time, thet required considerable delicate handling. She was a tall, straight gal, and an oncommon high stepper, and she give me all I could swing to, I'm tellin' ye. About thet time I was breakin' in a new team o' mules thet hed been warranted sound and kind, and between thet gal and them mules I hed my hands full. I useter put my theories inter play on the mules in the daytime, and evenin's I'd try my hand with the gal. I was ekally successful with both. Come spring, the mules hed kicked my front teeth out, and the woman hed all my back hair. I lowed I'd quit teamin' it and make a break fur liberty and the frontier.

"Afore I quit, however, the gal one day up and died. She made, I reckon, about the most beautiful corpse I ever see in her coffin. And I was powerful fond of her, notwithstanding all her treatment. Why, Bill, thet gal hed the beautifullest and longest hair I ever see! I could hev got over \$100 for what she was buried with, but I wouldn't hev thought of it!"

Mr. Durgy was not edified by these reminiscences, nor did he think that any light had been thrown upon his own case by their recital.

While pondering at this unusual hour, the peculiar misery of his condition, he was suddenly startled by a sound without, as of some one dismounting. A second later a heavy hand was laid upon the tent flaps, and without further formality a tall form stooped and entered. The stranger was muffled to the throat in a long black overcoat, beneath which his heavy riding-boots, magnificently spurred but streaked with mud, gave signs of hard riding. A broad sombrero, adorned with tarnished silver lace, was doffed as he came in, disclosing a pair of snapping black eyes, and a heavy mustache that drooped with the dampness of the night air. The face of the intruder was tanned from exposure. Although at first glance Durgy had a vague impression of having met this striking individual somewhere before, he surmised that he was some belated traveller, and vouchsafed him a perfunctory "Howdy!" after the fashion of the frontier.

"Howdy!" the stranger replied, stroking his heavy mustaches embarrassedly between the fore and middle fingers of his left hand. He thrust the other into a side pocket of his overcoat, and producing a handsome pocket flask richly mounted in silver, extended it hospitably toward Durgy. "I looks toward you, pardner," he said.

Durgy took the flask thus generously proffered, and removing the stopper, drank a small sip of its contents. "I don't know who you are, stranger," he rejoined as he restored it, "but travellers with your style and refreshments are scarce up this way. Take a seat and make yourself comfortable."

The stranger seated himself on a nail keg, the only available accommodation at hand, took a pull at the flask, and, after a few moments' reflection, delivered himself abruptly.

"Lou tells me you done me a good turn thet other day at the crossing," he remarked, turning his grave eyes on Durgy with a certain business-like solemnity. "I was late myself to my appointment on account of a little unpleasantness with a friend of mine over an epidemic of kings in a game of 'draw.' I understand the river was up, and you saved the gal's life, or something of the kind. Ez bizness brought me up this way, I reckoned I'd drop in and allow thet the drinks was on me."

The dark-eyed stranger stroked his mustaches and extended the flask again. Durgy waved it aside good-humoredly.

"Thank ye!" he rejoined. "Thet's all right. It's a pretty poor man that won't ride into a river a-hossback to save a young woman."

"Yes, I know," returned the man. "All the same ye done me a favor; but I might ez well say, too, right now, thet ye needn't kerry it too far. It's for you to know thet she's my gal, and I'd jest ez lief you wouldn't take the trouble to call often."

Durgy stared at this, but did not reply.

"Thet's the size of it!" said the stranger, abruptly, levelling his black brows pointedly at Durgy. "And now, how's things with you, anyway? You've had a fire, 'ain't you?"

Durgy, too surprised at the stranger's recent request to command himself, nodded vaguely at this.

"I heard of it down below," said the man. "I gen'rally keep the run of things. Well, about how much would it natchally take to set you on your feet again?"

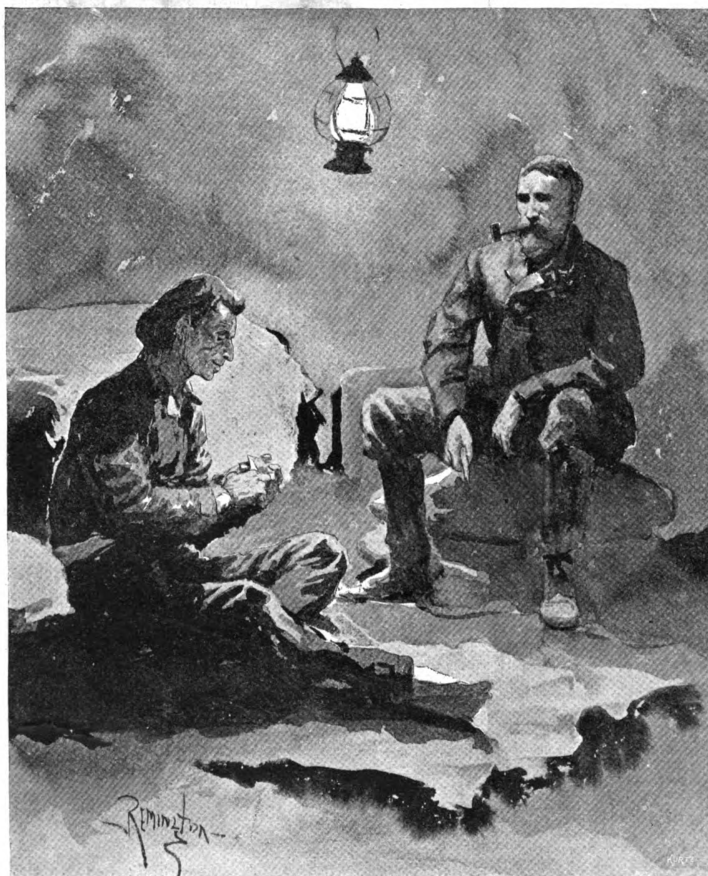
"I don't believe \$5000 would do it," exclaimed Durgy, dependently.

"It's ez bad ez thet, eh?" said the man, stroking his mustaches as he rose to his feet. "Well, remember what I said, keep close to hum, and perhaps ye might wake up some mornin' and stumble on thet amount. Meanwhile—luck is runnin' my way—p'raps this may help you to get things to rights."

As he spoke, he flung something that struck heavily at Durgy's feet, and turning, passed rapidly out into the night. With a murmur of remonstrance, the ranchman stooped and groped for the fallen object. In a few seconds he rose, with features working with mortification, and holding shamefacedly in his hand a plump leather purse. Uttering a cry of protest, he dashed out of the tent.

But he was too late to check the departure of his visitor. Already the galloping footsteps of a steed resounded loudly in the still night, and straining his eyes, he saw a rapidly vanishing figure on a piebald horse melt away under the faint light of the stars. Stumbling back into the tent again, Durgy bent down, and turned out the contents of the purse ruefully upon the head of the nail keg the stranger had just quitted. He counted the coins and notes carefully as he swept them back slowly into the leathern purse. There were gold double eagles that flashed brightly in the rays of the lantern, and several bills of large denominations. The ranchman's eyes dilated with amazement as he estimated the amount of his visitor's gift.

"Nine hundred dollars, as I'm a living sinner!" he finally



"WHAT DO YOU CALL BEIN' 'ONCOMMON SWEET'?"

ejaculated, the perspiration standing upon his brows in the eloquence of his surprise.

The recumbent figure on the floor of the tent rolled over and lifted his head, rubbing it drowsily with a horny hand, and staring sleepily through its tousled locks.

"How much?" he guessed.

"Nine hundred dollars," repeated Durgy, excitedly; "and darn me, Obediah, if I don't think it's the same fellow that shot Joe Townsend!"

V.

The events of the previous night, and the late hour at which he had retired, did not tend to alleviate the perplexity of Mr. Durgy's mind on the following day. He awoke after a troubled sleep, and found himself face to face with the horns of a series of dilemmas that goaded him to desperation. The suspicion of the stranger's identity, which had now grown to absolute conviction, made it out of the question that he could accept his munificent generosity for a temporary loan. If he were to believe in his belief that this man was the individual who had sent him on the errand that had resulted so disastrously to the sheriff, he ought rather to have shot him on sight than to have permitted him even the rude hospitality of his tent. Again, granting that he was not mistaken, how was he to seek out this mysterious personage and restore to him the proffered money? Nor were these the only reflections that disturbed him as he carefully locked the despised purse in his camp chest and pondered the situation. He was confident, after his experience in the grove, that it would not be wise to attempt to imply to Sheriff Townsend that he had succeeded in detecting the identity of his assailant. He had received a sufficient hint that anything of that kind would be regarded as meddling. His heart alike rebelled against acquainting the sheriff with the discovery of his daughter's lover. His own loyalty to the young lady forbade that. And to put the duchy into his irritation, there was the stranger's request that he should not call upon Miss Townsend in the future. Of course Mr. Durgy did not entertain this absurd proposal for an instant, but he realized none the less that his contempt for it would be eventually hazardous. Nevertheless, after due consideration, during which the day had slipped away into the mellow afternoon, he arrayed himself in his holiday attire and paid a visit to his Dulcinea.

He found "Miss Lou" in an unusually tractable frame of mind, and to his plea that she would take a short ramble with him on so pleasant a day the young lady gave a willing assent. And so, subjecting her infatuated escort to the misery of waiting while she equipped herself for this pilgrimage, she took a light Panama hat of her father's from the rack, twisted a blue veil around it, harpooned it to her head with a long hat pin, and her toilet was complete.

Mr. Durgy was of course charmed by this delightful alacrity, and as they sauntered down the long divide in the direction of Wild Cat River, he was correspondingly appreciative and demonstrative. He noted with a thrill of pleasure every detail of her attire—how daintily her small white collar clasped her slender neck, and how superbly her brown dress fitted her. As she tripped beside him he had a pleasant suggestion of some graceful antelope fawn in the perfection of her pretty paces. The little truant locks escaping from the audacious hair seemed to curl about her glowing cheeks with quaint caresses; and her eyes were so dangerously bright! Smiling at her, the cavalier felt a humiliating sense of the inferiority of the sterner sex as he swung along beside her with his long and heavy stride, and helped her over certain dangerous places with an embarrassed consciousness of being all arms and legs. But the half-delirious ecstasy by which these awkward efforts were accompanied was all at once a heavy check. As "Miss Lou" extended her hand to him across a small rannel in the hillside, preparatory to being "jumped across," a gorgeous bracelet, which had hitherto been hidden beneath her sleeve, suddenly slipped from her arm and fell with a tiny splash into the water.

The girl gave a shrill cry of dismay, and stooped suddenly to recover it. Quick as she was, her companion was before her. Their hands met in the tiny streamlet in the search for the lost ornament. Durgy was the first to find it. He held it up, still dripping, and put it into her unresisting hand. The words of an old Scotch betrothal catch flashed through his mind, and with rash precipitancy he repeated it.

"Over running water my heart I give to thee," he stammered.

Miss Townsend's fingers recoiled suddenly from his grasp, still holding the bracelet. She shook the water from it hastily, with a heightened color. Then quietly clasping it on her arm again, she folded her hands and looked reprovingly at him. The silence that fell between them was not reassuring.

Miss Townsend was the first to break it. "You mustn't talk like that to me," she said.

"Why not?" Durgy inquired.

"Miss Lou" bit her lip in embarrassment, and her eyes became downcast.

"Never mind why," she said. "It's enough that I tell you you mustn't."

"That's because I haven't the money to give you bracelets and rings like those," he retorted, with sudden bitterness.

"Miss Lou" raised her eyes and shot a defiant glance at him, but whipped her hands quickly behind her, on one of which a large amethyst glittered. She became suddenly austere. "May I ask what you mean by that?" she inquired, coldly.

"I mean," said Mr. Durgy, excitedly, carried away by the current of his emotions, "that I ain't no high-toned, fine-haired chap with black eyes and long mustaches, kiltin' down the kentry at mysterious hours and distributin' elegant juley; I ain't receivin' precious notes thankin' me kindly for such presents, and then leavin' 'em flyin' all over the purrara to be read by everybody; I ain't callin' personally on decent men, and insultin' 'em for doin' an ordinary service for a young woman by flingin' 'em fabulous sums in leather purses. All the same I reckon I know 'em ez is."

The silence that followed this tirade was very impressive. In the midst of it the faint echo of a pistol shot from the grove beyond the hill rang through the stillness. To Durgy's mind the sharp sound had the significance of an avenging Nemesis. "Miss Lou" tossed a light twig she held in her hand away from her.

"Dear old pop!" she said, affectionately, a smile struggling to her face. "He's practisin' again." "Durgy—since you seem to know so much of my own matters—if I should marry suddenly not to suit the old folks, and go away to live in some other place, would you do me a favor by bein' kind to 'em, and try and keep 'em from being too lonely for me?"

This request was so sudden and ill-timed that Durgy turned towards her. "Miss Lou" was glancing at him across the tiny rivulet with a pathetic pleading in her eyes. All trace of irritation had vanished. She had apparently shed his recent sarcasm with perfect serenity. With a helpless gesture he turned away. His surprise and bewilderment at the turn affairs had taken were so complete that he apparently communicated them in confidence to the adjacent hillside.

"I ask her to marry me," he repeated, in a low tone, "and she tells me she's goin' to marry somebody else, and wants me to take care of the old woman and the old man. Well, now, I will be eternally blowed!"

When they were returning home again, after a somewhat embarrassing walk along the picturesque Wild Cat River, during which the circumstances of the rescue at the crossing were presented vividly to the minds of both, Miss Townsend became suddenly confidential.

"I hope you won't think me rude or ungrateful on account of anything I may have said to-day," she remarked, abruptly, turning to the man at her side. "You see how it is. When I met you, Mr. Durgy, I can't say that I was really free. Jim and I are old friends, you know. We met long ago at a ball, and a desperate flirtation, almost of a kind of each other ever since. As I wasn't quite sure whether father would take to Jim, and Jim was very high-strung, and bound to see me, I've had to meet him unbeknown. I reckon it wasn't quite right, but what help was there? It would never do to have father and Jim run foul of each other, and I had to do the best I could."

She gave a little shrug of her shoulders as she said this, and a half-helpless wave of her dimpled hand.

"I see how it is," said Durgy, grimly. "And so you're goin' to marry this man—to elope with him, by way of makin' it easy like and sociable for the old folks at the cottage."

"Miss Lou" resented this sally. "Whatever we mean to do, or not to do, I reckon it's our own affair," she said, shortly. "Certainly not yours. If Jim wants to marry me, and is able to do it, I don't know as it's necessary when I'm almost of an age, for him to ask father, and get a flat refusal, and a pistol bullet into the bargain. You know father's general tactics when arguments fail."

Mr. Durgy's expression showed very plainly that he did, but his reply did not impeach the sheriff's methods.

"A dose of lead is altogether the best argument in some cases," he answered, gravely. "Your father has a very decided way of looking at most things. It isn't for me to criticize him or pass remarks on his conduct. But granting Jim is all you say he is, I reckon it makes no difference to you how he comes by his money or where he gets it."

The words had no sooner left his lips than he regretted them. He saw the girl's breast heave and her eyes blaze with the sudden anger they excited. She turned upon him with a fine scorn in her black eyes that made his blood tingle.

"If I'd once run a faro bank and been ruined by one of my own customers, I don't believe I would have much to say about the ways of my neighbors," she said. "Good afternoon, Mr. Durgy; you needn't come to see me again until you've a mind to be more civil."

Turning her back upon him abruptly, she left him standing in the road, and walking briskly for some distance, she slammed the gate violently behind her as she vanished into the house.

VI.

Left thus alone in the road, William Durgy stood gazing helplessly after Miss Townsend, as the swift footstep took her rapidly from his view. Not until the closing of the cot-

tage door that marked her arrival home came faintly to his ear did he rouse himself from his discomfiture. Then kicking a stone angrily that lay in his path, he plunged both hands into his trousers' pockets, and with downcast head and drooping shoulders took a circuitous path over the divide, so as to reach the barn without being seen from the cottage. Here he found his tethered horse expectantly awaiting him. The animal greeted him with a whinny of welcome, and playfully rubbed his cool satin muzzle against his bearded cheek as he untied the lariet which held him. Something about this demonstrative fondness touched Durgy. A sudden sense of loneliness, of mortification, came over him, and he threw one arm affectionately around the glossy neck, and bowed his head upon the shoulder of his steed. He twined his fingers in his luxuriant mane and gripped him hard, while his brain whirled with a disheartening conviction of human frailty. The animal stood stock-still at the rude caress, and seemed to quiver through all his glorious muscles with an equine sympathy. It seemed to the lonely man, in that brief moment of communion, that this dumb creature, which he had only given his daily pittance of corn and the scant attention of an idle hour, was a thousand times more loyal than the girl whose life he had saved. Ashamed of his weakness, and yet in a sense comforted by the reflection, he vaulted into the saddle, and as the noble horse, in accordance with his frontier training, broke at once into a gallop and bore him speedily away, he smiled grimly to himself, and leaning forward in his stirrups, patted his neck lightly, until Lone Star responded with a wild snort and a toss of the head that seemed to the man's excited fancy a contemptuous commentary on all womankind.

His mind, stung by anger and resentment, was busy with the events of the afternoon as he went galloping down the long divide. What, he asked himself, pray, had caused this impetuous young woman to cashier so suddenly one to whom she was so lastingly indebted? He was not the man to overestimate himself or his services. With the chivalrous gallantry of his nature, he could do his duty and treat it as lightly as another, but when he felt his slighted honor, or regarded as a mere bugaboo, he told himself, with a bitter grimace, that Miss Townsend owed to him the fact that she was alive to treat him so cavalierly. Not call upon her, indeed! Certainly he would not. She need not flatter herself that he would humiliate himself to that extent. And yet, as this thought flashed through him, a conviction of how he had grown to love the sheriff's daughter made this self-denial seem but a hollow mockery.

The sun had set, and the brief twilight of Texan latitudes had lapsed into the shadows of evening. A star came out suddenly and burst forth as if to pierce the darkness, and as he reached the river crossing, without hesitation Lone Star plunged into the shallows, and picking his way into the middle of the stream, stopped mid-leg deep to drink of the swiftly flowing water. With the bridle loosely hanging in his fingers, and the sudden rush of the water dimpling past him, Durgy forgot to ponder the dusky gloom the mysterious identity of the stranger who seemed to hold the affections of his inamorata by such a subtle fascination. Who was this man, and had he possibly mistaken his calling? And with the query the conscious blood surged in his cheeks at the thought that had sprung from his half-forgotten past. And he twined the bridle in unconscious impatience with the irritation of the reflection.

Lone Star raised his head at the interruption, and with dripping muzzle and ears pecked forward, seemed to interrogate the silent obscurity before him. The animal's nostrils quivered, and Durgy, wondering what was that? A sudden sound like that made by galloping feet echoed through the still night. Somebody was certainly coming at a high rate of speed along the opposite shore of the river. He heard the pounding hoofs of a horse, the jingle of spurs, and a low word of encouragement, as if given to a laboring animal. The sounds came nearer. The next instant there burst from the foliage of the farther bank the dim apparition of a mounted man riding with the fury of a meteor along the open plain, an occasional spark flying from the glowing cigar he was smoking in spite of the killing pace at which he traveled.

In a second the horseman was abreast of him, and Durgy, rising in his stirrups with the surprise of the moment, was fancying he heard the panting breath of horse and rider, when a quick stream of fire shot from a neighboring clump of willows, and a sharp report rang out among the hills. The galloping horse reared suddenly, there was a loud oath, and the next instant a succession of quick flashes rent the curtain of night, during which Durgy beheld the mounted figure, erect and menacing with a brandished revolver, but still cantering away. The firing suddenly ceased, and the reverberations had long died away among the hills when he again heard the galloping footsteps, growing fainter and fainter. Rousing his own horse, which had stood mute and motionless during this masked fusillade with a stolidity that marked his frontier training, he plunged forward in the darkness amid blinding spray until he reached the opposite bank. As he emerged upon the open plain he was con-

fronted under the pale light of the stars by a discomfited figure on a white horse.

"Who goes, I call?" came the sharp challenge.

"Bill Durgy," was the quiet answer.

"The — you say!" returned the voice, as if in soliloquy.

"Is that your sheriff?" inquired the ranchman, peering through the obscurity.

"No," said the voice. "Durn me if I'll own to it. A man that can make ez clean a miss with a carbine ez I done jest now at a feller he was layin' fur ain't no sheriff; he's only what's left of one. I grant ye he was goin' like a locomotive, and a left-handed man ain't built for a rifle, but I was so close to him I reckon I'd hit him if I'd shied the gun at him. The only satisfaction I got out of it was lyin' thar in them willows, an' seein' him pepper everything he could see within a quarter of a mile. 'Jonah, if you ever ketch me away from the ranch agin without my six-shooter, I'll give you a runnin' shot at me with a start of forty yards. Don't ask no questions now; I know my bizness. You can't git nothin' out of me. I simply says that if I ever git the drop on thet lad again, and miss him, I'm done pullin' triggers. Remember what ole Joe says to you. Savey now? G'lang! Adios!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

RAINFALL EXPERIMENTS.

WHILE the production of rain by properly directed scientific methods is a comparatively new idea to the general public, it has been discussed and written about and theorized upon very thoroughly by a few enthusiasts for many years. Only recently, however, have their theories received any substantial recognition or encouragement, and in view of the limited number of the experiments made within the past few months by the special committee of the Department of Agriculture, it would be premature to attempt to draw final conclusions regarding their practicability or worthlessness. It will require a large number of thorough tests of the rain-making power of man upon the conclusion theory to fully establish its practical value.

However, the subject is one of extreme interest to the public at large, and particularly to that great class of workers to whom the question as to whether man can by scientific means bring moisture from the sky at will may mean far greater prosperity than they may ever hope to attain by having to rely, as they do now, upon nature's caprices.

Curiously enough, no sooner had the government commission started for the arid regions of Texas to test one rain-making theory, than a rival in the manufacture of showpers appeared before the public with the claim that he could produce rain whenever he chose to do so. Bro Frank Melbourne had not yet deemed it advisable to acquaint the public with his method of rain-making, and consequently any criticism of his work must be without true value. It would seem from the reports of his experiments, which have been published from time to time in the leading newspapers, that in a number of instances he certainly did produce rain, while the Signal Service officers predicted fair weather. Upon several other occasions he failed to do so, and consequently it must remain an open question whether his method is practical or not until he shall have made extended experiments, and shall have permitted men of scientific attainments to have some insight into his mode of operating.

The tests made by Special Commissioner General Robert St. George Dyrenforth for the Department of Agriculture have, on the other hand, had no veil of secrecy drawn about them, but have been made publicly, and any investigation by scientists and by the public at large has been welcomed.

The theory upon which General Dyrenforth and his corps of able assistants have been working in Texas is one which for twenty-five years or more has been persistently advocated and expounded by Mr. Edward Powers, C.E., of Delavan, Wisconsin, and if, after a thorough trial, it shall be found practicable, Mr. Powers will have the honor of being the man who by his unremitting efforts forced it upon the world. The aspirations of mankind in this age of progress are limitless, and the attempt to control the elements, which a score of years ago would have been looked upon as an impertinent effort to usurp the powers of Providence, is now viewed by the public at large as only another step in the onward march of science. The average citizen merely shrugs his shoulders as he looks up from his daily paper and says, "I see here that they are trying to make it rain by artificial means; what will they do next?"

The theory of producing rain by condensation, as set forth by Mr. Powers in his book *War and Weather*, may be briefly outlined as follows: Rain in its natural state is nearly always produced by the rapid union of two or more volumes of moisture-laden air which differ in a more or less great degree in temperature, the several portions, when mingled, being incapable of retaining the same amount of humidity that each held in suspension before they united. If the amount of moisture held by the two or more volumes is great, then the excess is great in proportion when they mingle, and it falls as rain; if it is of slight amount, it forms cloud. It has been discovered by scientific investi-

gation that there are constantly flowing in opposite directions over the entire area of the United States and the lower portion of British America, two vast currents of moist, ure-laden air. One of these flows from the west to the east, and is known as the Equatorial Current. It is a continuation of the southwest trade-wind of the Pacific Ocean, and bears with it a great quantity of moisture—which it has received by evaporation in travelling over two thousand miles of tropical seas. The Equatorial Current is, therefore, quite warm and very humid. Above the Equatorial Current, and flowing in an almost opposite direction, from east to west, is what is known as the Polar Current. This great air stream, having circled around the north pole and crossed the arctic seas, is comparatively cold, and cannot for that reason contain a great amount of humidity. However, it probably does hold almost continually as much moisture as it is capable of sustaining. When, for any reason, portions of the Equatorial Current are forced up into the Polar Current, and the warm and cold bodies of humid air mix, rain results; or, in other words, when the equilibrium of the perfectly poised strata of air is disturbed, a storm of more or less violence, according to the area of the disturbance, is caused. Now it is well known that any violent explosion sets the atmospheric waves in rapid motion, and they beat upon any opposing obstacle with a force which may be likened to the breaking of the waves of the sea on a rock-bound coast. A familiar example of the force of these air waves by concussion is that of the breaking of windows by an explosion a long distance away. From a logical study of these natural phenomena and meteorological conditions of the upper air strata, Mr. Powers concluded that it was within the power of man to set the lower portion of the air in violent motion as to cause its waves to beat upward against the ever-present and slow-moving Equatorial Current, disturb its equilibrium, cause it to mingle with the Polar Current above, and so by their mixing produce rain.

In support of this theory, Mr. Powers was at great pains to collect data regarding the undisputable fact that a great majority of the world's battles, where there was heavy artillery firing, have been succeeded by copious rains, and he presented a formidable array of statistics to show that his ideas upon the artificial production of rain were correct.

Like most men with new and great plans for the benefit of mankind, Mr. Powers met with but little encouragement, and he encountered ridicule or even disheartening cold politeness wherever he attempted to promulgate his theories. By dint of perseverance, and buoyed up by the belief that the practical working of his theory would confer upon mankind for all time a measureless boon, he at last succeeded in gaining some powerful proselytes to his cause. Among these was ex-Senator Farwell, of Chicago. Senator Farwell was so deeply interested in the subject that he caused the appropriation under which the recent experiments have been made to be included in the general appropriation for the Department of Agriculture at the last session of Congress. As only \$9000 was appropriated for the rain-making experiments, and as Mr. Powers had estimated that at least \$80,000 would be required for one test, it was thought advisable to put the practical working of the matter into the hands of another man. General Dyrenforth, who is a graduate of the University of Heidelberg and of the Polytechnic at Karlsruhe, and who was a believer in the theory of producing rain by concussions, was selected to conduct the experiments.

A full account of how each experiment was made would occupy too much space for the limits of this article. I have been present at all of the tests, and have observed them carefully, and the deduction which I have drawn is that while the rain-makers limited knowledge of the subject, it would be extravagant to attempt to transform the desert places of this country into fertile farming lands, still the benefits which will be realized if rain can be produced at will, even in more favored localities, will be so vast that it is well worth while to continue in the lines laid down. That by far the greater number of the tests were successful, I know from personal observation. Those which were made at Midland, on the southern edge of the Llano Estacado, were particularly encouraging. All of that country is dry and almost barren, and almost no rain had fallen there for months previous to the advent of the rain-makers. Immediately following several of the experiments heavy rains fell within a radius of from forty to one hundred miles of the place where the explosions were made, and what was even more important, the rain fell heaviest immediately at the place where the experiments were made.

At El Paso the efforts to produce rain were not nearly so successful. According to the officers of the Signal Service at El Paso, that town and its immediate vicinity are peculiarly exempt from the meteorological and barometrical conditions which prevail in nearly all other portions of the United States. Quite often heavy rains will fall on all sides of the valley in which El Paso nestles, and day after day storms will be reported from all points of the compass, yet not one drop will fall on the city.

On the day before the explosions were made at this place, Mr. John T. Ellis, who

in General Dyrenforth's absence, had charge of the experiments, made a balloon ascension for the special purpose of determining if possible whether he could find the height of the Equatorial and Polar currents. He entered the Equatorial Current at a height above El Paso of about 7500 feet, but was surprised to find that even in that aerial river the humidity showed but a slight percentage. The next day the barometer was exceedingly high, and the humidity was only fourteen per cent. in the city. The indications for rain of any kind, natural or artificial, were very slight; it was what was known as a "clearing day," and the forecasts of the Signal Service officer were for continued fair weather. Not only was this the case in El Paso, but the same conditions were reported as existing within a radius of one hundred miles from El Paso.

The means for producing the concussions desired were on a grand scale. An immense quantity of dynamite and rackerack powder was carried to the summit of Mount Franklin by plucky little burros; many large balloons, inflated to contain from six hundred to twelve hundred cubic feet of oxyhydrogen gas—one of the most powerful explosives known in chemistry—were made ready; over a hundred 21 pound bomb-shells were ranged beside mortars, ready to be thrown high in the air, and there exploded.

The rather elaborate programme was carried out without hitch or accident of any kind, and the people of El Paso and the many distinguished visitors who had come from Mexico and near-by States were treated to an exhibition which has been without parallel in the United States since the war. The number of explosions made on that day was greater than that of the shots fired from cannon in many important battles. The concussions were so great from the explosions of the balloons that the buildings shook perceptibly, and when charges of from thirty to fifty pounds of dynamite were set off at a time, plaster fell from ceilings, and women and children rushed out of doors in terror. This bombardment of the cruelly unsympathetic and unresponsive sky was kept up for twelve hours by the efforts of the rainfall men and a detachment of soldiers from Fort Bliss.

Not a drop of rain fell in El Paso within ninety-six hours after the last explosion, but reports from the surrounding country, and particularly from the Mexican state of Chihuahua, stated that heavy rains had fallen all the way from fifteen to one hundred miles from this city. In Chihuahua these rains were sorely needed, as there had been a severe drought in that state for many months. The result of the firing in El Paso itself was the rapid falling of the barometer, a marked increase in the percentage of humidity, and, what was never known to occur there before in the history of the town, the precipitation of a heavy dew that night.

In view of this remarkable barometric change produced by the experiments in El Paso, and in view of the copious rains which followed all the tests made near Midland, it is certainly safe to say that the concussion theory of rain-making has now arrived at a stage when the question is not, can man produce rain? but rather, under what conditions and in what manner must he proceed to do so? I believe that the correct answer to this question will be given before the end of the century.

N. A. JENNINGS.

THE WESTCHESTER COUNTY FAIR.

(Continued from page 768.)

try people to assemble for any purpose, it would seem to be a duty which the association owed to the public that vicious persons with knavish devices for stealing should be kept away, or at least suppressed whenever found. On the other hand, it would seem about time that country people should learn that something cannot be had for nothing; another matter entirely, those of the present seem to be as easily deceived as were their fathers.

The races were no end of fun. The country people did not bother about the strange and unheard-of rulings of the judges, nor did the city folks. It did not make much matter, and the errors and strange rulings of the judges were more a subject for mirth than anger or serious concern. This observation is made with regard to the judges of the races, and not of the live-stock and farm produce exhibited. The judges in these classes had serious work to do, and had they made bad errors of judgment, that would have been another matter entirely, that would have spoiled the success of the fair.

Such fairs as the one just held ought to do a great good in many ways. If a breeder succeeds in raising better stock than his neighbors; if a farmer grows better wheat or corn; if a gardener produces finer fruits or flowers; if a country fair is the place to learn that these things are so; and not one successful agriculturist in ten thousand would be other than glad to tell all his neighbors, and all the world, in fact, what he had done to produce the results which rewarded his thought and labor. Farmers are more liberal than other men in this regard. They never have secret processes, or try to protect any agricultural method by letters-patent. Without any ethical laws restricting their action, they are universally guided by rules the like of which medical men, for instance, have to enforce with all the social and professional strength of combined associations of doctors. A man does

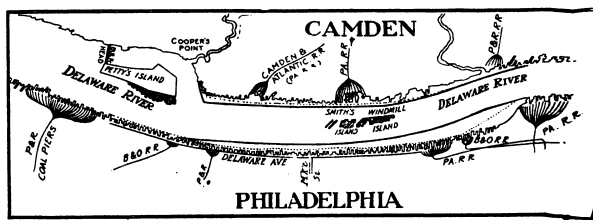
not begin the breeding of a certain class of horses or cows or pigs because he wishes to be an exhibitor at a fair, and a winner of prizes, but in very many instances his interest in certain animals is first awakened at a county fair, and he buys some of the stock which strikes his fancy. Then he breeds to improve his own stock, and when he does become an exhibitor he does so because he believes that he has met with some measure of success, and he wishes to have some standard applied. And so it is with the farm products. What effect the county fairs have on women's work—the making of quilts and the making of jam and gingerbread—it is not necessary to say, as the energy of women in the production of such good and useful things has always been so great that it has never required any opportunity for competition to bring forth as wonderful results as there is really any need for. But they like these competitions, and therefore it is only right that every chance should be given to gratify their desires. But a man who consents to act as a judge in a class where women exhibitors deserve well, it is not necessary to say what he deserves, for there is no doubt in the world that nine times out of ten he gets it.

It is probable that the majority of those who attended the fair were more interested in the races than in anything else. And the

pony-races would have afforded very excellent sport had it not been for the erratic conduct of the judges before alluded to. The little boys and girls who drove and rode their own ponies in the show rings attracted much notice, and there was in several instances much skill shown by the young riders and drivers. The ladies' saddle-horses and the saddle-horses for gentlemen were both good rigs, and the horsemanship of the exhibitors showed a marked advance made in a few years in the skill of both men and women in the East in the art of equitation. The hackneys exhibited were of a high class, and these useful horses are evidently becoming more popular every year in America.

On the whole, the Westchester County Fair was a great success, and next year the association will doubtless need to have much larger accommodations for visitors. The grounds are so near to New York that they can be easily reached by city people, and city people at such places cannot fail to see much that will both amuse and instruct. But while such fairs can do city people much good, it will be a great pity if this one in Westchester is ever so changed that it will be made for city people to the disadvantage of those from the country. Such an effort would defeat itself, and in every way be disastrous to the association.

JNO. GILMER SPREED.



MAP SHOWING IMPROVEMENT OF DELAWARE RIVER BY UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT. Dotted Lines (---), present Fort-Mundy's Line. Heavy Lines (—), proposed Fort-Mundy's Line. Shaded Portion of Petty's Island to be removed. Windmill Island now being removed.

THE DELAWARE RIVER ISLANDS.

The work of removing the Delaware River islands at Philadelphia is the largest individual contract now being carried out for the government in the country. The removal of the islands and shoals surrounding them will cost nearly \$3,000,000, and the amount of dirt to be removed is about 18,000,000 cubic yards. At the present time the contractors have dug up 300,000 cubic yards. According to the specifications of the contract, they will have to remove 400,000 cubic yards more before the first of next year. The Delaware River islands have been an obstacle to navigation at Philadelphia, and the commercial prosperity of the port has been affected materially by them. For many years prominent men interested in maritime affairs and the welfare of the city agitated the question of the removal of the insular obstructions, and it has only been within the present year that sufficient preparations have been made for the improvement of the harbor. Congress by this time had made appropriations amounting to \$690,000 for the beginning of the stupendous task.

Last spring the government Board of Civil Engineers handed in the specifications, and soon after bids were opened. There were several corporations anxious to secure the stupendous job, and they spent months in making their estimates on the problem posed. Upon the closing of the bids it was found that James A. Mundy & Co., of Philadelphia, had made the lowest bid. The contract was awarded to this corporation, in which are interested James A. Mundy, Jacob Busch, and William Johns. A \$1,000,000 bond was given for the faithful and honest performance of the work.

There are two islands (Smith's and Windmill) to be entirely removed, and a third (Petty's) to be partly removed. Smith's Island is a landmark to Philadelphians, and was, up to a few years ago, the Gloucester of that city. Smith's and Windmill islands lie opposite the central part of the city, while Petty's is away up at the north city, while Petty's is away up at the north city, while Petty's is away up at the north city. Work upon the contract was begun in the middle of May, when the trees and revetments on Windmill Island were torn away. The removal of dirt was not started really until the close of July, by which time the contractors had been selected to receive a \$600,000. There are nine gigantic dredging-machines—scoop dredges, clam dredges, endless-chain dredges, and a "blower." The "blower," named Big Jim, has just arrived, and its value is placed at \$70,000. It sucks up through a cylinder the mud and sand of the river bed, and then throws the material mud at a distance of 200 feet. When all the dredges are at work, Mr. Mundy, who is superintending the removal personally, says they can dig up from 15,000 to 20,000 cubic yards a day. It is his expectation that a month more will see the balance of the 750,000 cubic yards to be removed at the end of the year dumped on Lehigh Island, the site of the Philadelphia Navy-yard. The contract speci-

fies that 8,000,000 cubic yards of the removed dirt shall be taken to the Navy-yard to fill up the hollow places. The contractors are allowed 94 cents additional for every cubic yard dumped on League Island. The contract price for the removal of the other 10,000,000 cubic yards is 104 cents per cubic yard. The labor of removal has been easy, and is expected to remain so. There are no rocks to be dug up. It is all sand, gravel, and mud. It is prescribed that the Delaware River shall be dug to the depth of 26 feet, and a channel 200 yards wide be formed. The wharves along the Philadelphia front will be increased to a length of 700 feet, which is over 400 feet more than they now are. The Camden wharves will be lengthened 500 feet. There are over 200 men employed by the contractors, and the monthly pay-roll foots up to more than \$12,000.

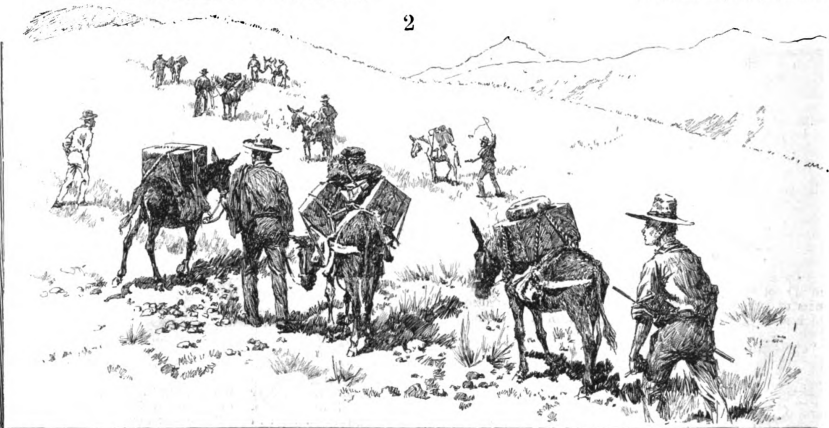
So far Windmill is the only island being dug up. Within six months the contractors expect to have it entirely removed. Smith's Island will not be removed until after the work of pruning the sides of the triangular Petty's shall have been finished. Philadelphians are attracted by the removal of the dirt to League Island and the filling up of the hollow places there. It is their belief that the government proposes to make it a great navy-yard. Within the past year there have been many improvements around the yard; several new wharves have been built, and appropriations amounting to over \$200,000 have been made for more improvements.

A MOUNTAIN ROAD.

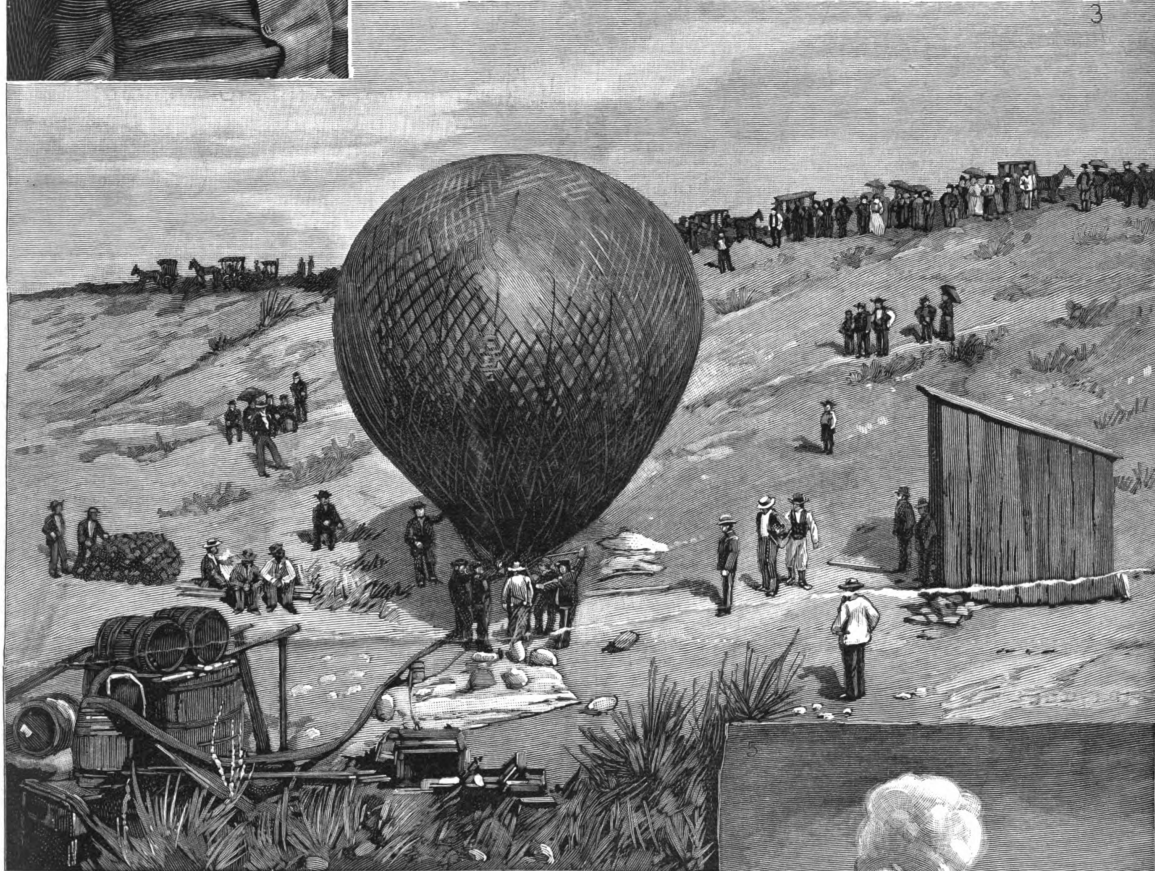
STONE-ROUGHENED till the hoof that climbs
It treads
Its steep stretch cautiously, it plunges
through
Where thick leaf-tangles muffle and sub-
due
The wild-wood sounds, and spruces join
their heads
And shut out dimly all the cloudless blue.
It dips and winds adown the hills, between
Where buckwheat fields breathe fra-
grance to the air,
Fine-flowered, billowy, and snow-white;
where
Stone fences trail dark through the land's
fresh green.
And farmsteads mark the slopes but
here and there—
Good homes, where tins dry in the sun, and
brave
The jealous-tended door-yard posies blow;
A saw-mill, idle while the team runs low;
And its red dust is stirred, but little save
For ox-drawn load or hay-cart rumbling
slow.

Only the locusts' sleepy whirr, and bells
On hill-sides and in woods where cattle
stray.
Hallowing all the sweet, long summer day;
A quietness wide and serene, that tells
The molling, harassed world is far away.
EMMA A. OFFER.

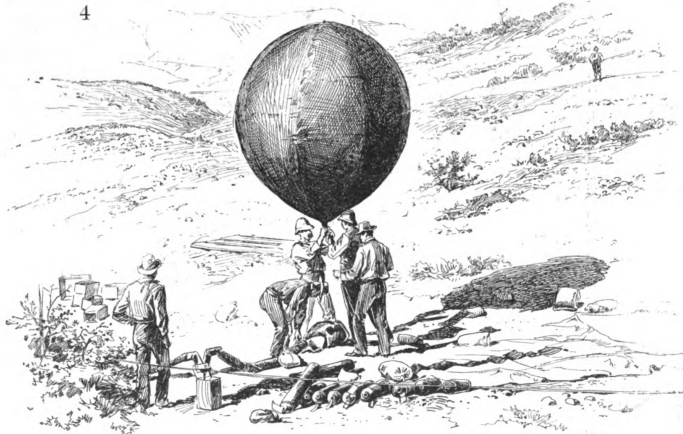
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THE GOVERNMENT RAINFALL EXPERIMENTS IN TEXAS.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 770.]

1. General Robert G. Dyrenforth. 2. A Burro Train carrying Dynamite up the Mountain. 3. The Balloon in which John T. Ellis made his Ascension.
4. Sending up an Oxyhydrogen Balloon. 5. A Dynamite Explosion on Mount Franklin.

THE JEWS OF NEW YORK CITY.

BY DR. ABRAM S. ISAACS.—FROM DRAWINGS BY W. A. ROGERS, AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE story of Jewish immigration to the United States offers but few facts to the chronicler, and differs little from the record made by the successive land-slides of other nationalities which have filled our towns and cities and assured our country's prosperity. In common with the oppressed and persecuted of all creeds, the Jews were attracted to the New World, whose discovery occurred in the same year as the expulsion of the Jews from Spain. Their growth and prominence on American soil, so strikingly free from the bigotry and intolerance that have embittered their existence in other lands, cannot be regarded as exceptional. Follow the history of American Catholics, Methodists, Baptists, Episcopalians, and a similar rapid development will be noticed. There seems to be some subtle element in American conditions which gives strength and impetus to most of the denominations.

Yet the growth of the Jews is in some respects remarkable, because they have had peculiar difficulties to overcome, and up to the past few decades their numbers were very limited. Possessing no national church organization, without a recognized head or authority, being strictly congregational in character, they have had also to contend with the heterogeneous nature of their population, the smallest fraction being native born, or dating back a century on American soil, and the large majority coming from all parts of Europe within recent decades. The process of Americanization cannot be hurried; it takes a generation at least to forget or to unlearn. The children of the immigrant, however, never need be told American holidays. Our public schools and the press are potent agencies that develop the American character, with

its strength and weaknesses. Jew and non-Jew are alike influenced by these.

The beginnings of the "Jewish colony" in New York can be traced back only 236 years. It was in 1654 that the first band of Jewish settlers arrived in New Amsterdam, and under rather discouraging circumstances. They were twenty-seven in all, who had sailed from Brazil on the restoration of Brazilian power, which boded no good to the descendants of exiled Jews of Spain and Portugal. They were so destitute that their baggage was seized and sold at public auction

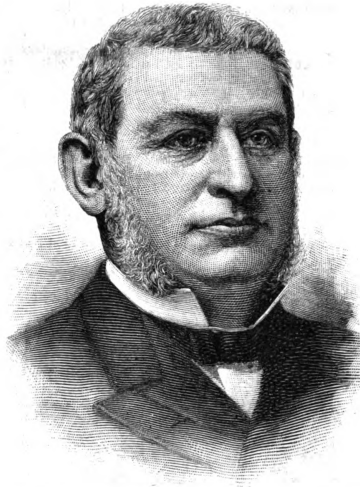
rians, no antiquities, no historic memorials of the past, survive. Happily New York has no Ghetto reminiscences, like old-time cities abroad. The solitary landmark is the old cemetery on the Bowery and Oliver Street, a narrow strip of ground bought in 1681, and deeded to the Jews by Noe Willey in 1729-1730. It has none of the picturesqueness and charm of the old Jewish cemetery at Newport, but possesses some interest for the antiquarian. The first regular synagogue was built in Mill Street in 1729.

STATISTICS.

The real history of the Jews of New York began about half a century ago, when the comparatively small number of native-born and English Hebrews was increased by German immigration, which continued uninterruptedly until 1861, when it ceased, only to be revived after the war. It was then joined by similar streams from other portions of Europe. The more recent landslide from Russia, which is continuing, has more than doubled the Jewish population within ten years. Some idea of the enormous growth can best be gleaned from a census of the Jews in the Seventh, Tenth, and Thirteenth wards, which was taken in August, 1890. The inspectors reported 111,690 souls, which were distributed among 23,801 families, being an average of 4.81 per family. Of the whole number, 60,257 were children, 19,672 of whom, including those under school age, attend schools; 7396, or 32 per cent., were citizens, 15,675 non-citizens; 11,895 were in New York two years and under, while the average length of time of all in the United States was nine and a half years. As the district embraced in this enumeration, although a crowded section, is but small in extent, the entire Jewish



HENRY RICE, PRESIDENT UNITED HEBREW CHARITIES.



THE HON. JESSE SELIGMAN, PRESIDENT HEBREW ORPHAN ASYLUM.

in payment for the passage. To add to their troubles, as the amount thus realized was found not sufficient, two of them were held as "hostages," and confined in jail until the claim was satisfied. Nor was this all. Peter Stuyvesant objected to Jewish immigrants, and in a letter to the home authorities was not ashamed to plead that "none of the Jewish nation be permitted to infest New Netherland." Holland, however, maintained its character for toleration, and summarily curbed Stuyvesant's zeal by passing an act allowing Hebrews to reside and trade in New Netherland, so long as they cared for their poor.

Under Dutch and English rule the Jews enjoyed a reasonable share of prosperity despite occasional restrictions. A fuller measure of civil liberty was theirs when the colonies secured their independence. But although a few prominent names have been preserved from that epoch and the early decades of this century, and are referred to by local histo-



THE HON. JACOB H. SCHIFF, PRESIDENT OF THE MONTEFIORE HOME FOR CHRONIC INVALIDS.



THE HEBREW ORPHAN ASYLUM BAND.

W. A. Rogers

Original from
PENN STATE

population of the city cannot fall much below 225,000. The latest report of the New York Charities Directors gives 46 incorporated synagogues, of which number fully one-half are large congregations, occupying their own edifices. The list is manifestly incomplete, because temporary congregations are always organized for the September holidays throughout the city, which count thousands of worshippers. Perhaps the Jewish Day of Atonement bears the most convincing testimony as to the numbers and varied character of the Jews of New York. The closed streets on Broadway and the avenues, the crowds of people going to and from synagogue, the absence of notabilities from the exchanges, the business stagnation in retail and wholesale trade, often on the busiest day of the week, tell a suggestive story. All classes publicly participate in the fast—the rich and the poor, Fifth Avenue and Essex Street. It is not only the newly arrived immigrant that, in the best attire of which he can boast, hastens to a place of worship, often in a small rear room on the top floor of a tenement-house; the uptown streets are full of the wealthiest and most fashionable Hebrews, who on that day attend worship, and submit to the traditional custom, which means a rigid abstinence from food and drink for twenty-four hours.

CLASSES AND CONDITIONS.

All large cities exhibit varieties of type, and New York certainly within the past decade or two can vie with the most cosmopolitan; and perhaps the greatest differences can be seen in its Jewish residents. The elegant and commodious temples on Fifth Avenue and Forty-third Street and Fifth Avenue and Seventy-sixth Street—the latter being the latest addition—are eloquent reminders of the new day that has dawned. Time was when the synagogue had to be built in the most unsightly part of the town; many such shrines can be seen abroad, and recall the age when it was a place of refuge and sanctuary, with its heavy portals and surrounding wall, within which Jews would gather for protection from the mob. In the happier era on American soil the Jew builds his synagogues in the broad places, and they vie in cost and character with the most stately church edifices. Some excellent examples of Gothic, Byzantine, Romanesque, and the Renaissance are furnished by the more elaborate temples. All the trades and professions are represented among their members. The bar, medicine, arts and manufactures, politics, science, and literature are alike patronized. In certain lines the Hebrews confessedly lead their competitors; in the learned professions their progress has been rapid. The homes of the wealthy are marked by taste and elegance; they patronize art and music, and are liberal supporters of the drama. This class is American in ideal and characteristics, and in personal traits and aspirations differs in no degree from the cultured and wealthy of any prominent American denomination.

From the palatial home of the wealthy banker or the millionaire merchant, with their children reared in luxury and sent to the best schools and colleges, let us cast a glance at the mass of immigrants who are crowding the crowded tenements, and we make his acquaintance first at the Barge Office, which presents sights well worthy of delineation. Arriving timid, weary, usually ignorant of English, and often knowing no other dialect than his native jargon, in many cases the victim of persecution and harsh laws, the poor Russian or Roumanian is received by the duly appointed officer of the United Hebrew Charities. He is made to feel at once that he has landed among friends. His most pressing wants are supplied. If he has friends in the city, he is guided to their address. If he wishes to settle in the interior, he is quickly forwarded to the destination.

Up to 1890 about 25,000 arrived yearly, since the Russian outrages of '81-2, and it is estimated that fully two-thirds settle in New York, and of these the great majority in the lower part of the city east of the Bowery and south of Fourteenth Street. According to the statistics referred to already, out of the 111,690 Jews in the Seventh, Tenth, and Thirteenth wards, 7949 are lodgers, 66,214 are Russians, 4607 Roumanians. Only 15,837 out of the whole number speak English. The average weekly earnings, steady, are \$10.13 and \$5.89, male and female respectively. The average number of rooms to each family is 3.08; the amount of rent paid by each family per month reached \$14.28. These people are by no means idlers; 9595 are tailors, 2084 cloakmakers, 1043 workers in white goods, 2440 are peddlers, 1382 are clerks, 976 cigarmakers, 715 capmakers, 438 painters, 443 carpenters, 417 tinner, 413 butchers, 370 grocers, 287 jewellers, 270 bakers, 260 cigar-dealers, 149 machinists, 148 glaziers, 251 teachers, 248 saloon-keepers, 67 musicians, 62 dairies, 145 printers, 83 shoe-dealers, 70 bar-tenders, 86 cast-off clothing, besides other occupations, which prove at least the varied character of the population, and how resolutely they set to work to earn an existence in a new land and under hardly favorable conditions. It is worthy of note that despite the poverty that obtains in this quarter of the city, many new and handsome synagogues have been built of late years, while a large number of charitable and educational societies, which are supported by the residents chiefly, prove their benevolence and piety. In 1891 the arrivals from Russia

have reached about 10,000 a month, the large majority remaining in this city.

CHARITIES.

New York is favorably known for the variety and extent of its charities, public and private, in whose support all denominations show a splendid rivalry. Certainly the Jews are admittedly among the foremost in the good work, and maintain their traditional reputation for benevolence.

The centre of the general charitable system is at 58 St. Mark's Place, once a fashionable thoroughfare, and yet retaining a spaciousness of its own, with marks of former elegance. The crowds that gather daily at the office of the United Hebrew Charities indicate the hold of this organization on the Jewish poor and destitute. It is now a little over twenty-five years since the theory of co-operation and union in charitable work was applied to a number of Jewish benevolent societies; it marked a salutary advance, and its happy results have been acknowledged. It has none of the features of a society for the poor which simply pauperizes, but its aim is to promote self-help and cure mendicancy, while giving a fresh start in life to deserving applicants. It is a busy scene—the daily routine at the rooms of the Charities. Old and young, men, women, and children, all nationalities and conditions are received and kindly attention. Pressing necessities are at once relieved, and the cases are then re-

cently its broad basis has been recognized by non-Israelites in the bequests of the Misses Burr and Mr. Fayerweather. The death rate is surprisingly low; the attention is of the best. An out-door relief and district corps has lately been organized.

The Montefiore Home for Chronic Invalids, at 139th Street and the Boulevard, established in honor of Sir Moses Montefiore's centenary, is unique in its origin no less than its arrangements. A visit to the wards will show what magnificent provision is made for the helpless and hopeless who are received, many of whom are restored to full strength and activity. It accommodates about 175, and is also nonsectarian, in the spirit of Sir Moses Montefiore's charity. An air of home pervades its spacious rooms. The kindly, cheerful atmosphere, the liberal diet, the regular life, lend a special attraction. The Montefiore Home is supported wholly by voluntary membership. In 1888 a fair was held for its benefit, which netted the sum of \$158,090 11.

The Home for Aged and Infirm Hebrews dates back thirty years, and the 175 inmates who occupy the handsome edifice on 105th Street, west of Ninth Avenue, have every reason to be grateful. Here, too, it is really a home for the old folks, and their pleasant surroundings and freedom from care contribute to a surprising longevity. The cost of maintaining the institution is about \$30,000 annually. It is a favorite among all classes of New York Hebrews, and numerous are the donations in kind received.



THE ENTRANCE TO THE TEMPLE BETH-EL, SEVENTY-SIXTH STREET AND FIFTH AVENUE.

ferred to intelligent volunteer visitors, who make detailed reports. The Charities support trained nurses, an agent at the Barge Office for immigrants, an employment bureau of rare efficiency, an industrial school for two hundred girls, and free burial for the poor. It is supported by voluntary subscriptions and grants from the constituent societies. Its expenditures in charity vary from year to year, and last year reached \$105,000. It is worthy of note that the management of the Charities is largely in the hands of active merchants, who devote their leisure to the cause of benevolence.

The Mount Sinai Hospital, with its recently erected dispensary, the Montefiore Home for Chronic Invalids, and the Home for Aged and Infirm Hebrews, illustrate a second feature of Jewish charity—its lavish provision for suffering and weakness.

These institutions take rank with the best of their class in the land. They are provided with every comfort for their inmates, and no expense is spared to secure the most improved medical and surgical appliances. At the hospital there are accommodations for about 200, the annual expenses reaching about \$85,000; but the income is always larger. The dispensary and a training school for nurses are useful adjuncts. It had the honor again this year of receiving the largest sum from the Hospital Saturday and Sunday Fund, as it sheltered the greatest number of free patients. The hospital is unsectarian, and re-

The Hebrew Orphan Asylum has for some years occupied a commanding site on the west side of Tenth Avenue and 136th Street. The land and building cost not far from a million, and the result is a commodious and healthful home for nearly 600 boys and girls. The interior arrangements are on a par with the delightful situation. The dormitories, the kitchen, the play-rooms, the synagogue, the class-rooms for those who do not attend public school, are models of their kind. The lads of the Orphan Asylum were addressed by General Sherman not long before his death, and they marched in the line at his funeral. Their band has acquired quite a reputation, and the soldierly bearing of the boys at parade has aroused much favorable comment. In some respects the asylum is the most popular of all the Jewish institutions, and it is generously supported.

The Hebrew Sheltering Guardian Society, which maintains an asylum for nearly 600 children in the edifice on the Boulevard between 150th and 151st streets, and the Deborah Nursery, with its uptown and down-town branches, providing for 400 children, were established to take care of little ones who are committed by the courts, as well as of infants whose parents are unable to look after them in working hours. An excellent summer charity of many years' standing is the Sanitarium Association for Hebrew Children, which gives weekly excursions to mothers and children, and has its own sea-side home.

The most important organization that has ever existed among the Jews of America, if not of the world, has its headquarters in New York. It is the Baron de Hirsch Trust, and is composed of a select committee, who have received the sum of \$2,400,000 to aid and educate Jewish immigrants. The strictest rules govern the committee, which effectually prevent any premium on pauperism, but have one aim in view—the development of the Russian and Roumanian immigrant to the status of a self-supporting American citizen. The trust supports schools for the young and old, labors to divert the stream of immigration from the chief cities, encourages manual training and agricultural work, and will be of profound and salutary influence for the future.

EDUCATION.

In addition to the schools attached to most of the synagogues which provide religious and ethical instruction, the most important society for the education of the children of the poor is the Hebrew Free School Association, which was founded in 1864, and maintains about 3200 pupils in all its departments. Hebrew religious classes, kindergartens, girls' industrial classes, and preparatory technical school. No child is accepted of school age who does not attend the public schools. The new building is being completed at the junction of East Broadway and Fifth Avenue, and will be known as the Hebrew Institute, on the model of Cooper Institute, and will be utilized by a number of Jewish societies for the education of Jewish children and the social improvement of those of mature growth. The new edifice will contain a large hall, class meeting-rooms, library and reading room, gymnasium, workshops, cooking-school, and baths, and its roof will serve for a summer playground.

The rudimentary training in technical pursuits prepares many of the boys for entrance into the Hebrew Technical Institute, which trains 150 lads at its well-appointed building, 34-36 Stuyvesant Street, and has won repeated praise for its successful record. It does more than merely prepare Jewish boys for industrial and mechanical pursuits; it gives them that exact and thorough training which makes them experts in their various trades, and assures them a steady and satisfactory maintenance. Among the subjects taught are carpentry, cabinet-making, pattern-making, wood-carving, viewwork, lathe-work, casting, forging, freehand and mechanical drawing, modelling in clay, the elements of electrical science, together with the English branches. The experiment of teaching Jewish youth familiarly with tools is on a line with the efforts made to divert Jewish activity into other fields than finance and commerce, and marks a new era in education, whose happy results the coming generation will glean. Two of his three years the pupil spends in general instruction, but the third is devoted to some special work for which aptitude is shown. The graduates win readily remunerative positions in metal and wood working establishments, architects and engineers' offices, and other industries. A ladies' auxiliary society supplies warm lunch at noon every school day. The new life thus opened for the youth of the poorer classes is eloquent testimony in favor of the Technical Institute, which yields to no school of its kind in completeness or thoroughness.

The Young Men's Hebrew Association was founded in 1874, and soon developed useful and commendable features, somewhat similar to those of the Y. M. C. A., but without any religious tendency. Its lecture course from year to year entertained the members, and many Christian clergymen kindly consented to address the Y. M. H. A. It was certainly indicative of the breadth of the association that they should have welcomed Rev. Dr. John Hall, Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, Rev. Dr. George H. Heyworth, Rev. Dr. W. M. Taylor, side by side with Jewish clergymen on their platform. Of recent years the chief activity has been directed to educate and Americanize the poorer class of immigrants, with excellent results. Classes in English have been organized, weekly lectures held, and a library opened in the down-town branch on East Broadway. A few years ago the Agular Free Library was founded, in part from the library of the Y. M. H. A. and in part from that of the Hebrew Free Schools; its circulation is large, and its founders entertain sanguine hopes of progress in the near future. Its privileges are extended to the general public. Schools flourish among the newly arrived immigrants, often in unsavory localities, attesting the love of learning even among the poverty-stricken. More pretentious societies, like the East Broadway Talmud Torah, impart instruction to hundreds of boys, and are supported almost wholly by the down-town Hebrews. The Jewish Theological Seminary Association was organized a few years ago, and devotes itself to the training of Jewish ministers.

WOMEN IN ISRAEL.

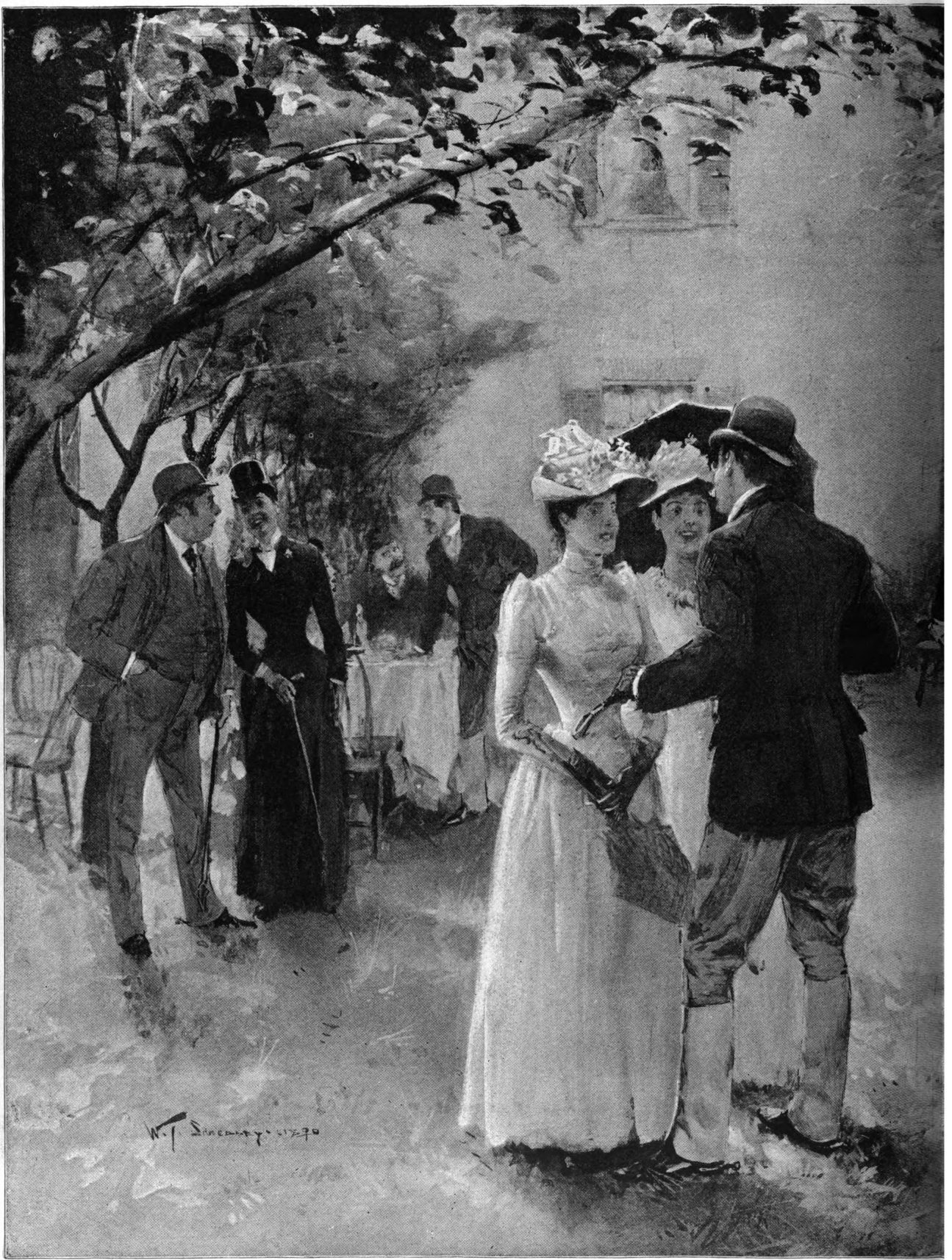
There is little doubt that the success of Jewish benevolent work in New York is largely due to the interest manifested by the women. While they do not take part in synagogue management, and have no ambition to enter the pulpit, they are zealous co-workers in missionary and educational effort. In some cases, as in the Hebrew Free Schools and the Home for the Aged and Infirm, they are eligible to serve among the directors. Usually, however, auxiliary socie-

(Continued on page 779.)

TO THE

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PENN STATE



A PAPER-HUNT BREAKFAST AT THE DUMBLANE CLUB,



WASHINGTON, D. C.—DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY.—[SEE PAGE 779.]

THE DUMBLANE CLUB OF WASHINGTON.

Ten years ago Tennallytown was a remote suburb of Washington, although it adjoined Georgetown. Now it forms the straggling end of that ancient and peculiar borough, while through it runs the broad highway which leads out by Red Top, the former home of President Whitney, to the Whitney place, the Country Club, and on to the more modern Dumbane.

The country in Maryland, outside of the District of Columbia, seemed not promising. It is a hard clay soil, the surface is broken, the growth is often stunted, and the roads were as bad as the incompetency of a somewhat indolent agricultural community could make them. In the early days of the Grant administration there were a few hospitable homes within easy distance of the capital, situated in the midst of luxuriant farms; for even the exhausted soil of this part of Maryland can be made fruitful if its owner will be both patient and extravagantly generous. And the larders of these homes were well stocked, and in the kitchens were famous negro cooks who understood the terrapin and the canvas-back. Thither the gourmets of Washington used to drive, and in the spring, when it is said, even Washington, with all its newly acquired metropolitan airs, lapses into the village community, there used to be picnics, especially at the great square old-fashioned brick house, with its generous portico, belonging to Grant's special favorite, his old California chum, General Beall, whom he made Minister to Austria, and who for years kept for him those famous Arab horses.

In Mr. Arthur's time there was a little riding through the scrubby oaks of the outskirts. The President rode, and made the exercise good form, but it was Mr. Whitney who made the riding worth the cost of the equipment of private Washington stables; and trotting horses demanding good roads, good roads came, and now there are many miles of admirable dirt roads and some macadamized highways leading out of the District of Columbia into the surrounding country. Mr. Whitney's turnouts were famous in the first days of the Cleveland administration; but fashionable Americans have long since ceased to be content to sit in a slender buggy and to be rapidly dragged over the roads when there are fences and ditches to take across country on the back of a horse. But the trotting horse made some splendid discoveries of the value of the land, and hands not so sterile and unpromising as those that were old in Grant's time.

Washington was growing rich all this time, or, rather, its winter population was. It was becoming more and more of a winter resort, and the idle and luxurious people who had taken up their quarters there had built their winter homes within its precincts wanted something different from the routs and teas and dinners and balls. Good roads had been built, and they wanted to drive. Wanting to drive, they wanted some place to drive to—some place where they would feel at home, some place in which they would have a sense of proprietorship. At first the Whitney country house—a most open and hospitable place—became a general resort; but that would not do for genteel people, who began to feel that daily incursions on a private residence had begun to assume the proportions and character of imposition.

Therefore the Country Club was founded, and a most charming club it was, simple as are all first steps, each member having his locker, the service being of the most primitive character. It was a club to which one could drive, and where one might procure a most excellent dinner if it were bespoken in advance. The house was one of the delightful old Maryland houses, looking out from its hall, which ran through the middle, on an ancient and long-neglected garden, but which, when deftly cleaned, united the charms of antiquity and cultivation. Balls and teas, as well as dinners, were given at the Country Club, which was presided over by Secretary Endicott, who brought the solemn courtliness of Salem into the generous and hospitable atmosphere of an old-fashioned Maryland family mansion.

But soon the Country Club was altogether too simple and primitive, in a way too slow for the new blood that came rushing into what had been a most unenterprising city, to whose people ten years ago a breakfast, a tea, a dinner, and an evening reception, with now and then a trip down the Potomac for the entertainment of a few pagan special envoys, constituted all the social enjoyments. The inventive genius that had variegated the amusements of Newport and other summer resorts of the country was bound to make its appearance at Washington as soon as the capital city was sought after by the pilgrims of pleasure.

And the result of the restless longing for something to do that other people were not doing led to the establishment of a new club further out from Washington, and also housed in an old Maryland home. Here was a real country club, with paddocks, stables, and a kennel. The active leading spirits of the organization were men who loved horses, who kept hunters and jumpers. The institution bred and fostered a cross-country spirit; and while there were no foxes, and the country was about as difficult as any that can be found in the United States, there was a good deal of hard riding, and but very little if any

difficulty with the farmers, your Marylander always being a true sporting man. It was the Dumbane Club that gave Mr. Alexander Gregg, the second secretary of the Russian legation, the opportunity to establish and conduct his famous paper-hunts, in which members of the cabinet used to participate, and which Mrs. Cleveland—then a bride—used to watch from her carriage. There was great sport in those days, when Secretary Whitney rode after the hounds, and when Secretary Bayard, accompanied by his fearless daughters—all admirable horsewomen—led the hunt.

It is a paper-hunt breakfast at the Dumbane of which Mr. Smedley has given us an admirable picture. There have been no recent paper-hunts at the Dumbane; but when the capital puts on its winter glories, there are sumptuous four-in-hand parties, and there is much hunting going on, some of it formal, and very much of it extemporized. Indeed, it is about as easy to get up a hunt in Washington during the winter as in the sporting valley of Genoa.

HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.

ECUMENICAL METHODISM IN COUNCIL.

BY H. K. CARROLL.

WHEN Pope Pius IX. summoned the bishops of the Roman Catholic Church from all parts of the inhabitable world to meet in council in Rome, it was known as an Ecumenical Council. When the Methodists summoned representatives of their name from most of the quarters of the globe, they called the conference, which met in London in 1881, an Ecumenical Conference, still further distinguishing it as the Ecumenical Methodist Conference. The second conference of this order is to be held in Washington, October 7th-20th, and if it is not the largest sense of the word, still it will represent every branch of Methodism, and therefore every country in which Methodism has an organized existence.

There will be delegates, of course, from the Church which John Wesley founded, elected by the Annual Conference which he established, and over which he presided as long as he lived, with representatives from a number of branches which have come into existence since the great apostle passed away. These bodies represent a compact and vigorous Methodism in England and Ireland, and a vigorous missionary Methodism in many foreign countries. There will also be delegates from the West Indies and from Africa, as well as from Australia, where the work begun as a mission by the Wesleyan Conference has risen to the power and dignity of an independent organization, with a General Conference of its own, and with educational institutions and boards of domestic and foreign missions. Some of the other Methodist bodies in Great Britain are also represented in Australia, and they, too, will send delegates to Washington. From over the sea will come also representatives of the Wesleyan Conference in France.

A man would require all the fingers of both hands to count all the Methodist branches which exist beyond the sea, and the fingers of four hands would not suffice to enumerate the branches into which the Methodism of America is divided. It would be bewildering to the ordinary reader to parade before him the names of all these branches, beginning with the Methodist Episcopal Church, the parent body, owing in turn as its parent the Wesleyan body of Great Britain; the Methodist Episcopal Church South; the African Methodist Episcopal Church; the African Methodist Episcopal Union Church; the Colored Methodist Episcopal Church; the Union American Methodist Episcopal Church; and the dozen or more of other Methodist Churches which do not embrace the word "episcopal" in their title. All these Churches will have delegates in the Conference which meets in Washington, and together they represent a Methodism which counts its members by millions, which is propagating itself in almost every mission field in the world, and which is doing an evangelistic and educational work truly vast in its extent and results.

When the late Pope summoned the memorable Ecumenical Council in Rome, it was for a definite purpose. What is the definite purpose of the Ecumenical Methodist Conference? It is not to declare any dogma, or to adopt any policy of administration, nor is it either for consolidation or confederation. It is simply to discuss questions which are of common interest to all Methodists, as Christians, to manifest the unity of Methodism, to enjoy a personal social communion, and to draw closer the ties of denominational fellowship. In other words, it is of the same general character as the Pan-Presbyterian Council, which is designed to bring together all the Presbyterians of the Reformed faith holding the Presbyterian system, and as the International Congregational Council which met recently in London, and in which was represented the Congregationalism of the world. The movement toward an expression of Christian unity, which was begun when the Evangelical Alliance was organized, and which is manifested in almost every city or town of considerable size in the country in Young Men's Christian Associations, has in Presbyterian, Congregational, and Methodist alliances taken a denominational form, and it is not un-

likely that the example will be followed by the Baptists. This movement is a signal illustration of the tendency of the last half of a century toward a coming together of the various divisions of Evangelical Protestantism.

It has required nearly a year to complete arrangements for the Conference. This work has been conducted by an executive committee divided into two sections—the Eastern section representing the Churches of Great Britain, Europe, and Australia, and the Western section consisting of representatives of the Methodist branches in America. The programme and the rules for the government of the Conference were first drafted, and then passed back and forth across the Atlantic between the two sections, receiving at every transit alterations and amendments until a final agreement was reached. Working under this difficulty, and being enabled to compare views only by correspondence, it is not strange that nearly a year has been required to adjust all differences of opinion, and to secure a satisfactory result. Among the men on this side of the water who have given the most time and attention to this delicate task are Bishop John F. Hurst, of Washington; the Rev. John W. Hamilton, D.D., of East Boston; and the Rev. James M. King, D.D., of this city. Bishop Hurst has served as chairman to both the executive and programme committees, and will deliver the address of welcome to the delegates at Washington. Drs. Hamilton and King have together conducted the correspondence with the British brethren, and have held the laboring oar. Much of the success of the Conference will be due to their efforts.

Among the more notable men elected to represent foreign constituencies are the Rev. T. B. Stephenson, D.D., president of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference of Great Britain, a position of the highest honor, carrying with it a large measure of responsibility; the Rev. William Arthur, an ex-president, but with an even greater title to the respect and esteem of his brethren in his scholarly acquirements, in his lovely personal character, and in the spiritual enrichment which his *Tongue of Fire* and other writings have given his numerous readers. He has the reputation of being a strong and earnest preacher. He was invited to deliver the sermon at the opening of the Conference. It will be a disappointment to many to learn that though he is in this country, and will attend the Conference, he feels that his presence is hardly equal to the delivery of the discourse, which will be read by President Stephenson. Mr. Arthur begins to feel the weight of years. He was a member of the first Ecumenical Conference, and charmed those who attended it by the ease with which he acted as interpreter for both Italian and French speakers.

One of the best-known Englishmen in the company from abroad, a Welshman by birth, is Hugh Price Hughes, the leader of what is known as the "Forward Movement" in London, and the editor of the London *Methodist*. The "Forward Movement" is described as an energetic effort to establish Christian socialism of the spiritual type among the masses in London; to give them the gospel of love, and regenerate them socially as well as religiously. Services are held in large halls, and fine music is one of the attractions. The movement has had, it is said, a phenomenal success. Mr. Hughes is in great demand as a preacher and speaker, and will be heard in nearly all our cities besides Washington.

The Wesleyan Conference in France chose its president, M. Lelievre, D.D., as a delegate. He is the most distinguished Wesleyan in France. From Australia comes a large delegation, including among its laymen no less a personage than Chief Justice S. J. Way, of South Australia. The editor of the *Contemporary Review*, Percy W. Bunting, is one of the English Wesleyan delegates, and has a place in the programme. Presidents of the conferences of the various Methodist bodies in Great Britain are also to be in attendance at Washington, and it may be said that those who see the foreign delegates in Washington will see the chief men of foreign Methodism.

Among the representatives of the one Methodist Church in Canada (there are but few congregations not embraced within it) Dr. A. Carman must be mentioned. He is at present the sole General Superintendent of the Church. He gave up the title of bishop when his Church entered into the compact which made all Methodist bodies in Canada one, but retains the essential duties of the episcopate in his present office.

The Conference-room in Washington, the spacious metropolitan church of which Dr. George H. Corey is pastor, will be a good place to get a view of the collective episcopate of American Methodism. The entire board of bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the Methodist Episcopal Church South, have been elected delegates, though some of them will doubtless not be able to attend. Four of the five distinctively colored Churches are Episcopal, and bishops are also among their delegates. These colored Churches have some strong and notable men. Bishop D. A. Payne, now very aged, is no mean scholar; Bishop Tanner is a polished and vigorous writer; Bishop Arnett, Bishop Hood, and Bishop Harris are distinguished for their administrative ability; and Dr. J. C. Price has a wide reputation as an orator.

Men of various countries and different races will help to give the Conference an international character, and the enterprise of the American press will give its proceedings a wider currency than those of the first conference in 1881 obtained by the aid of London journalism.

THE JEWS OF NEW YORK CITY.

(Continued from page 774.)

ties of women are formed in connection with every institution, who interest themselves in the personal welfare of the inmates, and who provide for the household economy in many useful ways. They have entire charge of the kindergartens of the Hebrew Free Schools; they manage the Young Women's Hebrew Association, with objects similar to the Y. W. C. A. They form useful organizations among themselves for charitable work, like the Young Ladies' Charitable Sewing Society. They are attached as Ladies' Benevolent Societies to some of the congregations. Recently a movement to start a Sisterhood of Personal Service was begun, and it has spread to several of the larger synagogues. It is officered by women, and under its auspices a day nursery, a working girls' club, personal visitation among the poor, and kindergartens are carried on. An Emma Lazarus Working Club is a useful society for working-girls, established and managed by women. The Louis Down-town Schools, founded by Mrs. M. D. Louis, and under her guidance, with a number of women aids, for over ten years, is a good example of the energy and devotion. Two hundred and fifty girls are given a warm dinner and receive religious instruction every Saturday afternoon at the home in Henry Street, while classes are held on the week-days for the instruction of older girls in sewing, embroidery, designing, dress-making, etc. The cooperation of women has been part of the plan of the United Hebrew Charities, and they have a direct voice in affairs. A Children's Flower Mission, founded by a young girl, and participated in by girls of her age, is in flourishing existence. Women may not vote in the synagogue, but they exert their influence in every sphere of activity, and in due time they will assume a still more prominent position, with every advantage to American Judaism. They are destined to be the teachers of the young, and will make their mark on our literature and thought of their age. The most readable contributors to the Jewish press are women. Some of the most successful teachers in the Hebrew Free Schools are graduates of the Normal College. The Mount Sinai Training School for Nurses was founded and is managed by women.

THE ORDERS AND CLUBS.

A number of secret orders and fraternities flourish among the Jews of New York, whose main purposes are benevolent and social. The largest is the "B'nai B'rith" or "Sons of the Covenant." Others are called "Free Sons of Israel," "Keshet Ariel Barzel," "Sons of Benjamin," "Sons of Abraham," "Free Sons of Judah," etc. The "B'nai B'rith" number nearly 30,000 members, extending over the United States, and with branches in Europe. They distribute about two and a half millions yearly in charitable and educational work. The endowment fund has paid out during the past decade nearly four millions for the benefit of the widows or heirs of deceased brethren. The order maintains institutions of charity throughout the country. In this city it supports a free circulating library, the Melton Library, with 30,000 volumes. The New York district can point to a home at Yorkers, which shelters about 70 inmates, for the aged and infirm members of the order and their wives. It cost \$150,000 to erect and furnish.

New York's clubs can show few more elegant than the Progress, the Harmonie, and the Freundschaft, which, with the Fidelity and the Metropolitan, comprise the largest and best-known Jewish clubs. The three first named have magnificent club-houses especially erected for them at a combined cost of not far from two millions. In their arrangements and tendencies they do not differ from other clubs of their class. They have their critics who claim that club life fosters extravagance and dissipation, and that club amusements are the reverse of intellectual. The club, however, seems a part of our latter-day civilization, and it is certainly to the credit of the Jewish club that women share in their pleasures. While membership is restricted to men, wives and daughters and sweethearts attend the entertainments. Usually a library is attached; reading and dramatic circles and bowling and athletic classes are formed. A ball exhibition is annually held, and musical concerts given from time to time. The membership of the Freundschaft, Progress, and Harmonie is not far from 2000.

One organization, the Purim Association, which is a club without a club-house, has had a unique history. It began given a ball on Purim (February-March) for nearly thirty years for the benefit of various charities. Its old-time masquerades were models of propriety and sociability; the total amount it has netted for benevolence—not for Jewish institutions alone—has probably exceeded \$275,000.



THE DISPENSARY OF MOUNT SINAI HOSPITAL.

SOCIAL AND RELIGIOUS CUSTOMS.

The new currents of the time that have developed New York of the past into the present metropolis have had their natural effect on the social and religious customs of the Jews. A certain picturesqueness, which gave a peculiar halo and beauty to old-time Jewish life, has vanished in the stir and bustle of this elevated age. The historic festivals used to possess a special atmosphere, and their charming and poetic associations aided powerfully in maintaining family life, and developing an æsthetic as well as religious influence. Sabbath eve in a truly pious Jewish household was a poem in itself, a family reunion, a religious thanksgiving, a poem of joy, in which old and young alike participated. Its scenes have inspired many a Jewish poet, and furnished Heine with the subject of one of his most characteristic poems. The Jewish wedding of a few decades ago possessed all of its quaint Oriental features. The special festivals, like Passover, Pentecost, and Tabernacles, were fragrant with their traditional ceremonies, while Purim rejoiced the Jewish heart with its merriment and good cheer, and the Feast of Dedication, in honor of the victories of the Maccabees, occurring near Christmas, was crowned with games and gifts. In those decades, too, the Jews were few in number, and lived within easy distance of each other, so that the community was like a large family.

With the new conditions a good deal of traditional Judaism has passed away; but, on the other hand, a larger and more bountiful benevolence, a broader and more helpful education, can be seen. The ritual has been shortened, the religious worship improved, organ and choir have been generally introduced, and German and English substituted for some of the Hebrew prayers. The old congregation, with women in the galleries and the men below, wrapped in white praying mantles, is not met so often any more. The appearance of a fashionable synagogue or temple does not differ materially from that of a fashionable church, nor does the fashionable Jew or Jewess differ socially from the fashionable non-Jew or non-Jewess. It is chiefly among the recently

arrived immigrants that so-called orthodox customs are at their strongest, to become weaker with every generation, and finally, perhaps, to pass away.

HEBREWS OF NOTE.

Jacob H. Schiff, the well-known banker, is probably the most benevolent Israelite in the community. He was formerly a member of the Board of Education. His wife is one of the executive board of Barnard College. His gifts to charity are many and constant, and not restricted to his own creed. His late large benefaction was \$10,000 for a Semitic Museum at Harvard College. He is about forty-five years of age. He is president of the Montefiore Home for Chronic Invalids, and one of the officers of the Baron de Hirsch Trust.

Jesse Seligman, president of the Hebrew Orphan Asylum, is known as a representative banker, a prominent member of the Union League, a staunch patriot, and a cultured and courteous gentleman. He is about sixty years of age.

James H. Hoffman, a thoughtful and philanthropic German American, is president of the Hebrew Technical Institute.

Henry Rice, who presides over the United Hebrew Charities, is widely known in the dry-goods district.

Myer S. Isaacs, who was appointed Judge of the Marine Court by Governor Cornell, presides over the Hebrew Free Schools and the Baron de Hirsch Trust.

Hyman Blum finds time, despite his mercantile interests, to act as president of the Mount Sinai Hospital. He is vice president of the Hospital Saturday and Sunday Association.

Charles L. Bernheim, the clothier, is president of the Home for Aged and Infirm, and a trustee of Temple Emanu El.

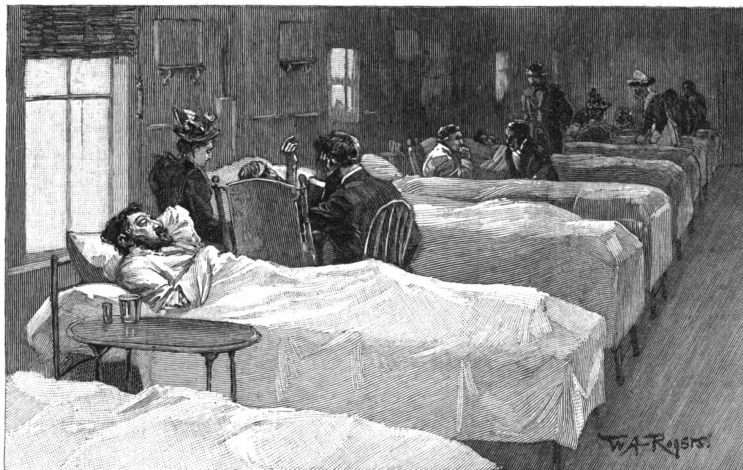
Joseph Blumenthal, whose voice is heard in the State Legislature, is president of the Y. M. H. A., the Jewish Theological Association, and one of the founders and first president of the Sanitary Aid Society.

Mrs. M. D. Louis, who is identified with the education of destitute Jewish girls, is of Southern birth, and a graceful writer, judged by her contributions to the Jewish press.

Among the best-known Jewish clergymen are Gustav Gottheil, Henry S. Jacobs, who received the degree of D. D. last year from the New York University, Alexander Kohut, K. Kohler, Henry P. Mendes, and Raphael Benjamin. In the professor's chair may be

mentioned Woolf and Werner, of the College of New York; Adolph Cohn, E. R. A. Seligman, and Richard Gottheil, of Columbia; the New York University decades ago called Isaac Nordheimer to its Hebrew chair, and shows still the same broad spirit. It is difficult to enumerate prominent names in law, medicine, and surgery, the list is so large. In literature there are but few; another decade will see the Jews better represented. In philanthropy Felix Adler, who is a graduate of Columbia, has achieved more than a local reputation. In art Constant Mayer's graceful creations have acquired fame, George D. M. Peixotto's portraits are esteemed, Jacques Reich's vignettes and etchings show strength, M. Angelo Woolf's caricatures are irresistibly comic, and Albert Sterner's designs are singularly effective. In education Mrs. Annie Nathan Meyer was largely instrumental in the founding of Barnard College. Among the prominent members of Sorosis are Mrs. Henry Herrman, Mrs. Lee C. Harly, and Mrs. Septima Collis. Miss Julia Richman is principal of a public school. Among the School Commissioners are Randolph Guggenheimer and Adolph L. Sanger. On the bench are Judges Ehrlich and Newburger. Coroner Ferdinand Levy takes an active interest in Jewish benevolent matters. Jacob A. Cantor is prominent among the politicians. Oscar S. Strauss, formerly United States Minister to Turkey, is a member of the Baron de Hirsch Trust. Comptroller Theodore W. Myers is a member in good standing of the synagogue. Among the younger architects Arnold W. Brunner has won a deserved reputation.

The Jews of New York have no reason to be ashamed of their record. They take pride in the city whose prosperity they strive to advance, and whose best interests they gladly serve. The results of what is really only a few decades of active and intelligent effort are sufficient to indicate the achievements of the future, which will keep in line with the growth and development of New York and the progress of every denomination. Education and self-help are the watchwords of the Jewish community. To provide for their own and to lend aid to the suffering and needy, without distinction of creed, will continue to be the guiding principle. There are doubtless some vexatious problems to be solved, chiefly connected with the stream of immigration and the overcrowding of certain trades and localities. Jewish leaders realize the situation, and sober and judicious action will not be long deferred.



VISITORS' DAY AT THE MOUNT SINAI HOSPITAL.



THE OLD HEBREW CEMETERY AT CHATHAM SQUARE.



BISHOP B. T. TANNER, D.D., PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.



BISHOP R. K. HARGROVE, D.D., NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.



BISHOP J. F. HURST, D.D., WASHINGTON, D. C.



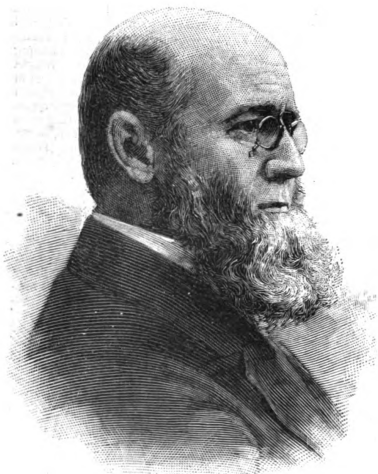
REV. WILLIAM ARTHUR, M.A., LONDON.



REV. J. W. HAMILTON, D.D., BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.



REV. T. B. STEPHENSON, D.D., LONDON.



REV. J. M. KING, D.D., NEW YORK.



REV. HUGH PRICE HUGHES, M.A., LONDON.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SIMMON, BUFFALO.



REV. A. CARMAN, D.D., BELLEVILLE, CANADA.

PROMINENT DELEGATES TO THE SECOND ECUMENICAL METHODIST CONFERENCE, AT WASHINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 779.]



PIETRO MASCAGNI, THE COMPOSER.

PIETRO MASCAGNI.

EARLY in September there was given in Philadelphia the first performance in this country of *Cavalleria Rusticana*, an opera in one act, and occupying but an hour and a quarter, which had first been produced in Rome in May, 1890. From that time and place it had gone over Europe, conquering and to conquer, the most extensive and sudden success of a new composer since the production of Gounod's *Faust* thirty years ago. Until last week, when the work was given on the same day at the Casino and at the Lenox Lyceum, the opportunity of New Yorkers to estimate the new opera had been limited to the production of a series of orchestral extracts and adaptations from it given by Mr. Seidl in his admirable series of concerts at the Madison Square Garden. The selection was given very early in the season, and the success of the music with the music-lovers of New York was so immediate and so pronounced that it was very often repeated, and towards the close of the season found a place on the programme of every concert, and was always very heartily received.

This fact shows that the success of *Cavalleria Rusticana* is purely a musical success; but indeed nobody could doubt that after once hearing the opera or even once reading the libretto. This work entitles itself, with great justice, a melodrama, and it is one of the baldest melodramas into which even a composer of Italian opera has ever been called upon to infuse interest. It contains the familiar elements of love and jealousy and murder in as crude and elementary a form as that in which these are exhibited in the domestic complications of our own Italian population that are from time to time brought to the attention of our criminal courts. The villain is the tenor in right of being also the lover, the injured husband is the baritone, and the soprano and mezzo-soprano are respectively a betrayed maiden and a faithless wife, while the introduction of the tenor's mother is wholly superfluous except for the convention that requires a contralto. Another convention is observed in the promptitude with which the chorus, always lying in wait just around the corner, appears, irrespective of probability, whenever it happens to be wanted.

These things would suffice to indicate that the theories of Richard Wagner have had no influence upon Pietro Mascagni, and in point of fact they have not. *Cavalleria Rusticana* is as far as possible from being a music-drama. It is a naked Italian opera, and it is not in the least ashamed. The attempt to identify with "leading motives," in the stringent and systematic sense in which Wagner uses them, the occasional recurrence of a melodic phrase, as that device was used by composers of opera before Wagner was born, is altogether futile. It is not surprising that Wagner's theories have had no influence upon Mascagni, for Mascagni's music does not suggest that he has ever spent five minutes theorizing about dramatic music in the course of his short life, while during the composition of this opera it is plain that he was too intent upon producing such music to ask himself any questions about it. It is more surprising that Wagner's practice has had so little influence upon him, especially in the department of instrumentation. The new composer's treatment of the orchestra is in the main traditional. It is unusually rich and full for an Italian composer. The orchestra is by no means to him, as Wagner said it was to some of his predecessors in popularity, "a large guitar." But in his treatment of the orchestra he owes very much less to Wagner than to the great symphonist writers, and what is true of his instrumentation is true of his harmonies. It is evident from these that he is a highly trained musi-

cian. Beethoven is reported to have said of Rossini that his music would have been better if his teacher had flogged him more, and this could not be said of Mascagni either with justice or with enough of verisimilitude to make it humorous. Along with his bounding tuftedness, which in felicity and fertility rivals the most taking of the older composers of Italian opera, he exhibits a wealth of technical device which was wholly foreign to them, and for their lack of which they are now discredited; and this recalls the German masters, and, perhaps, especially Schubert. There are more specific resemblances to Gounod, it may be, than to any German master, and Mascagni is accused of imitating other and more recent French dramatic composers. It is quite true that the whipsnapping song of *Alfo* and the drinking chorus might have been composed by any one of three or four contemporaneous Frenchmen, but it is equally true that these things are unworthy examples of Mascagni's art. They are too

trivial and vulgar to be compared with the sweetness and suavity and solemnity of the orchestral prelude and the orchestral intermezzo, or the passionate intensity of the duet between Turiddu and Santuzza, which exhibit two phases of a most marked and most original talent.

It is neither by dint of the unaided and uneducated gift for melody of the old Italians nor by the factitious and more or less claptrap "effects" of the newer Frenchmen that *Cavalleria Rusticana* has made the tour of the world. Its music is, first of all, musical; but it is musically as well as musical, and so as acceptable at Berlin as at Milan. The very fact of this immediate acceptance, however, shows that the composer who has attained it is not a revolutionist, a maker of epochs, a founder of schools, an artist so original that he must himself create the taste by which he is enjoyed, but that he has "the talent that pleases us most, which submits to shine with new gracefulness through old forms." It comes not in a questionable but in an unquestionable and familiar shape. And so it is that just when we were assuring each other that the Italian music was hopelessly sterile, appears this new child of hers, who sends us home delighted, and humming his melodies as we go, from a new Italian opera, loaded with all the conventions and banalities of the old Italian opera, but with a fresh and thrilling charm that is all its own.

Pietro Mascagni is a native of Leghorn and a pupil of Ponchielli, and is twenty-six years old according to one account—twenty-eight according to another. He composed one opera before *Cavalleria Rusticana*, which he finished in eight weeks, in competition for a prize offered for the best one-act opera, which he won. He has since composed three others, of which one will be produced this season in Berlin.

MONTGOMERY SCHUYLER.

"NOBLESSE OBLIGE" AT VIENNA.

VIENNA is, and has been for many years past, the one city in the world where the poor are provided for in a humane and wise way, and where the difficult problem of helping the indigent without any shade of pauperizing has been solved. There are hardly two hundred persons in the workhouse of this favored town, and this number would undoubtedly be four times as great were it not for the many ingenious devices adopted by the authorities, and the Austrian aristocracy in particular, in order to prevent people temporarily in want from sinking into pauperism.

The Viennese have realized the very decided difference which exists between men reduced to poverty through no fault of their own and men whose destitution is the result of lazy or extravagant habits. They treat the former like fellow-citizens who stand in need of help, and the latter as criminals deserving punishment. In this way numberless families are relieved from misery, many youths are saved from crime, many men aided to begin new and prosperous lives, and many a foul place purged to moral and physical cleanliness. There is no general poor-rate in Vienna, but each district defrays the expenses of its own pauper population, and attached to the Town Council there is what is called in German "Armen Deputat," or the special duties of which is to take care of the poor. A hundred and twenty-six charitable institutions are placed under the direction of this "Armen Deputat," which spends every year a sum of over \$3,600,000 in the relief of the poor. When a man in Vienna is suddenly reduced to destitution, he can at once apply to the "Armen Deputat" in his district, and unless there be something exceptional in his case, he is sent to a casual

ward or municipal free lodging-house, where he is provided with a bath, a clean bed, a substantial breakfast and excellent supper. He is then told where he is likely to find work, and is sent out early in the morning to look for it. So long as he does all in his power to provide himself with employment, he is allowed to continue as an inmate of the casual ward, but the authorities keep a sharp lookout upon his actions, and if it becomes apparent that he is inclined to loafing and laziness, he is without delay sent to the Zwangarbeit-Haus (Hard-labor House).

One of the finest traits of the Viennese aristocrat is his untiring charity. In the year 1872 an association of 400 ladies and noble-men belonging to the loftiest ranks of society was formed for the purpose of supplying wholesome dinners to the poor at the lowest possible price. Each member gave a sum of \$300 towards the initial outlay, and with this money the first "Volksküche" (People's Kitchen) was opened. To-day there are ten of these in Vienna, and in the course of the year food is sold in them to the value of more than \$500,000. The ladies and gentlemen who manage this superb association have done wonders, and eight or ten ladies make a point of being always in each kitchen whilst the dinners are being served.

The "Volksküchen" are huge rooms, with great windows letting in both sun and air, and provided with oak tables and benches, which are kept scrupulously clean. The floor is paved with marble, and at the lower end of the hall a wooden counter divides it from the actual kitchen, where many cooks are at work preparing the food. All classes, from poor university students to ragged-looking tramps, receive a kindly welcome.

Each person approaches the counter and buys a pasteboard chair or check, for a dinner, generally consisting of soup, beef, vegetables, a sweet, and bread. This check is delivered to the ladies in attendance, who serve the portions on china plates, and hand them to the hungry customers. The latter carry their food to the tables, upon which are placed great jugs of pure water, together with drink in mugs of pewter, and comfortably seated on the benches, they eat to their hearts' content. The complete dinner, well cooked and daintily served, costs four cents, and a breakfast of coffee, bread and butter, and some kind of stew can be obtained in the early morning for one cent. From six to nine in the evening a supper is served at a cost of two cents. It is generally composed of cold meat, soup, and pudding. It is a touching sight to watch the lovely and aristocratic court beauties of Vienna, wearing snowy aprons over their elegant walking dresses, distribute the food to the poor ill-fed wretches who crowd the room. A kind smile or word of sympathy always accompanies the action, and when a particularly miserable fellow-creature approaches the counter it often occurs that one or the other of these charming ministering angels inquires into his or her case, and undertakes to aid them in their trouble. Every day over ten thousand persons dine in the Volksküchen, and the millions of low prices at which the food is sold can only be accounted for by the huge quantities in which it is bought and prepared.

It is not by a lavish and unreasonable expenditure that the Viennese secure comfort for their deserving poor, but by infinite attention to detail, endless care, and hearty sympathy with suffering.

The chief duty of the "Armen Deputat" is to help old men and women, children, the weak, and the infirm. For this task the nicest discrimination is exercised, and the deserving and the undeserving poor are not by any means treated alike. Each applicant receives his or her due, and vice is never encouraged. The Vienna municipality owns seven large orphanages, where children are trained as carefully and as tenderly as in any home, and where they are made to feel that they have a right to be there as welcome guests. Their young lives are perfectly bright and happy, and their health is constantly cared for, as well as their innocent pleasures.

There are no hospitals in the world where patients receive more skilful treatment than in those supported by the Vienna municipality. All kinds of dainties, fruits, flowers, newspapers, books, and old wine are sent daily there by the orders of Empress Elizabeth, who, when in the capital, visits the hospitals at least once a week. Many incurable hospitals are supported by private charities, and are distinguished for their humanitarianism; but admirable as this is, the system pursued with regard to the aged poor of Austria is still more to be praised. When men or women have reached the age of seventy, work is no longer expected of them. Every Austrian on his or her seventieth birthday has a right of admittance to a municipal almshouse. These buildings are large and healthy, and are surrounded by extensive gardens. The inmates are at liberty to sleep, walk, receive visitors, or amuse themselves in any way they like; they are well fed, well clothed, and the laughter and chatter which one hears all day long in the almshouses are the best proofs of the comfort and happiness reigning there.

It is needless to say that the prices of these articles are extremely small, none of them costing over five cents, and as each pensioner of the institution is allowed ten cents a day whereof to buy what he pleases, they gladly give up a dainty at the restaurant, which helps to make them comfortable. This plan of allowing the poor old souls to

spend their little allowance as they please is excellent, for the mere fact of having a few cents to dispose of at liberty gives them a sense of independence, and greatly adds to their own self-respect.

Whilst president of a Vienna Volksküche, I had more than one occasion of observing the enormous amount of good results brought on by this charitable institution. To begin with, it creates a kind of bond of sympathy between the aristocracy and the lower classes, a fact not to be despised in this period of socialism. One day during the winter of 1879, Princess J— and myself were on duty at a Volksküche in the neighborhood of the Graben. Suddenly a man clothed in disreputable rags, and whose forbidding countenance certainly boded no good, roughly pushed his way up to the counter, and addressing himself in a gruff tone of voice to the lovely fair-haired Princess, exclaimed, "I've got no money, so I suppose I'd better get out again, and starve outside."

"It is against the rules of—" began the Princess. But without allowing her to proceed, the poor wretch continued, "It's against the rules to feed the hungry, is it, when they can't pay for food? Fine charity this, invented by cursed aristocrats."

With these words the man was about to turn away, when Princess J— gently put her hand on his arm, saying:

"I was about to say that although it is against the rules to deliver goods without a check, I am at liberty to give you money to buy one with. Here is a florin," added she. "Eat a good dinner, and when you are through come back here, and tell me what I can do to help you out of troubles which I see have thoroughly embittered you."

For a moment the man looked at the Princess with boundless astonishment; then, with some muttered words of apology, he walked towards the cashier's box to fetch his check. His dinner eaten, he came back to our counter, and Princess J—, having taken him into the small room reserved for the lady patronesses, elicited from him a tale of misery which brought tears to her soft blue eyes. To-day the man whose acquaintance she made under such unfavorable circumstances is head gamekeeper on one of her estates in Bohemia, and is body and soul devoted to the kind-hearted aristocrat who saved him from ruin and despair.

It is a subject of astonishment to me that the great cities of the Old and New worlds should not adopt the Viennese system for the relief of the deserving poor. It certainly would prove the greatest stumbling-block to theorizing democrats and to communards of all nationalities.

M. D. F.

HERMAN MELVILLE.

THE name of Herman Melville will not suggest any note of interest to many readers, but it none the less recalls the career of a man of brilliant genius, who practically retired from the pursuit of letters a quarter of a century since, in the prime of his powers. His recent death therefore leaves no gap, for he had made himself dead to the world a long time, though there were some spasmodic awakenings of his literary impulse. It is a most interesting and melancholy fact that one who had achieved a brilliant place in letters both at home and abroad should have so suddenly become dumb and barren. Born in 1819, in New York city, Mr. Melville spent a portion of his earlier manhood as a sailor before the mast. It was while he was on a whaling cruise in the Pacific that he left his ship to escape the brutality of his captain, and went ashore on Nookakeeva, one of the Marquesas Islands. Here he lived for four months among the cannibal natives. He also spent some time in the society of the Sandwich Islands before returning to a civilization, and out of the material gleaned among the paradises of the Pacific were wrought the two books, *Typee* and *Moo*, published in 1846-7 by Harper & Brothers, which almost at once gave him an international reputation. These records of travel and adventure were so unique in their style and substance, so delightfully written, as to have stamped at once the individuality of his genius. The most important of his other books were *White Jacket, or the World in a Man-of-War*; *Moby Dick, or the White Whale*; *Pierre, or the Ambiguities*; *Israel Potter*; *The Piazza Tales*; *The Confidence-Man*; and a volume of poems published the year after the close of the war. After 1866 Mr. Melville withdrew from the world, and lived in the strictest seclusion, prompted perhaps by natural melancholy of temperament, and his anger possibly at the bitter and persistent attacks of the critics consequent on the publication of *Pierre*. In 1847 he married a daughter of Chief Justice Shaw, of Massachusetts, and made his home at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, from 1850 to 1862—the more considerable portion of his literary life—where he became the intimate friend of Hawthorne. For about twenty years preceding his death Mr. Melville was attached to the Custom-house, where he remained until he retired on account of ill health. The attempt was often made to persuade the recluse to re-enter the society of his literary brethren, and cultivate again the field of work where he had been formerly famous. But these attempts were unavailing. The last flickerings of his genius were in two books published during his lifetime, *Moby Dick*, dedicated to Clark Russell, and a volume of verse, *Timoleon*, dedicated to Elihu Vedder.



THE NATIONAL ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIPS decided at St. Louis, October 3d, under the auspices of the Pastime Athletic Club, were, so far as the records go, the least noteworthy ever given by the Amateur Athletic Union. Athletes never had less encouraging figures to reward their efforts. The spectators, however, were favored, as all the contests were interesting, and several of them close and exciting. Two innovations marked the meeting—the use of electrical timing supplementary to watches, and a mile track. The electrical timing was highly successful in every respect, but the huge running track really took much of the interest from the contests. Without glasses it was impossible to follow the men closely in any of the runs longer than the quarter, and one lost all the sport of the race. It is safe to say that a similar experiment will not again be made. A quarter-mile straight-away is very desirable where we have two cracks in a race likely to be a record-breaker, but not otherwise. The arrangements made for the electrical timing were complete, and reflected great credit on Mr. Alfred Ramel, the inventor, and on Dr. A. N. Ravold, his co-laborer in the field of science.

WHETHER ELECTRICAL TIMING will ever become the accepted method is doubtful, simply because it would entail the erection on all grounds where such timing was to be done of poles and lines and a house for the apparatus. Especially doubtful is its adoption since the experiment on Saturday proved conclusively the trustworthiness of watches when in experienced hands. Throughout the entire programme the time returned by Messrs. C. C. Hughes, J. Abel, and R. Stoll differed so little from that of Mr. Ramel's electrical recorder as to make them practically the same. Electrical timing is unquestionably accurate, but it is also elaborate in its workings, and since the apparatus cannot be carried about readily and set up at all games, it is not likely to be used officially at any. It would be necessary, of course, to use it universally, else a woful entanglement of records would ensue.

THE PASTIME ATHLETIC CLUB, or, more correctly speaking, its president, A. D. Hartwell, made the very best use of the material on hand to further the success of the meeting. The track was very bad, the worst on which a championship has ever been decided in this country, but it was the only one in St. Louis. Many details could have been improved upon, but, on the whole, the meeting was successful, and the P. A. C. workers are to be commended for the smoothness with which their first big effort passed off. There were fully 5000 spectators in the immense grand stand, and the particularly pleasing feature was the presence of quality as well as quantity, the boxes bringing to mind our Eastern college games attendance. Apropos of this, some of my arguments against Sunday games in the West, in reply to the assertion that the "best people in the West" were to be seen on such occasions, may be recalled. The "best people in the West" are as much opposed to Sunday games as the same class in the East, and it is utterly absurd to think otherwise. It was the greatest athletic event ever held in St. Louis, and the first time its "best people" had the opportunity of witnessing an exhibition of amateur athletics.

WITHOUT HAVING SEEN the contests it is impossible to appreciate the excellence of individual performance in each event. The times were only fair, but the track was slow and killing. The sprints were the closest contests of the day. The 100 yards was decided in one heat, with Cary, M. A. C., Jewett, D. A. C., Vredenburg, N. Y. A. C., Metcalf, P. A. C., Swain, M. A. C., and Skilling, Michigan A. C., finishing in the order named in 10½ seconds; electrical time, 10.75. Many believed Jewett would defeat Cary, but not those who knew Cary well. He took the lead, and was never headed, though Jewett made a desperate effort, and succeeded in getting within a foot of him on the tape, with Vredenburg coming strong not two feet away. Swain, who is destined to become one of our fastest sprinters, was untrained and set, and ran more to encourage his clubmate, Cary, than with any hope of scoring. The time of this race on a good track would have been 10 seconds, if not less.

SUCH A 220-YARD FLAT RACE has not been seen in many a day. Jewett was thought to be the most likely winner, and indeed, at one time he did lead, but Cary went into the race with that dogged determination which has won him many a hard contest, and putting on steam, finally won by a yard from Vredenburg, with Jewett not six inches away in third, and Swain fourth. The effort made by the three first men would, on a fast track, have come close to establishing a record in place of the 224 returned (electrical time, 22.55). Cary and Jewett were completely used up, the former having run the last twenty yards on sheer pluck, actually staggering across the tape, while the latter fell immediately he was over it. Jewett made a great effort, but, for some unaccountable reason, the race supposed to be his best proved his worst. Vredenburg ran in fine

form, finishing strong, and closing on Cary rapidly; in ten yards—yes, in five yards—more he would have secured first honors.

THE WINNER OF THE QUARTER-MILE RACE was known before the men went on to the track. Three weeks ago the race between Downs, N. Y. A. C., and Remington, M. A. C., in the championship quarter, was looked forward to as one of the great events of the athletic year. Ten days ago the winning of Downs was conceded to be a foregone conclusion. Remington's defeat of Downs at the M. A. C. games, September 19th, appeared to have an unwholesome effect on him. Judging by his actions in disregarding all laws of training, he fancied he was the only quarter man in the country; he was run to a standstill and beaten by Downs in Toronto, and Saturday Downs again won from him handily by two yards in 51 seconds (61.15 electric), and with some steam in reserve. Remington has it in him to make a great quarter-mile, as this column has said many times, when he has fully realized two important facts: First, that a race is never won until the tape is crossed; second, consistent training is absolutely essential to good performance. A beer diet and a large head are powerful antidotes to a winning pace. Cochran ran an excellent race in this quarter, finishing third by about three yards; while Turner, who finished a bad fourth, ran in very poor judgment, a fact clearly proven by his leading the field about fifty yards from home. Ambition is commendable, but judgment in foot-racing is better. Turner is 'plucky' and, trained for either event, will push either Dohm or Downs closer than any other man in the country. He will be heard from at the next intercollegiate championships.

IT IS MOST UNFORTUNATE that Dolm should not have had a fine track in the half for another go at the world's record, 1 minute 54½ seconds. He may not be in such magnificent form another year, and there is no doubt in my mind that with conditions favorable he can lower his own record, and a second, and establish the world's at 1 minute 54 seconds. At the time he made 1 minute 54½ seconds (September 19, '91), he was interfered with sufficiently to lose him at least a second, otherwise he would have made the world's record then and there. So far as winning was concerned, he had an easy time of it Saturday, but he probably never worked harder to reach 2 minutes 44 seconds. Jacklin, the new man from the Michigan A. C., ran a good race, finishing third by about 4 yards, with Turner in third by 3 yards, and Dadmum, on whom the heavy track was especially severe, fourth by about 6 yards. A hard fast track or a board floor is where Dadmum, in form, is at home, otherwise he is not in it.

BOTH THE HURDLE EVENTS were extremely interesting, and the time made by the winner in each was, considering the track, equal to the world's records. The 120 final had Copland, M. A. C., Morrell, N. Y. A. C., Ducharme, D. A. C., and Schwieger, N. Y. A. C.—Lewis, A. C. S. N., Barnes and Puffer, N. J. A. C., having been disposed of in the heats, Lewis beating out Puffer for third in the first heat, and Finneeran, B. A. A., beating Barnes for the same place in the second heat. It was nip and tuck between Copland, Morrell, and Ducharme until the very last hurdle, with the first leading, and the other two running neck and neck. On the sprint in Copland pulled away, and won by a yard in 16 seconds (16.75 electric). Ducharme and Morrell were very close. I thought the former had won, as did some others; several called it a dead heat; but the judges gave it to Morrell. At all events, it was a fine race on such a track, and the first time Copland has ever won a championship at the game at which he is indeed a champion. In the low hurdle Morrell won the first heat, with Finneeran second, in 26½; and Schwieger won the second, with Copland following, in 26½. In this heat Ducharme lost his stride 75 yards from home, and was never afterwards in it. It was Ducharme's first race of the year in the 220, and he was clearly out of form, as was also Lewis, who went out of it in this heat. In the final Morrell won as he pleased in 25½ seconds (25.75 electric), with Schwieger second, and Finneeran third. Copland started, but quit at about 100 yards; he had a badly stone-bruised heel, and the wonder is he did so well in the 120. This time equals Williams' record, and, considering track, is quite as good as the 24½ made by J. P. Lee at Harvard (several issues ago, in commenting on this, 25½ was given in error for 24½) last summer. I understand, by the way, this performance has never been claimed, and therefore 25½ really stands as the record.

T. P. CONNEFF, M. A. C., won the mile and 5 miles as he pleased in 4.30½ (electric, 4.30.55) and 27.38½. He could have done much better in the mile, but that he was reserving himself for the longer distance. George M. A. C., ran a very good race in the mile, finishing second in 4.43, with Reid, M. A. C., third. Carter, N. Y. A. C., in the 5 miles, showed up to good advantage, considering his having been out of training for so long, and really ran a good race. Though of course not in it with Conneff, he left Reid far in the rear, finishing second in 28.15½. The best runner in the mile was Reid, and won by 5 yards from Nicoll, M. A. C., in

6.56½ (electric, 6.56.75). Curtis, the M. A. C. British importation, was cautioned by the judge of walking, and left the track for some unaccountable reason, unless it was he thought himself disqualified. In the 8-mile walk Nicoll cut out the pace, and he and Curtis fought it out all the way, the former winning by a short 2 yards in 23.24½, with Shearman 440 yards behind.

THE PERFORMANCE IN THE JUMPS was not of a high order. Nickerson, N. Y. A. C., won the high easily, with 5 feet 8½ inches. Long, B. A. A., and Powell, P. A. C., stuck at that height (Wiegand, N. Y. A. C., having failed two inches lower), and in the jump-off, Long cleared, and took second. The runway and landing for this and the broad were bad. Reber, P. A. C., was far behind his record of 23 feet 6½ inches in the broad jump, 22 feet 4½ inches being his best. His style is very fair, but nothing to what we have been led to believe. He is a large powerful fellow, takes a long run, and gets lots of power; but his form is not to be compared to Malcolm Ford, who, in my judgment, can beat him with 21, in condition. Schwieger took second, with 2 feet 7 inches; and Potter, M. A. C., third, 21 feet 6½ inches. Copland did not jump, and Jordan made only one or two efforts. The pole vault was a very interesting contest between Luce, D. A. C., and Crane, B. A. A., the former winning finally with 10 feet 6½ inches, and the latter clearing 9 feet 8½ inches. Casey, N. J. A. C., cleared 10 feet 1 inch; Potter, 9 feet 5½ inches; and Jordan, 9 feet 9 inches. Luce has an easy, beautiful style, and, as said before here, is a coming champion. He will place the event to the credit of Princeton next May.

THE NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB took the weights as usual with Mitchell and Gray; and the former made another world's record with the 56-pound, hurling it 35 feet 3½ inches, and supplanting 34 feet 6½ inches, his own record. Coghlan, M. A. C., and Queckbarn, M. A. C., tied for second in this with 32 feet 8 inches; and in the throw-off the former won second place. In the hammer, Mitchell did 186 feet 1 inch; a fine performance, especially as the ground in the circle was very bad. Queckbarn did only 122 feet 9 inches, and Coghlan 116 feet 1 inch. There was no 16-pound shot, but that did not prevent Gray from winning with the 14-pound one produced; his put was 46 feet 10 inches, Mitchell second, 42 feet 8 inches; Queckbarn, 40 feet 2 inches. The games were well managed from beginning to end, and the starting by H. S. Cornish good enough to be worthy of especial mention.

IT IS RATHER LATE to comment on the Detroit Athletic Club games held September 29th, but they were exceptionally good management and high grade of entries, to say nothing of a world's record, demand a few lines at least. All the Eastern athletes on their way to the championship at St. Louis competed. The most notable performances were: Mitchell's, N. Y. A. C., world's record throw of the 16-pound hammer, 186 feet 1 inch; Vredenburg's, N. Y. A. C., performance in the 300-yard run from the 3-yard mark in 31½; and Skilling's 11½ from yard-and-half mark in the 120-yard flat, though he had the wind at his back. The courtesy of the D. A. C. men is proverbial, but on this occasion they quite eclipsed all previous records.

A WEAKENED TEAM, a treacherous wicket, a demon bowler, and a defeat by four wickets—such is the history in a nutshell of the second match between the Quaker City cricketers and Lord Hawke's eleven. Against this the Philadelphians can set their eight-wicket victory, and feel that the balance is in their favor. I sincerely think that the committee displayed its usual judgment, either in laying off S. Law or in filling the places of C. Coates, R. D. Brown, and W. Brockie, who were unable to play in the second match. The failure of Law to shape well at the bat in the first match does not seem to be an adequate reason for laying him off, especially when his brilliant fielding and his season's record are taken into consideration. Of the new men, S. Welsh, Jun., alone justified his choice, and even he dropped a catch the acceptance of which might have won the game for his side. Still, in the face of the failure of George S. Patterson and other cracks to score, it is quite possible that S. M. J. Woods would have proved too good for the beleaguered Quakers could have mustered. It was exasperating to see a batsman of F. E. Brewster's experience run out twice in the two matches. Any one would have thought that the smartness of the Englishmen in fielding and returning balls would have been a sufficient warning of the folly of attempting to steal runs.

THE MOST DISAPPOINTING of the native batsmen was F. H. Bohnen. Much was expected from him on the strength of the form he has displayed in local matches; it is a matter of regret, therefore, that he is not in the field. The fielding of the Philadelphians was, on the whole, good; still, it did not compare with the work of the visiting Englishmen, which has probably never been surpassed in this country. S. M. J. Woods is a wonder in the field; H. T. Hewett is a first-class point; and C. W. Wright, now he has become accustomed to the grounds, is a capital wicketkeeper. Of the umpiring perhaps the least said is the best.

ter; but poor as it was, it was eminently more satisfactory than the rulings of the two officials in the first match, which was suggestive of either lack of familiarity with the M. C. C. rules or the want of two strong pairs of specs.

AFTER SEEING THE ENGLISHMEN play two matches, I am able to form a pretty good estimate of their capabilities. The team, as a whole, is not by any means equal to the second team brought over by Mr. Saunders. Our former visitors were far the most part young fellows who were just then at their very best. They were particularly strong in bowling, numbering among them Messrs. Buckland, Turner, Rotherham, and Roller. There is just one first class bowler on Lord Hawke's team—S. M. J. Woods; and good as he is on a wicket that suits him, I am inclined to doubt whether he will prove as effective as Mr. Buckland on the fast American wickets. H. T. Hewett is a rattling good bat, and so, for that matter, is Lord Hawke. Both would do better here if they would learn what balls to play and what to let alone. Apart from the above-named players there are no especially strong bats on the team. G. W. Wright I do not consider more than mediocre. As for K. J. Key, I am unable to understand his retention on the Surrey County eleven, except on the strength of past services. Concerning the Philadelphia criticisms and that of some local reporters on my estimate of the Englishmen in a recent issue, I shall have more to say in a coming number, when I have more space and time. Suffice it to say now I am not in the habit of rushing into print with statements I cannot substantiate—and this is no exception—the defeat of Philadelphia to the contrary notwithstanding.

THE ENGLISHMEN HAVE NOT one all-round cricketer equal to George S. Patterson. As a run-getter Mr. Patterson is equal to the best of them, while in patience he is probably their superior. But Mr. Patterson is also a first-class bowler and a general of no mean ability. Of the other Philadelphia players, Walter Scott, Crawford Coates, and K. D. Brown have displayed brilliant form against the Englishmen.

THE CRICKET EXHIBITION New York is making against the visiting Englishmen this week on Staten Island is not calculated to fill Americans with gratification, whichever way it turns out. It would have been more to New York's credit and profited the American game to greater extent had Philadelphia's example been followed, and an eleven of amateurs, even of inferior ability, presented. Sixteen players, more than half of them English and several professionals, are a nice tea party for an amateur representation.

THE ENGLISH TENNIS PLAYER, Mr. C. G. Eames, has recently written *Pastime* a letter, in which he says: "I should like to say, as one who saw Mr. Oliver Campbell and all the other prominent players perform on many occasions last summer in New York, that in my humble opinion the American claim, or of other American players, is certainly not within 15 of our first dozen players. That the Yankees volley well there can be no question, but that their 'off-the-ground' play is of a very inferior quality is equally certain. The climate would no doubt hamper a Britisher to some extent, but even taking this into consideration, I am confident that they would not have a loss in if any of our best players were to compete in their tournaments."

PASSING OVER THE FACT that such criticism would come with better grace from Mr. Eames had he himself vied in the "States" made some of us, in showing against our players, it might be as well to remind him and the English tennis public that last year Mr. Deane Miller, who is not one of our cracks, and was defeated in the first round of our national tournament this year, visited the land where tennis champions are so plentifully distributed, and made a very good showing against some of England's best players. He did not meet, I believe, the very "tip-toppers," but he did meet and defeat some of those believed to be able to give him odds and a beating.

IT IS DECIDEDLY A QUESTION whether the "first dozen players" of England, or any one of them, for matter of that, could give Mr. Campbell 15 and a beating. Neither am I inclined to believe that the Englishmen really think such to be the case, for if they did, some one of this redoubtable 15-giving "first dozen" would have been over here before this looking for the American championship; they are not apt to allow good things like this to be staying around. Our national tournament, held at Newport every year, is open to the world, and we should be more than delighted to immolate our lambs on the altar of sportsmanship for any one of this formidable "first dozen" who proved to be worthy of the sacrifice. In the England two of our very good players, Valentine Hall and his brother E. L., will visit England next year, and as they intend playing tennis throughout the season, some of Mr. Eames's cracks will have the opportunity of appeasing their hunger for slaughter by tackling these two Americans. They may take the wire edge off the British appetite.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.



J. R. WHITTEMORE, WINNER OF THE AMATEUR ATHLETIC UNION ONE-MILE SWIMMING CHAMPIONSHIP.

PASTIME ATHLETIC CLUB OF ST. LOUIS.

The success of the Pastime Athletic Club, shown by the opening last Saturday of its handsome new club-house, and the recognition of its importance in the athletic world through holding the national championships under its auspices, marks an era in Western athletics that is extremely gratifying to amateurs. It is not so long ago when, outside of the Detroit Athletic Club, amateur athletics in the West were left to shift unguided, and the result was far from pleasing. But now, with two such staunch supporters as the D. A. C. and the P. A. C., the future of amateur sport is assured in that section at least. Early in '89 the Western Association of Amateur Athletes was organized, and the Pastime A. C. became a member, with Harry J. Joel, afterwards P. A. C. secretary for two years, and now official handicapper of the Central Association A. A. U., as the club's representative. In the course of a few months he resigned, and Mr. S. C. Cabanne succeeded him, finally becoming the president of the W. A. A. A., and Mr. A. D. Hartwell the P. A. C. representative.



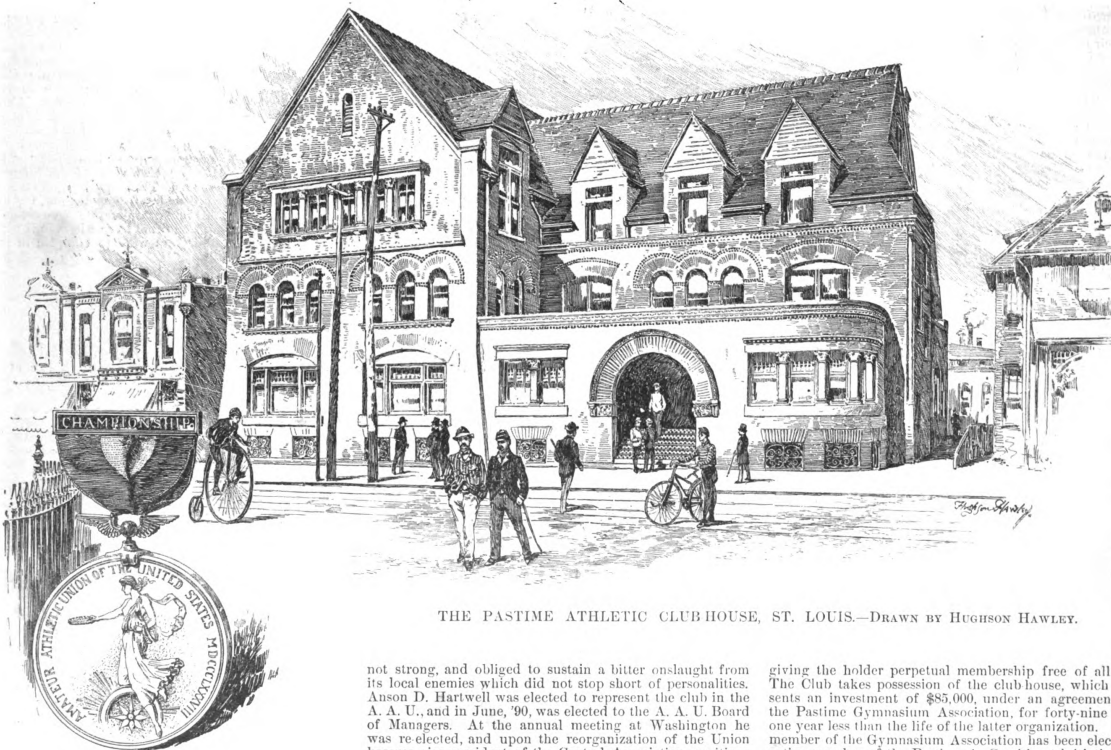
ANSON D. HARTWELL, PRESIDENT OF THE PASTIME ATHLETIC CLUB.

In the midst of this, the P. A. C. sent Mr. Hartwell East to confer with the Amateur Athletic Union Board of Managers. The result was an effort to bring the entire W. A. A. A. into the A. A. U. that everything might go on harmoniously East and West. But it was to no purpose, the Western association refusing to entertain any proposition of the kind. This left the P. A. C. no course but to withdraw from the W. A. A. A., and join the A. A. U., which it did. This step was much more hazardous to the P. A. C. than those outside of St. Louis could realize. The club was then in its infancy,



C. T. REBER, CHAMPION RUNNING BROAD-JUMP RECORD.

of membership, at last became a possibility. The result has been long coming, but worth the waiting, for the house opened last Saturday is one of the largest and most complete as well as finest structures of its kind in the West, while the membership roll reaches eleven hundred. The house stands directly opposite the western entrance to Vandeventer Place, a private park of three blocks in length, surrounded by the residences of some of the city's most wealthy citizens, and in the very centre of "West End." Twelve of these families formed an association and bought the lot, which is 100 by 154 feet, upon which the club-house stands, in order to prevent the erection of any building likely to mar the beauty of the place. They have signed over to the club the title to this lot, taking in exchange perpetual membership, to the value of their respective shares, in the Pastime Gymnasium Association, which is the business end, so far as building goes, of the club. This association originally had a capital stock of \$35,000, of 250 shares at \$100 each, but lately increased it to \$50,000, of 500 shares, a single share of stock entitling the holder to a ten years' membership free from dues and assessments, and two and a half shares, or \$250,



THE PASTIME ATHLETIC CLUBHOUSE, ST. LOUIS.—DRAWN BY HUGHSON HAWLEY.

There were certain men in the W. A. A. A. who had for years in St. Louis and Chicago carried all there was in athletics around in their pockets, and whose methods were, from an amateur stand-point, so objectionable that the club was forced into an opposition which they bitterly deplored. Matters were going from bad to worse. Sunday hoodlumism, picnic games, and semi-professionalism ruled the day. In

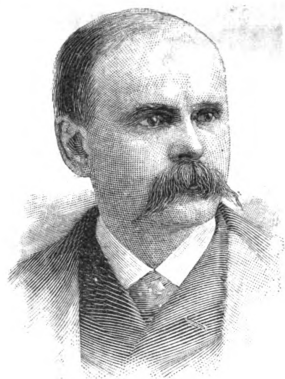
not strong, and obliged to sustain a bitter onslaught from its local enemies which did not stop short of personalities. Anson D. Hartwell was elected to represent the club in the A. A. U., and in June, '90, was elected to the A. A. U. Board of Managers. At the annual meeting at Washington he was re-elected, and upon the reorganization of the Union became vice-president of the Central Association, positions which he continues to fill with great credit to himself and his club, of which he is president.

The Pastime A. C. was organized in January, '88, with six members, and incorporated in June of the same year. Mr. Joseph A. Deffrey was made president, and held the honor for two years. At the annual meeting in January, '89, a board of nine directors was elected, composed entirely of prominent business and professional men. The question of a club-house was early agitated, and, with the increasing

giving the holder perpetual membership free of all dues. The Club takes possession of the club-house, which represents an investment of \$85,000, under an agreement with the Pastime Gymnasium Association, for forty-nine years, one year less than the life of the latter organization. Every member of the Gymnasium Association has been elected an active member of the Pastime A. C. without initiation, and both bodies are under direct control of a Board of Managers, fifteen in number—nine from the association and six from the club. While the club is young in athletics, it has much material that promises to develop. Reber holds the running broad jump record of 23 ft. 6½ in., and is said to be a wonderful man; Whittemore holds the American one-mile swimming championship, which he won in 24 minutes 11½ seconds; and Powell is a high jumper who, with some training, will one of these days hold a championship.

THE LOUISVILLE CARNIVAL.

THE annual pageant of the Satellites of Mercury at Louisville, Kentucky, is always followed by a great reception and ball, at which representatives of Southern society are present in force from all the leading cities. The *entrée* to the ball is jealously guarded, and in consequence it is usually regarded as the most important social event of the year. The members of the Satellites of Mercury, gentlemen of high position, annually select a representative member of the organization to serve as King of the Carnival Reception. The King, who is usually a married man, has the privilege of choosing the Queen, who, custom requires, must be the handsomest young lady of the year. This year the King was Mr. John W. Buchanan,



a leading young business man, member of one of the oldest families of the State, and connected with many strong Southern families. This illustrates the social plane upon which the carnival reception is pitched. The Queen was Miss Elise Castleman, the daughter of General John B. Castleman, who has long been distinguished in the social,



political, and official life of Kentucky. Miss Castleman is a tall brunette, with graceful, commanding figure, a singularly fine and handsome face, and is celebrated in Kentucky for her accomplishments.

CHINESE FESTIVALS.

THE Chinese seem to go at things in a wrong spirit, and as our knowledge of them widens, we are much amused. The festivals of the almond-eyed folks are varied and extensive, numbering in all thirty-five. XII. Moon, 15th Day, is the festival of *Hsiao-han*, which means Slight Cold; and it strikes us as particularly funny, for we are more apt to go into mourning over a slight cold than to rejoice in it. The next holiday is *T'ien lung-tan*, which is celebrated in a manner becoming the Birthday of the Celestial Dragon.

Tu-han means Great Cold, and this is celebrated XII. Moon, 30th day, and a fortnight after, on the 15th Day of the I. Moon the *Li-ch'un* and the *Shang-yuen chieh* are both recognized, the first being the beginning of spring, and the second the well-known Feast of Lanterns, when they try to outdo our Fourth of July in noise and general noisy amusements. Following immediately upon this is the feast of Bain Water, and from our acquaintance with Chinese umbrellas, it seems likely that the festival is observed indoors. After this is the *Ching-eh*, and the very sound of it is suggestive of the entomological songsters that frequent the woodland at this season, for this is the day of Excited Insects. Does it not seem that the Celestial is really reversed in all his ideas? But perhaps this festival is one of propitia-

tion, and we would most certainly have a holiday could we limit the celebrations of the excited insects themselves to one brief day. The Vernal Equinox is a perfectly natural festival, although we of the West are not partial to celebrating the changes of nature. Perhaps their weather is more certain and reliable, for a little later is the *Ching-ming*, or Pure Brightness, and if we had any such holiday, we could count upon a rain-storm covering the entire country, such is the perversity of our weather, and if we had the *Ko-yü*, or Corn Rain, which is the next in order, a drought would precede and follow the celebration for a fortnight.

The Beginning of Summer is the following holiday, which is alike our social he-gira; but the *Hsiao-man* has no parallel in our lives. This latter is the Small Fullness, and may be likened to the combination of the small boy and the green apple; but that period is generally one of wailing and sorrow. The Anniversary of the Death of Confucius is followed by *Mang-chung*, or Sprouting Deeds, from which we may judge that the Corn Rain duly obeyed the summons. After the Dragon Boat Festival and the Summer Solstice, which have no counterparts with us, the *Hsiao-shu*, which is interpreted as Slight Heat, may be found with us to be the beginning of vacation. The Formation of Heaven and Earth and Feast of Heavenly Gifts follow closely; and the day after the latter is the *Tu-shu*. This is Great Heat; analogous to stagnation of trade and general laziness, which is duly observed throughout our entire country. The *Li-ch'u* is the beginning of autumn, and marks the exile of the summer girl; and *Chu-shu*, or Stopping of Heat, suggests by its accent the railroad train which bears the homeward-bound tourist.

The *Yu* is the White Dew that follows, which with us usually marks the exit of the straw hat. But White Dew, or our Jack Frost, seems to have given place this year to a repetition of Great Heat. The Autumnal Equinox and Midautumn Festival are the succeeding delights of the Celestial, and then comes the Cold Dew. It is hard to catalogue this day, but the coal-burners must delight in it, although they have no special public celebration. Then the Birthday of Confucius and *Chung Yung Festival* are followed by Frost's Descent, which only serves to render our ideas of the colors and degrees of dews previously celebrated more perplexing than ever. The *Li-tung* marks the beginning of winter, and may be noted by us as the appearance of the ulster, and Slight Snow, musically known in the original as *Hsiao-hsieh*, is just the same as our *Li-tung*. The *Tu-shieh* is Great Snow, which is not celebrated with any great delight by any one except the small boy; and after this distinctively Chinese festival, the conclusion first form regarding the very eccentric ideas of the Celestial is found to be quite correct.

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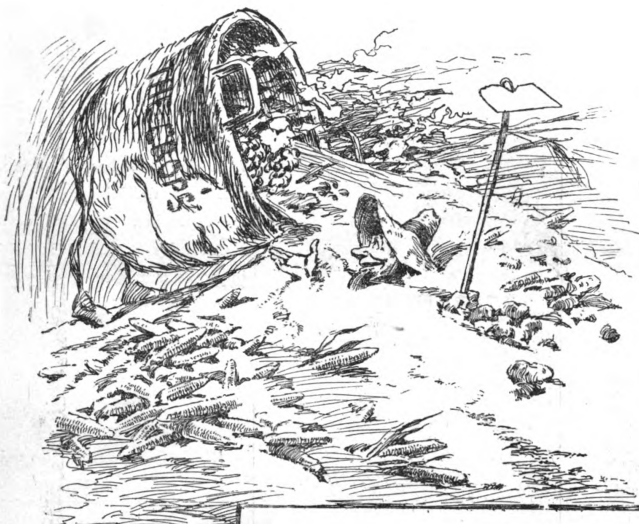
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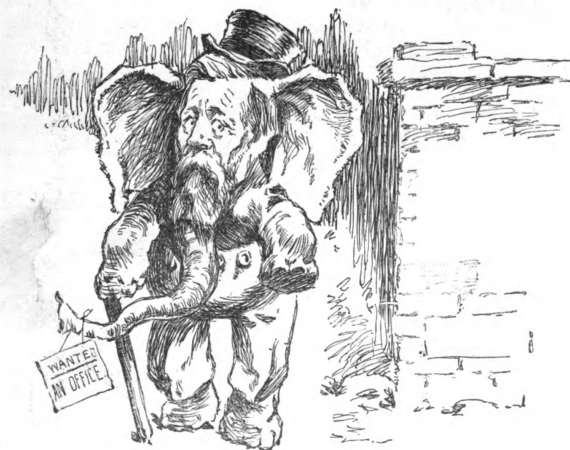
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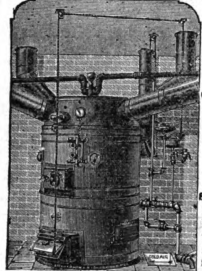
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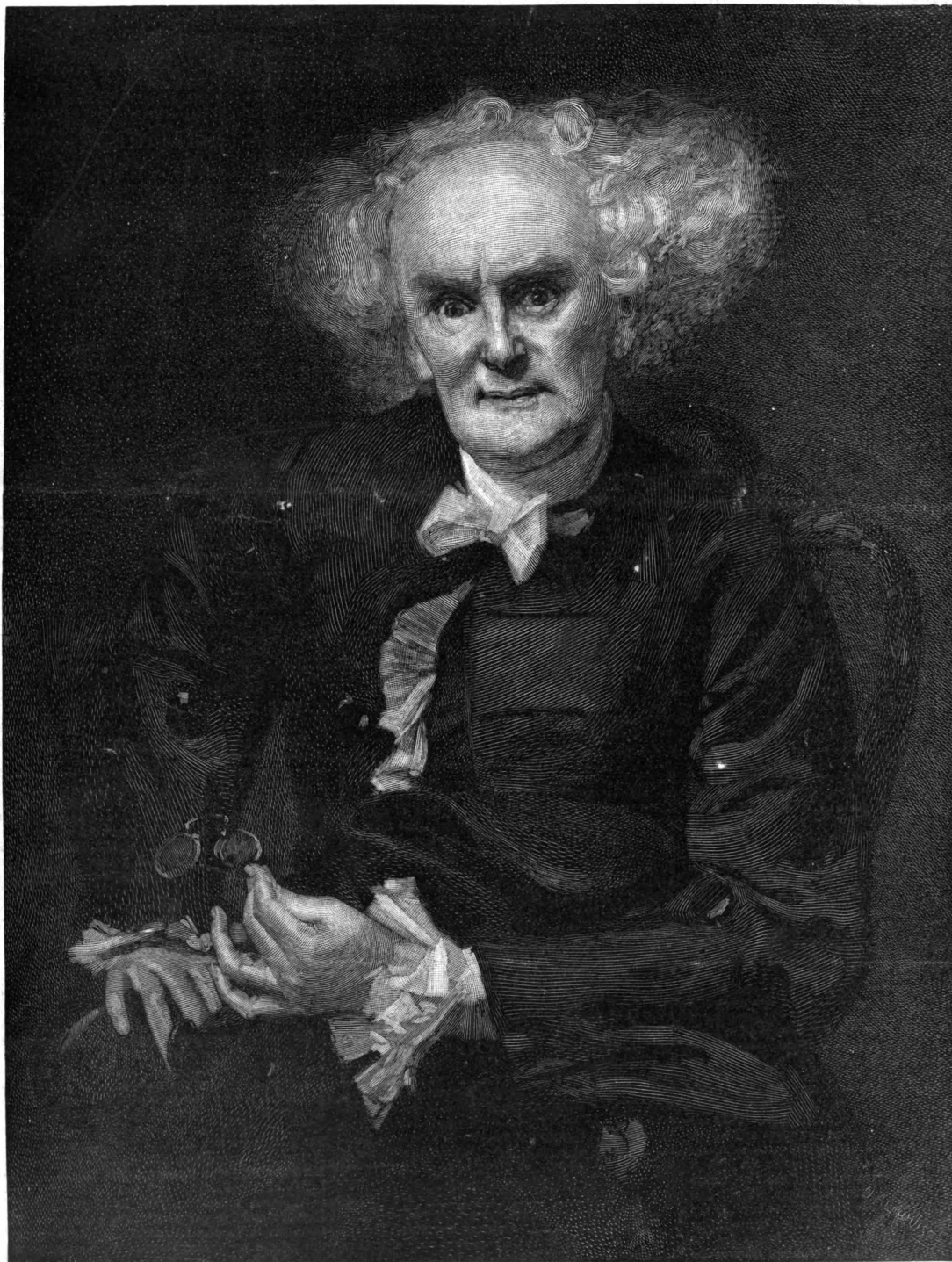
HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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TAMMANY HALL AND THE PEOPLE OF NEW YORK.

THE effort of the great FLOWER ratification meeting at the Cooper Institute in New York was to change the issue before the people of the State from that of the immediate control of the State government by the most corrupt and powerful, and therefore dangerous, political organization in the country to that of a future revision of the tariff by Congress. The effort was made in two ways: first, by insisting that whatever might be true of Tammany Hall, it is a local question, and discussion of it is a mere Republican campaign trick, while tariff reform is the paramount national interest to which every other question should be subordinated; and second, by alleging that whatever might be true of Tammany Hall, it was a question within the Democratic party, while the party at large must be supported at all elections by all who really desire tariff reform. The argument in both cases was essentially the same. It was that the Democratic party holds the true view of a tariff, and therefore at every election and for all candidates the Democratic ticket must be supported. This is precisely the kind of argument addressed to the Pennsylvania Republicans who oppose QUAY, and to the Philadelphia Republicans who mean to vote for the Democratic Treasurer in order to find out about the corruption in the city Treasury. They are adjured to support the party ticket, corruption or no corruption, because it represents the sacred cause of protection. So "vote for FLOWER, Tammany or no Tammany," says the Cooper Institute meeting, "because he stands for tariff revision." This is an argument for those who are moved by the familiar old Tammany cry that the devil is to be supported if he be regularly nominated. It was the argument of the TWEED ring which ruled New York as the "regular Democracy." It is a good argument for all who always vote the Democratic ticket. But it is no argument at all for the citizens of New York who intend to vote at the next election to promote in the most probable manner the welfare of the State.

The character, the power, and the methods of Tammany Hall have been made familiar not only by the TWEED episode, but by the recent detailed and undeniable exposures of the *Evening Post*. It is a combination or conspiracy primarily for the control of the city government for the benefit of certain men, and a vast train of their dependents. Those men are in no sense whatever eminent or leading citizens of New York. They are wholly unknown except as Tammany politicians, many of them tainted with crime, and they have no part in the industrial, educated, or higher life of the city. They are merely unscrupulous politicians who live and enrich themselves by command of the city patronage and opportunities, selling the local offices to the highest bidder, and corrupting members of the Legislature for their purposes whenever necessary. The "patronage" at their control is four times as large as the Federal patronage in the city, and their organization is complete and permanent. Their forces are the great mass of the ignorant and criminal class of the population, and although they have no principle or purpose but plunder, the combination has always

shown the Democratic flag, is supported by Democratic votes, and trades with the trading Republicans, or any other venal body of politicians or voters. Its excesses under TWEED were so flagrant and shameless that it became a national peril, and the universal and conclusive argument against the Democratic party throughout the country was its identification with slavery and Tammany Hall. The local danger was so threatening that upon the exposures by the *Times* of the extent of Tammany crime there was a combined popular movement against it, in which Democrats were very prominent, which led to the flight of its chief leaders and the death of TWEED as a felon. Another local organization of the party was effected, but Tammany still remained, and after a contest of some years the leaders of the new organization now confess that the action of the late Democratic State Convention shows that Tammany, excluding every representative of the new organization from the Convention, has resumed its old control. It prevails with its party in the State by its alliance with the liquor interest, and by offsetting with the immense venal vote of the city the vote of the rest of the State. Thus acquiring State control of its party, it aims at casting the vitally important vote in the Democratic National Convention; and thus again, although only a local organization, it is by far the greatest power in the national Democratic party. Its ascendancy, therefore, involves much more than a measure of policy, whether of the tariff or of the currency. It is a question of honest government itself, as well as of every measure of reform, and in this view the ascendancy of no other combination of unprincipled politicians is to be compared with it. It is cordially detested by many excellent Democrats, who sometimes offer a little spasmodic opposition. But as WILLIAM GODWIN said of the Catholic Church that it reposed securely upon the folly and ignorance of mankind, so Tammany Hall, a perpetual organization, relying upon party spirit and bribery, exhausts the protesting Democrats, and brings them all into subjection.

That it is substantially the same body of municipal robbers, strong only by ignorance, corruption, and other crime, instinctively hostile to honest government, decent politics, and political reform, the undeniable and undeniable facts published within the last two or three years, and published at the personal peril of those who took the responsibility, conclusively prove. The ratification at the polls of the supremacy of Tammany, which was shown in the State Convention and acknowledged by Democrats, would put it in practical control of the State through the Legislature and Governor. To vote for its candidates is to declare that good government and progressive and beneficent State legislation are to be expected from Tammany Hall. To support its ticket is to install in the State government a power which is described in detail, and known to be in fact, an aggregate of the worst elements in the city of New York. Mr. FLOWER, we believe, is personally an amiable gentleman, but politically he is a creation of Tammany. Politically he has no individual force or significance. He has been most scornfully described by those who now support him, and except for his large fortune nobody would assert that he would have been sent to Congress or nominated for the Governorship. The real forces behind him are Governor HILL and Mr. CROKER, the liquor interest and the Tammany power—the power which could send and intended to send SCANNELL to Congress, and refrained only lest it should embarrass its larger and more important designs. If the success of such an organization, whose purpose no intelligent man can deny, and whose power the Brooklyn and the Erie Democrats have felt, means reform and the objects in State politics which good citizens desire to accomplish, the Democratic candidate may be safely elected. But if the Tammany power is now an immediately threatening danger to honest politics, it cannot be safely strengthened under the plea that it must be tolerated this year for the sake of tariff reform hereafter. Even those who as partisan Democrats support it, privately denounce it, or insist that "Tom" PLATT is as bad as Tammany Hall, which is the mere gibe of despairing inability to justify support of Tammany grasping at the government of the State. Tammany is an issue which takes precedence of all other issues. If its success were, as it is not, but as its advocates allege, the condition of hastening tariff reform, there are yet sincere tariff reformers, but also friends of honest government, who would gladly see the triumph of reform postponed. Tariff reformers are grievously deluded who in pursuit of that object vote so as to enable Tammany Hall once more to say with its old insolence of defiance, "What are you going to do about it?"

VOTING FOR NEXT YEAR.

ONE of the most extraordinary arguments for the election of Mr. FLOWER that we have seen offered in this campaign is that it would tend to keep the Democratic party straight upon the silver question next year. The argument is that the Democratic party must be

kept in good humor and put upon its good behavior or it will make mischief. In other words, if it is tickled and soothed, the Democratic tiger will be gentle as a kitten; but should it be crossed, it will growl and bite. This is a droll argument for grown people. It concedes that the position of the party upon the silver question is extremely uncertain. In other words, it implies that as a party it cannot be trusted upon the subject, and that is undoubtedly the truth. There is little doubt that if there should be a general Democratic victory at the elections of this autumn, the stronger drift of the party in every direction would be strengthened. Now the larger number of Democratic State declarations upon the silver question have been favorable to free coinage, and in the event of general success those declarations would not be withdrawn, but would be naturally regarded as approved by the result.

The attempt to centralize the election into a simple tariff declaration is likely to produce a great deal of misunderstanding. During the State campaign the parties will naturally emphasize their national differences; but to do this exclusively is to lose sight of the large vote which is not merely partisan, and does not propose to sacrifice local questions of the first importance to one important national question. The exhortation in every little district to vote the entire ticket is the natural result of the argument that everything must be subordinated to next year's result. A man must vote for an inferior county clerk or coroner because the party vote must be full and complete for next year. Indeed, the cry of the autumn that we must vote for or against protection in voting for a game constable is wholly fatal to the sound doctrine that we should refuse to be bullied into voting for an incompetent school commissioner this year by fear of endangering the election of a tariff reformer to Congress next year.

This is all part of the scheme of party tyranny. The voter must not exercise his own judgment, or vote according to his own knowledge, but carry out the arrangements of the bosses. This is very foolish. There is no point at which the voter should surrender his own judgment upon any vital point. Mere preference among fit candidates is not a vital point, but fitness itself is. If a man goes to the primary and votes for delegates to the convention, and the convention nominates A, he will not refuse to vote for him because he rather prefers B. But if the convention nominates C, whom the voter knows to be unfit, he will not vote for C because he voted for the delegates who nominated him. When the managers know that anybody whom they nominate will get the party vote, they will nominate to suit themselves. The only thing which will produce proper nominations is the fear of the defeat of improper nominations. The argument, therefore, that we ought to support all candidates and measures, and take all risks of State reforms and local benefits, for the sake of general party success next year is utterly demoralizing; while the assertion that a party ought to be supported lest it should do some mischief is a good reason for voting early and working hard against it.

THE PASTER AND THE BLANKET BALLOT.

THE People's Municipal League in the city of New York, composed of the most earnest ballot reformers, will either nominate for the Assembly candidates pledged to ballot reform, or it will approve such candidates when otherwise nominated. This is a capital plan, which will enable every voter to support a candidate for the Assembly who will certainly vote for the amended blanket ballot. But in order to make sure that such a vote is not nullified by a veto, he must also vote against Mr. FLOWER, because he has declared that he stands by the Democratic platform, and the Democratic platform declares for the unamended law which tolerates "the paster," intended to baffle the reform.

As we have already explained, Governor HILL would not sign the bill until it permitted a paster, or a complete ballot, to be printed by anybody and given by a boss to the voter to take into the booth and paste over any ticket. This is now a valid ballot, and enables the briber to oversee his man except for the moment during which he is sticking the paster upon the ticket. As the voter has no reason not to do this, and it is actually easier for him than any other course, the briber has a moral certainty that he has corrupted the vote, and that his man has earned his money.

The paster is the reformed ballot of Governor HILL, of Tammany Hall, of the Democratic party, as declared unanimously at its Convention, and of Mr. FLOWER. The blanket ballot is the reformed ballot of Mr. FASSETT and the Republican party, as declared unanimously at its Convention. Mr. FASSETT and his party associates have voted for it three times in the Legislature. Whoever wishes the reform completed in New York will naturally vote for Mr. FASSETT, this year, and for any other candidate and reform next year that he may choose.

CLEANING HOUSE IN PENNSYLVANIA.

In Pennsylvania WAYNE MACVEAGH heads the list of Republicans who intend to vote for Mr. WILLIAM REDWOOD WRIGHT, the Democratic city Treasurer, who is already pushing the investigation into the apparently depheless Republican corruption in the city administration. Mr. HERBERT WELSH writes a pointed letter in reply to the statement that no Republican can refuse to support an unexceptionable party candidate. He says truly that that is not the question. The question is why an unexceptionable administrative officer, whose duties are absolutely non-political, and who is doing them most effectively, should be put out merely for the purpose of putting in a successor.

There is no answer to such a question. It is conclusive. It is simple common-sense applied to elections, and the question and the contemplated action show the vigorous political health of the voters concerned. Mr. MACVEAGH and his friends hold that no thorough inquiry into the frauds of the city Treasury can be expected from Republicans. The desire to save the party would be overpowering.

Perhaps Mr. ALLEN, the Republican candidate for the Governorship in Massachusetts, thinks that Mr. MACVEAGH and Mr. WELSH and the other Republican voters who elected Mr. PATTERSON Governor of Pennsylvania last year are among the independents of whom he speaks as sitting on the fence and shying stones at the party processions. But they do not shy without results, as they proved last year; and which, upon the whole, does Mr. ALLEN prefer, a political independence which roots out corruption, or a party fidelity which covers it up?

AFTER PARNELL, WHAT?

The death of Mr. PARNELL will naturally deepen the hostility between his friends and the followers of Mr. MCCARTHY. The feeling, indeed, is so bitter that the latter were warned not to attend the funeral, and for the moment not only is there no head of the Irish party, but the party is rent asunder. The breach is wider because the Parnellites now hold their leader to have been murdered by his opponents. His last message of love to his colleagues and country will become a cherished tradition and rallying cry, and no Irish leader seems destined to a fonder or more passionate recollection than PARNELL. There is hardly in political history a more extraordinary miscarriage of a great career. His renown, if not among BACON's builders of states, yet among national leaders, seemed to be assured. He was the one Irishman whom Englishmen were compelled to recognize as of a statesmanlike sagacity and courage like those of the foremost historic Englishmen, and yet all was lost for himself not by the superiority of others, but wholly because of his own weakness.

We are surprised to see that Mr. SMALLEY speaks of "the colleagues who betrayed him." On the contrary, it was PARNELL and PARNELL alone who betrayed both the cause and its supporters. He deliberately entered upon a course of personal immorality without the least consideration of its effect upon the cause to which he was devoted, and which others had committed to him as the leader. The result was the alienation of the English sympathy which alone made his cause practicable and strong, and with that sympathy the loss of the English leader whose personal power was essential to success. PARNELL's personal conduct, his private immorality, compelled his colleagues, who had loved and followed him as a leader with unprecedented loyalty, to choose between Ireland and him, and they nobly chose their country. If ever a man betrayed a cause and the most faithful colleagues, it was PARNELL. It is no reply to say that his guilt was known before the divorce suit. It was not known to "the dissenting conscience" except as rumor. If the charge had reason, it was understood that he had a defence. It was his business to know the character of his supporters. It was moral treason in him wantonly to outrage the collective conscience of his dissenting allies, and to give the Catholic hierarchy its opportunity. It was his duty as a true leader to forecast the consequences of his private conduct upon both sides, and when he owned the shame and the great breach followed, it was not his colleagues who had betrayed him; it was PARNELL who had betrayed his cause.

This seems to us the simple historic fact. Certainly no historian hereafter will say that PARNELL's cause was lost under his leadership because his colleagues betrayed him. The historian will record with amazement the fact that for a shameful private intrigue the greatest of Irish leaders threw away his cause. Doubtless his heart was broken. But it would not have been broken had he been basely deserted and betrayed by his associates, because that event, however disastrous, would have left his self-respect untouched. The catastrophe is one of the tragedies of modern politics. No man in the British Empire probably would be followed to the grave with so vast and passionate an outburst of grief and pride and affection as attended PARNELL to Glasnevin.

But the blighted career, the broken heart, the untimely death, were not due to the treachery of others, and the tragical lesson needs no preacher.

IN THE THIRTY-SECOND DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.

In the Thirty-second Senatorial District of New York an independent candidate has been nominated against the regular Republican candidate, Senator VEDDER. This is the only way in which "reform within the party" can be secured. So long as those who wish such reform continue to vote for the thing to be reformed, there will be no reform within the party, and those who desire it will merely strengthen the evil they wish to correct.

Dr. J. T. EDWARDS, for the last twenty-one years the President of the Chamberlain Institute, at Randolph, a gentleman known and respected in his neighborhood as a teacher and preacher, has been nominated for State Senator by a Peoples' Convention and a Democratic Convention, and has accepted as an independent candidate, not acknowledging any party obligation, and pledged to the interests of the whole community. In an excellent speech accepting the nomination Dr. EDWARDS said, truly, "No caucus can relieve any individual from the responsibility of exercising his own judgment as to the character of every candidate for office."

This is sound American doctrine, and the only defence against the despotism of party. Dr. EDWARDS quotes the remark of JOHN JAY, which is well worth pondering by every American citizen:

"We approve of the customary mode of nominating candidates, and have uniformly concurred in it. That concurrence certainly involved our tacit consent to be bound by the nomination to be so made. But it is equally certain that such consent did, does, and ever will rest on the condition, trust, and confidence that such nomination only be made as we can support without transgressing the obligations we are under to preserve our characters and our minds free from humiliation and reproach."

This is in the precise key of EDMUND BURKE's noble words: "All government is founded upon compromise and barter. . . . But in all fair dealing the thing bought must bear some proportion to the purchase paid. None will barter away the immediate jewel of the soul." The voters in the Thirty-second District who do not wish to vote for the regular candidate merely because he is such, have apparently a candidate of character and standing whom they can willingly support.

STRAWS.

It was claimed at the late annual meeting of the Civil Service Reform League that although the outrage of extorting party contributions from public employes was not abolished, yet that it had been forbidden by law, and was stigmatized by public opinion as disgraceful, and that the employes were coming, like other citizens, to do as they pleased in giving their own money. This assertion has been confirmed by the report of JAMES E. LOWREY, who has charge of this delectable business in Washington on behalf of the Ohio Republican Committee.

We see with pleasure the statement that Mr. LOWREY, an ALVA in the departments, summoned a conference of Ohio clerks the other day, with the intimation that the positions of recusants were in danger. But only eleven out of some thousands attended, while only about thirty have contributed "voluntarily" under the same implied threat. The departments would seem not to be doing very well, and it is a happy sign of moral freedom in the public service which has not been known for many a year.

If, as is stated, the President has ordered that clerks who go home to vote must account for the time lost, it is tolerably clear that the administration is respecting the spirit of the law, and leaving to the employes the just liberty of American citizens. If this be so, it is greatly to the credit of the President. The President who should free the public employes from the terror of this demand from irresponsible party committees, who extort all the money they can and never account for its use, would be rightly described as a practical reformer.

THE DUTY OF VOTING.

It is said in Massachusetts that Governor RUSSELL was elected last year by Republicans who staid at home. It used to be said that a rainy election day was fatal to the Whigs. Mr. BLAINE in 1884 intimated that muddy roads had helped to defeat him. How is it that this complaint is made of those who are supposed to be peculiarly interested in good government, while repeaters and floaters and heblers of every degree are repelled neither by wind nor weather?

Last year in one assembly district in the city of New York, largely Republican, more than nine hundred voters who were registered were too careless to come out and vote. That kind of indifference, of which the Tammany voters will not be guilty, would give the victory this year to Tammany. If Tammany be worth opposing at all, it is worth opposing effectually. Every voter who believes that its complete political ascendancy in the State would be a disaster ought to determine that his vote shall count against such a result, and if he knows any hesitating friend, to resolve that he shall not hesitate longer.

This is in no sense an off year. Indeed, no year ought to be so considered. But the duty of preventing a result that would imperil even one such measure as that of the completion of ballot reform is a duty which every public-spirited citizen ought to feel. Let every man who sees these lines make sure that he votes and that his friends vote. If he leaves it to somebody else to care for the election, somebody else will leave it to him. Tammany will poll its vote; let all who do not wish to help Tammany be sure to poll theirs.

AN ERROR CORRECTED.

In a recent article upon the blackmailing of government clerks we quoted an extract from a letter of the late Street Commissioner BEATTIE. The letter appeared in what we supposed to be a trustworthy journal, but we were informed, upon the best authority, that the letter was not written by Mr. BEATTIE. We regret that, assuming it to be authentic, we made it the basis of a comment which was not justified. It is but fair to Mr. BEATTIE to quote the remarks of the JESSUP committee in its report upon the subject:

"It is but justice to Commissioner BEATTIE to record the fact that immediately upon his appointment to office he attempted to remedy these evils (inefficiency and waste) by inaugurating a system of registration of labor, based upon a medical examination of applicants, his object being, as stated by himself, to procure men who were competent to do the work, to hold the examining officers to responsibility for employes by making their action a matter of record, to secure greater permanence in the force, by requiring written reasons for discharge, and finally to employ men, when needed, in order of registration, and not indiscriminately. He states that the results of this attempt, short-lived though it was, were beneficial, and that a better class of labor was procured."

According to the testimony before the committee, the Commissioner appears to have desired to establish a reasonable labor system of registration and merit, but was overborne by the influence which is as relentless as it is malign in the city government, the influence of Tammany Hall.

PERSONAL.

THE Czar of Russia has a great aversion to having his picture taken, and is said to have been greatly enraged recently by the attempt of a travelling photographer to take a snap shot at him. In this respect he greatly differs from the Emperor of Germany.

Governor CAMPBELL is said to be gaining in flesh and improving in health, notwithstanding the active campaign he is carrying on in Ohio. On the other hand, Major MCKINLEY is reported to be suffering from the severe work and strain. Both candidates will doubtless be glad to have the struggle over.

TIMOTHY HOPKINS, who is contesting the will of Mrs. HOPKINS-SEARLES, has quite an income from the violets that grow on a five-acre patch at Menlo Park, California. The flowers are sent in large quantities to San Francisco during the season.

LORD FORTSMOUTH is known as one of the few English peers who have refused the Order of the Garter. He modestly declined it on the ground that he had done nothing to entitle him to it.

JOHN HOWARD PARNELL, a brother of the Irish leader, runs a small fruit farm in Georgia. He is described as a seedy-looking man of forty-seven, who has not met with great success in this country. It is thought that he may inherit what remains of the estate in Ireland.

ACHILLE PERELLI, who died a few days ago in New Orleans, was one of the most distinguished sculptors in the United States. He was born in Milan, Italy, and was a pupil of GALLI, a celebrated Italian sculptor. After fighting many battles while in GARIBOLDI's army, he came to this country, and resumed his artistic work in Louisiana.

WEBSTER FLANAGAN, formerly of Flanagan's Mills, Texas, who became known by his impetuous query, "What are we here for?" put at a political convention, is now Collector of the port of El Paso.

A dog at Hartford, Connecticut, jumped in value from fifty cents to three hundred and fifty dollars in about fifteen seconds the other day, when he swallowed a valuable diamond ring belonging to CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG, the prima donna. But she was permitted to buy the animal at its original value.

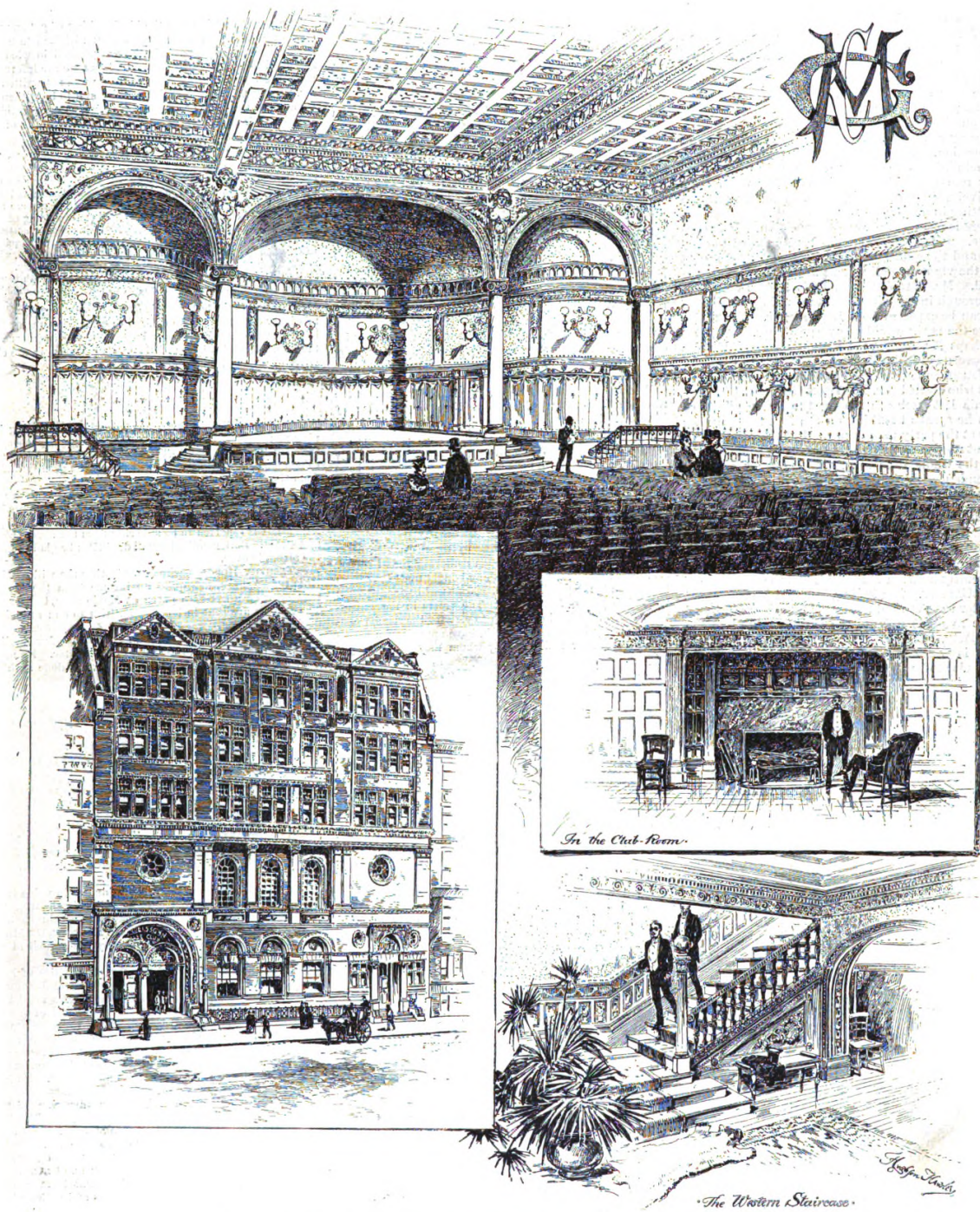
Those who complain of the corrupt politics of New York city will or should hail the effort to elect JOSEPH J. LITTLE Congressman from the Twelfth Congressional District with satisfaction. Mr. LITTLE is the head of one of the largest printing establishments in the United States, a member of the Board of Education, of the Chamber of Commerce, and of several prominent social clubs. While he has taken much interest in the public affairs of the city, he has never before been a candidate for public office. He is a representative business man.

ROBERT HARRISON, who has been Librarian of the London Library for more than thirty-four years, has had a remarkable opportunity to meet and know personally many of Great Britain's greatest men and women. Among his acquaintances have been THACKERAY, LORD LYTTON, CHARLES READE, GEORGE ELIOT, CARLYLE, and GLADSTONE.

Musical therapeutics is a subject that is attracting considerable attention among physicians and patients in London, where an attempt is being made to introduce music as a medicine for the sick in the hospitals, and several American physicians are also studying the idea. HERBERT SPENCER was recently consulted in the matter, and gave it as his opinion that exhilarating rather than solemn music would produce the best results.

WILLIAM K. WILDE, the English journalist who has just been married to Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, is over six feet tall and well proportioned, and about thirty-nine years old. He has been a newspaper man for about twenty years, and has also studied law and medicine. Although a brother of OSCAR WILDE, he is not a disciple of aesthetic nonsense.

MR. PAUL DU CHAILLÉ, the original (to the present generation at least) of the African explorers, is going on the lecture platform this winter—something he has been long urged to do, and to which he has as long made objections. Not only those who have read his later books on the Land of the Midnight Sun, but those who were boys when his book *Africa* appeared, will be glad to hear these stories retold, and new ones besides, from the lips of the distinguished explorer. Mr. DU CHAILLÉ's magnetism and personal charm of manner will be as great an advantage to him as a lecturer as they were among uncivilized people, where his gentleness and kindly humanity advanced him further into the hearts of the African tribes than the rifles and brass rods of later explorers advanced them into the heart of Africa.



THE NEW HOME OF THE MENDELSSOHN GLEE CLUB.—DRAWN BY HUGHSON HAWLEY.

THE MENDELSSOHN GLEE CLUB.

Nearly twenty-six years ago, just as the blare of the bugle, the shrill tones of the life, and the rat-tat-tat of the drum were dying away in the land, the Mendelssohn Glee Club first saw the light of day. For five long years before, civil war had distracted the people, social ties were broken, people thought of war's horrid alarm, and music and kindred arts languished and withered. With the sweet strains of peace and the acclaim of a united people, harmony where discord had reigned, the divine muse was brought out from her place of refuge, and our people once more turned their attention to the cultivation and propagation of musical ethics. Like all organizations of its kind whose career has been prosperous, the Mendelssohn grew out of a very small beginning. In 1865 about a dozen amateurs used to meet in the studio of Mr. Joseph Ludovici, and practise together part songs and instrumental works. A favorite pastime was to serenade their lady friends. For a year it had a chorus of mixed voices; but in 1867, by the untiring efforts of Mr.

Francis C. Bowman, a musical *savant* of undoubted ability, and afterwards for many years the musical critic of the New York *Sun*, a permanent organization was effected, and Mr. Bowman became its first president. One of its first acts was to appoint as its conductor Mr. Joseph Mosenthal, a violinist of repute and a pupil of Spohr's. In this selection the club was singularly fortunate; and as an evidence of the high respect and appreciation in which Mr. Mosenthal is held by his club, something over a year ago Mr. Mosenthal's health gave way, and he was compelled to abandon all his duties, the Mendelssohn Club, however, refused to listen to any resignation, and upon Mr. Mosenthal's return, he resumed at once his conductorship.

When Mr. Mosenthal took charge of the musical end of the club's affairs there was no music, practically speaking, among the American-born element. Mr. Mosenthal has done a great work, much greater than is generally known or recognized. He in reality, through his Mendelssohn Chorus, has established in this country a *capella* singing by male voices, and as the outcome of the Mendelssohn Glee

Club, have sprung up the Orpheus Club and Bankers' Glee Club in this city, the Apollo in Brooklyn, the Orpheus Society in Philadelphia, the Apollo of Boston, and other kindred organizations throughout the country. The club's first concerts were held in Dodworth's Hall, then a celebrated rendezvous for fashionable functions, which these glee-club concerts soon became, and have since remained.

The club, of course, had a number of wanderings, seeking a permanent home, until finally, in 1885, it settled in its present quarters at 108 West Fifty-fifth Street. This, however, is hardly a club-house; there is no privacy for the members; the hall, charming in itself for club purposes, is nothing more than a rehearsal-room, which has compelled the club, at a great expense, to give its concerts outside of its own building, mostly in Chickering Hall. Upon its final and complete organization the size of the chorus was set at fifty voices. Their work has been uniformly good, and evidently a very high standard of art has been set before them, which they have made an honest effort to attain. Of course

(Continued on page 833.)



THE WRECK OFF ROBB'S ISLAND.

BY LYNN R. MEEKINS.

THEY began by having great fun with the captain. Ten minutes before they arrived, the captain came out and took his usual chair in the usual spot under the shadow of the station. He was not a handsome man. He was strong, rugged, picturesque, but not handsome. Six feet high and two hundred pounds in weight, he was an epic in hardened flesh and muscle, and his face was as full of lines as an etched portrait. His general appearance offered a contrast to every rule of a fashion-plate, and he looked like some big shaggy animal that was particularly lazy because it was especially strong. On this occasion the captain's eyes were half-reefed, and they looked over an expanse of sand on which low houses were built, and saw the smoke of passing steamers that crept along the horizon. It was peaceful, but it wasn't much of a view.

In fact Robb's Island wasn't much of a place; simply a few hundred acres of sand in a wilderness of salt water. But it had its fascinations. For instance, in summer, people—some of them of such good family stock that they didn't have to talk about it—left their best clothes and formalities at home and went there. They lived in rough sheds, by courtesy called a hotel, fished in the inlets, tumbled around in the surf, waded through the ever-shifting sand, and gathered flesh and tan and strength and freckles on the worst food that a summer resort could possibly offer. At first Robb's Island was deeply disappointing. You reached the place in a stuffy little boat, after a sail of ten miles from the mainland. The commonness and the glare of everything disgusted you. You firmly resolved to return the next morning. But the boat didn't go for two days, and there you were! In those two days you got into the surf, and pulled up more fish than you ever saw before, caught a shark or two, became the owner of a wonderful appetite, and when the boat was ready to start, you were on the other side of the island. In a week you were a confirmed victim to the repose of the place, and you remained a hopeless islander until your conscience or your finances drove you across the ten miles of marsh and water to the world and its cares.

After the summer visitors went away in September, parties of men with canvas clothes and big guns arrived to kill ducks and geese; and when they departed, the island, with its hundred people, was left alone in the solitude of the waters. There was not much to do then, and the inhabitants did it. It was a dull life and a dull place. Everybody was well, and the only way to break the monotony was for the women folks to imagine a few complaints to fit the descriptions in the patent-medicine almanacs. A small community without sick people to gossip about is stupid, but the best that Robb's Island could do was to manufacture petty aches, and doctor them on home-made remedies. The idea of a resident physician was preposterous. He wouldn't make enough in a year to feed a cat on bread-crumbs and water, much less milk.

The most interesting place on the island was the life-saving station, a fine house of two stories, with a broad gable roof, a flag staff, a veranda, and a liberal decoration of

red paint, whose contagion had spread over the neighborhood, and given the settlement a sanguinary hue. The keeper of the station and the captain of the life-saving crew, who, according to the authorities, are two gentlemen at once at four hundred dollars a year for the total, was, and is, Captain Zebedee Graves, and on this afternoon he had eaten his dinner, and was trying to smoke and sleep and keep his eyes open at the same time. He almost succeeded, but he was losing himself in furive naps when other men began to come out. At first they didn't disturb him. They took seats quietly, stretched their limbs, and gazed across the expanse of sand and sea. The captain dozed; then the six surfmen looked at each other and smiled.

The smallest man struck a match and lighted his pipe. He puffed twice, threw his hands over his knees, rocked backwards and forwards several times, and began to speak. "Gentlemen," he said, "this life's getting too slow. I think I'll go ashore, and let some nice girl with a farm marry me; a girl or a widder; I guess I'll take a widder."

There was a pause. The captain's eyes opened about one-thousandth part of an inch. The other men looked into vacancy. The captain said nothing. "You'd better be quick about it, then," advised the long man. "From what I hear, widders is mighty popular now, and somebody might cut you out."

"Oh, I guess not," said the short man. "Good goods come in little bundles, and widders know quality. Don't they, captain?"

The captain's eyes opened another fraction, and he took his pipe from his mouth and growled: "What are you up to now?"

"Oh, nothing. I just thought of going ashore and getting some things, and calling on a widder."

"Then why don't you go?"

"I'm afraid somebody's got ahead of me."

The men laughed, and the captain scowled, and took an extra puff from his pipe.

The long man spoke up: "You needn't try to deny it, captain. We've got the dead wood on you this time."

And then followed volleys of questions from all the six men. They wanted to know when the marriage was to take place, when he was going to bring his bride over, and whether or not they would receive invitations to the ceremony. The captain puffed away at his pipe, but behind the smoke was an increasing exasperation. The boys welcomed the signs with undisguised glee. The truth of the matter was that the captain aroused was one of their greatest delights. They often said that they would rather hear him swear than the church choir sing, and they never thought it a sin, because the oaths—which, of course, cannot get their natural glow in repetition—seemed to be an inevitable part of the man. He stood their prodding longer than they expected, but finally he blurted out something which, considerably expurgated, amounted to this:

"What if I did go to see the widder? Is it any of your business? If people would attend to their own affairs this here world would be a heap better off. I'd git married if I wanted to; but, thunderation! who wants to git married? I wouldn't

marry a angel if she was to come down and ask me, specially if I had to introduce her to some good-for-nothing loafers that I know of."

"We're not talking about angels, captain, but widders, which is altogether different."

"You jaw about marriage as if it was a joke," continued the captain, ignoring the interruption. "It ain't a joke; it's serious; and it ruins more men than whiskey. Men don't know their own minds till they are forty, and then they mostly stay single; but if one does marry, he generally picks out the right sort of wife. What's the matter with the world now? What caused all this hard work and this starvation pay? What but an early marriage? If Adam had had the sense to wait for another woman, he'd 'a' done something in the world a little better than stealing apples."

"But, captain," put in the long man, who had married when he was eighteen, "there are—"

"Of course there is. I don't say nothing about present company. There's a few married men who's all right, and there's a big lot who ain't worth a cupful of salt water. And yonder's one of 'em."

The men turned, and about four hundred yards away they saw a heavily built young fellow with hatchet and nails mending the fence that enclosed a small and neatly kept two-story house. The countenance of every one in the party fell—every one except the captain. He ground his teeth and sneered.

"That's a nice married man for you; a nice land-lubberly piece of dough and fresh water he is!"

"Now, captain, you've no right to talk against Henry that way. You know that he resigned because he had the heart-disease. You know—"

"Tom Thorp, I know more about Henry Dane in a minute than you do in a year, and I say he's a lazy loafer. Who brought that boy up? I did, d— him! Who taught him to be the strongest helmsman and the best all-round life-saver on the island? Who got him a place in this crew? I did, and you all know it. When he wanted to git married, I said no; not that I had nothing agin the woman, but she was a woman, and if Tom was to take my place, he had no right to git married. But married he got; and what come of it? Why, pretty soon he had the heart-disease. Bah!"

"Be fair, captain. There ain't a braver man on the island than Henry," said the tall surfman. "We all saw him keel over out there in the surf no less than four times."

"What if he did?" growled the captain. "Hain't I been knocked out a dozen times? That don't show nothing. He passed the examination, didn't he?"

"But it wasn't very strict in his case," answered the long man.

"It was strict enough. There ain't no sickness on this island—you know that—and Henry was the soundest boy here till he got married, and then his wife and that doctor who was down here last summer made him believe that something ailed his heart, and told him he had to git out of the service or die. And he got out, d— him! he got out. And I hain't spoke to him since, and I wouldn't if he was on his dying bed. Every hope I had was wrapped up in

that boy. He'd 'a' been keeper of this station; and look at him now, a half calf yoked to two apron-strings! Heart failure, is it? I tell you it's nerve failure—that's what it is! Never were six men more miserable. They tried to defend their comrade, but it was useless. Each word increased the captain's anger. Presently there was silence. He puffed at his pipe; they tried to look at ease.

"Now I guess you want to know why I went to see the widder Marling," resumed the captain, with something like contempt in his voice. "Marling's cousin, Joe Black, who happens to be at the head of things over in the county just now, and the doctor says she must come to Robb's Island for her health, and she wants something to do while she is here. So she's going to teach the school."

"The miserablen men were no longer quiet. They started as if a bomb-shell had dropped in their midst."

"You don't mean to say, captain, that she's going to take the place of Henry's wife?" stammered Tom.

"That's exactly what I mean."

Every man had something to say in indignation protest.

"It's no use to kick," answered the captain to them all. "The thing's settled. We done enough for Henry in giving him the place here, and he throwed it up. His wife don't belong to the island, and as he married her, let him support her. I ain't got no hard feelings agin her, but the bosses over in the county say Mrs. Marling must have the place, and she's got it, and I've been to see her about moving over."

It was an ill ending to the joke of the jokers. They were too depressed to talk, and gradually they got up and moved away.

II.

Some people still talk about the November storm of that year. It sent more than forty boats ashore, and for hours it kept many of the one hundred and sixty-five life-saving stations along the Atlantic coast in constant readiness and apprehension. Had it not been for the work of the life-savers, more than a hundred souls would have perished; but in the face of cold and death these brave fellows risked everything, and played the rôles of heroes with as splendid a courage and as honest a purpose as ever the world saw. The great public, with its twelve-hour memory, read the brief reports in the newspapers the next morning, and then promptly forgot all about it by dinner time.

On Robb's Island the day began queerly. A yellowish sunshine disfigured the morning. By nine o'clock thick deep dark clouds were rolling along the horizon, and by noon a heavy wind, uncertain in its direction, was beating the waves into whiteness, and piling up the blackness of the beach. Rain poured down in big drops, and fell faster than the porous sand could receive it. Then there was a lull, and by-and-by came a deluge from above, driven by the wind into every crevice, and forcing everything animate to a refuge. In the life-saving station the men looked out of the windows and smoked, and smoked and looked out of the windows. The first regular watch was at sunset, but the sun was behind an ocean of ink, and by the time it got below the horizon, twilight changed to night, and the rain turned into a bombardment of hail that rattled on the roof like a fusillade of infantry bullets.

Just about midnight a small man came into the room in oil-skins and rubbers.

"Rough night, Tom," said the captain. "Yes, captain. I don't think it'll be very dusty on the sands to-night. Perhaps some of you fellows would like to take the walk?"

"Glad you think so," said the long man. "Well, never mind, we can rather thinking you'll get basted before morning. The shoals look ugly, and if any boat gets in too close, may the good Lord help her! Good-night, gentlemen."

"Good-night, Tom." The patrol on Robb's Island was different from that of the ordinary coast station. The stretch of beach being less than two miles, only one patrolman was needed during a watch. Tom was the first man out. He carried his lantern and the Coston signals. The hail having turned to snow, the light of the lantern reached but a short distance, and beyond that was utter darkness. In ordinary weather the walk was not bad, but that night it was a sorry journey. The violence of the wind increased enormously. It was as if the storm god was using the air as a herculean lash to whip nature into chaos, and was wielding it right and left, backward and forward, with gigantic recklessness. More than once the poor fellow fell, but he was soon up again, fighting his way through the snow. You, my dear sir, with your comfortable bank account, wouldn't have staid out there for forty dollars an hour. This surfman—thanks to the munificence of the richest government on the earth—was doing it for forty dollars a month.

In four hours he was back at the station, and another unfortunate was sent forth to make the round. After four hours he came back, half drowned and exhausted. Then another set out in the face of the storm, and a weary time he had of it; but he stumbled along against the tempest, going down frequently, but soon rising, and all the time gazing seawards, with his Coston signal ready to warn any ill-starred mariner.

As calculated afterwards, it was sixty-five minutes before the break of day when this

patrolman thought he saw the glimmer of a light a half-mile beyond the shoals. He climbed on a bluff of sand and looked again, but the snow fell thick and fast, and he could see nothing. Suddenly he heard a cry. He was sure of it, and then, settling all doubt, came the report of a gun. Before its echo had answered the sound, he ignited the Coston signal.

For two minutes its brilliant red flame illuminated the storm. And then he struck another, and for two minutes more the warning glare burned forth, and from the dark water came a second report of the gun.

The patrolman turned at once, and ran as fast as he could towards the station.

Somehow the captain had not slept that night. His thoughts were on the sea. His eyes were looking out towards the window. He heard the muffled echo of the gun, and thought he saw the glare of the signal.

He jumped up and shouted, in a voice louder than the roar of the angry surf, "Get out, everybody!"

There was a stampede, a rush down the steps, a swinging open of the big doors, and in a twinkling the surf-boat, resting gracefully on its four-wheeled carriage, was driven by the six men, had rumbled down the incline, and was on its way towards the beach.

The snow was deep and the sand was deeper, and the work was hard, but the six men had muscles of iron and wills of steel, and they pulled the load of nearly a thousand pounds as if they were horses trained for the work. No one spoke except the captain, and his vociferous tones rose above the storm and urged the men to their best endeavor.

The same tones reached the houses on the island, and in a short time the whole population was aroused. No one thought of cold, or of the snow, or of the pneumonia; there was a wreck, and a wreck would call a dying Robb's Islander from the portals of the grave. So out the people came, with untied shoes and unbuttoned garments, running pell-mell across the sands, and trying to overtake the life-saving crew.

The crew was several hundred yards ahead, and was making good progress. By that time, too, the patrolman had met his comrades, and was pulling with them at the ropes of the carriage. They needed his assistance, for the sand dunes were getting larger, and the work was growing heavier, and the captain was swearing harder. A hundred yards more, and the half-dressed islanders caught up with the crew, and lent their willing aid to the men's side.

Day was just breaking when they reached the point opposite the wreck. In the uncertain light they saw a schooner stuck fast on the shoals. The heavy seas were pounding her sides and throwing cataraacts of water across her decks. No vessel could long endure such violence, and already pieces of wreckage were reaching the shore, showing that she was breaking up. She was too far out for the guns and the breeches buoy. The only hope was the surf-boat, and between her and the crew were the great shoals covered with prodigious breakers, whipped into whiteness by the fury of the wind, and full of uncertain currents and death-sweeping undertows.

"The boat can't live in that sea," said a voice in the crowd.

"Live!" roared the captain. "She's got to live!"

The half-dressed islanders shivered. Some of the women whose husbands and sons were surfmen sobbed aloud. The captain turned his head a second to look at them, and as he did so his eyes fell on Henry Dane, who, pale but calm, was standing with his wife watching the crew fix the carriage for the launching of the boat. Across the captain's face was swept a wave of indignant disgust. Henry saw it and felt it.

But minutes were hours then, and there was no time for anything but the work of rescue.

"Ready, captain," said Tom.

The captain leaped into the stern, and grabbed the long steering-oar. The six surfmen, obedient and watchful, waited for the sign. A great wave rolled in, and on its recession the boat glided into the turbulent surf. Down she dropped and up she came, again she fell and again she rose, but as she rested on the wave's crest, another breaker, driven diagonally by the uncertain wind, slashed her side, hid her in its spray, and turned her prow from its course. With magnificent skill the Hercules in the stern sought to swing her back, but the forces of hell itself were in those breakers, and the vantage lost, human skill was not enough. Before the oar could get a second hold on the water, a great maddening cascade, larger and stronger than all the rest, picked up the boat as if she were a child's plaything, and tossed her angrily towards the shore.

The men on land ran forward and helped the surfmen get the boat back on the sand. And they brought with her the form of the captain, his right arm powerless, and blood streaming from a deep gash across his temple.

Henry Dane saw all this. He saw what the broken wrist meant. He saw the ground- ed vessel giving way to the pounding of the waves. He saw that the lives upon her had to be saved at any cost. There in the stern he would be at home—he whom the captain had thought, when the boys had trusted, so intent were his thoughts that he scarcely felt the clinging of the woman at his side—she who was more to him than all the world—

scarcely heard her words imploring him not to go.

"We need another man," hallooed Tom.

Henry looked at the trembling form of his wife, and unclasped her hands from his arm.

"It's my duty, I must," he said.

"Then go," she replied. "And may God keep you!"

He sprang forward. In an instant he was in the stern, with the steering-oar balanced for its work. There were no cheers, no demonstrations from the islanders. It was Henry's place to go, and he went; that was all. And moreover, most of the folks were around the prostrate captain, binding up his wounds, and holding him down.

The surfmen and their new captain saw nothing, knew nothing, but the work ahead of them. As Henry stood at his post the whiteness left his face, and all the old earnestness rushed back to warm his blood, to strengthen his muscle.

It seemed like the old days to the surfmen to hear him sing out: "Steady now, boys! Here comes a bully one. One, two, three, let her go!"

She went. Into the seething turbulence she felt and the storm she went, and all Henry held her true and straight. He profited by the captain's failure; calculated for the diagonal waves, and with firm nerve and splendid strength guided her through the dangers of the breakers. His loud voice rose above the storm.

"Strong there, Tom. There's a whopper. All together, boys. That's past. Now we're all right."

The men never pulled more magnificently, and the boat, obedient to the helmsman's touch, leaped from wave to wave, carrying the prayers of those on shore, the hopes of the freezing wretches on the wreck.

And yet, she seemed to go slowly—oh, so slowly! The captain, his left eye hid by the rough cloths which were bound around his wound, arose and looked.

"God bless the boy!" he said.

And the people thought the boy needed it, for the boat was often hidden by the spray, and it looked as if she could not live through the waves. But when they saw Henry standing steadily at his post, the men working the oars like machines, and the whole crew fighting the storm inch by inch towards the vessel, they took hope, and believed that he would conquer. It was a half-hour of indescribable suspense, a half-hour that seemed a whole day, but at the end of it the surf-boat was within the vessel's side.

Three times she tried to approach the wreck, and three times the waves swept her away, and as failure followed failure, the five men and the boy on the vessel seemed to give up hope. But not so Henry. The fourth time success came, and in a minute the six surfmen jumped aboard, and nestled there in speechless joy.

All knew the perils of the trip ashore. Progress was easier, but the dangers were greater. Henry was exuberant no longer. His face was grim, not boyish, and the pale sea came back. For a while the boat cut swiftly through the sea, leaping from breaker to breaker with splendid speed. But when she reached the cut-off channel that ran between the shore and the shoals the serious work began. The beach seemed only a few yards away, but between it and the boat more than one tragedy had ended the hopes of sailors in by-gone years. Henry knew it well. Just as the boat plunged into it, a hidden current tried to pull her to her death; but he was quick, and the boat was brought back to her course. A minute more and they were in the thick of the eddies, and the thundering breakers hammered the boat with titanic force. They were over more than half the channel now. A few more pulls meant safety.

"Pull, boys; pull for your lives!"

They did so, but there was a monster breaker chasing them like a wild beast after its prey. With lips set, the man in the stern concentrated every muscle upon the work; but, just as he seemed to be getting ready to beach the boat and clasp his wife in his arms, his hand relaxed, and he fell.

As Tom jumped to the oar, the big breaker took the boat and tossed her near enough in for the captain and the men, who were waist-deep in the surf, to grab her side. There was a turbulence of whirling water, of rapid movement, of strange words and anxious cries, and the boat and her crew and her passengers were safe on the beach.

All safe save one. His unconscious form rested listlessly on the boat's bottom. The men bore it tenderly to a place where the women had spread their shawls. The big captain knelt in the snow and tried to bring life from death.

"He must be taken home," said Tom. "We'll do it, captain. Your wrist is broken."

"Wrist be d—!" and the rugged old fellow lifted him in his big arms and carried him through the storm, followed by the woman who had asked God to keep him.

III.

"Like everything else, this marrying business is pretty much a matter of circumstances," explained the captain to me two years later.

We had arrived on the island after a long absence. The old fellow was changed—greatly changed. His beard and his speech and his dress were all better trimmed, and he bore an air of intense respectability.

"Now, for instance," he went on, "take a man who's got his notions set. He goes on through life without finding anybody to fit them notions. You can't blame him for staying single. But suppose that man is put on a island, and he finds a woman there—a fine woman, too—and the circumstances throw them at each other every day in the week, why, what's to be done, notions or no notions, but to call in the first preacher that comes along?"

"Captain, your logic is beneath respect, and, what's more, I'd like to know if an old woman hater like you has any right to talk about marriage? Has an infidel a right to preach from a pulpit?"

"Yes, he has; when he gets converted. Haven't you heard?"

"You don't mean to say—"

"Yes, I do. I'm converted. Oh, I'm married. You needn't laugh. It wasn't my fault; it was circumstances. You see, after Henry's death from heart-disease in that wreck, we all said the widder should have the school back; but there was another widder in the way, and she said she was going to stay on the island on account of her health, and there we were. Talk about your circumstances, two widders—a whole load. Well, I had to go to see the second widder about the school and so on, and I found out she wasn't going to budge, and the only way to get her out of the school was for somebody to marry her. I swore to myself that Henry's wife should get back in that school, if I had to turn Mormon, and marry a whole county full of widders. So I kept on going to see her, and pretty soon we dropped school, and began to talk about other things, and so on, and such like, all of which was a d—d—dragged—"

"Dragged, captain?"

The captain gave a sigh of infinite pathos, and continued: "Yes, dragged! That's one of the drawbacks of marriage—the whole lot me swear; won't let me say anything worse than dragged. Now don't you listen to the yarns the boys'll tell you about the hard time I had giving it up. It was hard; but, as I was saying, that going to see the widder got to be a dragged sight pleasanter than I ever imagined, and inside of a month we came in a preacher. And so Henry's widder got the school, and she's got it yet; and we built her that new house over yonder; and if there's anything she wants on this island or anywhere else, the boys will get it for her, and thank her for letting 'em do it."

"I suppose, captain, that you like married life?"

"Like it? Young man, I was here on earth fifty-one years, and when I was fifty-two—the day the preacher came in—I commenced to live. I've got the best wife in the world. She's the best woman in the world except Henry's widder, who is the best woman in the world except my wife."

"We are at the station. You'll stay for dinner, and after we eat, we'll go over and look at the boy's grave."

It was delightful to be welcomed by such a woman as Mrs. Graves, but it was strange, very strange, to see the captain bow his head in real reverence, and hear him say grace with genuine emotion.

Late in the afternoon we strolled over to the little cemetery. We stood together by the carefully kept grave, and read this inscription:

"Here Lies the Body of Henry Dane, Aged 25 Years, Who Gave His Life, November 19, for the Six Souls on the Wrecked Schooner Ocean View. He Was a Hero and a Christian. Erected by his Comrades of the Robb's Island Station. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.—St. John, xiv. Chapter 19 Verse."

MR. JEFFERSON AS DR. PANGLOSS.

BY WILLIAM WINTER.

ONE of the peculiarities of Mr. Jefferson as a comedian is that he thinks in an original way, and strikes out for himself new pathways and new methods. The character of Rip Van Winkle had been presented by several good actors before he assumed it, but it never became a great representative character—comprehensive of many contrasted elements of human nature and human experience—until it was refashioned and newly embodied by him; and the reason of his surpassing success with it is that he treated it in a poetical and not in a literal manner. The character of Acres in *The Ricinals* had always been treated as a low-comedy character, until Mr. Jefferson, in his memorable revival of that old comedy at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, in September, 1880, embodied in his such a way to make it as useful, sweet, and sympathetic to the feelings as well as quaint and ludicrous, and therein effective, upon the sense of comic humor. Censors of the acted drama said, indeed, that he took an unjustifiable liberty with the old piece, and his relative and friend William Warren, the veteran comedian, playfully remarked that he was "giving *The Ricinals* with Sheridan thirty miles away." Yet it was found that the character of Acres would bear this construction, and that the practical result was a more effective performance of the part than had before been seen, because for the first time the auditor was made to feel with Acres in his such a way to make it as useful, sweet, and sympathetic to the feelings as well as quaint and ludicrous, and therein effective, upon the sense of comic humor. Censors of the acted drama said, indeed, that he took an unjustifiable liberty with the old piece, and his relative and friend William Warren, the veteran comedian, playfully remarked that he was "giving *The Ricinals* with Sheridan thirty miles away." Yet it was found that the character of Acres would bear this construction, and that the practical result was a more effective performance of the part than had before been seen, because for the first time the auditor was made to feel with Acres in his such a way to make it as useful, sweet, and sympathetic to the feelings as well as quaint and ludicrous, and therein effective, upon the sense of comic humor. Here, then, was an independent intellect operating

in an original manner, refreshing an old and almost worn-out stage figure, and commending a subject that is well-nigh extinct to the vital sympathy and practical appreciation of the living age. Lester Wallace, re-enforced with the great prestige of his father's name, and potential with his own brilliant ability and reputation and his capital stock company, could, toward the last of his career, accomplish nothing with the old comedies, and seeing himself gradually deserted by the public, he withdrew from the field. Mr. Jefferson has kept *The Rivals* steadily in his actual working repertory for more than ten consecutive years, and everywhere has had practical success in the presentation of it. The new time cares not at all for the conventional methods of the old. Whoever would succeed with an old stock comedy must diffuse it with the alert, nimble, sparkling spirit of the life of to-day, must brush away from it the cobwebs of tradition and the moss and lichen of the past, and so must make it appreciable by the mood if not actually applicable to the experience of the passing hour. This is what Mr. Jefferson did for *The Rivals*, and this is what he is now doing for Colman's still more recondite comedy of *The Heir at Law*, in which he represents Dr. Pangloss, as shown in Mr. Sargent's humorous, tender, and richly expressive portrait of him, reproduced upon another page of this journal from the original, now at the home of the Players.

Old play-goers are familiar with this comedy, and they know how far removed it is from the knowledge and from the probable liking of the present day. Its ground-plan, indeed, would always be effective—a plan that had frequently been used before Colman used it, and has repeatedly been used since. That plan comprehends the investiture of a low character with the state and embellishments of high social life, and the deduction therefrom of incongruities that are comical. Shakespeare employed this device in Christopher Sly. Burton's performance of the Forwards is an extreme example of it. But this well-approved expedient of humor was not handled by Colman with exceptional brilliancy, and, aside from its felicitous equivocal, the piece is not one of robust merit. Sentimental comedy had not entirely gone out of fashion in England when this play was written, and Colman—coarse satirist though he was, and of the rough school of Peter Pindar—deemed it still essential to temper his satire with a little of the current popular sentiment. The impoverished young lady who is an orphan, and who is attended in her poverty by one faithful old servant, finds, accordingly, a place in this comedy, and is at once the occasion and the vehicle of amiable platitudes. Nor is her devoted lover omitted from the scene—the rightful heir to the estate and title that have fallen to the old tallow-chandler, who will be permitted to enjoy them, in the company of his absurd wife and his coxcombical son, for only a few ridiculous days. Caroline Dormer and the Irish Kenricks and Henry Moreland and Mr. Steadfast are wooden persons that long had served the English stage before Colman again enlisted them. But the humor of *The Heir at Law* is genuine, and it far exceeds the conventional sentiment, while the situations are naturally and neatly made, and frequently are very bold, and the drawing of the characters is equally true and bold. This much might always have been said of it; and, indeed, average modern critical opinion, always reverential of time, commonly refers with particular respect to this piece and to many of its kindred, although the custom of going to see them would lapse altogether if it were not for the occasional rejuvenating influence that is exercised upon them by living genius.

The Heir at Law was first acted on July 15, 1797, at the Haymarket Theatre, London, and there is a certain significance in the fact that it still lingers upon the stage when now almost a hundred years have passed away. The original cast is a strong one, and the performance must have been excellent. Dr. Pangloss was played by Fawcett; Daniel Dowlas (alias Lord Dunderly), by Swett; Dick Dowlas, by Palmer; Zekiel Homespun, by Munden; Henry Moreland, by Charles Kemble; Steadfast, by J. Aikin; Kenrick, by Johnstone; Cicely Homespun, by Mrs. Gibbs; Deborah Dowlas (alias Lady Dunderly), by Mrs. Davenport; and Caroline Dormer, by Miss De Camp. Almost every name in this cast is a famous one. On its first production the piece was acted twenty-eight times, and on December 12, the same year, it was revived at Covent Garden, with Quick as Daniel Dowlas, Knight as Dick, and Munden, Fawcett, Johnstone, Mrs. Gibbs, and Mrs. Davenport in their original characters. After that it seems to have been neglected, but it came again on May 2, 1808, at Drury Lane, and the chief features of the cast were once more remarkable. Dr. Pangloss was acted by Bannister; Dowlas, by the elder Mathews; Dick, by Russell; Zekiel, by De Camp; Cicely, by the fascinating Dora Jordan; old Deborah, by Mrs. Sparks; and Caroline Dormer, by Mrs. H. Siddons. In 1828 the piece was done at Drury Lane (February 6), with Harley as Dr. Pangloss, Liston as Dowlas, S. Penley as Dick Dowlas, Knight as Zekiel, and Mrs. H. Hughes as Cicely. *The Heir at Law* was introduced upon the American stage at the old Park Theatre, New York, on April 24, 1799, and it has remained a fixture, al-

though not often produced with a great cast. Mr. Ireland records that Dunlap opened the season of 1799-1800 with it (November 18, 1799) at the old Park, on which occasion Zekiel Homespun was acted by the present Joseph Jefferson's grandfather, Dr. Pangloss was assumed by the brilliant John Hodgkinson, and Cicely by his wife, while old Dowlas was taken by the elder Hallam, and Henry Moreland by the younger. The same excellent annalist preserves a notable cast with which the comedy was performed at the Richmond Hill Theatre, New York, on July 6, 1832: Dr. Pangloss, Hilson; old Dowlas, John Barnes; Zekiel, Thomas Placide; Dick Dowlas, Clarke; Kenrick, Greene; Deborah, Mrs. Walstein; Caroline, Miss Smith; Cicely, Mrs. Hilson. In later times, Burton, John Brougham, John E. Owens, William Warren, and John S. Clarke have gained particular distinction as Dr. Pangloss. Mr. Jefferson acted Dr. Pangloss for the first time in New York on August 31, 1857, at Laura Keane's Theatre, making on that occasion a remarkable and decisive hit. He was then a member of Laura Keane's stock company, and her theatre—which was in Broadway, near the southeast corner of Bleeker Street—was then in its second season.

Mr. Jefferson has applied to Dr. Pangloss the same subtle method of interpretation that he applied to Acres. The part was obviously intended as a satire, and a harsh and biting satire, upon a class of unworthy persons numerous in Colman's time—impostors in religion and morality, and more pretentious than sound in scholarship—who as parsons or as tutors were willing for a consideration to become the companions of wealthy vice and the promoters of aristocratic debauchery. Dr. Pangloss possesses a smattering of learning, a little Latin, less Greek, a shrewd perception of character, and abundant knowledge of the fashionable world. He is not, however, burdened with moral principle or refinement of character. He will serve Lord Dunderly for one salary and Lady Dunderly for another, and the Hon. Mr. Devious for a third, knowing all the while that they are at cross-purposes, and meaning to be true to neither, but absolutely and entirely to serve his own interest and the profit of his own purse. The quality that chiefly stamps him in the printed page is waggish alacrity. On the stage in our time he has invariably been depicted as a fantastical comicality, ludicrous but unreal. It was enough if he got the response of laughter. Mr. Jefferson, making him exceedingly comical, makes him also human, natural, probable, real, and even establishes him in rather a kindly regard. You not only laugh at this Dr. Pangloss, you like him. He does not impress you as a rogue. He is never mischievous, never unamiable. He is a scholar who has had hard times; he means to do well by all these absurd people who have employed him; and his light heart, sweet disposition, and jocular humor seem to endear him to all the characters with whom he comes into contact, and certainly they endear him to his audience.

THE TOWER OF THE MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

ALL New-Yorkers have watched with interest the building of the Madison Square Garden on the block bounded by Madison Avenue, Twenty-sixth and Twenty-seventh streets, and Fourth Avenue; and those who are especially interested in architecture have been pleased to see, as the building rose, that here was something different from anything we had before—handsome in its general aspect, admirably adapted in its style to the purpose for which it is to be used, and so good in design and construction as to offer almost nothing for adverse criticism. The building was opened in the early summer of 1890, and has been in constant use since; but the arcade on the Madison Avenue side, and on parts of Twenty-sixth and Twenty-seventh streets, has been but recently completed. Now the last of the work, the beautiful tower that rises from the middle of the south side of the building, is finished, and the passers-by are waiting to see the veil that envelops the figure that has been placed on the top removed—the figure of the huntress Diana that is poised on the apex of the tower, and that swings with the wind 840 feet above the pavement.

The Madison Square Garden is built from the designs of McKim, Mead, and White. It is of the lighter Italian Renaissance in style, with a suggestion of the Spanish architecture of the same period, and the tower resembles the famous tower of the Giralda at Seville. The lower part of the tower contains two staircases 9 feet wide, winding one above the other, the westerly staircase rising to the concert-rooms and ballrooms, and the easterly one to the roof garden. From the roof garden a stairway runs to the top of the tower. There are 602 steps from the sidewalk to the top. The tower is divided into seven floors between the level of the roof garden and the first loggia, which is 200 feet from the ground; the second loggia is at 225 feet; the third at 240 feet; the fourth at 260 feet; and the fifth at 275 feet. The highest outlook is 300 feet above the sidewalk, and an elevator runs to the second loggia. From that point to the top there is an easy stairway.

The tower is built upon solid rock, with

foundations 12 feet thick at the base, 15 feet below the surface. The width of the tower at the ground line is 38 feet, tapering to 34 feet 6 inches at the top of the square tower under the lantern. Nearly two million bricks have been used in its construction, and it has taken two years to build. The lantern is supported on heavy iron and steel construction, the strength of which was much increased after the Louisville tornado, so that no hurricane or cyclone of which there is a record could affect its stability.

The figure of Diana which surmounts the lantern is a wind-vane. The figure was modelled by Augustus St. Gaudens, and was made by W. H. Mullins, of Salem, Ohio. It is of beaten copper, made in two moulds, the pieces placed together and hammered and welded. It is 20 feet in height, weighs 1000 pounds, and turns easily on its ball socket at a wind pressure of one-half pound. It was swung into its lofty position with a boom derrick. The figure is gilded, and stands upon a crescent which measures 14 feet from the tip of one horn to the other. The figure is nude, and a piece of drapery, as if blown by the wind, floats in a semicircular form from the shoulder at the back. Diana is poised on her left foot, the right leg bent backward, and holds a bow with her outstretched left arm, while the right hand is brought up near the shoulder, holding the shaft of the arrow. The form of the drapery as it is given in the picture is the way it is to be finally, and as it appears in the sculptor's model. It was changed for some reason at the last moment in making the figure, but it is to be removed and made over to conform to the original design. It is 341 feet from the ground to the top of the figure. The next highest building in New York is the World building, which is 297 feet to the foot of the flag-pole, and 332 feet to the top. The view from the tower is a magnificent one. To the south the Nevins lights below Sandy Hook can be plainly seen; to the north the view reaches over Central Park and the Harlem, past High Bridge, to the Palisades above Yonkers; to the west the hills back of Orange, New Jersey, are visible; and to the east is the long stretch of Brooklyn and Long Island.

At night the tower will be a blaze of electric lights, over a thousand lamps being used

in the illumination. The figure of Diana will be illuminated by ten reflectors at its foot, and the crescent, made of prisms of cut glass, will shine with the glow of 200 incandescent lamps. The lantern will be a mass of light on special occasions, and at the fifth loggia there will be installed the most powerful search-light in the country, with which, on favorable nights, it is expected the Statue of Liberty and the ships in the bay can be picked out. Telescopes, wind-gauges, weather signals, and an illuminated clock, with a face 22 feet in diameter, will be included in the further equipment of the tower. The elevator will hold twenty-three people, and can make the ascent to the top of the tower in half a minute. A guardian will be on duty there to point out objects of interest to visitors, and no doubt the trip to the top of the tower of the Madison Square Garden will soon become "the thing" of all things to do, both for the stranger who is on the lookout for such opportunities in sight-seeing, and for the citizen, who will go from curiosity to see his town and the surrounding country spread out like a map before him. A word of commendation, a very hearty word of praise, is due to the directors of the Garden, who have, with rare public spirit, spent a large sum of money on the ornamental features of the building; for the beautiful arcade and the splendid tower would have been suppressed by a board actuated only by the sordid idea that to build a building it is only necessary to put up the walls that will serve their purpose and cover them with a roof. Happily the company which has erected the handsome temple of amusement in Madison Square has been more enlightened; happily they have had the services of the ablest and most cultivated architects; and now that the work is done, they have crowned the imposing pile with a graceful figure, by a sculptor whose achievements have given him a national reputation. Will not everybody wish good luck to the Garden, the tower, and the shining golden lady, and will not everybody hope that the money thus spent to beautify our city will speedily come back to the directors, so that their example may be followed, and the claims of beauty be considered along with those of utility when other enterprises of the sort are projected?

WILLIAM A. COFFIN.



A HANDSOME TROPHY.

The illustration of The Club Team Trophy in this issue shows what is probably the most valuable prize ever offered amateur pigeon shots in this country, and as elaborate a piece of work in its way as Tiffany ever turned out. It represents a punch-bowl 184 inches in height, 14 inches diameter, and in weight 140 ounces. The body is decorated with a flock of pigeons, and festoons of laurel growing from the upper edge. The stem is divided in sections, where the names of the winners are to be inscribed. On the lower part, or base, is etched in floriated letters the inscription "The Club Team Trophy." The bowl is richly gilded inside, and circling around the lining, etched in harmony with the decorations, are the names of the competing clubs. Early this year committees from the Carteret Gun Club, Tuxedo Club, Westminster Kennel Club, the Country Club (of Westchester County), and the Larchmont Yacht Club

(which has quite a contingent of pigeon-shooters, and excellent grounds near its club-house) met and decided upon offering a trophy which should stimulate the sport by its very beauty. The result was that each club contributed \$150, making \$750 in all, for a cup to be known as "The Club Team Trophy," and contested for by teams of four members from each of those clubs—the conditions being twenty-five birds each at thirty yards rise and fifty yards boundary, five birds to be shot at in case of ties. The cup is to become the property of the club first winning three events, and the competitions are to be shot on the grounds of the clubs, each in turn to be decided by lot, on the first Tuesday in March and the last Tuesday in November of each year. The first contest was held on the grounds of the Country Club last March, the Carteret team proving victorious.



THE TOWER AND OTHER NOTABLE PARTS OF THE MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.—DRAWN BY F. V. DU MOND.—[SEE PAGE 819.]

LANDING THE IMMIGRANT.

BY JULIAN RALPH.—ILLUSTRATED BY T. DE THULSTRUP AFTER PHOTOGRAPHS BY E. W. AUSTIN.

THE two sources of increase to our population are birth and immigration, and of the immigration nearly all reaches us by way of New York Harbor. Immigration, with the consequent commencement of a new life amid new surroundings, must be very like a new birth to those who experience it; while to Uncle Sam, who receives and welcomes both

what is called the Barge Office—a smaller, but in all other respects a better, Castle Garden than the true one of that name had ever been. It is a large and handsome new granite structure, built for the trial of an experiment in the handling of steamship passengers from Europe, and found to be a feature of an inconvenient plan. It was quickly transformed into a new Castle Garden, and as such has been in use since April, 1890. We shall enter it presently with the reader, to glance at the scenes growing out of its new relation.

But a business necessitating the handling of 40,000 or 50,000 immigrants each month, and that has dealt with 6,000,000 human beings in the past 33 years, needed accommodations designed for the purpose. The full tide that has swept through our improvised gate after the other for more than a quarter of a century is still so strong that between January 1, 1886, and August 1, 1891, there were admitted 2,036,381 new residents. It is therefore apparent that in reaching the conclusion to build a proper depot, the Federal government does not appear to be overestimating its needs so much as to be putting to shame the neglectful State officials who previously mismanaged the business. The determination to build and the work of construction followed one another closely, after the immigrants had been forced to land at the inadequate Barge Office. Ellis Island, one of the very smallest dots of land that rises above the wa-

and was long used as the naval magazine. A government architect drew the plans for the new Castle Garden, or immigrant receiving-station, as it should be called, and Major George B. Hibbard superintended the work upon the new building and grounds. Sheridan & Byrne are the contractors. By necessity the island has been about doubled in size. It was thought that as I am writing the new depot would be ready and in use. It will be so by October 1st.

For a long while the great new building has been one of the sights for those who enjoy the Battery Park and those who cross the North River on the ferry-boats. It looks like a latter-day watering-place hotel, presenting to the view a great many-windowed expanse of buff-painted wooden walls, of blue-slate roofing, and of light and picturesque towers. It is 400 feet long, two stories high, and 150 feet wide, and, with its adjuncts, will cost about \$200,000. It is devised to permit of the handling of at least 10,000 immigrants in a day, and the first story, which is 13 feet in height, is sufficiently capacious for the storage and handling of the baggage of 12,000 new-comers. When a ship comes into port, she will go to her wharf, as usual, to land her cabin passengers, and the steerage people will then be put off upon a barge, and carried to Ellis Island. There they will enter the new station, and ascend to the second story by means of a double staircase. The medical inspectors will watch them as they climb the stairs, and whenever they see an invalid, a cripple, or one blind of an eye, or otherwise unfitted for an immigrant's future, they will stop such a person, and send him or her to one side into the physician's detention-room. The others will continue on and into the great second-story room, to be separated into ten lines and to march through that number of aisles between the desks of the so-called "pedigree clerks," who will cross-examine them as the law requires. Beyond the aisles and the desks of the questioning inspectors they will find two great pens or enclosures, one 58 feet wide and 144 feet long, and the other 72 x 110 feet. Into one will go those whose destination is New York



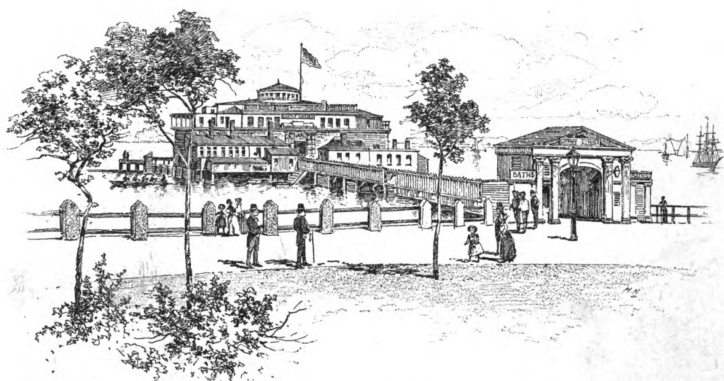
A BIT OF THE OLD FORT OF CASTLE GARDEN.

sorts of children alike, the immigrant must ever be a more speculative and uncertain quantity than the babe born of American parents.

It was a remarkable day on which I went to this nursery to note the appearance of the babies, and to gather, as best I might, the facts about their antecedents and the probable future of the new-comers and their double sets of parents—their old ones across the sea and their new ones, Mr. and Mrs. Columbia. But, first, a word as to where I went. It was to the Battery, of course, alongside the block of buildings on whose site once stood the original fort built by the Dutch, who founded the city and called it New Amsterdam. The whole neighborhood is equally rich in the store of its historical associations. At the very gateway to it is the Washington Building that has but recently taken the place of a house that once sheltered Washington, while across the street is a tiny park, whose railing of to-day is the identical one from which we knocked the ornamental knobs to use as shot with which to pepper our foes, the British, after we had thrown down the statue of their king which stood within the tiny circle. But the immigrants who have been landed close by for half a century were as ignorant of all this as most New Yorkers are, so it is not necessary to dwell upon it. However, I reached ground and associations familiar to both bodies of people when I came to Castle Garden. It is wholly unlike itself, and the millions upon millions of men and women who passed through it into the New World would scarcely know it. Once again it looks as it was built to do, like a fortress. It looks, too, as it did when the rich New Yorkers lived close by it, and assembled within its walls to hear Jenny Lind and other celebrities, before the government made it a receiving station for foreign reinforcements. Then a high board wall was built around it, and baggage sheds, waiting-rooms, and other extensions were added to it, completely enclosing and almost concealing the grim old red stone pill-box of a fort.

Nearly a year and a half ago the Federal government took the duty of receiving the immigrants away from the New York State Emigration Commissioners, and they, piqued and apparently glad of a chance to be as disagreeable to others as they had notoriously been to one another, refused to allow the national authorities to use the old building. It is to be an aquarium, perhaps; it should be turned into a people's bath-house. Temporarily it is in use as the free labor bureau maintained by the German and Irish Emigrant societies. Happily, the Federal government had lying idle on its hands

ters of the Upper Bay, was chosen. It is the next-door neighbor to Bedloe's Island, on which the Bartholdi Liberty statue stands, and is so close to New Jersey that an extension of the Jersey City wharf-line would nearly if not quite inclose it. The island was only two and a quarter acres in extent,



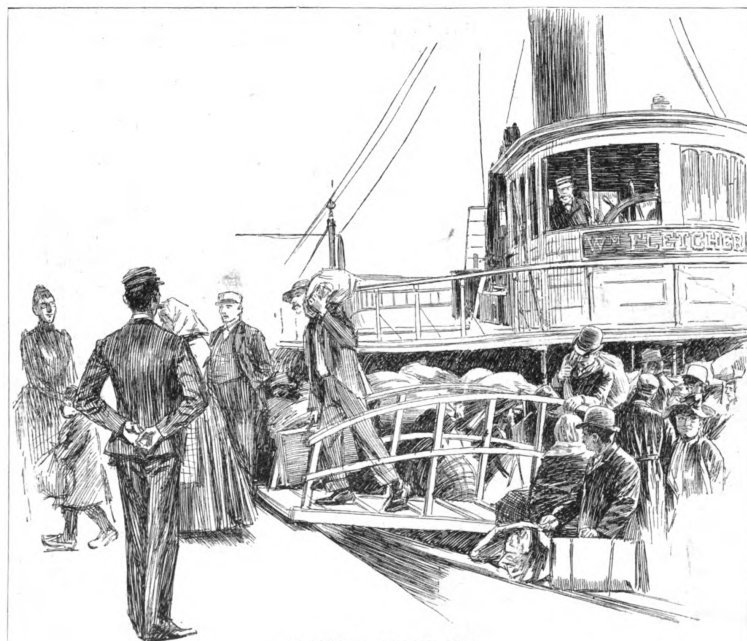
CASTLE GARDEN IN 1880.

city or its suburbs; into the other will be put the greater number who are about to begin another journey to distant States and Territories. In time those whose journey is practically at an end will be taken by a government steamer across the water to be landed at the Barge Office, while the others will be carried by barges to the wharves of the rail-ways on which they are to travel.

On this second floor, conveniently arranged, are spaces for the railroad ticket-sellers, the clerks of the information bureau, for the telegraph and brokers' counters, and the lunch stand. Colonel John B. Weber, the Commissioner of Emigration, will have his office in one corner on that floor, and General O'Beirne, the Assistant Commissioner, will occupy a similar office in another corner. A great brick vault for the safe-keeping of records makes another small division of the space. Two little buildings on the grounds will be used for a lock-up and hospital; another building, to be constructed, will be a bath for both men and women, the sexes being separated, of course. Other separate buildings, either finished or projected, are the power-house for steam-heating and electric lighting, the kitchen and restaurant, and the doctors' quarters. The customs men will have their headquarters on the first floor, which is otherwise to be used for the baggage that these officials are to examine.

I found the official population of the Barge Office in a state of extreme excitement the other day, because news had been simultaneously received from Europe, Detroit, and New York city that the steamer *Westernland*, of the Red Star Line, was bringing into port 800 paupers, urged to come hither by a reduced rate of fifteen dollars for the passage. The minimum steerage rate is about eighteen dollars. Whoever wishes to understand how sensitive the Barge Office is, and why it is so, needs only to think of how many eyes are constantly upon it. The moon itself would appear to have few more American observers when it shines than does this little building in the Battery Park. There are the narrow-viewed Americans, who think immigration should be altogether stopped; the reformers, who wish to tax it comparatively heavily; the laborers and trades-union men, who fear that it may lower wages or introduce contract labor; the Hebrews and those who are prejudiced against them, both observing the swollen stream from Russia, but with differing thoughts; the adopted Americans expecting relatives and friends—all these and many others besides are watching the landing station from this side of the ocean alone. The place was in a hubbub, and General James R. O'Beirne, the Assistant Commissioner in charge, was preparing a new and auxiliary list of questions with which to meet the suspected paupers.

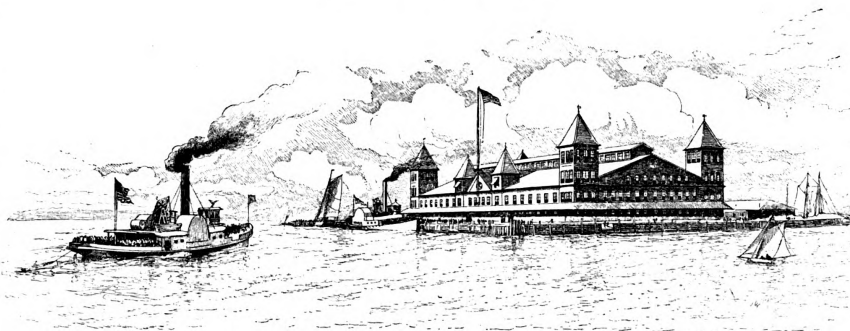
It was a dozen years since I had inspected an incoming boat load of immigrants, but it seemed to me as I moved among those from the *Westernland*, who were then on a barge beside the building, that I never had seen so sturdy, so intel-



LANDING A STEAMER LOAD.

ligent, and so neatly and comfortably dressed a body of new-comers before. And so they proved an exceptionally welcome band, maligned most cruelly by misinformed gossips or by envious and mischievous rivals of the steamship line which brought them. I saw one little group of sickly looking, dirty, and rustily dressed men on the barge. They were Polish Jews. In other respects they and their surroundings were typical of the ordinary characteristics of such a scene there or at the old Castle Garden.

To begin with, I found the entrance to the building guarded by keepers, who would not pass me until I said I wished to see General O'Brien, and who then followed me with their glances to make certain that I went through the first door on the left to his office. It is evident that sharks and sharpers cannot enter there to mingle with the immigrants.



ELLIS ISLAND IMMIGRANT BUILDING.—DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON AFTER PHOTOGRAPH BY J. U. STEAD.

They were not dull or stolid. They were simply looking on intelligently, well aware that there was nothing they could do to expedite their landing. They did not know that they were being scrutinized by a score or more of men—reporters, customs men, Barge-Office employes, agents of emigrant societies, policemen, and idlers. Yet never was such a cargo so closely observed before.

Among them were two Holland women still wearing white caps that fitted close as wall-paper to the sides of their heads. Their feet seemed all but lost in the great boat-like wooden *sabots* in which they had clattered all their lives, even across the sea. There were many Germans there, the women, bare-headed and wonderfully rosy checked, wearing such dresses that their waists were almost at their armpits, and nature's curves were flattened into shapelessness. Any one could distinguish the German men by the fact that their Derby hats looked two sizes too small for them, and their trousers were almost as tight as bandages. There were stalwart, broad shouldered, muscular Russian Hebrews, who did not look at all like Hebrews, and the little band of characteristically round-shouldered, narrow-chested, sunken-cheeked Polish Hebrews, shabby and greasy. Both Poles and Russians were bearded, and wore caps and long-frocced coats. The incident excited interest, and developed a number of claims to American citizenship; all of which I think were genuine, but none of which were supplemented by documentary proof.

"I was twenty year living by dis coundry," said one woman; "my home vos Astoria. I went by Europe on der 1st of March."

She said that two or three women and a man, who spoke more faulty English than her own, were also Americans. Their tickets or steerage certificates made them out to be Americans, but they had no other papers.

It was decided to double the usual examination, and to begin by cross-questioning the people on the barge before they

How much did you pay for your passage?

How much money have you?

What correspondence have you showing that you were encouraged to come to this country?

Were you going to any other country rather than the United States, and were you dissuaded and advised to come to America, and, if so, by whom?

It was interesting to see that the spirit of candor in which these simple questions were framed was met, in the main,

went up stairs in the Barge Office to undergo the usual routine. Ropes were stretched across the main deck of the boat and a desk was set up. Then, while the people passed before an inspector at that desk, other inspectors moved among the immigrants, asking questions in half a dozen languages and in "jargon," the singular compound of languages in use by the Polish Jews.

These were the extra and uncommon questions which were called forth by the rumor that the cargo was one of paupers:



MOTHER AND SON FROM HOLLAND.



FROM ENGLAND WITHOUT ESCORT.

When the removal to Ellis Island takes place they cannot even loiter about the neighborhood of the place, as I suspect, from the appearance of the loafers there, a number do now. I passed across the first floor, where the baggage is stored, and noted that none was there then, and that the barge warped alongside the wharf as a waiting-room for men and women bound for other places was idle and empty. The other barge, which was crowded with our prospective fellow countrymen and countrywomen, was at the end of the wharf. It was a conventional two-story boat, open at the sides, railed around each floor, slenderly built, and bare of even the suggestion of ornament. Except where the baggage was piled on the main deck, the barge was packed with immigrants.

One might expect to see something demonstrative or theatrical about their behavior, some exhibition of joy over their arrival within the shadow of the Liberty statue, or of tearful regret at their separation from fatherland, or of anxiety or fear for the future. There was nothing of the sort witnessable among them. They stood quietly about, interested but inactive.



ROUMANIANS.

A SLOVAK MOTHER AND CHILD.

by an equal frankness in the responses—a frankness that led the inspectors to order many to stand aside for further cross-examination, some with a certainty of being forced to return to Europe. A very refreshing spectacle that was, after an experience I once had in a custom-house on the Pacific coast, where the immigrants were Chinese, all lying like pirates, and never once believed even when they told the evident truth.

More American citizens were discovered by this preliminary examination, and this also led to singular reflections, for some of these fellow-countrymen of ours could not speak English. Where else in all the world will we find persons claiming citizenship of a country whose language they neither talk nor understand?

One of these fellows was a French Hebrew, who said that his "citizen papers" were in his baggage. He remarked that he was about to start a factory in America, and had gone abroad to secure skilled labor. The officers picked up their ears; they asked if he brought any laborer with him. "Yes, one." "Where was he?" "Here he is, beside me." Asked if the man had been engaged with a promise of a salary and

regular employment over here, the employer said, "Yes." Of course both were sent to one side, and ere this the contract laborer is doubtless on his backward way. "Ah," said the French American, "if I could spik English—but, no; I spik well only ze Franch, to mek understand." "We understand perfectly," said the inspector. "Your English is good enough."

The baggage of the immigrants had all been examined, "for revenue only," on the steamer at her wharf. It was now removed to the ground-floor of the Barge Office. A stranger to the ways of those who seek our shores would never dream, to look at half of it, that the stuff they bring is baggage. The dubious moiety of it consists of bags and pudding-shaped bundles, almost always done up in what once was white or light-colored cloth, but which has become stained and grimed with handling and with the soot of soft-coal smoke. The trunks, when they have them, are not like our trunks. Some are made of tin, others are clumsy chests, and still others are covered with cow-skin, "with the hairy side out," or are painted like an Indian on the war path. As a rule, the swelling bundles that look like overgrown puddings contain bedding, which the poor people have been obliged to buy, and do not want to lose.

As fast as a man or a woman left the boat, he or she went up to the top floor of the Barge Office, to pass down one of two runways, or aisles, between railings, and to be questioned again by the upstairs inspectors, who desired to know their names, nationalities, ages; whether they were married or single; the number in each family; whether they were travelling, and if they had money or tickets with which to travel; whether they were ever inmates of an asylum or prison; their condition of health, their occupation, and whether they were citizens or aliens.

Two women were suspected of being about to become mothers. If such a case were proven, and no husband was present or speedily forthcoming, the person would be returned to Europe. Women employed for the purpose were sent for to satisfy the authorities in these two cases—a task that should be most delicately undertaken. The officials insist that no complaint can be made upon the manner and spirit in which this feature of the work is treated. Not long ago, in one of these cases, a fellow-passenger acquainted with the girl, "Then marry her now," said the officials, and the wedding took place at once in the Barge Office.

After all the immigrants had

passed their examinations (under the eyes of the doctors, who singled several out for further inspection and questioning), the people who meant to remain in New York were assembled in a great pen, and the others were led to the barge, which is kept for lack of other room, in which the railway travellers are held until evening, when the barge is taken to meet the emigrant trains that are always started at night. Those who were to be permitted to enter the country were then at liberty to ask questions at the information bureau; to wire their friends from the "telegraph bureau," or "telegram bureau," or "telegrapher's counter," as it was variously called; or to have their money changed at the desk of Mr. E. W. Austin, the official broker, whose signs, announcing his business, read thus:

Cambio di Monete.
Argent de Change.
Penzvalto Uslet.
Zmian Pieniodazy.
Geld Wechsel.
Wexel Contor.
Money Exchange.

These terms are respectively Italian, French, Hungarian, Polish, German, Swedish or Scandinavian, and English. Current rates of exchange are posted and ordered to be paid. It is Mr. Austin's opinion that the money immigrants bring into this country is on an average between three dollars and five dollars per capita.

It is the opinion of General O'Beirne that though such sums are all they may exhibit at the broker's counter, they actually bring in about fifty dollars per capita.

There is a lunch counter, also, in the Barge Office, and on it are to be seen bottles of beer, sandwiches made of junks of rye-bread, capped by great lengths of sausage, and pie, and crullers. When a prosperous-looking Hollander was asked why he did not eat butter on his bread, he replied that he was not used to it; that he made a great deal of it every year, but sold it all, and never dreamed of eating it.

Among the remarkable characters engaged to assist the government at the Barge Office is Mr. Najeeb J. Arbecley, ex-consul to Palestine, who is an Assyrian, and speaks fluently English, French, German, Italian, Greek, Swedish, Arabic, Hebrew, jargon, and several other tongues.



A GROUP OF ITALIANS.



SWISS PEASANTS.



A HUNGARIAN.



A HINDOO.



A MOTHERLESS ITALIAN CHILD.



DETAINED POLISH JEW.



MARRIAGE OF AUSTRIAN JEWS BY THE RABBI.



FRIESLAND BOY.

One of the most interesting attacks is Mr. M. Reinherz, of the United Hebrew Charities, dispenser not only of the society's fund of about \$150,000 annually, but of the Hirsch fund of about \$120,000 a year. The Germans and Irish maintain a free labor bureau, and they and the Scandinavians, Italians, Poles, French, Scotch, English, and other societies aid and protect their countrymen in various ways; but not all of them together support so wholesale and grand a charity as that of the Hebrews. Their society is perhaps the principal source of those emigrant bonds by which the government is guaranteed against the landing of possible paupers, and against which there

is some talk by legislators and more among trades-unions. The Hebrew fund is being applied in Europe to send victims of Russian persecution here and to South America, and, in this country, to care for them after they land. To discuss so grand and unexampled a charity would require investigation, followed by a longer article than this.

Mr. Reinherz tells me that he gives bonds for all Hebrews who, leaving out the question of their pennilessness, seem likely to become self-supporting good Americans. Men who come as mechanics are provided with situations; those who come as farmers have farms sold to them on such easy terms that it does not matter whether they pay for them or not; those who have relatives or friends here are put in communication with them, and sent to them; those who know no trade, but wish to learn one, are apprenticed to light work, like parts of tailoring and shoemaking, and are found to be able to earn sufficient to support themselves at the end of six weeks. Technical schools and night schools for the teaching of English are provided in New York, and immense tracts of land are receiving colonies of farmers. The story of what has been done and what is aimed at seems marvellous; the whole charity would seem fabulous in any other age. On the other hand, the public has within a week seen Senator Chandler's letter questioning the legal right for the bonding custom, and has



REGISTERING THE IMMIGRANTS.



FIVE IMMIGRANTS FROM BELGIUM.

also seen reference in the newspapers to the report of a Hebrew trades-union committee-man, who says that the course adopted with the refugees has already ruined whole families, threatens to cheapen many forms of labor, and "will bring about just hatred of the Jews on the part of American working-men."

What constitutes a possible pauper or unwelcome resident often depends as complex considerations. The Commissioner of Emigration may decide in each case, however, and I see that within a day or two of this writing he has returned seventy-six Hebrews to Hamburg. They acknowledged having been assisted to come here. Without doubt bonds could have been gotten for all because they were young married men and women.

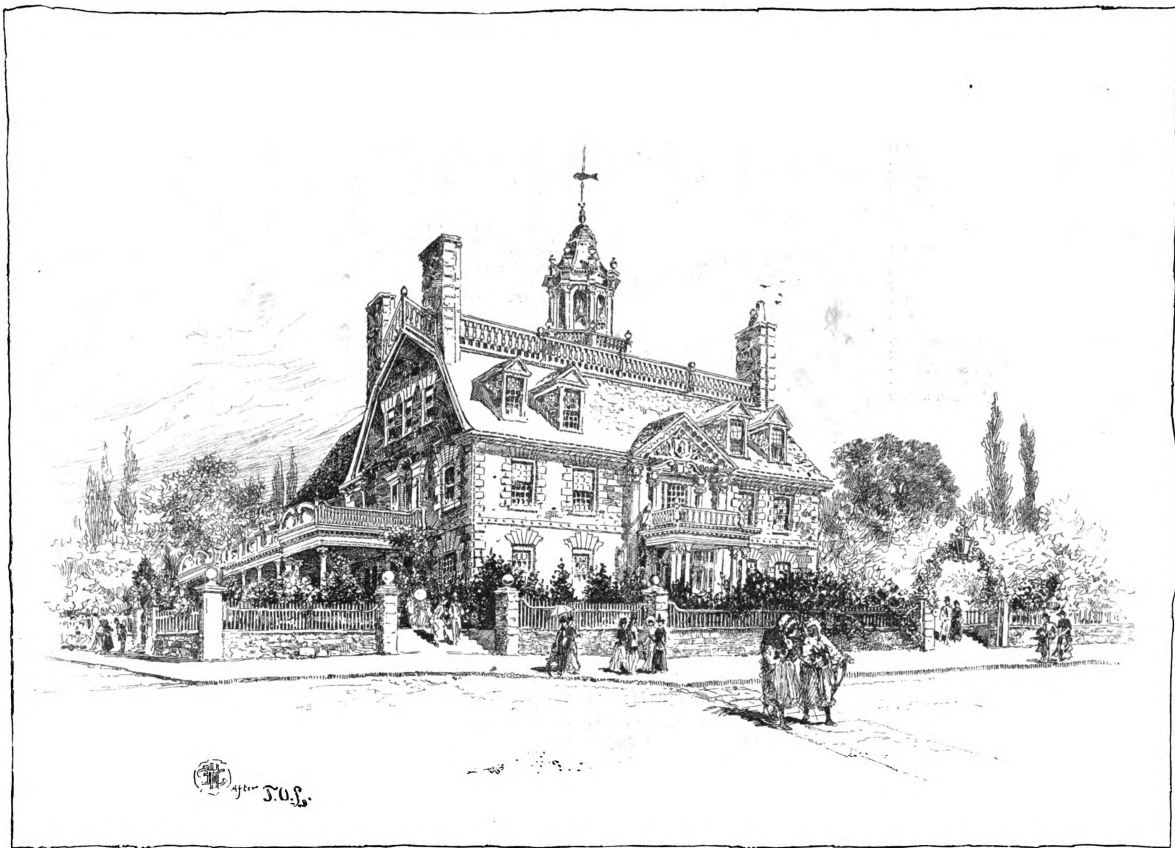
Now that all immigrants are housed and guarded until it is next to impossible for the land-sharks to get at them in the city, a new and most ingenious method of robbing them has been adopted by men who manage to travel in the emigrant trains with them. These thieves are called "chloroformers."

They carry their chloroform in what is called an atomizer, or bottle fitted with a bulb to force the fluid out in the form of mist. They sit beside the man they mean to rob, or engage him in conversation on the cars, and while he is entirely unsuspecting, manage to discharge the chloroform in the shape of spray, so that it will rise to his mouth and nose and overcome him. It is said that they sometimes do this without taking the atomizer from their coat pockets. By working at their game at night, they easily rob their victims without detection.

However, the immigrants never were so well guarded or so humanely treated as since the Federal government took them in charge, and now that the new building on Ellis Island is about to be opened, new-comers to our shores may look forward to a reception commensurate with our dignity and their deserts, in a commodious, well-lighted, thoroughly ventilated building, away from the city, and in the charge of considerate and kindly men, who, as General O'Beirne told me, "realize that the immigrants pay their salaries with the fifty-cent head tax imposed upon the steamship companies which bring them here."



AT THE RAILROAD TICKET-OFFICE.



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO.—THE MASSACHUSETTS BUILDING.—DRAWN BY E. H. GARRETT.

MASSACHUSETTS AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

THE Massachusetts Building at the Columbian Exposition is going to be distinctive and American. The architects, Messrs. Peabody and Stearns, of Boston, in submitting the plans, said: "We have a feeling that in the midst of the mediæval towers and castles which we hear talked of for other State buildings, this design which we suggest will have a satisfactory and distinguished air. It is a reproduction, with but slight differences, of the old Hancock house, the impressive colonial residence which for a long time stood on Beacon Street." The old Hancock house was destroyed in 1863. It was a house to which a history was attached. Built in 1737 by Thomas Hancock, a prosperous merchant of Boston, it descended to his nephew, John Hancock, who became presiding officer of the Continental Congress, whose peculiarly striking autograph appears first upon the Declaration of Independence. Later, while Governor of Massachusetts, Hancock at the old mansion dispensed a generous hospitality, and under its roof he entertained Washington, Lafayette, D'Estaing, Brissot, and other men of note.

The Hancock house was built of granite, distinctively a Massachusetts building material, and to simulate this it is proposed to color the "staff" or stucco to represent granite. In the gable over the door appear the arms of the commonwealth, and on the cupola, as a weather-vane, is the cod-fish, similar to that gilded cod which from time immemorial has hung back of and above the Speaker's chair in the Massachusetts House of Representatives. It is proposed to surround the lot by a fence, with a raised old-fashioned forecourt, which, by way of contrast with the gray, puritanical walls of the building, they would have filled with beds of the old-fashioned New England flowers, such as lilies, sun-flowers, and hollyhocks.

A HISTORY OF THE STREET CAR AND ITS DEVELOPMENT.

BY HARRY P. MAWSON.

THE first means of street transportation in use in this country for the general public was the omnibus, of which the Jacob Sharp "stages" on Broadway were the last survival in the antiquated form. Within a few years a modified type of the omnibus used in Paris has made its appearance on Fifth Avenue, and within a shorter period a somewhat closer copy of the Parisian vehicle has been successfully brought into use on Broad Street, Philadelphia. For years the street car has served as the only means of transportation for the people to and from their homes, and has thus been a fruitful source of development in all the cities of this country where an imperative demand existed for cheap street travel. Enormous fortunes have been made out of these enterprises, and street-car "stock" is one of the best dividend-paying investments in the country. It is not to be wondered at that there is so much eagerness shown in securing street-railway franchises. The first street railway chartered was the New York and Harlem, April 25, 1831. This is the road now popularly known in New York city as the "Fourth Avenue." The first car (Fig. 2) was built and patented by the venerable John Stephenson, Esq., yet living, hale and hearty, at the age of eighty-one.

This car was named the "John Mason," that gentleman being president of the Chemical Bank and also of the street railway company. Mr. Stephenson has in his possession the patent and the original drawing of this car. The patent was taken out in 1833, signed by Andrew Jackson, President; Edward Livingstone, Secretary of State; Roger B. Taney, Attorney-General; and John Campbell, Treasurer. These are magic names, historically great in the political story of our country, and this document, attesting as it does a complete revolution in street transportation all over the world, is of itself a valuable and interesting relic.

The car in question was a transition from the existing styles of coachwork, being the union of three Quaker coaches suspended on four shorn leather "thorough-braces," which afforded an ease of comfort not since excelled. Its picture represents it as a cross between an omnibus, a rockaway, and an English railway coach. It was divided on the inside into three compartments, each seating ten passengers; the roof held two seats, one at each end, with room for ten more persons. This car was followed by its mate, "The President," practically the same inside as the "John Mason," but with four more top seats, thus providing seats for sixty passengers; besides, "The President" had a canopy or parasol top. As a financial venture the New York and Harlem Street Railway proved a disastrous failure, and after several years of struggling existence the street-car service was abandoned, and the company obtained permission from the authorities to run their eight-wheeled steam-cars, drawn by horses, all the way down to Tryon Row, now the northern end of the Brooklyn bridge, their depot being on the present site of the *Staats-Zeitung* building. Some idea of the complete financial annihilation of this parent company of the street car may be inferred from the fact that their shares actually sold at one time for the magnificent sum of *four cents* each! Now it is a Vanderbilt family corporation, and its stock is never quoted—probably unpurchasable. In those early days north of Fourteenth Street was almost a trackless waste, no streets were laid out, and the New York and Harlem Street-car Company was obliged to purchase the right of way right out to Harlem, through the various farm lands; so that to this day its cars run on its own property. Steam-cars on this road ran as far south as Fourteenth Street; but on the 4th of July, 1838 or '9, a train stopped for some reason just at the opposite where the Y. M. C. A. building stands at Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue. The engine, of course, was the old type high-pressure kind, and, owing to some carelessness on the part of the engineer, the boiler exploded, killing and injuring a number of citizens. This accident led to the passage of an ordinance by the city authorities prohibiting steam below Twenty-seventh Street, which practically established the company's depot at that point, and brought into existence the building subsequently familiarly known as the Madison Square Garden, which in turn has been razed, and has given place to a mammoth amusement building.

In the original street car the passengers were seated crosswise. The first car with an aisle down the centre was used on the Boston and Lowell road as early as 1834; and when the New York and Harlem road resumed its street-car service in 1845, it brought into use (Fig. 2) the first street car that clearly resembled those of to-day. Of course it was a very plain affair—in fact a veritable

pine box—and immensely heavy, probably weighing 7000 to 8000 pounds, whereas to-day a first-class two-horse car rarely weighs over 3500 pounds. At first most of the cars had top seats, a revival of which is seen on some of the omnibuses at present in use on Fifth Avenue. No street-car company was organized again until 1853, when the Third and Sixth Avenue lines were built, to be followed in 1854 by the Eighth Avenue, and in 1859 by the Ninth Avenue. In the mean while Boston had gotten fairly under way in 1854, and Philadelphia in 1857, although none were in operation in Boston until 1856, and by 1859 the street car became an institution throughout the land.

In 1864 the abominable so-called "bobtail" or fare-box car made its first appearance. This was nothing more than an omnibus swung on wheels, and was made to revolve, as in those days the turn-table was a thing of the future.

A great step forward in the construction of the street car was the introduction of the summer or excursion car, as it was first called. In our climate these cars proved a great boon to the public, and also a source of increased revenue to the companies.

The first foreign country to become acquainted with the street car was England. There, in 1860, the erratic George Francis Train, Esq., made a characteristic endeavor to introduce street cars. His first attempt was at Birkenhead, but it fell through by reason of mismanagement, and when one was started in London, it bred a riot, and the people tore up the rails. That popular antagonism gave the project such a set-back in England that it did not recover for ten years. Now, however, they are in popular use all over England.

In 1866 South America plunged into street-railway enterprises for the improvement of nearly all the principal cities of the continent. Naturally, climatic conditions have created some very curious and amusing types of cars. One of the most interesting street railways in the world is that in the Argentine Republic, which radiates east and west from Buenos Ayres, connecting that city with interior towns. The line is about two hundred miles long, the main line itself being eighty miles. The reason for the use of horse-power upon this road is obvious—coal is worth eleven dollars a ton, and a good horse can be bought for twenty dollars.

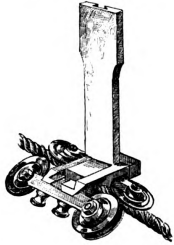
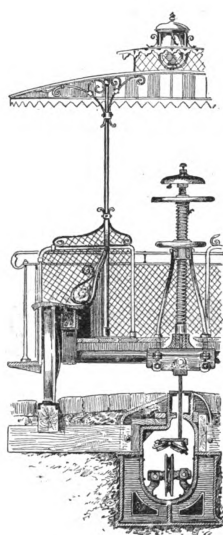
An interesting car on this line is the funeral car, of which Fig. 11 shows the exterior. These cars are painted a blue-black, decorated with passion-flowers and gold striping, and fitted up inside with black plush and curtains to match. The first-class funeral cars carry one body only; the second class, two; while the third class is a kind of morgue on wheels, which comes prominently into use during epidemics. The slowness of the travel necessitates a sleeping-car, Fig. 1. It is divided much about the same as a Pullman "sleeper," is seventeen feet long, and has four sections, each with an upper and lower berth; also toilet-rooms, and an alcove for a stove. In this tropical land they freight live chickens just as they do the passengers, dead or alive; Fig. 5 shows the chicken car in use on this road; the car makes a series of collections from the various towns, and then proceeds on its journey to Buenos Ayres. The regular car on this tramway is represented by Fig. 9, divided into first and second class, with the roof designed to hold the baggage. Fig. 12 shows a combination car, used considerably in Chili; also Fig. 3, which, with its parasol top, brings us back to the old "Presi-

dent," the second street car ever built. Fig. 6 is an inspection car used by the company officials in Venezuela.

One of the curiosities of street railways in Chili are the women conductors. This system has been in use for over six years, and has operated with entire satisfaction to the companies. The women work ten hours a day, have a small stool to sit on, require no "spotters" to prove their dishonesty, and in every way are fully as competent as men in the same position; their pay, however, is only two-thirds that of their male competitors.

For many years the brightest engineering minds have been at work to devise some motor power to supersede the horse. It is evident from the wide-spread and growing favor of the "cable" that the companies think they have found the long-looked-for substitute.

The endless cable to be laid in conduits under the highway for street cars is really the invention, in its primitive form, of one J. C. Stewart, of Philadelphia, as early as 1854, but was never put into practical use until Mr. Andrew S. Hallidie, of San Francisco, perfected the system, and with his associates built the Clay Street Hill Railroad of San Francisco, in August, 1873. The system consists simply of an endless wire rope placed in a tube



(having a narrow slot from one-half to three-quarters inch wide) beneath the surface and between the rails, maintained in its position by means of sheaves, rollers, or wheels. The rope is kept continuously in motion by a stationary steam-engine at either end of the line, or at any convenient point between the two extremes. A gripping attachment at the end of a vertical steel rod connected with the



car, and passing through the narrow slot in the tube, transmits the motion of the cable to the car.

The speed at which the car moves is determined by the rapidity of the cable, and this is regulated by the revolutions of the driving wheel at the stationary engine. The rope is made of steel wire about three inches in circumference, is supported every thirty-nine feet on eleven-inch sheaves, but does not run directly under the slot, but to one side of it, to prevent sand and drift from falling on the rope, and to enable the foot of the gripping attachment to pass by and under the upper sheave and over the lower sheaves in the tube. The connection between the cars on the street and the travelling rope is by means of this gripping attachment, as shown in the illustration. The grip is worked by a lever, and is the one now generally employed by all the companies. It is formed of two frames, the sliding inside the other. The outer one is secured to the grip bar on the forward truck by bolts, and carries the lower jaw; while the inner frame, which slides up and down upon the outer one, carries the upper jaw, the quadrant, the operating lever, and adjusting mechanism, and is held in place by guide plates extending across the inside frame, and between which it slides. The frame carrying the

jaws passes through the slot directly down alongside the cable without offset. The grip bar, on which these parts are mounted, is secured and supported by a frame on the running gear or truck, and not on the car itself. The car body, therefore, can be mounted on springs without any of the spring motion being imparted to the grip, and through it to the cable. In the way in which this grip is constructed all the parts liable to get out of order are accessible, and it is not necessary to provide pits in which to examine them.

When the car is at a standstill the cable passes along over the chilled iron grooved rollers at each end of the lower die. The lever operating the grip is then inclined forward. When the gripman desires to start the car, he draws the hand lever back. This action moves the inner frame downward, carrying with it the upper jaw, or die. This die consists of a piece of brass secured in the lower end of the sliding part. The lower die is a shorter piece of brass fitted lengthwise between the two rollers. This is arranged with set-screws, to be raised to take up wear. The upper die is longer than the lower, and as it is forced down by the inner frame it resists on the moving cable, and pushes or presses it tight on the rollers before pressing it on the lower die. Gradual motion is thus imparted to the car without jerk or jar. A still further downward motion of the upper die forces the rope or cable on the lower die, the cable thus being held tightly between the dies. A reverse motion of the lever raises the frame and upper die, and releases the cable, and allows it to run through freely without imparting any motion to the car, which is then brought to a standstill by the action of the brakes. These inventions are severally the property of the National and Pacific Cable Railway Companies.

When the cable car first came into use, the companies sought to use their old rolling stock, and hence came into existence what is called the "dummy," or "grip car," Fig. 10. This "grip car" is the most commonly used on the cable roads in the West. The car is about eighteen feet six inches long, and seats twenty-four passengers; the "grip well," or "grip aisle," runs the entire length of the car, and the gripman stands exactly in the center; there is a step or foot-board running along the side of the car; each seat holds two passengers, and is reversible. An excellent idea of a "cable train" can be gleaned from Fig. 7. The street railway companies, however, have finally settled upon a composite car—one that combines "dummy," or "grip car," and passenger car all in one, as seen in Fig. 8. The body of this car is twenty-four feet long, with four feet for platforms. The rear compartment is sixteen feet long, and the front one eight feet. The gripman will stand in a V-shaped well, the passengers seated back to him. This compartment will be used as a "smoker," and this type of car, it is generally understood, will be that used on Broadway when that road begins to operate the cable, besides, no doubt, using their other cars in the busiest hours of the day.

The Third Avenue road of New York proposes to use a car built on the same principle reversed, as the "smoker" is to be at the rear end of the car. These heavy cable cars are run upon two four-wheel trucks having a pivot or swivel as on steam railroad coaches; the rear truck carries the track brake, which is between the wheels on each side; in addition, there are the usual wheel brakes. The forward truck carries the grip and brake levers; a rod connecting the rock shelf of the track brakes with the hand-lever on the forward truck, thus enabling the car to turn curves easily and to ride without jolt. This invention was devised by Henry Root, of San Francisco, and is the property of the National and Pacific Railway Com-

panies of New York and San Francisco. The San Francisco people have largely adopted still another type of car. This is another combination of the ordinary street car with a forward compartment, being practically an adoption of a very old style of cable car used at Cincinnati (Fig. 4). This new palace street car is thirty-four feet long over all, and holds "a pinch" 130 passengers.

What the cable road people claim for the system is that the streets can be kept in a better sanitary condition, that the public obtains better and more secure transportation, that the streets themselves are subject to far less wear and tear, and that their physical condition can be greatly improved and more easily maintained. As we are no doubt to have a cable road on Broadway, the most crowded thoroughfare in America, the system will undergo a sharp test; if it sustains all its friends claim for it, it is only a question of a short time when the street car, with its weary jaded horses, will pass into oblivion. Selah!

NOTE.—I wish to convey my thanks for valuable information received to John Stephenson, Esq., 1 and L. M. De Lamar, Secretary of the John Stephenson Company; to Dr. C. R. Parson, Secretary of the National Cable Railway Company; and to John A. Brill, Esq., Vice-President of the John G. Brill Company, Philadelphia. H. P. M.

THE COMING HORSE SHOW.

The seventh annual show of the National Horse Show Association begins on November 16th, and lasts until November 21st. We congratulated ourselves last year on its success; but if the results are as happy as the arrangements of the Association are complete, 1891 is likely to eclipse anything in the way of a horse show ever seen in this country. And the horse show itself is but a part of the entertainment. For horse-show week has become recognized as marking the return of the "smart" people to the city, and with them come the most prominent social personages of Boston, Philadelphia, Buffalo, and Chicago, who occupy the boxes in Madison Square Garden by day, and stand in patient rows around DeMoulin's east room by night. There is no more complete, satisfying, and picturesque exhibition given in New York than this. There is something about a horse that appeals to every class of the people, and becomes the home of the horse lovers from all over the country, and people meet there and can be seen there who would otherwise not meet at all, and who could not otherwise be seen save through the medium of the photographs in the shop windows or the woodcuts in a society paper. Horse names as familiar as Presidential possibilities, and spectators as prominent as the horses make an interesting combination, and the *al fresco* air of the place, with its banging brass bands and smell of sawdust, adds a certain zest to it. It is a Metropolitan Opera-house audience at liberty to talk as loudly as they please, and familiar as Presidential possibilities, with the best of material to awaken their enthusiasm. So whether you go to see the smartly dressed women and to meet old friends and acquaintances, or whether you go to see the beautiful horses, you will be satisfied.

This year rules that Qualified Hunters must have been hunted regularly for at least two seasons with some recognized pack of hounds; and Green Hunters must not have won a prize at any of this Association's previous shows, nor have been hunted regularly with any pack of hounds.

In the Police horse class a prize is given to Park policemen, the first prize being \$200, \$100 of which is given by W. Bayard Cutting. It is really one of the most estimable individual prizes of the show, because it encourages good work from those men on whom the driving and riding public are more or less dependent for safety.

The special prizes offered are: by the Directors of the Association, \$100 for the best Roadster and best-appointed Road Rig; by Mr. Charles H. Kerner, \$100 for the best pair of Roadsters and Road Rig; by Mr. John A. Logan, Jun., \$100 for the best pair of carriage-horses not under 15.2, the *bona fide* property of farmers or dealers. The horses competing for this prize must be passed as sound by the Association of Veterinary Surgeons, and entered for the sale at a fixed price, at which any pair in the class may be claimed; by certain members of the Coaching Club, \$100 for the best Road Team; by Mr. J. Roosevelt Roosevelt, \$100 for the best Park Team (four-hand) and Drag, owners to drive; by the New York Tandem Club, \$100 for the best and best-appointed Park Tandem, owners to drive, also \$100 for the best-appointed Road Tandem for practical use, owners to drive; by Messrs. Brewster & Co., \$250 for the best pair of horses not under 15.1 hands and best appointed Brougham or Victoria.

By Cornelius Vanderbilt, \$100 for the best pair of Ponies not exceeding 14 hands 2 inches; by F. A. Schermerhorn, \$100 for the best pair of High Steppers exceeding 15 hands 1 inch; by Prescott Lawrence, \$100 for the best pair of High Steppers not under 14 hands 2 inches, and not exceeding 15 hands 1 inch; by Reginald W. Rives, \$100 for the best High Stepper not under 15.2; by Harris & Nixon, \$100 for the best American-bred Hackney Stallion not over four years old; by Theodore A. Havemeyer, \$100 for the best performance of professional coachman driving a pair of horses to a four-wheel trap; by W. E. D. Stokes, \$100 for the best High Junior, open to all horses.

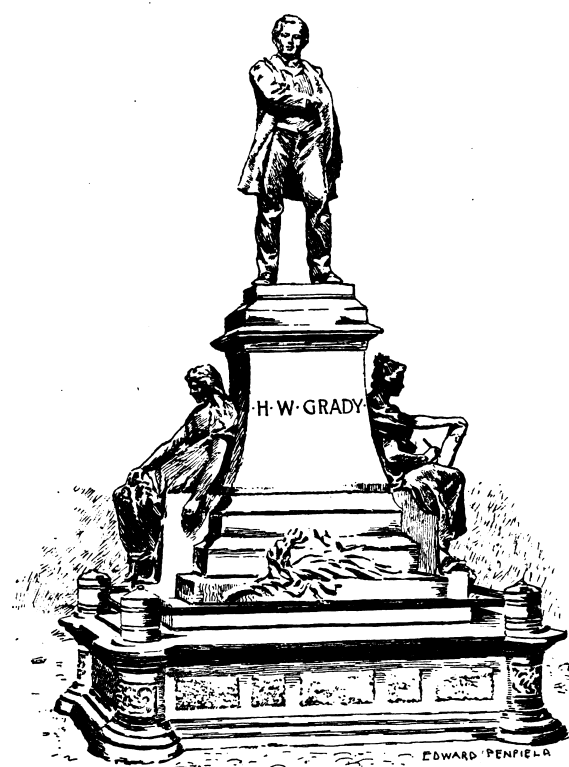
By Foxhall Keene, \$100 for Hunters, to be ridden over six successive jumps 5 feet 4 inches high, and to carry a minimum weight of 140 lbs.; by W. D. Grand, of Toronto, a Canadian-bred Black Cob mare, five years old, 15 hands high, very handsome, and carries a jolly—also \$200 for Canadian-bred horses, the property of American ladies or gentlemen, to be ridden over regular jumps by gentlemen riders, professionals barred; by Messrs. R. Dunlap & Co., \$100 for the best performance of Hunters or Jumpers over six fences, two at 5 feet, two at 5 feet 6 inches, and two at 6 feet; by Farley Clark, \$100 for the horse taking in the best form eight successive jumps, when turned loose in a corral, open to horses three years old and under; by the Hotel Metropolitan, New York, \$100 for the best Hack (Saddle-horse), under 15.1 hands, up to carrying 200 pounds, manners will be specially considered.



CHAPPIE. "This is great. Maud wants me to take her to the foot-ball game. I'll just buy a thunder-shower and knock out the whole business."



THE CONSECRATION OF BISHOP PHILLIPS BROOKS AT TRINITY CHURCH, BOSTON.—DRAWN BY EDMUND H. GARRETT.—[SEE PAGE 830.]



THE MONUMENT TO HENRY W. GRADY.

THE Grady Monument, which Governor Hill will assist in unveiling on the 21st inst. at Atlanta, Georgia, is but a slight token indeed to the deceased. Much has been written since his death in memory of his greatness and worth, but the greater the distance of time, the more his true greatness of character stands forth. He did more to found the New South than any other man of Southern birth. No matter how much the reconstructed "brigadiers" and old war-horses of the Confederacy boasted of their newly found loyalty, the people of all sections looked upon these professions with more or less suspicion. But Grady was a new man, a man of the times; to him the war was part of history, the future what his patriotism looked forward to; and his eloquent words and sterling directness of purpose went straight to the hearts of the whole people, North as well as South; they believed in him; they trusted him. The monument stands on Marietta Street, opposite the Custom-house. The curtain will be drawn from the face by Miss Gussie Grady, daughter of the dead patriot. The last stone, the one upon which the figure stands, weighs 16,000 pounds. On the side of this stone, looking towards the artesian well, is this inscription:

Henry W. Grady, journalist, orator, patriot. Editor of the Atlanta "Constitution." Born in Athens, Georgia, May 24, 1860. Died in Atlanta, December 23, 1893. Graduated at the State University in the year 1880. He never held or sought public office. When he died he was literally loving a nation into peace.

Below this, in large letters, is the name—Henry W. Grady. On the side looking down Marietta Street are these memorable words uttered by Mr. Grady:

"This hour little needs the loyalty that is loyal to one section and yet holds the other in enduring suspicion and estrangement. Give us a broad and perfect loyalty that loves and trusts Georgia alike with Massachusetts, that knows no South, no North, no East, no West, but endures with equal and patriotic love every foot of our soil, every State in our Union."—*Boston, December, 1889.*

"The citizen standing in the doorway of his home, contented on his threshold—his family gathered about his hearthstone, while the evening of a well-spent day closes in scenes and sounds that are dearest—he shall see the Republic when the drum-tap is futile and the barracks are exhausted."—*University of Virginia, June 26, 1889.*

On the eastern side sits the veiled figure of Memory, while on the west History looks down upon the city that loved him, and reveres the glorious purpose of his words and deeds.

THE BISHOP OF MASSACHUSETTS.

BY M. A. DE WOLFE HOWE, JUN.

It is not often that a city government goes out of its way to adorn the grounds of a church with pots of palms and other plants. This is what the Boston municipal authorities unexpectedly did on the morning of Wednesday, October 14th, when the Rev. Phillips Brooks, for twenty-two years rector of Trinity Church, was made Bishop of Massachusetts to succeed the lamented Bishop Paddock. Thus the city gave official expression to a deep feeling of interest in the occasion among people of all classes and sects.

Within the church a memorable spectacle was to be seen. Nine bishops, most of them venerable in years, and nearly four hundred clergymen, many of them from other than the home diocese, had gathered for the elevation of the foremost American preacher to the episcopate. Bishop Potter, of New York, quite at his best, preached the sermon. A more impressive ceremony would be hard to imagine. The prescribed forms are of the highest dignity, and the stately presence of the chief participants, the grand simplicity in detail of arrangements, added much to the solemnity of the service.

The figure of Phillips Brooks has grown uniquely into the life of Boston and his day. Devoted as he has been to his parish and all that concerns it, his powers have won him too wide a renown, his hands and heart have reached out in too many directions, to permit of his position remaining in any sense mere-

ly parochial. In Boston his place may almost be called civic. Throughout the land his name and fame are known, nor to Westminster Abbey and other great foreign churches are his presence and his charm unfamiliar. The people of Boston especially know him as an eloquent speaker of great truths, a man of the deepest and widest human sympathy, whose life and preaching are thoroughly at one. They have wondered that there could be any doubt of his eminent fitness to lead his Church throughout the State. They now welcome him to a lofty office in which they feel him to be more than ever their man.

The Americanism of Bishop Brooks, his zeal as an American citizen, strongly distinguish him. Fifteen years ago, when his parish entered its new building, he said: "She [Trinity Church] must be part and parcel of this city. She must be in heart and soul American, or she is nothing. She must have her sympathies here, and not across the sea." The spirit of these words becomes the man, whose whole-souled citizenship has made his presence necessary in his native city to nearly every public function in which a clergyman can take part. The city, in daily contact with men, is where and how he would live. He would know what lives all the people about him are leading, and would lift the poor from sordidness no less than the rich out of indifference. To see a side of life last apt to come under his notice, it was like

him to spend a day in a criminal court, closely following each case that came up.

A man is said to have gone to him once disgusted with the complications of city life, half persuaded to run away to the simpler country. The story goes that Dr. Brooks took him to the study window, from which a hackman standing by his horse could be seen, pointed out the man, and said, "When I look at the ocean, I think larger waves than any I can see have broken; when I look at a tree, I know that grander trees have grown; but I look at that man, and know that he can still grow, and that his growth, and all men's, never ceases."

Applying this drift of thought to his preaching, Dr. Brooks stimulates citizenship, personal character, or what you will, by making his hearers feel, beyond all things, the possibilities that lie in men. "Not learnedly to the learned, not vulgarly to the vulgar, but humanly to the human," thus he has described the truest preaching, and, without meaning to name it, his own. Well illustrating this rule, it is told that at a short interval he had to preach first to a reform school and then to a women's college. Acting upon his principle, he gave the girls the same sermon he had preached at the reformatory, and neither congregation, it may safely be said, knew that it was not the one solely addressed.

In the Appleton Chapel of Harvard University and at Wellesley College, Dr. Brooks is said to have most genuine pleasure in preaching. In each of these places he is brought face to face with young men and women. "If youth," he has said, in one of those outbursts that make his people think of the poet lost in the preacher—"if youth is a prison-house, it is one whose window-bars are sunbeams, and whose walls are transparent hopes."

Not only in such words as these, but through the direct intercourse with the collegians, has Dr. Brooks's preachership at Harvard had strong effect in the years just past. In the Preacher's Room of Wadsworth House he was always, during the specified hours, to be found, and always more than ready to talk with the men who came to see him, whatever their errand.

College receptions are in general dreary memories, and the evenings in Wadsworth House would not be specially recalled but for the towering form of Phillips Brooks surrounded by undergraduates, looking up into the strong thoughtful face above them, well content that the conversation should be one-sided. The undergraduates used to listen almost as they did to his sermons, and understanding that a young bashful crowd cannot do its just share of talking with one big man, Dr. Brooks supplied both halves without stint.

In the midst of his busy city life, Dr. Brooks's accessibility to any and all callers has been remarkable. "When shall I come to see you about that little matter?" is asked; and he replies, "Any time at all—the middle of the morning, if you choose." He has no "hours," no time when his house—in which, by-the-way, he is still to live—is closed to the world.

Like his treatment of callers, botes and cranks no less than people of sense, is Dr. Brooks's custom regarding letters. No reasonable communication goes unanswered. Grace of expression and hearty sympathy with his correspondents, often unknown, are said to mark every note he writes.

In the pulpit and out of it, one of his greatest achievements has been to put courage into people. Imagine him—and imagination and fact here go hand in hand—hearing of a young artist discouraged about his work, almost ready to give up fighting the world's hard odds. Dr. Brooks goes to his studio, likes and praises his work, speaks words of the heartiest cheer, leaving him to think over a warm grasp of the hand, an earnest look, and a message, let us say, that "when failure seems nearest, one is often walking unknown side by side with success."

He has reached many people by merely believing in them. When others have given them up, his strong hopefulness for men, as a race and singly, has started many a man anew in life. No preaching without this spirit could have thronged Faneuil Hall with the "unchurched" as it did in the Sunday nights, three winters ago, when Dr. Brooks was there. The business men, too, that crowded Trinity Church, New York, and St. Paul's, Boston, in the last two Lenten, know well that this hopefulness of his may mean to men.

A single example of what his preaching does culminated only last month in a service in which Dr. Brooks himself took part. A woman came to Boston several years ago, and by mere chance went into Trinity Church, and heard his rector preach. She went away feeling that she could and must do something in the world. She did not know what it would be; but the service which Dr. Brooks was asked to conduct in September was for laying the corner-stone of a Children's Home—a building large enough to take in twenty-five infants. The woman for some time had already been carrying on the work in smaller quarters.

The readers of magazine "symposia" and special articles may have wondered sometimes at failing to find the name of Phillips Brooks in lists of "notable contributors." It is not because editors and publishers have not tried to get him. He has always held that except as a preacher of the gospel he is

in no sense a man of letters, though in literature as in art, be it remarked, his taste is unfailingly good, his judgment always keen.

An instance of his dealings with editors will illustrate what has just been said. Several years ago one of the carols he wrote for his Sunday-school's Christmas festival, if less perfect than "Oh, Little Town of Bethlehem" was so charming that a magazine wished to publish it, even with a note that the lines were not written for its columns. The editors thought the least they could do was to send Dr. Brooks a somewhat liberal check, asking that, though he would not accept it himself, it might be devoted to the school's Christmas expenses. The check, however, was promptly returned with a courteous note. The inference that under no circumstances would he accept payment for work outside his regular duties was clearly to be drawn.

No one who has seen Dr. Brooks with children is likely to forget his "way with them." Serner persons say that he makes them behave very badly, and, possibly in jealousy, others have called him fonder of youngsters than of grown people. No objection is heard from the children. They look midgits, indeed, on those knees, high and broad, in which two schools of churchmanship figuratively meet. Is it foolish to imagine that the new Bishop's visitations will gain some of their power—over mothers at least—through his extremely happy intercourse with the children? However literally true it may be, surely the story of Dr. Brooks going to a poor woman's rooms and keeping the children out of mischief while she went to church tells something of his spirit. And the story loses none of its point when one reflects that the woman could not hear one of her visitor's sermons.

The change of a rector's duties for those of a bishop will give Dr. Brooks some relaxation from the effort which has always been a wonder to those who have heard his three new sermons each Sunday, or only one of them. His well-known rapidity of utterance is even less wonderful than the flow of thought, the coherence with which, in spite of the absence of manuscript or notes of headings, each discourse is planned and delivered. When he was going out to Cambridge for the fifteen minutes of college prayers every morning at quarter before nine, he was asked how he could spare the good hour taken bodily out of the day for going and returning. "Oh," he replied, "that gives me time to write a sermon." It is said, moreover, that he always had eight or ten sermons prepared, though not on paper, for immediate use.

In his seminary days his classmates say that when subjects for impromptu theme-writing were given out, Phillips Brooks would wait eagerly for the instructor to be silent, and while all the rest were scratching their heads for a beginning, to say nothing of a middle or end, he would plunge into his work, full at once of the subject. And when the themes were read, he was generally by far the best in general plan, clearness, and strength of development. Such beginnings only would have led to the work Massachusetts's new Bishop has been doing in the pulpit of recent years.

In giving up its rector, Trinity Church suffers an immense loss; but the city and the State gain more than Boston's great parish loses; for his spirit will still be with the parish, often his presence; and spirit and presence alike will carry their great power to far wider bounds.

AN AUTUMN RAIN.

BY CARL SMITH.

THE long boughs of the oak-tree
That stands across the way
Are waving, waving, waving,
While rainy winds are raving
At turning leaves to-day.

The drops strike madly, wildly,
Borne on the autumn wind;
And greasiers of jimson
And dog-weed flowering crimson
They shivering leave behind.

The sunflower's golden glory,
Which passed a month ago,
Left but a seeding coward,
Which, stanch as once it towered,
Now humbly bows as low.

Here by this tight-closed window,
A down whose weeping pane
Flows many a tearful river,
The honeysuckles shiver
Like tremors caught in the rain.

And all sweet Nature's vigor
Seems withered now and gone.
There where the rain is blowing,
Where red and green were glowing,
Bleak yellow blows alone.

The sheet rain driving onward
Bends everything before,
And each stalk sadly falling
To me it seems is calling
That summer is no more.



THAT THE RESULT OF THE Princeton-Crescent game was far from pleasing to McClung was very evident by the way he handled his own men during the following week. I have it on very good authority that he expected a lower score, and although he did not believe that the Crescents would get a try at Princeton's goal, he didn't anticipate a score of over twenty points.

So far as the offensive play is concerned, there has been a marked improvement in the general work of the Yale team since I last saw them. The presence in the line of Hefelfinger accounts for the greater steadiness near the centre, but he is not responsible for all the improvement. The men in the line are playing with a far better idea of what they are there for. When a man had a part in making an opening last week he usually managed to get fast at that opening himself, and let the runner bang into the small of his back with his head. Now, at least half the time the forwards manage to keep themselves out of the way at the proper moment.

THE LACK OF IMPROVEMENT in his old men compared with the new must be discouraging to Captain McClung. Wallis, Barbour, and Crosby are not showing anything like the rapid progress of Winter, McCormick, and Hinkley. While I do not mean to say the three old men are not still superior to the three new ones, I do say with confidence that the comparative difference between the regulars and the candidates is nothing like as great as it was the first week in October. Wallis has been laid up with boils, so perhaps it is hardly fair to criticise his playing as strongly as a coach would; but Winter stands upon a very even plane with him already as a tackle. Mills, Winter, and Wallis are beginning to realize that there are but two positions for three men, and one of the three is to be crowded out. Messier, too, another new man, makes a fourth candidate, so that even the third man cannot rest easy in the confidence that he is sure of a place if one of the tackles comes to grief.

CROSBY HAD A BAD TURN at Hartford when the Trinity captain went by him, and is evidently trying to pull himself together. He has need to so long as Hinkley is on the field, for although one never would suspect that cadaverous-looking fellow of any athletic aspirations, he certainly knows what an end rusher's play should be, and apart from his physique, is a player from the cross-pieces on his shoes to the tips of his fingers.

If Barbour fancied, when he stepped out on the field this year, that he was to have an easy time of it, the playing of McCormick week ago should have dispossessed him of the idea. In the general work of interfering and getting through the line the new man is already ahead of the veteran, and it will be a dusty race for little Barbour if McCormick continues to improve as he has done since I last saw him, provided, of course, McCormick is not tried for a place further back.

Sanford and Stillman are both trying to oust Paine from the centre, and they are likely to be successful. Paine does not seem to be able to shake himself into form, owing chiefly to his recent illness. Stillman has the advantage in weight, but Sanford in activity. I imagine they will think pretty rapidly, however, when Corbin comes up to coach them, as they tell me he will do in a few days. Putting the ball back and playing centre are two very different things, and when the old expert starts in with these two recruits they will begin to have a realizing sense of this difference.

McCLUNG HAS MADE NO ADVANCE in his search for extra men to pull back that I can see. The matter narrows down to Noyes still, and if the work he did on the afternoon when I visited New Haven is any criterion of his ability, I don't wonder that McClung is in a quandary. The man, although at times clever in running and pushing his man through, is unsteady in kicking and catching to such an extent as to make his whole rusher line uneasy all the time. I am told that McClung has a dark horse in the background for the position, but I very much doubt it, for two reasons—first, because Rhodes last week would have brought him out if he had been in college then; and second, because no good kickers from preparatory schools can enter any college nowadays unknown. They are in too great demand. Hence if Yale has any man in reserve for this position, he must be a home product, and I have little confidence in these for such a place as full back.

UNLESS MCCORMICK SHOULD BE TRIED there, I call Norton and Van Ingen the only two available men upon whom McClung can call to take Noyes's place. Of these, the former is an extremely careless kicker, with as little idea of where his punts are going as any man I ever saw tried for an important position; while the latter is one of those fragile men who seem to have the faculty of getting so bruised and generally knocked up in the early weeks of the season as to be too tender for use during the balance of the time. Van Ingen's kicking when he is in condition is better than the average, but when his leg is

lame and his body sore he cannot do himself or his position justice. McCormick, on the other hand, although hardly suggested as a candidate, has much to recommend him, and under Bullis's coaching will surely have a chance to bring out all there is in him.

THE GAME WITH STAGO'S ELEVEN was destined to open the eyes of Yale men to the fact that their defensive play is weaker than that of any team which has represented Yale in years. In fact, it was only the welcome call of time that saved them from being scored against, and that too at the end of the second half. Stagg's men outlasted them, and from first to last had no difficulty in going through the centre, while their end runs were sure of gain all through the second half. It was just as well for McClung's peace of mind that he was not on hand to see the last part of the game, for it would have given him the nightmare. Stillman, Beard, and Mills seemed only feathers before the charges of the far lighter Springfield men; and the Harvard men, who were watching the sport, having come down to the tennis tournament, will not frighten Trafford very much when they tell him what they saw. Stagg's team plays football from the opening "V" to the call of time, and it will make some of the larger college elevens weary before the season is over.

EITHER I DO NOT KNOW what poor playing is, or I am not so good-natured as I should be. As I stood on the side line and watched the candidates for Harvard's eleven try to play football one afternoon last week, I was somewhat disgusted with their attempts. Evidently the coaches were not of the same mind as myself, for only occasionally did they see fit to correct some minor fault. The major ones were apparently overlooked. Mr. Lathrop was the only one who seemed alive to the fact that there is none too much time remaining in which to bring the men up to the proper degree in skill. He was looking sharply after his men, and it will not be his fault if they do not know how to bring the runner to the ground. I may be unjust, but the men impressed me with the idea that they thought there was time enough, and that such things as fighting in the line, playing off side, and failure to get into line quickly needed no correction at present. Of course it is not to be expected that every misplay can be commented upon in a single afternoon, and it is not to the minute faultfinder that I refer; my remarks are directed towards the general style of play.

THE SCRIMMAGES WERE NOTHING more nor less than free fights. Men were bunting each other about without system or design. No one appreciates better than I do how much can be gained by giving an opponent the proper push at the right time, but such squabbling as I saw is, in my opinion, not only useless, but a waste of time and effort. Time and again I saw a man close in on his opponent, and run him down the field, when, if he had his wits about him, he could have seen that the hole he left was just what the runner was looking for. The moment the ball was in play, a general panic seemed to take hold of the players. They started and ran in every direction except the right one. Those who were not seized with the panic grabbed hold of the nearest man, and then fell to the ground. When the ball was "down," they slowly and leisurely returned to their positions, and the game went on as before. It was evident that I was not the only one who was impressed by the exhibition, for as I glanced towards the upper end of the field, where the extra men were taking their equivalent of hard work, I noted they were indulging in the same lapphazard, free-and-easy methods. With no one to direct them, they were simply throwing time, and valuable time, away. After what I have seen, nothing will convince me at the close of the season, if Harvard is defeated, that her loss is entirely due to the absence of proper material.

THERE IS MATERIAL ENOUGH, beyond any doubt, on Jarvis Field every afternoon to make a first-class eleven, but if the present style of play continues there is not much prospect of one. At present there are three good men—Corbett, Waters, and Mackle—prevented by faculty restriction from being considered as candidates for the team. Corbett's good work is already well known. Waters is a strong running ball back, and several times I saw him make his way cleanly past almost the entire first eleven. Mackle is a strong well-built man, with that size and general make-up which are considered essential to one who hopes to hold a position in the centre of the line. Gage, of whom I wrote last week, is now being tried at quarterback. He has the making of a good one, but whether he cares enough about the game to make a thorough study of the position and improve his play accordingly remains to be seen. Burgess, owing to his being relegated to the second eleven, is putting forth every effort, and playing at present much the stronger game.

RANTOUL, NEWELL, HALLOWELL, and Vail are practically sure of holding their positions in the line, for they are doing good, faithful work. Rantoul is now being tried at guard, and may safely be trusted to meet every emergency. As an athlete he has developed rapidly in the last two years, and I

consider him to-day about as good an all-round man as can be found in any college. Yale will have to look out for him. His jolly good nature is apt to put his opponent at ease, and he is the same in the same line the determined side of his character makes him an exceedingly difficult man to match. There is nothing brilliant about Vail's work, but he is always at hand, and his steady work is certain to count. So soon as he has mastered the game a little better, he will, I am sure, prove to be a good protector for the snap back. There are, therefore, practically three vacant positions in the line—an end, a tackle, and centre. Emmons, who is at present playing at end, is not exactly what I consider the position demands. Still he may develop rapidly. Shea is a likely candidate for tackle, but an old trouble with his knee may prevent his playing. Bangs hardly seems to be the man for centre. He is not active enough, and it is seldom that he places himself in a firm position after he has sent the ball to the quarter. Mackie, if he is permitted to play, should be the man for the position, provided he does not make a better guard. Of the other candidates I am not so sure until I have followed them more closely.

CAN ANY ONE EXPLAIN why the Boston papers are indulging in what seems to be the most fulsome praise of the Harvard team and the material composing it? It certainly seems an enigma to me, for it is contrary to the policy adopted last season, and if I may be allowed to say it, contrary to the facts. To place in huge headlines "HARVARD FILES UP THE SCORE!" when the sum total was eighteen points looks fishy. These papers were carefully attended to last year in the interests of the team, and are undoubtedly in close sympathy with the prominent men in the management this season. Why, then, are they so generous of praise where more moderate amount would certainly fill the bill for accuracy, and not mislead the players themselves and deceive non-resident alumni? It looks as though a tendency toward lack of confidence had been discovered either among the players or in the captain, and those who have matters in charge were busily engaged in bolstering up the courage that seemed tottering.

THE HARD PLAIN FACT is that the material is not at all bad, and the team is an average one, except behind the line, where it is unquestionably strong. But it is as yet a scoring team—not nearly so advanced in this respect as it was last year at this point in the season, and there is a something almost like stage-fright that takes possession of the line occasionally. Perhaps newspaper praise will eradicate this fault, but, to my mind, a little good stiff coaching, such as one or two of the old-timers I know could give, would take the frills out of the men, and bring them into line far more quickly and efficaciously.

TAKING EVERYTHING INTO consideration, I can see no reason why Captain Trafford should not bring out a strong eleven, if the men at his disposal are handled in the proper manner. He must bear in mind, however, that the season is short, and almost before he is aware of the fact, the day of the big game will be at hand, and it will then be too late to correct faults which should have been looked after in these early days.

THE PRINCETON-LEHIGH game last Wednesday was not a very high order of football, the orange and black piling up its score through mere beef rather than good play. Princeton did not show any improvement in her play on that day; except for one brief five-minute interval when Lehigh had worked the ball to the five-yard line, it was listless and very careless. Captain Warren, who works hard, and who owes it to him and to their college to do faithful earnest work. Adams, King, Homans, and Poe are doing well, though the first does not get his head down soon enough in starting to buck the line. King needs practice in kicking and passing, but I confess his snap back, Symmes, is enough to make a good man go wrong now and again. A couple of new men are being tried for centre, but neither have shown any marked ability as yet. Vincent is working hard and playing a good game at end, but Riggs is not playing the game he knows how to play. Wheeler, Dowkont, and Harold are the most promising candidates for tackle and left guard, and the latter is pretty certain to develop into a valuable man; the other two have weight and nerve, but too far show lack of head, due of course to inexperience. The men tackle hard and low, and are well advanced in that respect. Warren, King, Poe, and Adams do about all the guarding of the runners, and the entire game is apt to appear to lack the quality which is for their pleasure. The great weakness of the team to-day is the ease with which holes are made in its line. Lehigh went through a dozen times, and showed some very good team play. I regret I have no space to comment on them to greater length, but hope to do so after the Lehigh-University-of-Pennsylvania game next Saturday. Adams, Balliett, Ordway, Trenchard, and McClung are five good men.—Score 80-0.

THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA played all around Orange on Saturday, reaching a score of 26-0. The U. of P. eleven is not so strong to-day as it was this time last year, but it will develop into a stronger team than

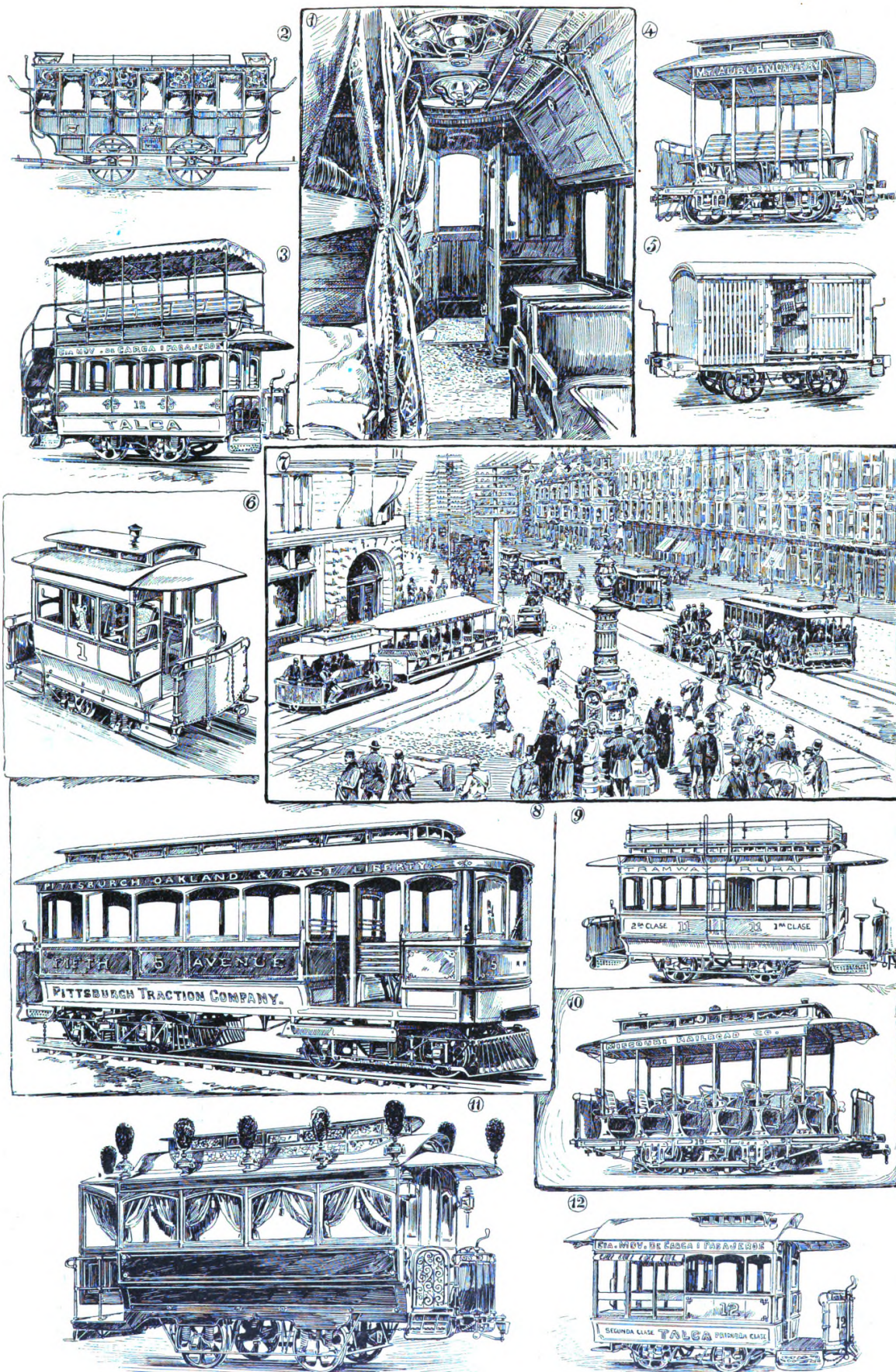
'90 before the season is out. Vail is greatly missed, and Church is not passing so cleverly as he will in another two weeks; but there is not a man on the team who does not fill his position and play with an earnestness that would do Princeton good to emulate. Adams at centre is very good, and he is well cared for by his guards, especially by Thornton at left. Mackie at left tackle seemed to me on Saturday the weakest man on the team—at least most of the holes were through him. The other tackle, Griffith, was on last year, and is playing in good form. Schoff at right end is another old man, and one of the best ends on the field. McFadden at left is new, but he gives promise of making a good one. Camp and Thayer are well known; the former is one of the strongest half backs in the country, a ground gainer, and a difficult man to stop. Thayer at full is quite as good as he was last year. A substitute half, Martin, was played Saturday, and he proved himself quite equal to filling a vacancy on the varsity whenever one occurs.

THE TEAM IS STRONG in offensive play; the men tackle well and block fairly, but are not quite up to the mark on defensive play. Orange did not show up with its regular team, or even half of it. Bovard, Burdick, McKenzie, and Storrs being absent. Bonner, who has played on the Princeton scrub for several years, was at right half, and the only man on his side to get through the U. of P. line for a gain. Dilworth, the old Columbia man, was the other half. De Hart, at quarter, played the best game on the team. When Orange had the ball, she generally managed to gain with a small "V," but her line was opened up at will by the U. of P. when the ball went to them, and the holes were large enough to run through the entire team. It was very tiresome to read in some of the daily papers of the "slugging" U. of P. There was no rough play, and the only case of disqualification was more the fault of Orange than Pennsylvania. As a matter of fact, Pennsylvania, I thought, exhibited rare patience, for umpire Storrs gave them the worst of it several times.

THE CRESCENT ATHLETIC CLUB drew on its reserve force of players on Saturday, and waded through Columbia with an ease that astonished the friends of both sides—score, 42-0. It was popularly believed that the Columbians were fairly strong this year, and indeed, Captain Christy has accomplished a great deal with the material he has. They are too tight, however, and were out-weighted and out-classed, the Crescents demoralizing them by opening their centre where and as frequently as they pleased. Columbia braced in the second half, but could not stem the current. Hewlett played a great game for Crescent, and Beecher showed better form than in any previous game this season. The Crescents showed much improvement, playing a much more snappy and offensive game than they have shown before this year.

THE YALE-PRINCETON game, as I hinted last week, is certain to be played on Manhattan Field, Thanksgiving day. The turf is the very best to be found, the capacity for spectators as large if not larger than Eastern Park, and the situation sure to give it a tone in point of coaches, etc., that could never be accommodated in Brooklyn. Moreover, the grand stand and bleachers will be along the side of the field and not at one end of it, as at Eastern Park. No money will be spared by the Manhattan Athletic Club to make all appointments perfect. New York is the only place that can handle such crowds, and I always dread Springfield for that reason. Some day there will be a serious accident up there; and if the game is to go there regularly, substantial and permanent grand stands should be erected. Princeton has had the good sense to play its game with the University of Pennsylvania on the Manheim grounds. Indeed, in the light of that affidavit, I can't see how it ever entertained a thought to play elsewhere. There is no reason now why Yale and Wesleyans should not do likewise, especially the latter, which has no excuse whatever, save that of following the current. Harmony is a great thing in intercollegiate football; let us have all we can get of it. Speaking of harmony, unfortunately Harvard and Princeton are not likely to play ball this season. There were two very pretty newspaper sensations last week: first, doubt as to a Yale-Harvard game; and second, the departure of Riggs from Princeton—one about as unlikely as the other.

A MORE FITTING closing of the athletic season than the annual fall games of the New York Athletic Club would be impossible. Transvaal Island is the most picturesquely beautiful spot owned by a club in the country, and the attendance is invariably as brilliant as the surroundings. Under the management of the veteran W. B. Curtis the games are always successful, and I regret the demands of football take so much space as to leave me room to mention only that the club's Hercules Mitchell, hurled the 56-pound weight 34 feet 11 inches, making a new world's record; that Jewett, D. A. C., around a turn, ran a 220-yards dash in 22½ seconds, ½ within the world's record on a straight-away; and that Dohm, out of condition and on a fifth-mile track, ran a half in 1.55½, one second slower than the world's record. CASPAR W. WHITNEY.



HISTORY OF THE STREET CAR AND ITS DEVELOPMENT.—DRAWN BY E. J. MEEKER.—[SEE PAGE 825.]

1. Sleeping Car, Argentine Republic. 2. The first Street Car used in New York, 1821. 3. Chilian Car. 4. Old style Cable Car, Cincinnati. 5. Chicken Car, Argentine Republic. 6. Inspection Car, Venezuela. 7. "Cable Train," Market Street Cable Railway, San Francisco. 8. Composite Car, Pittsburg (combining Dummy or Grip Car and Passenger Car). 9. Passenger Car, Argentine Republic. 10. The Dummy or "Grip Car." 11. Funeral Car, Argentine Republic. 12. Combination Car used in Chili.

THE MENDELSSOHN GLEE CLUB.

(Continued from page 516.)

there is often a lack of firmness and resonance in their work as compared with a well-trained professional chorus, but this is true, to a greater or less degree, of all amateur choruses. Mr. Mossenthal does not pet or pamper his chorus; the active members do not pay any dues, but a rigid attendance at rehearsals every Tuesday evening is exacted; and when they assemble under their conductor's baton, it is for business and not play.

When they are "bad," collectively or individually, they are told so in no uncertain terms, and the result is a highly meritorious one, both to chorus and conductor. Originally the club gave four concerts a season, but this was found to entail such an enormous amount of work upon every one that it became necessary to cut down the number, and only three are now given in a season. Even then there is an amount of labor connected with the concerts of an organization like the Mendelssohn which is not at all understood by any outsider. There is not a post in the club's active administration which does not mean genuine hard work and lots of it, and to keep the club up to its uniformly high standard testifies most conclusively to the devotion of its officers. In addition to the work of the chorus at its concerts the programme always contains the names of one or more eminent soloists.

At present writing its officers are Robert H. Robertson, president; George Ingraham, vice-president; George Sherman, treasurer; William S. Church, secretary; Joseph Mossenthal, conductor; and Alice Irving, librarian. Colonel John Ward, formerly commandant of the Twelfth Regiment, was eight years its librarian, and from his long and zealous connection with the club is generally looked upon as its historian. By-the-way, it is time the Mendelssohn had a printed history of itself and its career. At the present moment facts concerning its history are matters of memory; but in time these must grow dim and pass away altogether, and the coming generation will grope about in vain for the genealogical tree of its club ancestors. The club has two honorary members—Mr. E. C. Benedict and Mr. Alfred Corning Clark. Both these gentlemen are musical enthusiasts, and devoted friends and champions of the club. About three years ago Mr. Benedict, who owns the steam-yacht *Oneida*, made up an excursion for a few of its members, which finally, in the past two years, has included the entire active membership of the club. And a very high and praiseworthy time has been the result. The chorus gets on its "sea legs" and brushes up its mariners' "ditties," while the merry "heave ho" of the sailor, when there is any on a steam-yacht, gives the basses an opportunity to "down" the tenors, which is seized upon as an event to make honors easy after a season wherein the tenors had things all their own way. Mr. Benedict's excursions are looked forward to now as one of the club events of the year, and the man who cannot "get off" to take part in this picnic considers himself an object of revengeful fate.

For a number of years the club has looked longingly forward to the time when it could enjoy a club-house of its own worthy of the name, and a concert-hall too of its own, where it could hold its concerts under its own roof. This hope has at last been realized. Mr. Clark is putting up a five-story building on the north side of Fortieth Street, between Sixth Avenue and Broadway, the ground floor and basement of which he presents to the club rent free. This is a princely gift, and equals in usefulness and genuine philanthropy and public spirit Mr. Booth's gift to the Players. The building will occupy a lot 98 feet 9 inches by 79 feet 6 inches. The general architectural idea followed out in the facade is classical in treatment, although the architect has not bound himself down by strict rules in this respect, but allowed his imagination to roam somewhat freely, but without license. The materials used for the front of the building are Belleville granite and Roman brick. The general construction throughout is on the latest scientific principles as to lighting, heating, plumbing, and special provisions to make the structure thoroughly fire-proof; electric lights, and also an electric elevator. The club will occupy the entire ground-floor and basement. Their concert-room will be 70 x 75, with a gallery and will seat 1,000 people. It is pretty well decided that the decorative idea of this room shall be patterned after the First Empire.

There is also a handsome club-room opening into the concert-hall, shut off from it by doors, which are to be made to slide down into the cellar, thus making one great room of their entire premises. In addition there is a rehearsal-hall in the basement, kitchens, pantries, etc.; and connecting with the club-room and concert-hall, a smoking-room and a reception-room for the ladies. The upper stories of the building are designed for bachelors' apartments, and have a separate entrance of their own from the street. The cost of the building can be stated at about \$300,000, it being, of course, Mr. Clark's idea to obtain some return for his investment by renting out the upper stories of his building as above indicated. Mr. Robert H. Robertson, the well-known architect, who is the enthusiastic president of the Mendelssohn Glee Club, not only designed the building they at present occupy, but is also the architect of

their new home that is to be. The Mendelssohn Glee Club has a distinct sphere of usefulness, and, with its increased facilities, it will undoubtedly press forward in its good work. HARRY P. MAWSON.

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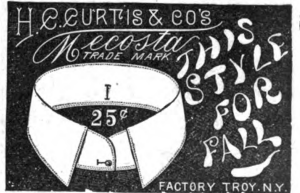
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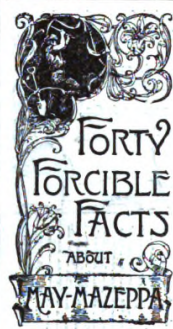
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION



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AT THE STATUE OF JOAN OF ARC, FAIRMOUNT PARK DRIVE, PHILADELPHIA.—DRAWN BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS.—[SEE PAGE 843.]

HARPER'S MAGAZINE—NOVEMBER

This number opens with a humorous Thanksgiving story by HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH, entitled "*The Inn of the Good Woman*," charmingly illustrated by W. T. SMEDLEY.

JULIAN RALPH's romantic paper, "*Dan Dunn's Outfit*," describes the difficulties attending pioneer railroad construction in British Columbia. The writer is ably supported by Mr. REMINGTON's graphic illustrations.

MR. BESANT's article on London is an entertaining description of that city "*In the Times of Good Queen Bess*."

Mrs. RUTH McENERY STUART's short story, "*The Widder Johnsing*," is very humorous. Mr. DU MAURIER's fascinating novel, "*Peter Ibbetson*," is concluded.

MISS CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON concludes her description of "*Cairo in 1890*," introducing some novel features, and showing a keen and careful observation. The article is handsomely illustrated.

Dr. HENRY M. FIELD contributes an interesting article containing much new information about "*Stonewall Jackson*." The article is copiously illustrated.

The third instalment of "*Charles Dickens's Letters to Wilkie Collins*" concludes this record of the familiar intercourse between the two distinguished authors.

The intricate problems which meet the European Powers in Africa are clearly stated in a very instructive article by Mr. ARTHUR SILVA WHITE, F.R.S.A., entitled "*Africa and the European Powers*."

This number contains an important paper on "*The Treatment of Cancers and other Tumors*," by B. FARQUHAR CURTIS, M.D., and WILLIAM T. BULL, M.D.

AMELIE RIVES contributes a short poem, "*Call not Pain's Teaching Punishment*," and WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS writes some exquisite verses under the title of "*November—Impressions*."

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THE CLOSE OF THE CAMPAIGN.

THE recent exposure in detail of the Tammany "colonization" frauds by the *Herald* was not surprising, because its frauds are familiar. But the exposure was timely, as showing the methods by which Tammany means to carry the election. There is no doubt that it understands the situation. It knows that defeat now would be a serious blow, and it will spare no effort to succeed. As we have already said, it is not surprising that those who have always voted the Democratic ticket, and who intend always to vote it upon the ground that a voter must join one of the great parties, and that Democratic success is always better than Republican success, should be satisfied to support the regular nominations. It is enough for such voters that the party label is correct. But other voters who do not acknowledge that rule of action, yet who still propose to support Tammany, are necessarily compelled to belittle its power and purpose in order to defend their course. That endeavor necessarily pleases every enemy of honest government, but in the face of familiar facts it is a difficult task. It is not accomplished by saying that we must not be squeamish about disagreeable and even dishonest people who vote with us. That is often true. As Mr. MORLEY well says, practical politics generally offer an alternative of the second best. But when the purpose of the disagreeable and dishonest people who vote with us is solely to obtain control of the power of a party for their own advantage, wise men will not help them. Mr. FRANCIS M. SCOTT accepts a local nomination against that of Tammany on the ground that no Democrat ought to allow such an organization to decide who is to be considered a Democrat in the city. But Tammany has already induced the State Democratic Convention to decide that point in its favor; and now, as in the time of TWEED, Tammany aims at ascendancy in the State councils of its party and in the State Legislature in order to maintain its power in the city. It therefore asks the people of the State to ratify its action at the Convention, and Mr. SCOTT practically advises that the exclusion of his friends from the party councils be ratified.

To allege that Tammany is merely a local club is

to forget its history. It was a local club in the same sense under TWEED. Tammany Hall controls an enormous vote in the city of New York, and it is largely the vote of those who are least fitted for the suffrage. The power which controls that vote is perfectly well known in this community. It cannot be said too often that this power and its votes and its patronage compose the most complete and effective and unscrupulous party machine in the country. The testimony of the reporters of the *Herald* to facts which are not denied or deniable furnishes a single illustration of one form of the frauds by which it proposes to carry the State in the city, and thus to dominate its party in the State, and by control of the State of New York to influence the national party action. It is the way in which the TWEED ring became a national peril, the better part of the party insisting with a shrug that politics were pretty dirty business, that men are not angels, and that if TWEED hadn't wings, neither had HANK SMITH. A vote for Mr. FLOWER is a vote for this machine, and for the sophistry which belittles it. The Democratic argument with the independents in this State this year is precisely the Republican argument with them in 1884. It was then said that whatever might be thought of the candidate, the Republican party was greater than any man, and its ascendancy was of paramount importance, because essential to the national welfare, and therefore that everybody who did not think the Democratic party more trustworthy ought to support the Republican candidate. The independent answer was that no probable result of Democratic ascendancy could be so deplorable as deliberate national approval of such conduct as independent voters condemned. The Democratic plea for independent support of Mr. FLOWER constantly reiterated is that his defeat would be claimed as a victory for protection. The logical independent reply to this plea is that his election would be the triumph of Tammany Hall, and of the corrupt politics against which independent action was originally and is now primarily directed. If, however, it be seriously asserted in reply that there is an organized power behind Mr. FASSETT which is as formidable and dangerous an engine of corruption as Tammany Hall, or that his election is on such grounds to be deplored quite as much as Mr. FLOWER's, there can be no further argument with those who believe it.

Those who hold that tariff reform is the only question to be considered need not urge that State elections affect the national election in some degree, because that is not denied. Undoubtedly the election of Mr. FASSETT would be hailed as a triumph of protection, as the election of Governor PATTON in Pennsylvania last year was claimed as swelling the victory of tariff revision. But nobody doubts that Pennsylvania is still a protection State. What we have said upon this point we repeat, that so far as the independent vote should contribute to the election of Mr. FASSETT, his election would not be the verdict of New York against tariff revision. But to say that tariff reformers ought to vote for Mr. FLOWER because his election would win the votes of the waiters on Providence who have no convictions, but who, in the event of his election, would regard tariff revision as the successful side next year and support it, is a childish argument for those who desire both honest revision of the tariff and honest government in general. Independent voters, we presume, are generally tariff reformers. But they are not independents for that reason. It might make them Democrats, but not independents. Indeed, the great body of tariff reformers are very far from independent. They are generally the strongest of Democratic partisans. The opposition of independents to protection is not more economical than moral; that is to say, they are tariff reformers not only because they hold a revenue tariff to be more economically equitable but because protection is necessarily a cancer of political corruption. Now they do not think that the triumph of Tammany in New York would be a blow at political corruption, but, on the contrary, that Tammany is itself the corruption with which they have now to deal. As was said in the municipal campaign last year, the necessary tendency of Tammany, which has no principles and is a mere conspiracy for plunder, is toward its condition under TWEED. The question then was not of party policy, but of honest government. To strengthen Tammany, it was argued last year, is to strengthen a peril to government itself. The argument is no less true this year. The immediate question is not national tariff reform, but the welfare of the State of New York, and how that can be best promoted. Certainly it cannot be done by strengthening what is at once the most corrupt and the most powerful of political organizations. It seems to us that no intelligent man can think that the triumph of Tammany in the election of the Democratic ticket would promote specific reform or honest government in general. A vote for Mr. FASSETT under the circumstances of this campaign tends to the defeat of the most corrupt of political organizations, and to securing the most important of local political reforms. Next year we have no doubt that independent voters throughout the country will do as they are

doing very generally in New York this year—they will consider carefully how, under all the circumstances, they can best aid honest government, and they will vote accordingly.

A GREAT PUBLIC SERVICE.

THE greatest practical advance in civil service reform under this administration, and one of the most important steps of reform yet taken in the country, is the introduction of the reformed system into the navy-yards by Secretary TRACY. This was the result of careful and prolonged observation and study, partly stimulated probably by the earnest representations made to the Secretary by friends of reform. General TRACY undoubtedly had been disposed to regard the question as rather remote from actual party administration, but, as in the case of Secretary WINSTON and other eminent public officers, practical dealing with the management of a great department and thorough acquaintance with traditional and accepted methods gave him fuller knowledge, and led to decided conclusions. The Secretary's speech in Boston last spring showed his comprehension of the situation, and his resolution to deal with it thoroughly. The speech and the Secretary's subsequent action were events of the highest value in the history of good administration, and it is significant of the political situation that at a late Republican meeting in Boston one of the strongest appeals for popular support of the party was based upon the Secretary's action.

The facts were stated very clearly and in detail by Assistant Secretary SOLEY. Part of the work of construction and all of the repair work are done in the navy-yards, and it is, of course, the labor of the most skilled mechanics. For a long time this labor has been mere partisan patronage, and the navy-yards had become largely adjuncts of the political party machines. This was the practice which Secretary TRACY inherited, as his predecessor had inherited it, and Secretary TRACY has instituted a radical and thorough reform, so far as the appointments are concerned. All the places of foremen, by whom appointments had been largely made, were declared vacant, and a board of naval officers of the highest character and competency, and as impartial as any men can be, was appointed. The utmost publicity was given to the competition for the places. The examination was thoroughly practical, and the board was directed in every case to submit the name of the man who was found best fitted. This was true competition, and in every case the name recommended by the board was adopted, and the man reported as best fitted was appointed. The best foremen being thus selected, the Boston system of selection of unskilled laborers, with such modifications as were necessary, was adopted. They are registered under the supervision of a permanent board of experts, who are commissioned officers, and appointed in the order of registry, the equitable conditions prescribed being satisfied.

This is all a great gain for honest politics and efficient administration. The Secretary has divorced absolutely from personal or political favoritism, and opened to every honest and qualified American citizen, under equal regulations, some six or eight thousand places in the navy-yards, and has thus regulated the important work done there upon strictly business principles. Mr. SOLEY well says that hereafter the officers of the yards cannot excuse bad or extravagant work by the poor hands which are politically forced upon them. There are no tricks or evasions in the system. It is the work of a Secretary who is sagacious as well as honest, and it distinguishes happily his administration of the department. It is his unchallenged praise that so far as depends upon him the promises of the Republican platform of 1888 have been fulfilled, and nobody can doubt that instead of injuring his party by abolishing the navy-yard patronage, Secretary TRACY has greatly aided it. It must be assumed also that the President approves what has been done in the navy-yards. One thing only remains. The system now is simply a regulation of the Secretary's. While he remains it is secure. But it should be made part of the whole reformed system under the law. This can be done by an Executive order, and the President could do no better service more easily than by issuing an order which would go far permanently to secure what has been so well done.

LET US HAVE BALLOT REFORM.

THE Chicago *Tribune* recently published a letter from Ohio speculating upon the result of the election. On the Democratic side there were few speakers and little money, but Governor CAMPBELL was most effective upon the stump; the defection in Hamilton County seemed not to be very threatening, and the feeling in the rural districts was such as to promise success. On the Republican side there were plenty of money and a host of speakers, with Mr. MCKINLEY at the head, still unwearied in the prosecution of his extraordinary personal campaign. Counting upon the State as essentially Re-

publican, the Republicans were confident of success. But when all the probabilities were considered, it was agreed that it was impossible to calculate the effect of the Australian ballot system upon the result.

That is the highest tribute to the value of the reformed ballot. Here is a system which secures real secrecy of the ballot, and therefore independence. It makes bribery practically useless. It prevents intimidation. Substantially it secures an honest vote, and makes the result at the polls the real expression of the popular will. This is the aim of ballot reform in New York. But although there is a ballot reform law here which secures some excellent results, the chief result which such a law contemplates is lost by means of the paster. This is a scheme which baffles the law at its vital point by authorizing ballots to be privately printed by anybody and taken into the booth, where they can be pasted over any of the ballots provided by the State. Until this device is abolished, the law will be largely ineffective for its chief purpose. It is therefore a suppression and perversion of the truth to allege that there is already a ballot law, and that it is absurd to insist that such a law is an issue at the election.

It is, on the contrary, a very distinct and vital issue. Governor HILL made the paster a condition of his signing the bill. The Tammany State Convention elaborately approved the paster and attacked the blanket ballot. The paster is one of the strongholds of the Tammany power. If Tammany carries the election it is as certain as anything in the future can be that the ballot law will not be amended. If Mr. FASSETT should be elected, with a Legislature in accord with his views, he and the Legislature are specifically pledged by the action of the Republican Convention to amend the law by a provision for the blanket ballot. It is quite as important for New York that Mr. FASSETT should be elected to secure so great a safeguard against corruption at the polls now, as that Mr. FLOWER should be elected to increase the probability of securing a revision of the tariff hereafter.

RUSSIAN DESIGNS.

WHILE we are peacefully contending at the polls for better government in this country, Mr. GEORGE WASHBURN, the President of the Roberts College in Constantinople, gives in the *Independent* a striking view of the serious politics of the East. Russia he holds to be a much more dangerous foe of European civilization than Turkey. It is Russian greed of territory that makes her the curse of Europe, and Europe itself an armed camp; and while enormous multitudes of the Russian people are starving, Russia is spending more than ever in preparations for war.

The diplomatic contest now proceeding in Europe is between the triple alliance of Germany, Austria, and Italy, together with England, on one side, and Russia and France on the other. Both parties seek to secure the support of the Sultan, with his four hundred thousand soldiers. But thus far he has wisely held aloof, seeing that in a European war he would have everything to lose and nothing to gain. There is now a powerful Russian fleet in the Black Sea, and in the event of a war it would hasten to Constantinople to "defend the neutrality of the Sultan," and once in Constantinople under a friendly pretext, it would not relax its hold. Russia and France have made tempting offers of service to the Porte, but thus far the Sultan has declined with thanks.

The creation of the Balkan states, with millions of self-governing Christians, Mr. ROBERTS thinks, has happily solved the Eastern question thus far by securing the territory separated from the Ottoman Empire to the people who inhabit it. He thinks it a strain upon our republican sympathy with France to see that republic allying itself with a despotism like Russia, and its minister in Turkey the servant of the Russian ambassador. But the absorption of the Balkan states would not be tolerated by England, Austria, Germany, and Italy, because Russia at Constantinople and upon the Adriatic would dominate Europe. This is the secret of the English support of "the unspeakable Turk." It is the barrier of the Cossack invasion. This also is the ground of the recent alarm from the Russian passage of the Dardanelles. It looked as if the Sultan had yielded. But it was apparently a misapprehension, and the strife of diplomacy has not yet ended.

EDUCATIONAL CAMPAIGNING.

It is pleasant to see any part of a question so involved and difficult as that of the tariff handled with the ease of a master, and that pleasure always attends reading a speech by Mr. JOHN E. RUSSELL in Massachusetts. The particular aim of the protectionists is to show that a high tariff benefits the farmers. It is very delicate work to undertake to show this, and even eminent doctors come to grief. It has been essayed sometimes by Senator HOAR, of Massachusetts, who is an exceedingly accomplished man, but Mr. RUSSELL courteously unhorses him.

Mr. RUSSELL was Secretary of the Board of Agriculture in Massachusetts for six years, and by natural taste and aptitude and intelligence, and by careful study and experience, he is equipped for the discussion more fully, probably, than any other man in Massachusetts. Senator HOAR, in a recent speech, dealt with the agricultural statistics of 1885 and 1886, and deduced certain conclusions favorable to the Massachusetts farming interest. Mr. RUSSELL analyzes the figures carefully to show that while there is an increase in agricultural products, there is a decline in actual farming. The census of 1885 shows a heavy decline in the production of barley, beef, cheese, mutton, oats, pork, rye, tobacco, potatoes, and wool, but a large gain in butter and a small gain in hay.

The apparent increase, as shown by the census, has not prevented a decline in the value of farming lands. The owner of the richest of such lands cannot sell them or borrow upon them as favorably as twenty years ago. The statistics, fairly interpreted, "show that more than half of Mr. HOAR's increase is from a change of rules in taking the census, and that manure, cut flowers, florists' stock, hot-house products, straw fodder, cider, vinegar, lumber, products of gardens, and other such matters, which were not included in the census of 1865, give more than half of Mr. HOAR's vaunted increase." Boston and Worcester are now great agricultural towns, from cow-keeping and suburban gardens, but the farms of the Connecticut and Deerfield valleys have declined in value. The statistics of the census may be turned to sustain almost any theoretical view. But they are valuable only when treated by thorough knowledge. It is the fashion of the hour to decry such a speech as this of Mr. RUSSELL as a "calamity howl." But wise men do not wish to live in a fools' paradise, and knowledge of actual facts never harmed an American community.

PROFESSOR JOHN L. LINCOLN.

THE death of Professor LINCOLN, of Brown University, was anticipated, for he had been long an invalid, but it brings a pang to a very widely scattered circle of his old pupils, and to all who knew the generous, candid, high-hearted, and accomplished man. He was in the true sense a scholar, a lover of learning and of literature, not subdued by scholarship nor by the conditions of teaching into a pedant or a formalist, but whose vitality transformed his learning into character and life.

For nearly fifty years he had been the most familiar figure at Brown, his term of service, we believe, longer than that of any other teacher; and from the first to the last his influence and impression upon the students were most liberalizing and stimulating, so that every year a large body of young men passed from the college into every part of the country and into all active pursuits with hearts full of gratitude and affection for Professor LINCOLN. It is a great power which such a teacher exercises, and no man can have a nobler monument than such a fond recollection.

The freshness of his mind and heart was wholly unwasted by the routine of daily duty. His interest in the classics which he taught, especially Latin, which was his chair, kindled the minds of the young men who had thought them hard and dry. His sympathy and humor overflowed the hour, and many a man owes much of the purest literary delight of his life to Professor LINCOLN's kindly persistence and intelligence. A happy literary allusion, an apt quotation, a flowing line, or a noble metaphor gave him a pleasure which was inspiring to those of similar taste, who instinctively found in his smile and approval their happy reward. Professor LINCOLN's health was never robust, but his attendance at his post was interrupted only by two or three excursions to Europe, which he turned to the best account. Toward the end he was obliged reluctantly to relinquish his chair, and cheered by the tenderest affection, his life tranquilly ended. But by one life how much more than its own individual activity is quickened! And a life like Professor LINCOLN's is wrought in how many lives like a fine gold thread in an endless tapestry!

PER CONTRA.

We have gladly mentioned elsewhere the signal advance in civil service reform which has been made by the Secretary of the Navy, and we have duly credited the President with approval of the Secretary's course. But the President's silence while party committees are attempting practically to blackmail the government clerks is a flagrant neglect of duty. Commissioner ROOSEVELT has spoken of the robbery as it deserves, and he has stated confidently that no employé need feel obliged to give from fear of losing his place.

If Mr. ROOSEVELT had thought that he could persuade the President to say so, we have no doubt that he would have tried. The mischief is done by the President's not saying so, as President HAYES did, and although the statement which we cited last week of the ill success of the Ohio marauding expedition in the departments shows that the terror is much abated, the President would have greatly strengthened himself and his party in public confidence and respect had he plainly declared that no employé need feel compelled to give.

The *Civil Service Record*, which, as its name imports, is an admirable registry of the situation and progress of the reform, and which is edited in no spirit of hostility to the Republican party, says in its recent issue, alluding to the neglect to press the cases of last year against the Old Domin-

ion Club for this offence, and the refusal to protect the public employes this year against the freebooters:

"It seems now high time to declare our belief plainly that President HARRISON's administration is in favor of getting money from the government clerks. These clerks, be it remembered, are paid by the whole people, while the money is for one party alone among the people, and it is to be used in making that party gain a triumph at the polls which it would be 'more or less difficult' to gain 'unless we receive financial help,' to quote from one of the circulars. Now the American people do not believe in the use of money to change the results of elections, and they have more than once emphatically condemned the practice of assessing government clerks. We believe these circulars issued to the departments are boomerangs, which will fall back on the party that has used them."

THE NEW LEADER OF THE COMMONS.

THE new leader of the House of Commons, Mr. ARTHUR J. BALFOUR, the Irish Secretary, has risen to great political distinction very rapidly. He is a nephew of Lord SALISBURY, the Prime Minister, but when he was appointed Irish Secretary his name was not generally familiar. In this country it was quite unknown. He was called to the most difficult post in the British government, but his uncle seems to have known him well, for he has impressed the country with his ability. He is a thorough Tory, cool, reticent, self-possessed, plucky, full of facts, ready in debate, complete master of himself and the situation.

His management of Ireland seems to have produced, if not peace, yet calm, and the latest accounts seem to show that the plan of campaign is yielding to BALFOUR's steady and strong pressure. It has been supposed that as leader of the House he could not retain the Irish Secretaryship. But this may not be impracticable for him, although hopeless for many men. With all his gifts, Mr. BALFOUR seems not to have what is called geniality or magnetism. Certainly he shows none of the arts of the demagogue, while as an orator he has an incisive humor and forcible directness.

Mr. BALFOUR must be regarded as one of the chief political figures in England at a time when the greatest figure cannot very long remain. Although of the party which can hope to govern only in an emergency when the Liberal leaders startle the country by their boldness, he has so much of the traditional qualities which Englishmen admire that he may of himself prolong confidence in Tory ascendancy. The Tory political function is to moderate the Liberal pace, for undoubtedly the Liberal party is that of progressive England.

PERSONAL.

THE Liberal party of Hungary is making elaborate arrangements to celebrate next year the twentieth anniversary of the birth of LOUIS KOSSUTH. It proposes to purchase for him the estate of Dabas, where his father and mother are buried, and to in other ways make happy the declining years of the great leader.

—EUGENE WINCHER, of Dayton, Ohio, lets all working-girls ride for half price on his street railway, which runs through the suburbs of the city.

—LOUIS PRANG, the famous chromo-lithographer, was, when a young man, a calico-printer in Prussia. He fled to this country to escape arrest for participating in a revolution, and for many years, before he struck the lucky vein that brought him fame and fortune, led a hand-to-mouth existence.

—The late RETURN JONATHAN MEIGS, of Washington, was clerk of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia from its organization in 1863. It is said that the original "RETURN" JONATHAN of the family, a distinguished officer in the Revolutionary war, received his peculiar name in an equally peculiar way. His father had been repeatedly rejected by a Quakeress, but as he was riding away dejectedly the last time she relented, and exclaimed: "Return, JONATHAN! Return, JONATHAN!" JONATHAN returned, and was foolish enough, when his first son was born, to handicap him with the name that the family has persisted in preserving.

—Dr. EDWARD BEDLOE, United States Consul at Amoy, China, who has been an active promoter of the interests of the World's Fair, writes to Chief HANDY that in all English-speaking circles in China there is a great and growing interest in the Chicago Exposition. In addition to other work, he has secured promises from eight friends to send on their private collections of curios and bric-a-brac in 1893. Dr. BEDLOE is a Philadelphian, and was, while there, one of the brightest lights of the Clover Club.

—Sir HENRY PARKES, who has just resigned, after having been Premier of New South Wales for eleven years, was born in Warwickshire, England, seventy-six years ago, and was so poor that he received but little education. When twelve years old he began learning the trade of wood and ivory turning, and when he reached manhood he went to New South Wales as a farm laborer. Returning to his trade later on, he also took an interest in politics, formed the acquaintance of leading men, and started a newspaper. He was sent to Parliament over thirty times before he became Premier. On the several occasions when he visited England he was entertained by GLADSTONE, TENNYSON, CARLYLE, and JOHN BRIGHT. He wrote several volumes of poetry and did other literary work. Some of his poetry is very bad.

—Miss MARGUERITE MERRINGTON, who wrote *Letterblair*, the comedy that had its premier last week with Mr. E. H. SOTHERN in the title rôle, is a teacher of Greek in the Normal School of New York. She is young, and in dress and appearance suggests Miss ELLEN TERRY when Miss TERRY was younger. This her first play was frankly and enthusiastically praised by all but one of the leading New York critics. In the same week in which Miss MERRINGTON's star rose, that of last year's young playwright, Mr. CLYDE FITCH, was dimmed by a reported failure of a new comedy in London and a hardly successful premier in Brooklyn.

—General ALEXANDER S. WEBB, President of the College of the City of New York, has recently received from the War Department at Washington a medal of honor, presented for gallantry at the battle of Gettysburg.

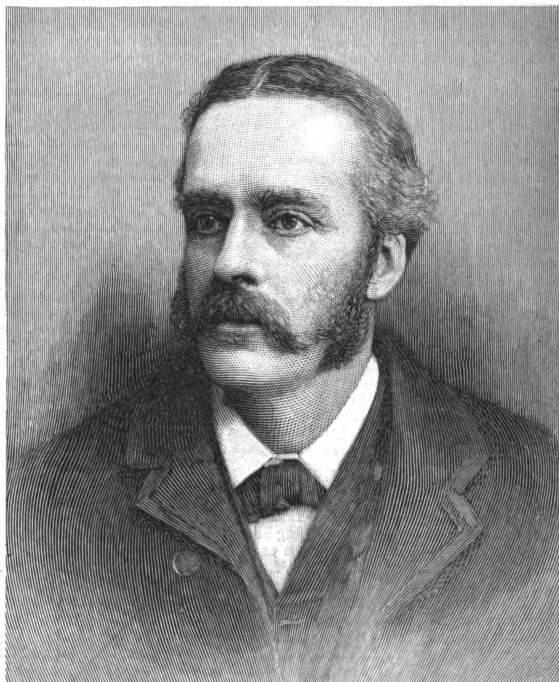


SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, C.S.I.

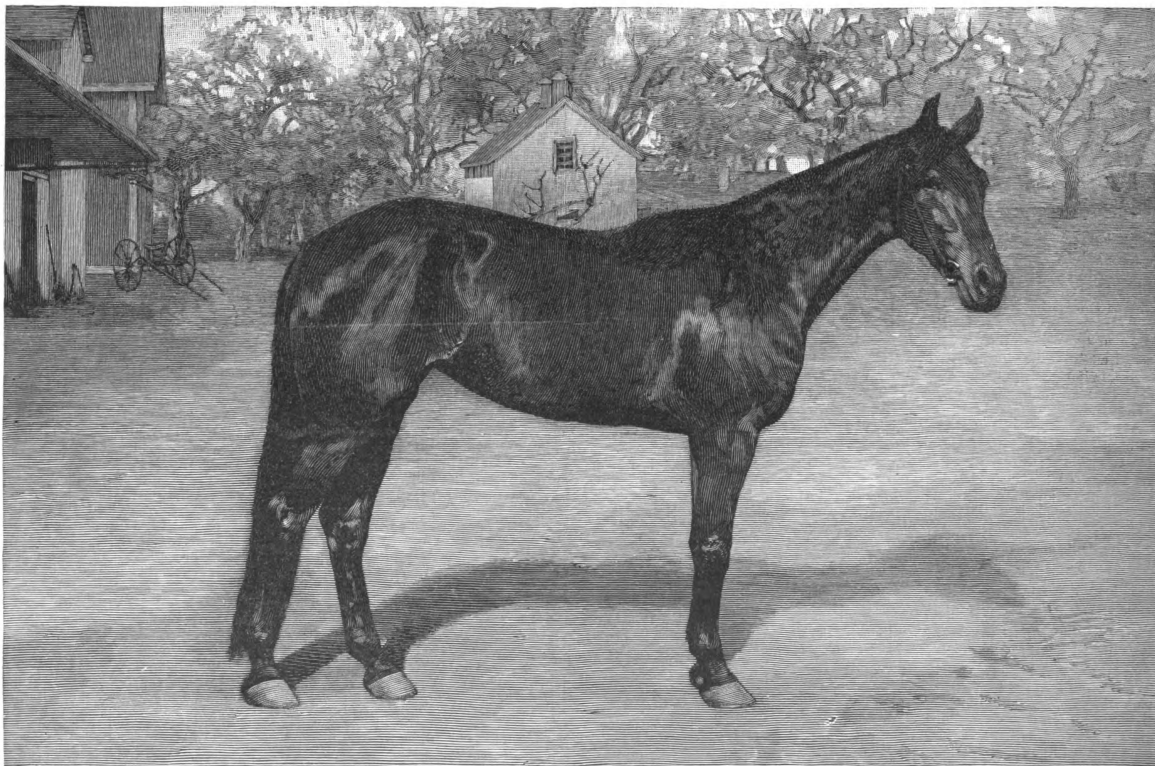
When the late Matthew Arnold came to this country, a little while before his death, he was often referred to as the author of "The Light of Asia," and as he did not like this, America was made to suffer in return. To the American public in general the writings of the elegant English poet and essayist were unknown, and the only Arnold they knew was the author of that great book on the founder of Buddhism. To-day people know better, but it was not so long ago that the above error was not uncommon. Sir Edwin Arnold appeals to the people of the New World by the wonderful force displayed in his writings and his grasp of Eastern lore. "The Light of Asia," which sets forth the tenets of the Buddhist faith, is the best known of all his works, although the book is but one of his Oriental Trilogy, the others being the "Indian Song of Songs," from the San-

scrit, an idyl of the Hindoo theology, and "Pearls of the Faith, or Islam's Rosary," after the spirit of Mohammedan belief. He has covered these religions of the East with all the subtle imagery and mysticism that are common to them, and yet the subjects have been treated with such simplicity that they appeal to every one. His latest work, entitled "The Light of the World," being a story of the life of Christ, has not met with the favor that the former books received, for the Christian thought does not lend itself to the treatment that is in accord with the Oriental faiths. Sir Edwin Arnold has grasped the Eastern mode of thought, and rendered it perfectly; but theology of the East appeals wholly to the subtle sense of man, and lacks the broadness and humanity of Christianity. The life of the Orient has always appealed to the poet, for at the age of twenty he won the Newdigate prize at Oxford for the best English poem, the subject being "The Feast of Belshazzar."



THE RIGHT HON. ARTHUR J. BALFOUR, FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY.—[SEE PAGE 843.]

It is strange to think of this sweet and gentle poet, of this scholarly, deep man, as a newspaper editor and a writer of editorials on the events of to-day. It does not, of course, follow that a poet and a scholar may not be an editor. For nearly thirty years Sir Edwin Arnold has been an editorial leader writer on the London *Daily Telegraph*, and it is said that during that time he has written about eight thousand columns of editorial opinions. At an early age he was elected to a scholarship at University College, Oxford. When the Earl of Derby was installed as Chancellor, in 1853, Edwin Arnold, then only twenty-one, delivered the address, and a year later he graduated from the university. He was made principal of the Government Sanscrit School at Bombay, and a great deal of his early life was spent in India. He has received the Imperial Order of the Medjida from the Sultan, and when the Queen was proclaimed Empress of India, was made a Companion of the Star of India.



SUNOL, THE QUEEN OF THE TROTTERS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—[SEE PAGE 842.]



BROTHER ALEC.

BY EDITH ELMER.

"COME, brother Alec; come ter yerself. I'm a-holdin' the bowl an' the soap fer ye. Come now, an' wash yer hands. I shed think ye was old enough ter wash yer own hands."

"Why—do—you—trouble me—woman?" mumbled a feeble, expressionless voice. "You—are—always—troubling me."

The woman gave a short cackling laugh. "Ye seem ter think yerself a sight better'n yer folks, now don't ye? Come, ye old baby, you; ye've rubbed yer hands enough. Time ter dry 'em."

The young artist was awakened by the voices, and for some moments she could not remember where she was. Gradually it came back to her. She was taking the vacation she had been planning so long. She was in the spare room of a farm-house among the hills—such sketchable, billowy hills, warm with October coloring. Oh, she remembered it all now—the dusty journey from the city, the long drive across country in the twilight, the welcome supper of bread and milk and honey, and the more welcome bed, quickly sought. Now she could place the shrill voice that had awakened her. It belonged to Miss Sary, the farmer's meagre and elderly half-sister. But who was brother Alec? Whoever he was, he had her sympathy, and she felt her ire kindling hot against Miss Sary.

The young artist dressed quickly, and hurried out on the porch. She stood there, ecstatically breathing the fresh air into her lungs and the fresh scene into her soul. It was a radiant sort of day. The fields were bathed in mellow sunlight, the sky was infinitely blue, the morning mists were just rolling up from the hills. She exulted as one who regains his birthright long withheld; exulted over the sweet, fair country as only those can who, with the earth instinct firmly rooted in them, are doomed to live within a horizon bounded by brick walls and chimney-pots, and under a sky shrouded by factory smoke. She was so happy that she felt a pang of loneliness; she longed to share it all with some one who would revel in the color and the freshness as she did. If Clare, the faithful, the sympathetic, were only there! At that moment the door opened on to the porch, and Miss Sary appeared, leading out an old, old man into the sunshine.

"Good-mornin', miss," she said, nodding to the young artist. "Fine day, ain't it? This here old man's my step-brother, Mr. Mason. Now, Alec"—she adopted that inane tone of voice which is sometimes used with young children—

"you be good, an' watch the chickens, an' don't trouble the lady."

A cloud seemed to fall over the glowing landscape. A little minor note thrust its way into the young artist's musings. The old man, bent almost double and leaning on two canes, shuffled slowly across the porch and down the steps. He was so old, so feeble, so helpless, and his was such a loveless, joyless old age! He was out of place in this vigorous, force-abounding world. The life-teeming motherly earth had no niche for him; and the human kindred, who sometimes, with their *supernatural* sensibility, make welcome a belated traveller after nature has denied him, had no place for him either. Especially hard did it seem to the beauty-nourished young artist, who had been taught to see the body as the visible soul, who had learned, after long, loving study, to watch the living spirit of man shine through nervous limbs, and the yearning heart of woman weave itself into the plastic curves of neck and torso. To her more than to most of us a worn-out body meant a worn-out soul. Irresistibly her mind flew back to the assembly of condemned ships in the navy-yard that they call "Rotten Row"; and she remembered how as a child she used to cry over those poor dismantled hulks, which had been proud cruisers and gallant fighters in their day, but were left now with shrouds and topmasts down, with keels buried in the mud, with barnacles clinging to their sides, and worms boring into their timbers, to crumble and decay as winds and waters and warping sun rays beat upon them, and no one cared.

"Yes," said Miss Sary, explanatorily, speaking in the painfully loud tone that is contracted by talking to a deaf person—"yes, that's Alec Mason. He's ninety-three years old"—this with a sort of melancholy pride. "He ain't no kin ter the folks here. I'm their half-sister, an' he's my half-brother on the other side. He used ter be a great scholar in the city, did brother Alec. He was a fine gentleman in them days, an' never paid no heed ter his country relations. When he got poor an' old, though, he was glad enough ter come an' live with his half-sister an' her folks on the other side o' the house. Well"—in a tone of pious resignation—"I try ter forget yer gones an' bear no malice, an' I hope I do my Christian duty by him."

"Poor man!" exclaimed the young artist, with more fervor than tact.

"Poor man indeed!" she repeated, scornfully. "It's his own fault o' he's poor; an' he'd orter be very thankful ter

find a good home an' folks ter care fer him after he's done bein' any use ter anybody."

The young artist shivered—mentally, I mean. This hard prosaic woman grated painfully on her somewhat acute sensibilities. "It is the beauty and the graciousness that are left out of her," she reflected. "She is a good woman in her way. She is devoting her life to taking care of the half-brother who ignored her while he was prosperous, but—" and the disjunction was expressive of much.

Miss Sary returned into the house, and the young artist stretched her canvas, and began dashing in the hills before the sun should dissolve their mist mantles. Pretty soon the old man shuffled toward her.

"Do—you—know—me?" he mumbled.

"Oh yes," she said, cheerfully. "You are Mr. Mason."

"The—young people—all—know—me,—but—I—don't—know—them. I—think—I—am—getting—old."

The tears somehow came unbidden into her eyes, but she said, bravely, "Oh, we are all *getting* old, Mr. Mason."

Something like the faint, faint remnant of a smile passed over his face. "May I—inquire—your—name?" he asked.

"Hamilton," she said—"Mae Hamilton."

"Are—you—any relation—to—the illustrious—Alexander—Hamilton?"

"I am afraid not."

"I—am—sorry," he said. "I—am—a collateral descendant—of that—distinguished—statesman. I bear—his—name."

"I should think you would be very proud of it," she returned, warmly. "I'm sure I should be."

"I—used—to be—proud," he mumbled, "but I—am—getting—old."

Miss Sary appeared at the door. "You go 'long an' watch the chickens, you old troublesome. Didn't I tel ye not ter bother the lady?"

"Oh, don't; please, don't," pleaded the young artist. "I like to talk to him."

But he had turned away at the sound of his sister's voice, and was shuffling off.

It was not until late in the afternoon that the shadow of old age fell again across Mae Hamilton's path. She was washing in a sunset sketch of a rather subjective character. There was nothing either sad or forlorn about the sunset, but the artist's mood was projected into the sketch to a remarkable degree. It made one shiver to look at the band of cold yellow light between the dark hills and the dark

clouds, and there was despair in the wind-tossed branches of the dead tree that stood out black against the yellow sky. The young artist's mood was the cause of the picture, but the reappearance of brother Alec was the cause of the mood. He looked at her blankly as if he had never seen her before.

"What—are—you—doing—here?" he said. "You—don't—belong here."

"No," she answered; "I only came here for a few days, to paint your beautiful hills." "Hills? Are—they—beautiful? I—can—not—see—they." His eyes got vaguer and vaguer. "Annette is much addicted—to beautiful—landscapes. I—hope—she—is—enjoying—this—scenery. I—only—left town—to—give—her—a—little—jaunt." Then he turned on Mae Hamilton suddenly. "What—have—they—done—with—my—wife? I—want—to—see—her."

"She is busy," she said, soothingly, catching at the first idea that occurred to her. "I think she is helping them get supper in the kitchen. She will be here pretty soon. I wouldn't disturb her now."

"Kitchen," he repeated. "What kitchen?" Again Miss Sary appeared at the door. "Woman! he said sternly to her, 'where—is my wife—Mrs.—Mason?'"

"Lord bless ye!" she cried, in spite of Mae's supplicating gesture, "Anne's been dead these fifty years!"

He looked at her in a dazed way and groaned as she led him in to supper.

As the days went by, brother Alec and the young artist grew to be warm friends, except during the intervals when he forgot who she was. The painful shock that his forlorn decrepitude had at first caused her was wearing away. The old man seemed to find genuine pleasure in talking to her, and his dim intelligence appeared to brighten a trifle under the influence of her courtesy. So long as she was sketching near the house, he would follow her about like a shadow. On one of these occasions he surprised her by showing signs, as she would probably have put it, of a rudimentary art instinct, or at all events, of a certain lingering worldly-mindedness. His eyesight was dim, but it had detected the difference between her costume and that of the calico-gowned women on the farm. Not that the dark green serge she wore was remarkable for its elegance, but it was city-made and trimmed with a deep braided pattern, and these things evidently impressed the old man. He stood silently watching her for a long time. Then he put out his hand, like a child, and patted her sleeve.

"That—is—a very beautiful—fabric—you wear. The texture—is—very—fine. And such richness—of ornamentation! I do not—remember—to—have—ever—seen—such—richness of ornamentation." There was a pause. She could not think of anything appropriate to say, but fortunately he went on. "The—say—it—puffs—up—the—soul—to—wear—elaborate clothing. I don't—consider—it—wrong. I—dare—say—you—are—no—prouder—than—if you—were—dressed—in—calico!"

"I'm very sure I'm not, Mr. Mason," she answered, with great sincerity.

"There—I thought—so," he said, and almost chuckled in his triumph. "I—thought—so."

A long dormant side of the old man seemed to be waking. One morning she noticed him for some time fumbling around in the grass by the road-side, and by-and-by he came up with a poor little bunch of asters and golden-rod. He handed them to her with a unmistakable remnant of courtliness and said, nodding his head between each word, "Sweets—to—the—sweet."

Miss Sary laughed till she had to hold her sides. "Brother Alec's gittin' young again," she cried. "Oh, Lord! oh, Lord! if he ain't gittin' court'er the young lady!"

"Another time," when the young artist had grown tired of painting, and was sitting on the door-step with a volume of Pater, he came up and stretched out his hand for it eagerly, taking both cakes in the other hand.

"It—is—a good—book—a—good—book—well printed—well—bound. I judge it—to—be—an—English—book."

He handled it lovingly. Then he began spelling out the title. She thought to help him along by saying,

"Marius the Epicurean."

"Marius—the—Epicur'ean," he corrected, sternly; and Mae remembered having heard it was the preferred pronunciation.

The book in his hands seemed to rouse slumbering memory. When he spoke again, it was with an accent of calm superiority.

"The—people—here—are—good people—but crude—very—crude. I—miss—my books. I—am—only—here—for—a day—or two. I shall—be—glad—to—get back—to—the city. Is—that—my—sister—Sarah?"

"Well, don't ye know me yet, ye old stoopid!"

He took no notice of the remark. "Sarah—I—am—going—back—to—the city—to-morrow. I—have—staid—here—much—longer—than I intended—to. I—don't—know—why—you—have—detained—me—so long. I—want—my books."

"Go back to the city? I guess ye won't leave here till ye go see the graveyard. 'Twon't be a great while, brother. Here's a good home fer ye till ye die, an' then I hope the Lord'll give ye a better one in heaven."

Mae ground her teeth together in helpless rage. Why had the good Lord created such an obtuse insensitive being as Miss Sary?

Just then the farmer drove up from the village, bringing the young artist a letter that caused her to forgive even the offensive Miss Sary, and including her and all the world in a benign gush of affection. The letter was from the secretary of the art school, and informed her that the X—scholarship had been awarded her, and that she would be sent to Munich for a year's study. She had not in the least expected it. She had not allowed herself even to dream of the possibility of it. It was the first public recognition of her work. It made up, as she wrote to Clare, for many a dull, dismal, earth-tied day, for many discouragements and many failures. She was buoyantly, exuberantly happy. She sang little snatches of song for very joy. Every now and then she found her feet dancing in spite of her. Books, brushes, and palette were thrown aside for the day. She could not work; but she felt a delicious thrill of triumph and power potential surging and tingling in her veins. She went off by herself, and tried to plan what she would do. Clare and Clare's mother must go with her to Munich. There was no reason why they should not. They had nothing to keep them at home, and often they three had planned to go abroad together! They would take a little apartment in Munich all to themselves, and live—truly live—for a whole blessed year! After that what mattered it? Something would turn up. But it was no use trying to think coherently. Every idea in her head had an exclamation mark after it. She tried all sorts of things to quiet down her seething animal spirits. She ran down to the sedgy pond at the foot of the hill, and got into the flat-bottomed boat that she had been using as a restorative when she was tired and her nerves got to tingling. She had great faith in rowing. The regular clockwork movement and the strong tug at the muscles all most always brought her back to serenity. But this time it failed. Water and earth and sky exulted with her instead of calming her. The sunlight danced on the tiny wavelets as if it were mad with joy, and the crazy rollicking wind blew here and there and round and round, and the wildest capers with the red leaves from the maples, and came and went, and rushed up to her every now and then, slapping her in the face for very jollity, and then jumping back to hide like the urchins on April-fool day. Then she pulled the boat up on the shore and went to walk.

But the white clouds soared fast overhead so triumphantly that she could have shouted with them out of pure sympathy. And the grand old trees seemed to spring up from the earth of their own accord, and stretch their arms toward the living blue of the sky, and hold their heads erect in pride and conscious strength. And the robin-redbreasts swelled out their tawny throats and trilled out their joy in spite of falling mercury and autumn winds.

"Oh, my Clare," she cried, in the tumultuous letter she wrote that night, "this is a brave new world, and it is good to live in it!"

She looked at the world through rose glasses, and the consequent rosiest of the world made her still happier, and the glasses still rosier, and the world—And so it might have gone on indefinitely if nothing had happened; but under such circumstances something usually does happen. Nearly a week after the glowing letter just alluded to, Clare received another—a painful contrast in tone and contents.

"Best of Clares," she wrote, "who do you suppose is manager-in-chief of the world stage? And why does he run it with such diabolical irony? And yet I could forgive the irony if only his taste were good; but the crude, glaring contrasts he plans and delights in are like the clasp-trap of a third-rate theatre."

Clare was never much of a painter, and her life painted in dun color if only it were harmoniously painted, though of course I should prefer the color range of the Italian masters; but to jump from highest light to intensest dark without a quiver of transition is outrageous and barbaric.

All this not because I feel like philosophizing, but to make it easier for me to begin. I have tried every day to write to you, but I could not. I am all broken up and unstrung, and I really don't wonder that I am. But now I am coming home myself, and I have got to tell you before I get there, for I know I shall not be able to talk about it.

"Of course I know he is better off, and the doctor says he did not suffer much, and certainly his family are resigned—but, Clare, it was so horrible!"

"It was the day after the notice of my scholarship came—only the day after. Generally they go to the village only every other day, but I told them I had to mail some letters that morning, and they were very sympathetic, and gave me the wagon and the colt and several errands as well. As I started out, Mr. Mason was on the porch, and on some sudden impulse I asked him if he wouldn't like to go. A look of life such as I had not seen before swept over his face. They lifted him into the wagon, and we started."

"Why, Clare, he was positively gay, and as for me, not twenty men with the pathos of a loveless old age clinging to me could have damped my spirits. Mr. Mason gallantly declared he had not enjoyed a ride so much since he drove to the church to be married. He was a different man. He seem-

ed to have left his shell of senile imbecility with his flowered dressing gown at the farmhouse. Clarechen, do you suppose the future really cast its shadow before, and that this was the beginning of the end? Is human life like the smouldering candle-wick that flashes up one very bright spark before it goes out for good?"

I had mailed my letters, and done the sundry little errands in the village—all but one. The farmer expected a box by freight, and had asked me to inquire for it. I hitched the horse by the station, for there was no post near the freight depot, and I was afraid to leave Mr. Mason in charge of the colt.

"I made my inquiries, and as I turned to leave the freight depot, I saw the morning express just rounding the curve only a few hundred yards north of the station. On the top of it was a little scrap of fluttering white, and not ten feet away was Mr. Mason (God knows how he had gotten out of the wagon!). There he was, without his canes, tottering toward that horrible track. 'For God's sake, save that man!' I cried to the freight agent, and I started for him on a full run. Two men were standing on the platform within a few feet of him, but they looked dead and never stirred. Was he too blind to see the train, too deaf to hear it thundering toward him, or was it pure heroism that stirred the man? I do not know. I know the world swayed and swam, and in the sickening whirl of things that black cruel monster, with its one great gleaming eye, thundered toward us. Clare, shall I ever get rid of it? I dream of it all night, and when I wake up, I see it still. If I look at the sunny hills, it comes between me and them, and blots them out. And when I look at a human face (oh, it is horrible, horrible!), I seem to see the two eyes grow till they melt together, and become one great eye glowing like live coals, and the hair seems to fly upward in smoke, and the face grows black and hard as iron, and I see it rushing toward me always—always. Have I lost my mind, Clarechen? God knows! Do I frighten you, little one? I am half afraid of myself."

Somewhat I shook myself free from that whirling giddiness, and neither fainter nor screaming, I found myself holding on to Mr. Mason. But I had reached him a moment too late, or my strength was a grain too small, for I had not been able to pull him entirely off the track. Those cruel crushing wheels had passed over both his legs. They carried him into the waiting room. There was a sharp surge, and then a man who did everything for him that there was to do. Of course it was only a question of a few minutes. The doctor says he did not suffer after the first instant of the shock. His hand closed convulsively over a torn and blood-stained sheet of paper; and oh, Clare, what do you suppose it was he had thrown himself in front of the train for? That wretched melancholy sunset sketch I made the day after I got here. It must have blown out of the sketch-book that lay on the seat beside him. Think how I felt, as I knelt beside him, when I recognized that thing! Just once he opened his eyes and looked at me, and smiled such a happy smile, and whispered, 'See—Annette—I—have—got—you—picture.' And he died just then, with the smile and the words on his lips.

"I don't know why I have staid here so long. I have suffered here terribly, but somehow I could not get away. I think chiefly because I could not shake myself together enough to write to you, and I had to have you know it all before I came. Thank Heaven! I have taken the first step now. I shall be with you almost as soon as my letter. Meet me Wednesday morning at 10.10."

"Give my best love to your mother, and forgive me for making you blue."

"Yours ever, MAE HAMILTON."

"I lost three fingers of my left hand in the accident; but as the thumb remains to hold my palette firm, it is only a loss of the ornamental. I'm not heroic enough to altogether despise the ornamental. But think, Clare, what would have become of me and my life if it had been my right hand?"

FAIRMOUNT PARK.

PERHAPS there is no one of the public parks of this country so little known or appreciated by the average American as Fairmount Park. One hears the beauties of Central Park in Lincoln and Washington parks praised everywhere; the Prater, Champs Elysées, Thiergarten, and Hyde Park are annually the Mecca of thousands on thousands of our countrymen and countrywomen, when right at their doors, so to speak, the Quaker City contains a vast pleasure resort infinitely superior in natural beauty, in extent and variety of landscape, to any or of its rivals. No one of them affords the beauties of the steamboat ride on the Schuylkill from the Navy boat-houses to the falls of Schuylkill beyond. As you pass under the Reading Railroad bridge at Rockland, the falls village rises up in front of you, nestling on the hill-side among the trees, the old church steeple standing up above the woods. Year after year, on the river, as you ascend the river, Laurel Hill Cemetery, with its glistening monuments, meets the eye; to the south, Strawberry Mansion and the picturesque grounds around it; the woods, as they slope to the river bank, traversed by bridge-paths, where the great oaks and beeches bend their boughs over the

heads of the equestrian so thickly and closely as to shut out the sunlight.

On the west bank of the river the Chammounix Plateau, with its beautiful drive affording an extended view over the East Park, the river winding its way through the park, with the white towers of the huge City Hall, the Masonic Temple, and Pennsylvania Railroad station at Broad and Market streets all plainly visible. Back of Chammounix, bridge-paths lead you to George's Hill, overlooking the Centennial grounds, with the Catholic Total Abstinence Fountain and the Columbus Monument at its feet. On the other side of Belmont Avenue lie the sunken beds and grounds about Horticultural Hall; these beds are at their best during the latter part of July and through August. It is doubtful if there is anything in Europe to equal them; the coup-d'œil from George's Hill, or even from the steps or balcony of the hall, dazzles the sight by its wealth of beautiful coloring. The hall contains, it is said, one of the finest, if not the very finest, collection of great ferns in the possession of any society in the world; many of them tower straight up, almost touching the iron girders of the building. Facing the other end of this bridge one meets Religious Liberty, unveiled during the Centennial by the Hebrews of America; as you cross the bridge over Belmont Glen, you stand by the rail, and, looking down, take in the beauties of that favored spot.

Then, turning, another glorious view of the river, looking north, breaks in upon you. Opposite the other end of this bridge one meets the equestrian statue of General Meade, the hero of Gettysburg, the only battle-field on Northern soil, and the Waterloo of the Confederacy. Leaving the Meade statue, you enter Memorial Hall, another lasting monument of the Centennial. During that period this structure was the Art Building, and now it is the property, or at least in the possession, of the Pennsylvania Museum of Arts, and contains a really interesting collection of ceramics and curios, besides the Bloomfield Moore collection of antiques. Opposite the main entrance is the John Welsh Memorial—a small raised plaza, circular in shape, a handsome fountain in the centre, and a tablet recounting the services of Mr. Welsh to the Park Commission, of which he was president. This memorial is a tribute on the part of a number of Philadelphians to the memory of one of their greatest and most honored citizens.

I have not mentioned the Wissahickon drive, as that is an offshoot of the park itself, and because there is no pen sketch in an article of this kind that can give even the faintest idea of the beauties of this charming spot. The Schuylkill Navy cuts no inconsiderable figure in the daily life of the park. The rows of boat-houses on the river bank at the foot of Lemon Hill, and just above the historic water-works, are truly one of the finest pleasure-boat houses in the world. Park rules compel them to be built of stone, and many of them have quite some pretensions to architectural beauty. Some few of the clubs have other houses above the falls landing, where the members congregate after a hard row up the river and prepare their own "catfish and waffles." The Schuylkill Navy is by no means a belligerent body; it is organized for peace and sport. Its rowing contests are great social events in the Quaker City, and when the National Regatta is held there, the out-of-town crews generally walk off with most of the prizes.

Our illustration of a view in Fairmount Park shows the statue of Joan of Arc, at the head of the Girard Avenue Bridge, in the East Park. The statue itself is a reproduction of that famous one to the Maid of Domremy in the Rue de Rivoli, Paris. As a work of art, no copy can be looked upon as a *chef-d'œuvre*, but this one of the gallant Maid, inspired to man's deeds makes an effective and beautiful work of art. Especially for Philadelphia, there is a Park Art Association there, which controls the erection of statues and other art groups in the park, so that their Pantheon has escaped the monstrosities which desecrate some of the loveliest spots in our Central Park, and which, in all fairness to the artistic nervousity of our citizens, should be dumped overboard outside of Sandy Hook. "Good riddance to bad rubbish." The Park Art Association is a society that could be followed with advantage by every great city in our country. There is at present an epidemic of monuments and statues in many of our great cities, and if some artistic spirit in their midst could control and direct the well-mannered expenditure in raising stone and metal effigies of our illustrious dead, it would undoubtedly result in a better average of artistic endeavor. The Park Art Association has done wonders for Philadelphia; its presence there should stimulate similar bodies throughout the country. HARRY P. MAWSON.

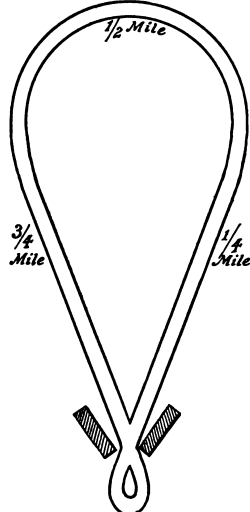
SUNOL—2.084!

WHEN Ten Broeck, at Louisville, May 24, 1877, ran a mile in 1.394, the world, as described by the thoroughbred turfites, held up their hands and marvelled. Year after year various horses tried to break it, until Racine, in 1890, at Chicago—another of Senator Stanford's horses—chipped a bit off the record, and made it read 1.394, and then Racine, over the straight track at Monmouth, went Racine a fraction better, and it stood at 1.394. On the 28th of August of that same year

the mighty Salvador ran a mile against Ten Brock's famous record in 1:35½; but this was over a perfectly straight track, so that it is doubtful whether, taking everything well into consideration, Salvador's feat is in any sense a greater one than Ten Brock's. As a matter of fact, at equal weights, the latter's time has never been equalled over an oval track to this day. A precisely analogous question now arises in reference to Sunol's great performance to beat Maud S.'s time of 2:03½. Sunol was bred by Senator Stanford, of California, being by the immortal Electioneer out of Waxana, she by General Benton out of Waxy—a thoroughbred mare by the famous Lexington out of Grey Eagle. Electioneer was by Hambletonian out of Green Mountain Maid, she by Henry Clay.

This is the pedigree as Senator Stanford gives it, but it is disputed by Mr. Wallace in the *Trotting Register*, who claims that Waxy was not a racing-bred mare, although he is willing to concede that she had some racing blood in her veins, for it is undisputed that she was the dam of that thoroughly good race-mare Alpha, by imp. Hercules. Electioneer, Sunol's sire, was bred at Stony Ford, New York, and General Benton was also bred in this State. The point disputed by Mr. Wallace is a very important one, as it bears directly upon the amount of thoroughbred blood in Sunol's breeding. It has always been one of Senator Stanford's theories to breed up very closely to the thoroughbred cross, believing that it gets "game," speed, and endurance. It would seem from the result in Sunol's case that this theory had been triumphantly asserted. Be this point as it may, Sunol has always been a wonder—a source of pride to her breeder, Senator Stanford, her trainer and driver, Charles Marvin, and her present owner, Mr. Robert Bonner, who purchased her from the Senator last year for \$41,000, but has allowed her to remain in California at Marvin's request. At two years old Sunol reduced Wildflower's record from 2:21, which had stood for six years, to 2:18; then, as a three-year-old she completely "smashed" Jay-Eye-See's five-year-old record of 2:10½ down to 2:10, which, considering the difference in age, may be accounted about the greatest of all Sunol's record-breaking.

In this last effort against time she trotted the first quarter in 31½ seconds, went to the half in 1:04 flat, the three-quarters in 1:37, and home, strong and easy, in 2:03½. An analysis of this shows that the last quarter was the fastest of all, and the third quarter the slowest of all four. Sunol is a mare of superb conformation, well muscled all over, with a long-striding, frictionless action which is most deceptive to the eye of the observer. As to the question of tracks, there can be no reasonable doubt that Sunol possessed a great advantage over Maud S. in having to make her record over the "kite-shaped" track at Stockton.



THE KITE-SHAPED TRACK.

This is not said to belittle her performance, as that is a great one under any circumstances; but there is more difference than a half-second in favor of the "kite-shaped" over the old circular or oval tracks. In the former there are practically but two corners to turn, and it has besides two long straight stretches, which allows the horse free swing, and does not compel the driver, as when trotting around the old track, to slow down to make the turns safely; and what is most important, the home stretch on the "kite-shaped" is twice the distance straight away over the circular track, and allows a greater and freer burst for the wire. But when it is stated that Sunol has trotted a half-mile in 1:04½, it must be conceded that, all question of track cast aside, Sunol is one of the greatest trotting mares ever bred; yet until she goes a full mile over a circular

track, and lowers or equals Maud S.'s time of 2:03½ made in 1885, the daughter of Harold and Miss Russell will remain queen of the trotting turf. Mr. Bonner is to be congratulated upon possessing two such peerless equine stars, and it is all the more admirable it should be so, as their ownership is not associated with any speculative purpose. For the champions of the thoroughbred blood in the trotter, this is an additional victory. First, we had Maud S., descended from imp. Messenger, Boston, a great four-mile thoroughbred, imp. Diomed, winner of the first Derby; and now Sunol to rival her speed, also closely inbred to the running stock. Both Mr. Bonner and Senator Stanford are ardent advocates of this principle, and are giving full scope to it in breeding their trotters.

AT LAST.

DAILY and hourly we approach the verge,
The silent verge, which mortals call the end.
I hear the lapping of the far-off wave
That bathes the shore whither we all do tend.

I sit and listen long for one clear voice,
A gentle call, which says, "Come, cross with me;
The tide is deep and strong; thou shalt not fail;
Nay, do not fear, for I will walk with thee!"

FRANCES HUNTINGTON DENING.

"OUT OF THE GAME."

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

THERE are a few fond mothers and timid fathers who will hold up their hands when they see the picture of an accident on the football field which Mr. W. A. Rogers has drawn so vividly for this WEEKLY, and who will exclaim: "This is as it should be. This proves what we have always said. We will send this to our son, and he will give up playing that unnatural game, and will rejoice at having escaped sudden death so far, and return to the study of polarized light and Greek roots;" and they will do this and they will accompany the picture with a letter, in which they will command their offspring to give up his place at the training table.

And their offspring will look at the picture critically, and exclaim, "That's just great!" and he will frame it, and hang it up in his room. And the letter he will hand to the captain of the team, and say, "Hereafter I think I had better play under the name of Jones."

And then all the wise young men who compose columns on foot-ball for the big dailies will write: "Brown, who has so far played at right end on the College eleven, has had to give up the game for the remainder of the season. His loss will be severely felt, as Jones, who seems to have been settled upon to fill his place, is a man we have not heard of before, and a much inferior player. However, the season is yet young, and with what time there is still left for practice and proper training, Jones may in time"—and so on.

Of course this young man in this picture is not badly hurt. He dropped on one knee, let us suppose, and dived fiercely at the legs of the man who was running with the ball, and the man, or one of the men guarding him, hit him on the head with a knee-cap, or fell on him, or the team stumbled over him, or he had been hurt before, and was only put on to play until he was hurt again. And when the knee cap strikes him, even though there is a half-inch of cotton wadding in front of it, he finds himself lying at length on the ground, and his first thought is that he has not stopped his man, which is a humiliating and an angry thought, and at once he determines to get up and try for the man again—behind this time; but when he attempts to do that, he finds that his body has suddenly become weak and light, and that the ground, which had seemed so hard when he went pounding over it a few seconds before, is in reality rather soft and pleasantly cool, and he thinks, after all, he will go to sleep, especially since everything is so dark, and so he turns over and digs feebly at the grass and white-wash with his finger nails. And the captain comes and turns him on his back, and beckons to one of the substitutes, who has begun to hate the whole eleven very heartily for a selfish greedy lot, who will not get hurt even to oblige a classmate. And then the other captain comes up, and, if he is a gentleman, tries to look sympathetic, and asks the totally unconscious man where it hurts worst; or, if he is not a gentleman, he looks sceptical, and says significantly to the referee, "Are you taking out time on this, sir?"

And then the man who is hurt is helped off the field, and the substitute, who feels as strong and joyous as a young colt, runs up against the man opposite him to show him how strong he is, and just as though he intended to walk up and over him, and the man opposite drops his hands down, palms backward, which throws his elbows up sharply with a jerk, and in such a way as to catch the joyous substitute on both ears, which is very trying, and quite permissible if you know how to do it, and the umpire is not looking.

I think there should be a companion picture to this one with the same title. It would be a picture of a man who is not so much pathetic. It would show the side lines and a row of anxious, interested faces of many young men not yet thirty who are watching the game as intently as a broker watches the tape, and who are "out of the

game" forever. They envy this youth who has just been borne off the field limp and a little bloody, because they know he will be back on it in a day or two, while they must keep behind the ropes for the rest of the season, and for all the other seasons to come. They are the small army of ex-players, the "has beens," as the ungracious players of the season call them, and they are out of the game in earnest. If fond mothers and timid fathers have any sympathy to spare, let them give it to these. The boys who are playing do not want it. And perhaps the ex-players do not want it either, but they would like a little more consideration from the undergraduates. They would like them not to stare so blankly when they tell respectfully of the great half backs of their day, and wish they would not reply politely: "Indeed? Yes? And on what team did he play?"

Think of it! A man whom one considered it an honor to be knocked over by when he was a freshman, and a senior, and a blessed boon to be fortunate enough to see him, then to be asked on what team he played! It is not forgotten half so soon "when one is gone" in real life as in college life, for the college hero only lasts four years, until the Freshman class of his day has become the Senior class of the present, and after that, if he hopes to be remembered by his *alma mater*, he must go down every odd day and coach the team, or give prize cups and grand stands.

And even when he does come down to coach, the undergraduates sometimes grumble. "Yes," they say, with toleration, "but the game has changed so, you see. Those long passes and runs around the end must have been very pretty to watch, but you can't gain ground unless you put your men through the centre." And the ex-player bows before the patent and obvious fact that the speaker is in canvas, while he is not.

And yet you younger gentlemen might be more tolerant. Because, you see, it will not be long before you will have to give back the ropes yourselves, and watching your younger brother play a much sharper game than you ever did. And the papers will not always talk of you and your sprains, and you will not always pass on through life before a battery of photographers' cameras. The day will come, as the villains say, when you would give all you have earned on the street that month to be out on the frozen field in your dirty patched uniform, and to feel the blood tingle with the cold, and hear the roll and shock of the college yells as they sweep over your head, and to see out of the corner of your eye the high black masses at the sides, and the coaches rocking on the springs, and the sudden rise and fall of the flags, and to delight once again in your own strength and in the resistance to it. And then you will be sorry you were not more polite to the young old fogies who tried to get back into it again by talking to you; for then you will be "out of the game."

ARTHUR J. BALFOUR.

"A MAN of study, thought, and literature," were the words used some six years ago by the Right Honorable John Morley, in the course of a public address, to describe Mr. Arthur Balfour, who has just been appointed to succeed the late W. H. Smith as First Lord of the Treasury, and leader of the House of Commons. Mr. Morley on the same occasion took the opportunity to pay a warm tribute to the "acute intelligence" and "quick perception" of the man who is his principal opponent in Parliament. The soundness of the judgment which the home-leave leader then passed upon Mr. Balfour has since been strikingly demonstrated by the remarkable ease with which the latter has grasped and mastered the most abstruse and perplexing questions that have come before the government and the people at large during the last ten or fifteen years. As chairman of the Commission on Currency, seven or eight years ago, he astonished his colleagues, as well as the scientists and men of business who appeared before him, by the extent and thoroughness of his knowledge of this very difficult question, which so few really ever understand. His remarkable essay on the foundations of belief, entitled "A Defence of Philosophic Doubt," gave evidence of great erudition as well as much originality of mind; while during his term of office as Secretary for Ireland he has won the respect and the admiration even of the Nationalist members by his masterly conduct of the debates in connection with those terribly complicated measures that he has devised for the amelioration of the condition of the Emerald Isle. A voracious reader, it is probable that much of the wonderful store of knowledge and experience that he possesses is derived from his dear books. Mr. Gladstone has often been heard to remark that Arthur Balfour and Lord Rosebery were the only two young men that he knew who bought books. Balfour's town house in Carlton Gardens, as well as Whittingham—his place in Scotland—is stocked from cellar to garret with books; and on more than one occasion he has been known to keep the entire cabinet waiting, apart to discuss the progress of affairs, in consequence of his having become so interested in some book or other that he had actually forgotten the hour set for the meeting of the ministerial council. I trust, however, that this will not lead

any one who does not enjoy the agreeable advantage of his personal acquaintance to regard him as a mere bookworm. Far from this being the case, he is an adept in many of the national games, and one of the most skillful and clever players of golf in either Scotland or England. True, he does not appear very athletic, and people who see him for the first time are occasionally led by his somewhat lackadaisical and effeminate appearance to imagine that he is a kind of political Bunthorne, or a member of the drooping sunflower brigade founded and organized by Oscar Wilde. But this momentary impression quickly vanishes when one recalls to mind his record in the cricket field and on the river at Eton, and it does not take long to realize that the muscles of that long spare race-horse frame are as if of steel, and that a will of the same finely tempered metal is concealed beneath his soft, amiable, and altogether charming manner.

Years ago Arthur Balfour used to be known as one of Mr. Gladstone's pet boys. He was a particular favorite of the Grand Old Man, who seemed to find much pleasure and entertainment in the lad's conversation. I am afraid, however, that Mr. Gladstone no longer derives the same enjoyment in listening to Arthur Balfour's remarks, especially when they happen to be delivered within the walls of the House of Commons; for he must be well aware by this time that it is his pet boy of the days of yore who has become the principal obstacle and the most dangerous opponent to his cherished scheme of home rule for Ireland.

Mr. Balfour rarely if ever loses his temper, which is of the most imperturbable character; and this in itself gives him an immense advantage over the majority of his political opponents in debate. His manner is very quiet, and it requires very close observation indeed to discover traces of that superciliousness of the Cecils which he has manifestly inherited from them through his mother, Lord Salisbury's sister. It is a superciliousness that is probably altogether involuntary, perhaps even unconscious, due to a very natural pride of race, and which is only partially concealed from view by invariable and unexceptionable courtesy, not alone of manner, but also of heart. Exceedingly fond of society, the latter returns Mr. Balfour's affection with interest, and few men enjoy greater popularity in the London salons. He stands equally well at the clubs where the men like him, and admire his nerve, his pluck, and his dogged determination. He is still a bachelor, and inasmuch as he possesses a very handsome fortune, besides the reversion of the Tory leadership and of the Premiership on the death or withdrawal from political life of his uncle, Lord Salisbury, he is naturally considered as one of the greatest prizes in the matrimonial market.

It was under the guidance of Lord Salisbury that he may be said to have commenced his political career; and as late as eleven years ago he was still filling the somewhat subordinate office of assistant private secretary to his uncle, whom he accompanied to Berlin at the time of the Berlin Congress. Subsequently, on the accession to power of the Liberals in 1880, he joined Lord Randolph Churchill, and, together with Sir John Gorst and Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, formed that famous Fourth Party, whose guerrilla tactics of warfare and independence of control added so many gray hairs to the head of the Tory leader, Sir Stafford Northcote. In 1885, when Lord Salisbury formed his first cabinet, Mr. Balfour was appointed president of the Local Government Board, and a year later Secretary for Ireland. The acceptance of the latter office had until then always been regarded as equivalent to political suicide, for it was an axiom of modern English politics that no man could ever achieve success as Irish Secretary. Mr. Balfour is the first man who has proved an exception to the rule, by making the Irish Secretaryship a stepping-stone to the leadership of the House, to the First Lordship of the Treasury, and ultimately to the office of Prime Minister of the vast British Empire. F. C. O.

THE SWINGING GATE.

The twilight is full of sadness,
And the wind in its coat of gray
Skulks like a wolf thro' the shadows,
And will not be scared away.

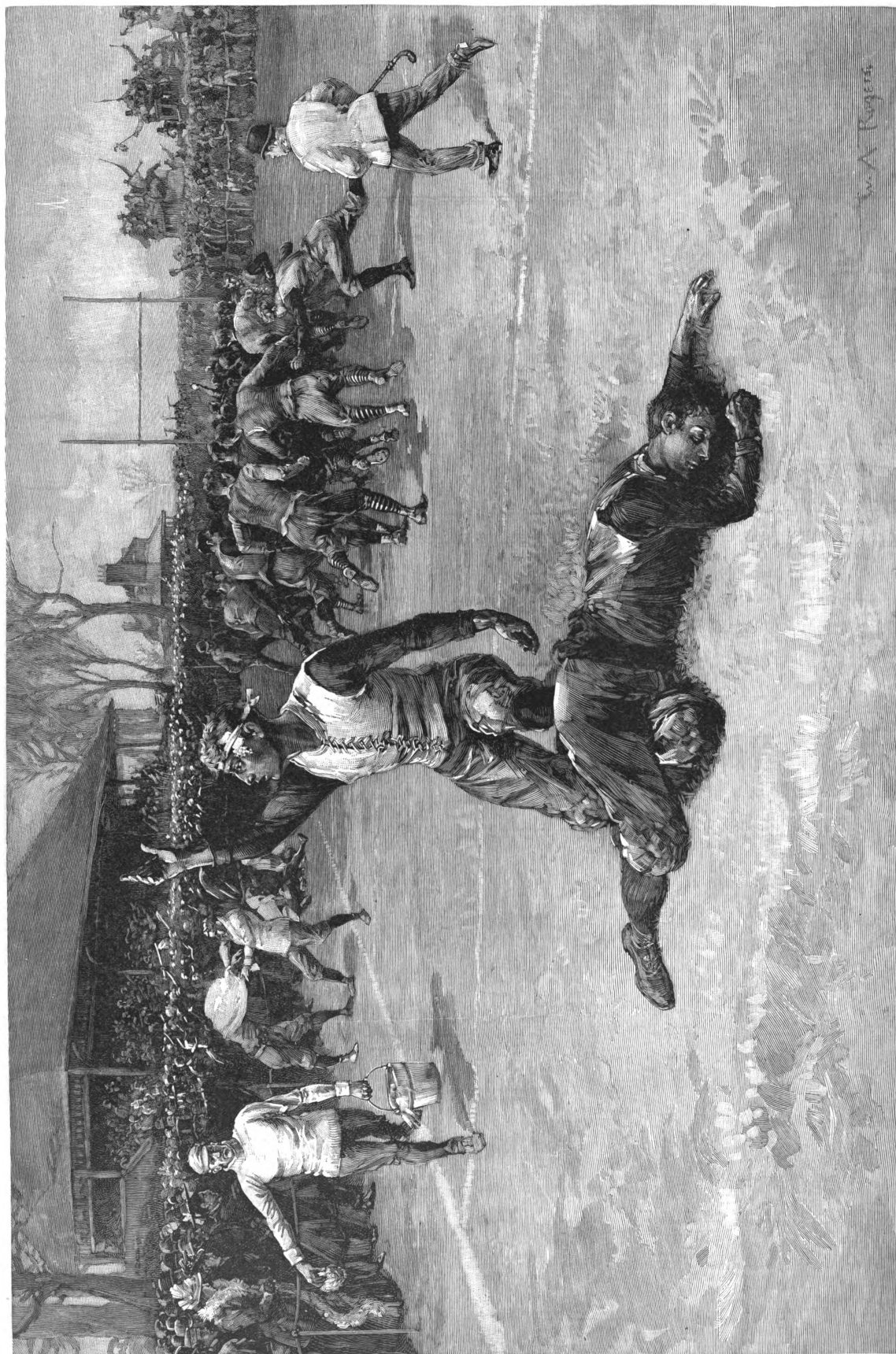
Down at the foot of the garden
The gate is swinging slow,
As if invisible footsteps
Were passing to and fro.

And it seems to me, in my musing,
They are feet of my coming fate,
That will find their way to my threshold
And pass it like the gate.

O say, do ye bring good tidings,
Ye unseen messengers?
Or is it sorrow and boding
Of future griefs and cares?

The gate swings slowly, slowly,
And the shutters creak and start;
I sit in the glowing lamp-light,
But a shadow fills my heart.

FLORENCE E. PRATT.



OUT OF THE GAME.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 843.]

TEAM PLAY IN FOOT-BALL.

BY WALTER CAMP.

IF ever a sport offered inducements to the man of executive ability, to the man who can plan, foresee, and manage, it is certainly the modern American football. Already in the few years during which the game has been played in this country the fact has been time and again demonstrated that a team composed of the very pick of individual players has no chance whatever against the systematic methods of even the ordinarily well-drilled team, whose members are by no means equal in attainments or physique to the picked team, but who have played together for months, and whose force can be concentrated on the word at any desired point.

Team play is the road to victory, and the only one in these days of foot-ball, when captains and coaches spend far more time and thought over the conduct of the campaign than over individual work. Not only is the general dependence of one man upon another brought out and made a feature of the work, but the general movement of the struggle, the point of pressure, and the lines of resistance—all are become an interesting study for those who mean to win.

Unfortunately the fact that when the season commences probably half the men on a team are new militates very strongly against any early attempts at general team-work, but with patience the rudimentary knowledge is drilled into the new recruits, and after a few weeks the coach can begin to teach them uniformity of action as a whole. Of the plays most commonly made use of by teams of the present day, there are perhaps a score which one can note as regulation plays, and a brief description of certain of these will aid captains and coaches who have new teams to break in.

THE WEDGE, OR V.

The wedge, or V, is the play used to open a game by probably nine-tenths of the teams. This takes its name from the peculiar arrangement of the players during the attempt to advance. The formation is that of a huge V-shaped mass of men, with the runner inside this V. The point is directed toward the enemy's line, and the endeavor is to force an opening through which the runner may emerge, and continue on even after the wedge of protecting men is brought to a standstill. The first point in this play is an actual advance of the entire body by main force of weight and pushing as far as possible, keeping the formation unbroken, so that the runner with the ball may not be stopped. This usually means an advance of ten or twenty yards at least. Then there is the additional chance of so separating the opponents as to allow the runner to come out at the peak or through the side suddenly and unexpectedly while the opponents are involved in the mass, and by this unexpected emergence add to the gain made by the wedge an oftentimes unimpeded and considerable run of his own. Some coaches instruct the runner to use his own discretion about selecting his opening; others have a definite understanding as to where he is to emerge, the two men between whom he goes making the opening at the time when they find the wedge stopping. The latter method is far preferable in a well-drilled team whose men are not woefully overmatched by their opponents in respect to size and strength. A team should prize these variations of this play, in order that the runner may have the advantage of surprising the opponents by not coming out at always the same point. Several modifications of the wedge play have been practised with more or less success by different teams. One of the most clever was a one-sided V play in which the men started off sharply, making a long diagonal line of men running across and up the field, while the man with the ball ran just behind them, and managed to make the distance which this line could cut off from the field.

The wedge and its principles are, of course, chiefly applicable when the opponents are restrained from advancing, as in kick-off, kick-out, and fair catches, although the

more scientific when skillfully performed, holding the peak and turning the pressure off, so that the wedge goes across the field instead of straight ahead.

A SECOND PLAY.

When the game has been started, and the wedge play executed, almost the next manœuvre will be a punt, say by a half back or back. The team play upon this is to secure the ground gained by the kick. This is only possible by the coincidence of several events—a well-directed kick, strong and rapid following up, aided by slow or careless play by the opponents. But in every case the attempt must be made, and the forwards, particularly the ends, or, if they be badly impeded, the tackles, must go down the field hard,



T. M. McLUNG, CAPTAIN OF THE YALE TEAM.

upon the chance of getting the ball or forcing a down, rather than return kick or a catch. Here good judgment plays a most important part. First, in the kicker. If he can select the most difficult point for the half or back of his opponents to reach, and there place the ball, he gives his own men a fair chance to make good his kick. If he send the ball too high, his opponents will surely be able to reach the spot and secure a fair catch. If he send it too low, his own men have no time to get down the field, and the opponents will surely return the kick—probably on the run, and with interest. A happy medium between the two is what he must try for, and it is only long practice which will enable him to hit upon this happy medium.

FORWARD PLAY UNDER A KICK.

Then, too, the judgment of his forwards often makes the difference between success and failure in this play. It must be remembered that the forwards cannot start off madly down the field as soon as the ball is snapped. If they could there would be no difficulty about their being on hand when the ball came. But each has to block his man first, in order that the kicker may not be stopped by a man getting through upon him while in the very act of kicking the ball. The usual fault of great forwards is to block too long, and hence to be late in getting after the kick. The fault of the older men is apt to be the opposite one of taking too great chances for the sake of an early start. Then there is also a way of telling where the ball is going to fall by the movement and faces of the opponents, rather than by stopping to look over one's own head to actually see the ball itself. Veteran forwards do have to see opponents will surely go down the field. They can judge exactly from the opponents where to go.

This knack of reading at a glance the probable dropping point of the kick is acquired by nearly all men who play long in the forward line, and it makes a wonderful difference in the quickness with which they can follow up a kick. But there is one other point often—too often—neglected in the practice, and hence of no manner of use in a game. I refer to an understanding between the forwards and the kicker as to where he intends driving the ball; also as to whether he will send a high kick or a low one; still further, and most important of all, whether he will kick into touch or not.

KICKING INTO TOUCH.

One play by no means unpopular last season was that of deliberately kicking into touch on the third down and making a try at recovering the ball. Of course the success of the play depended largely upon whether the opponents were taken by surprise or not, but even when they suspected such a stratagem there was still some chance of success, because they could not place a man over in touch without greatly weakening their defense, and giving a fair opportunity of driving the ball between them in the field of play. When this kicking into long touch upon a third down is attempted, the forwards are always apprised of it. But there is almost as much reason for advising them of the probable destination of the ball in other kicks as well, and before many more seasons the crack teams will have signals that shall convey this needed information to the forwards. The reason why development has not come earlier is that the punting of Americans is not up to the standard of the rest of their play. Most strikingly is this true of the accuracy of their punts. When, therefore, a kicker does not know himself where he is going to send the ball, there is no great demand for a signal which would only mean that he might possibly send the ball in a certain direction, but the chances were about even of its go-

ing elsewhere. As soon as American teams have half backs or backs competent to place the ball when they punt it with some fair measure of accuracy, we shall find them signalling the direction of each kick to their forwards. Then will the opposition that may now be advanced against this play with quite a preponderance of success become far more difficult.

DEFEATING A KICK.

At present the team play to defeat the object of a kick consists of sending one or two extra men up into the forward line—one of them the quarter and the other a half if deemed safe—and then attacking the kicking side at any of the points along which the ball travels in its course; that is, endeavoring to secure the ball while it is being snapped to the quarter, while the quarter is passing it to a half, while the half is catching it, while he is kicking it, and, finally, just as it starts on its course, before it passes above the up-lifted hands. All this in the direction of stopping the kick. Next, as to neutralizing its effect—and here, perhaps, is the less clearly understood portion of the play. When the ball has passed safely from the foot of the kicker over the heads of the attacking forwards, only the smallest portion of the gain has been effected, and it is possible to entirely neutralize the play if the action is quick and united. First, the men who are following up the kick must be stopped or retarded; and next, the man who is about to receive the ball must be protected. But the style of kick must determine which of these two elements is of the greater importance. For instance, if the kick be a high one, and one that does not carry the ball very far down the field, no amount of interference—legitimate interference—can prevent some of the forwards reaching the spot where the ball will fall some time before it comes down. And, again, on a low long kick going directly at the full back, a very slight amount of interference will allow him plenty of time to take the ball and return it, and he may need no protection whatever beyond what that of early interference will give to him. And the final point is, of course, the quickness, coolness, and skill of the man who must receive and return the kick either from a fair catch or on the run. As a rule, unless for a chance at goal or a particularly placed kick, the return on the run is the preferred method, because then the forwards are up under the kick, where, if they, in their turn, may take advantage of the fumbling of an adversary. Then, too, it gives the enemy the larger share of the running to do. A fair catch recalls the forwards to "on side," and gives the opponents a chance to rearrange their scattered men, as well as a clear field in which to catch and return.

BUCKING THE LINE.

The simplest form of team play in "a run" is that wherein a half back attempts to make his way through the line at some given point. Let us take, for the sake of an example, a run between guard and tackle. The principal feature of this play, and yet the one most regularly neglected, is to get the runner up into the line in good form and with the well held. Three out of every five failures of this play come from a cause operating before the runner strikes the line. The ball may be badly passed to him, he may be too slow in starting, he may fumble the ball when it comes, or he may hesitate or even drop the ball just before he reaches the line. "Any one of these faults may serve to bring a man upon his back before he takes his plunge. But there are faults which are not to be attributed to the runner, yet just as fatal to his success, although they are the work, or rather lack of work, of others. Any man along the line may let his opponent through, and that opponent be able to reach the runner from behind before he can make his opening. The likeliest places for this to happen are on the opposite side at tackle, and sometimes, in the case of an extra man,



R. W. TRAFFORD, CAPTAIN OF THE HARVARD TEAM.

same formation upon a smaller scale is already coming to be practised in the case of ordinary downs.

HOW TO MEET A WEDGE.

Many are the ways in which opponents try to meet and defeat the ends of this wedge play. The most simple, and the one which has commended itself most generally, is that of lying down before it. It is not deeply scientific, and is sometimes rather trying to those who perform the duty, but it is effective to a degree, and when there are no other means which seem to check the advance, is not to be scorned. The men in the front of the wedge fall over the prostrate antagonists, and the advance comes to a stop suddenly and surely. But there is an objection in the case of a cleverly manipulated wedge when the runner is helped out at the side, and the men who are down in front cannot be of any assistance in stopping him. Of course there are others upon whom this duty should devolve, but rapid and judicious interference at the proper moment may take these out of the way, and the gain made be far greater than by a direct forcing at the peak of the wedge. Other methods of opposition are: breaking in the peak by main strength; sending a man over the heads of the leaders; and finally, and



RALPH WARREN, CAPTAIN OF THE PRINCETON TEAM.

like a quarter, near the centre. The first lesson for the coach, then, to inculcate into his pupils regarding this play is the absolute necessity of blocking sharply until the runner can start. It is not necessary to hold a man until the runner has gone through; it is only necessary to block long enough to be sure that the man let through will be too late to reach the runner. As to the men who are engaged in making the opening, they must be unanimous in their action. If the guard pushes his man out of the way a minute before the tackle disposes of his man, the runner will never be able to get through safely. The two men must act at the same instant, and merely force their men apart rather than attempt, as some forwards do, to carry the opponent ten yards or so out of the way. The most successful opening is not the large one, but the small, sharply defined one that just lets the runner through, and lets nobody through behind him. From this, one must see that the calculation of the proper time to make the opening is rather a delicate matter. That it certainly is, for, made too early, it is sure to become choked before the runner reaches it; and made too late, it delays him so that he is caught from behind. It ought to come just as his footsteps bring him up to it. In fact it has not been badly described as appearing to be made by

a "cow-catcher" preceding him by a few feet.

THE TANDEM PLAY.

This idea has been carried into execution by making an accompanying half act as a "cow-catcher," preceding the runner through the opening to clear the way, and in many cases to be tackled by mistake for the holder of the ball, who is thus enabled to make on a few steps farther. This play and its general application to runs made through the rush line has been known as the "tandem play," and is often diversified by having a third man still take part in it by joining his comrade in preceding the runner, or else by following after the runner, and giving him a much-needed push when he seems likely to come to a standstill. The chief caution to give the assistants in this tandem play is that if they precede the runner, they must not under any circumstances fall down or allow themselves to be thrown to the ground. If a leader finds himself losing his balance, and realizes that he cannot regain his feet, but must tumble, his last attempt must be to throw himself—and, if possible, an opponent—clear of the path he knows his runner is likely to need.

SPOILING A RUN.

And this indicates what the opposition is that should be advanced to meet this play. As in the case of a kick, every attempt should be made to spoil the quarter's pass, to prevent the half from receiving the ball safely, and finally to overtake him before he reaches or just as he has entered his opening. In order to make this last attempt more successful, there should be a general understanding among those near the play that they must "choke up the opening" at all hazards, and getting into it themselves or by throwing an opponent there. It is well to remember that if, by mistake, a man tackles the one who has the ball, he has still done good service if by so doing he has blocked the way of the runner, whereas, if he tackle the man in this way and throw him to one side instead of into the opening, he has aided the runner.

After the runner has gone through the line, and is making his way down the field, every rusher should feel it his duty to follow him, no matter how hopeless the chase may be at the moment appear to be; there is always a chance of overtaking the runner, even if he have no one to pass, and in this case he will probably have to go by two men at least, one half and the back. Here is also a point which the coach should thoroughly instill into the mind of his players and backs, and that is the advisability of going forward to meet the runner rather than waiting for him to come. There are two reasons for this act, both of them sound ones. In the first place, if the tackle prove successful, the gain made by the run will be shortened by just the amount of the advance. And secondly, if it prove unsuccessful, it nevertheless increases the opportunities for still overtaking the runner, both by upsetting his calculations in regard to his direction, and by giving him less time to think how he shall make his turn.

END RUN.

The next distinctive team play of importance is an end run. Usually one of the half backs is the man selected for the greater part of this work, and in the execution of it clever interference reaches its height. Not that the interference itself is more difficult in this play than in any other, but that the massing of men at the point of attack is more long continued, and hence must be planned not as a single instant of combined pressure, but as several minutes of running interference. When well performed, it looks like the swinging of a line of men, as the runner makes his way out to the end, and just as he reaches that point and puts on his burst of speed there must be a clever shutting off of the outermost man. Such work cannot be learned in a day. It requires the steady practice together of the same men for weeks before that precision of movement can be attained. All teams do not carry out the end play in exactly the same manner, and it is by no means certain that any particular method may be selected and called the best of them all. But whatever the method is, it must be practised faithfully, its weaknesses patched up, and its movement regulated if it is to prove a permanent asset. The important time of trial comes, that is, in actual contest with a strange and strong team.

EXECUTION OF AN END RUN.

The description of a single method will suffice to show the chief points of the play, and will indicate the lines upon which it should be built. Let us suppose that the coach chooses to send the left half back around the right end. Even the most ignorant of foot-ball novices will appreciate the fact that such a play is mere madness if the ball is well over on the right side of the field, for then the runner will only be going straight into the very thickest of the crowd,

and with clear space ahead only after he should have gone outside the touch line. The first thing to be done, then, is to select an opportunity or make one when the ball shall be well over upon the left side of the field. Then give the signal for this play, and let the left half back, as soon as the ball is snapped, start toward the right, receiving the ball, and then running directly across the field ten yards or less behind the line of forwards. At the same moment the right half back and back make off in a similar direction, but, from the advantage of their position, preceding the runner by a few yards. The quarter, too, immediately after passing the ball, runs to the right, very much nearer the forward line, however, than any of the other three, and in such a way as to jostle off any man who may have succeeded in getting through the line of rushers. The guard, tackle, and end on the right are meantime blocking their men as well as they can, and it is easy to understand that as soon as these men see the direction of the runner they will endeavor to get over to the right end as rapidly as their encumbered position will allow. The result is that the entire side of the line moves in that direction; but as each opponent is impeded to a greater or less degree by the man who is blocking him, the runner and his two preceding comrades are making much better time toward the desired gap that intervenes between the end of the rush line and the edge of the field. When the runner finds himself approaching a point a few yards inside the opposing end, he puts on his highest speed, and tries to circle the end of the line. At the same moment his two comrades have reached that end, and, by interfering, crowd into the field any opponent who has succeeded in reaching a dangerous proximity to the side line. As the runner goes past the extreme end, the combined force of his half and back with the end and tackle, and perhaps a quarter as well, are crowded upon him, and he is compelled to pass the runner in a kind of cramped semicircle, outside of which the runner has a fairly good chance of a long run. There is no reason why the players mentioned in this description should be the only ones who can be used in this end run. In fact, a clever fast guard can block his man, and then get out to the end in time to be of service. So, too, can an opposite tackle, or even an end. The principal element is not the number of men who are engaged, but the proper timing of their interference to so tangle up the opposing line as the runner makes for the end, that when he makes his spurt he shall have a fair chance by the freedom of his run to pass the narrow gap without being tackled or forced into touch.

MEETING AN END RUN.

The opposition to this end run is based upon the same principle. The first thing is the general line in breaking through and reaching the runner; the other, the cleverness of the end in avoiding the interferers and guarding the edge of the field. It would seem perfectly simple for a coach to instruct an end to stand at his post, close to the touch line, and thus block up the gap; but if that be performed too literally, the runner, too, earlier and comes inside the end, making his run just as effective as though he passed outside. Green men on the end err, as a rule, far oftener on the side of coming in too far or too soon than they do in sticking too closely to the touch line, so that in coaching green men it is better to keep them on the time under the strictest orders to make the runner go on the inside. Later, when they have mastered the idea that there is nothing to help them on the outside except a slender touch line, they can be gradually permitted to exercise a little judgment on their own account in the matter of leaving the side line in case of emergency. The truth of the matter is that so much depends upon thorough co-operation between an end and his own tackle that the two should be law each to the other. No other method of play, such as laying down a hard and fast rule as to when an end may try for a man, can ever meet with the success that can be brought about by a thorough understanding and playing in pairs of these two positions.

ADAPTATION OF THE FOUR PLAYS.

These plays—the wedge, the kick, the run through the line, and the run around the end—make a framework upon which a coach may build up an almost endless variety of movements, and if he follow the points laid down for the successful execution of these, he will find that they act as guides to almost any maneuver he may wish to attempt. For example, the principle of the wedge may be adapted to almost any forcing *maneuver*, no matter at what point it may be directed. Similarly, the blocking and following up of a punt is not very unlike that to be adopted when a drop kick is attempted. All running by half backs through the line takes on the character of either the run between the guard and tackle or that around the end, while the assistance rendered by interferers is usually either that shown in the tandem play or that illustrated in the end run.

TEAM TACTICS.

But there is still another branch to be discussed, which might be classed under the

head of team tactics rather than that of team play. That branch is the study of transferring the play from point to point, and the adaptation of the various methods to the end immediately desired. One can readily see that a team might be proficient in all the plays described and be composed of good material, and yet, by a failure to use the play at the proper time, make a most pitiable showing. To take an extreme case, a team might be directly under the opponent's goal and within a few yards of the goal line, with the ball at first down, and, instead of forcing the ball over or trying a drop, might let a half or back punt the ball over the line, and thus give the opponents a touch back and the privilege of bringing the ball out to the twenty-five-yard line. Or, again, a team might have a strong wind at their backs, and the ball be down in their own goal at the third down. Instead of driving a long punt down the field, they might send a runner plunging up into the line, and, making no gain, be obliged to punt the ball to the touch line. Such a generalship, while it seems, when studied in cold blood, absolutely idiotic, is in minor ways regularly exhibited a dozen times in a game by captains who ought to know better.

USING THE WIND.

The study of the best methods of taking advantage of the wind is one of the most important, and will reward the captain and coach fully as much as the same amount of thought expended upon any other feature of the game. The majority are contented with the mere knowledge that the side which has the wind should do the most kicking, but in reality such a statement of the case is wholly inadequate. When the wind is blowing straight down the field, its value as a factor in the kicking game is something which spectators scarcely realize, and even the players themselves hardly reckon at its full account. All they are compelled to face it. But for all this, one must not conclude that the thing to do is to punt the ball as far down the field as possible every time the opportunity offers. Especially is such a policy a poor one when the ball is near enough to the opponents' goal to make the kick send it past the goal line. A drop kick under such circumstances is sometimes, though not always, indicated. The true way to make use of the wind under these conditions depends oftentimes upon the stage of the game at the moment. If the runners on the team are fresh and strong, and from their earlier attempts have shown that they can repeatedly succeed in making their five yards, which means business, within the twenty-five-yard line to play for a touch-down. But, on the other hand, if there be only a few minutes of playing time left, and five points will turn a defeat into victory, the drop kick may be strongly called for.

KICKING INTO TOUCH NEAR GOAL LINE.

But chiefest of all, in a game where the sides are fairly well matched and the game in its early stages, is the kick into touch near the corner. American players seem as yet to have gained no sense of the value of the immediate value of this kicking into touch. An English back will seldom kick anywhere else than into touch, while our players do not even realize the value of such a kick in the most marked cases. When the ball is still far from the goal, and yet so within the enemy's territory as with the wind to make it likely that a strong kick will send it to the goal line, the play should always be to kick into touch as well down toward the corner as possible. Such a play puts the opponents upon the defensive, and that, too, in a most unpleasant manner, for it brings them up against their own goal with a course and a direction from which to choose. They must, by wonderful running, gain their five yards more than once, or be forced to kick directly before their own goal, or finally make a safety touch-down. If they make a safety, it gives their enemies two points; if they kick the ball, it gives their enemies a more than fair chance to catch the ball, heel it, and place kick a goal, or they must try a run. And it is by no means an encouraging situation for a runner called upon to carry the ball out of such a predicament. The side which is forced is likely to be discouraged, while the attacking side is doubly confident and strong from their close proximity to the opponents' goal.

WHEN AND WHERE TO KICK.

But this is only a very simple case, and the reasons for the play are evident. There are many other occasions where there is more opportunity for the captain to use his judgment than when with the wind it is always advisable to kick on the first down. One of the best rules to follow in this case is that a captain can safely send his men occasionally for a run on first downs, or even second downs, so long as he only gives them enough work to keep them active, and not to tire them in the least. He should always remember that one of the chief advantages to be gained from the wind is that of keeping his own runners fresh by kicking, while his opponents are obliged to exhaust their men by making their recovery of lost ground almost entirely by running. One rule when playing with the wind is the captain is never justified in breaking, so long as he is not

close to the opponents' goal, and that is to "get in his kick." In other words, no matter if he has gained in his two attempts all but six inches of the five yards, he must take no chances of another run when the wind is with him, but kick.

A point sometimes forgotten is that in important matches the crowd are often so arranged upon the stands as to shut off much of the force of the wind in the lower strata of the air, and for this reason as well a kick with the wind should be a high kick. For the same reasons, the side which is facing the wind should always, when forced to kick, send the ball rather low, and as hard as possible.

LOBSTER-HUNTING.

NEW ENGLAND lobsters are famous for their size and beauty, and the fishermen who go out to catch "lobbs" claim that those caught in certain localities have the most delicious flavor peculiarly their own. South of Jersey they are very scarce, poor in quality, and as different in flavor from the ones found further up the coast as a Blue Point oyster is different from its muddy cousin found growing in some brackish river bottom. Even along the New England coast they show decided preferences for certain localities, being more abundant, larger, and of a finer flavor in some bays and harbors than in others.

The lobsters put on sale in the Fulton Market give one a general idea of their appearance; but when floating around in their native element, one has a higher appreciation of their importance and individuality. They are not to be trifled with then, and any attempts at familiarity are pugnaciously resented. They have to be approached very carefully, and lured into traps by tricks well known to the fishermen. Stale fish—the sculpin opened lengthwise usually—is the bait that attracts the lobsters into the meshes of the shallow net, from which there is no escape. The nets are small but stout, and attached to a buoy or float by several drop ropes.

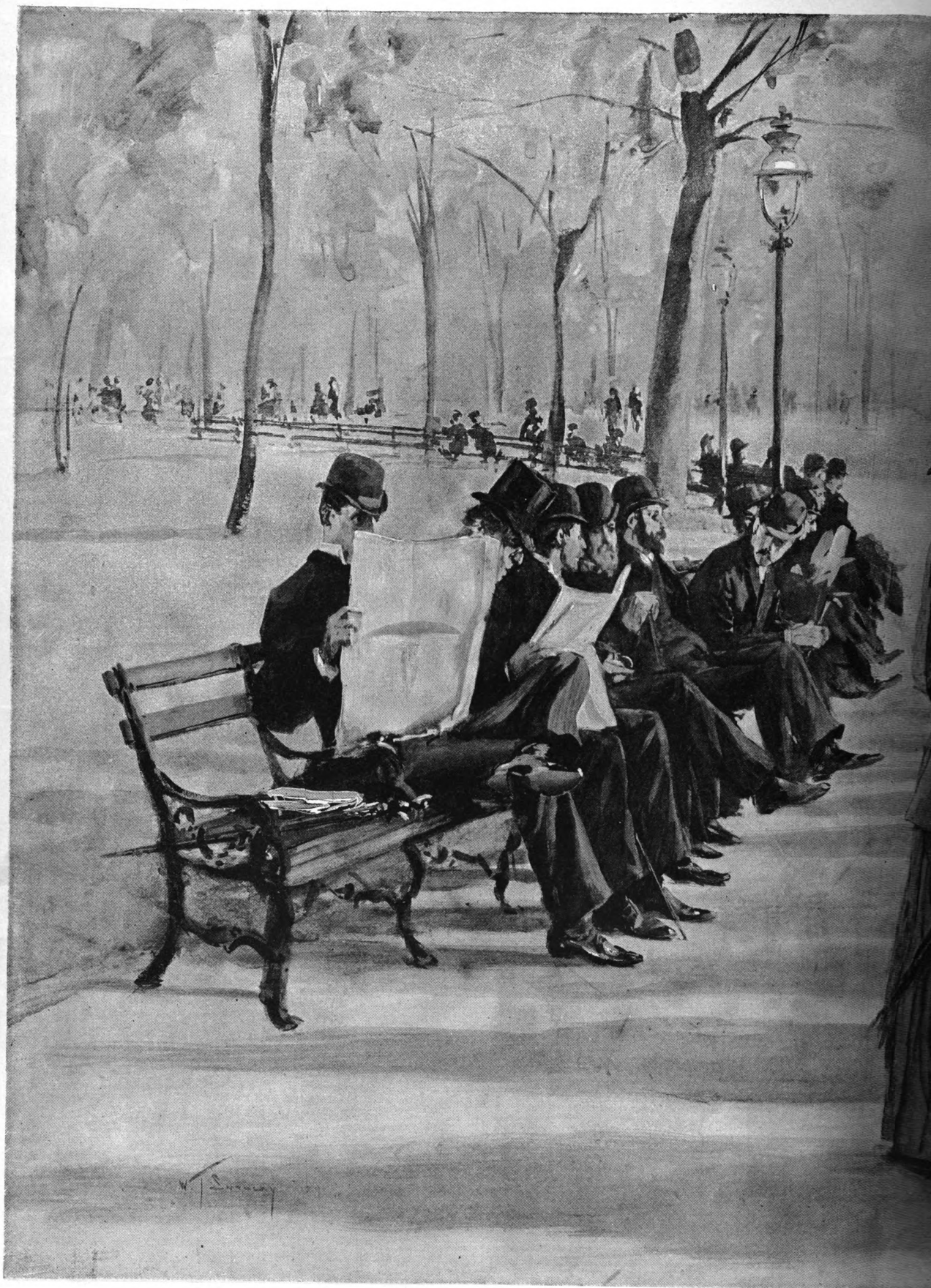
The lobsters prefer rocky bottoms, where they live on clams, mussels, and mollusks. In the spring of the year they come in from the deep water and remain in the harbors and bays until fall. The lobster season then opens, and the old salts mend up their nets, and begin to repair to some favorite ground near the coast. Two or three nets and a large basket are all the equipments necessary for a lobster hunt. Moonlight nights are the proper time to start on such an expedition, which means business. The pleasure for the fisherman. When the lobster ground is reached, the first net is baited with dead fish and quietly dropped overboard. The boat is then shoved on to another good place, and the second trap set for the unwary crawlers of the deep. When three or four nets are thus set, it is about time to haul up the first one. This is brought up to the surface carefully, and as the water drips through the meshes, several fine dark green "lobbs" throw up their large claws, and try to get a snap at their enemy. They are savage when brought to bay in such a manner, and most but old hand at the business would dare to lift them from the water in a comfortable position. But the old fisherman seizes one dexterously just back of the large claws, and holds the enemy in such a manner that the heavy claws are really harmless.

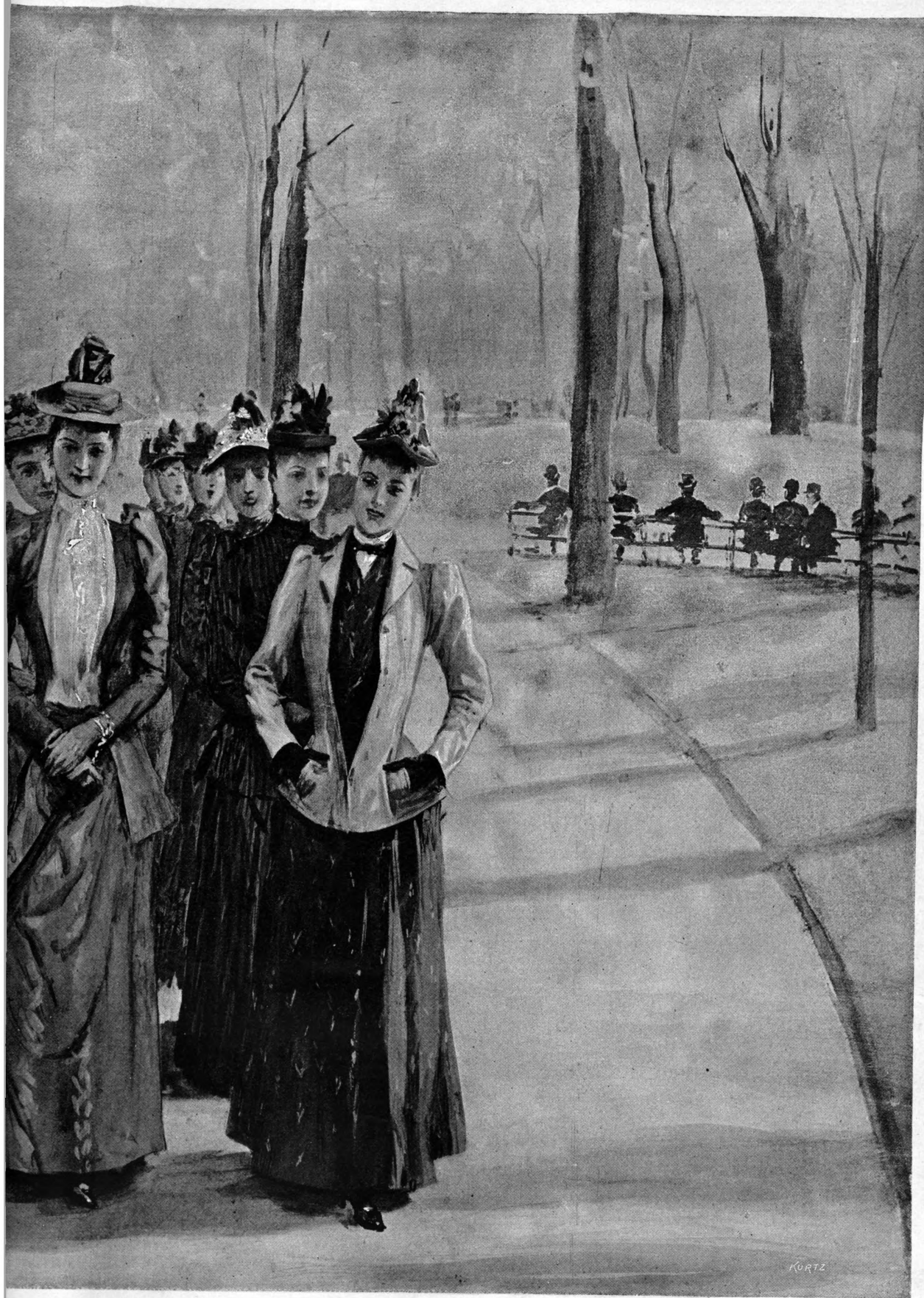
The catch is then deposited into the basket, and the net is hauled up. The next net is pulled up in the same way, and the boat soon gets pretty well loaded down with the crawlers.

During the summer months sea-side visitors on our New England coast organize "lobster hunts," which are usually very pleasant affairs. Two boats and a party of five or six to the lobster grounds where the guide tells them that "lobbs" are to be found. In addition to the nets and baskets, a large boiler is brought along. On some prominent rock which overlooks the lobster grounds, they build a fire, and securely fasten the boiler in some crevice just over the flame. Clear spring water is poured into the boiler, which soon begins to sputter and hiss as the fire burns up brightly. When a dozen or more lobsters have been caught, they are brought to the rock and dumped into the boiling water. There is a brief struggle for life, a scratching noise in the boiler, and then all is quiet again. Some crackers and cheese are meanwhile produced, and a circle is formed around the fire and the boiling lobsters. The light of the moon casts pale weird shadows on the dark rocks, while the sea waves dance and sing monotonously below. When the cover of the boiler is finally removed, the bright green of the shells has taken on a bright red. The shells are easily broken, and as soon as the meat has cooled sufficiently, each member of the party secures a trophy, and begins the feast of the epicure.

These excursions are indefinitely prolonged. Sometimes the difficulty in getting a good supply of the crawlers prevents an early return to the hotel, while the appetite of the excursionists, sharpened by the salty air and the excitement of the sport, occasionally keeps the party out until the small hours of the morning. The time for returning, however, is usually regulated by the moon, as it is not so pleasant to be on the water when everything is wrapped in darkness.

GEORGE E. WALSH.





MADISON SQUARE.—DRAWN BY W. T. SNEEDLEY.
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Original from
PENN STATE

THE LANDING-NET; OR, TOM, DICK, AND HARRY.

A Comedy, with serious tendencies, in One Act.

BY ROBERT CAMERON ROGERS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. COSTUMES.
 MISS KATE LAUDERDALE. Nothing gown.
 MR. TOMAS MERRIAM. Pink coat, dark trousers, top-boots, croquetick.
 MR. RICHARD WITHERS. Elaborate striped room gown.
 TOBY, a bull-terrier pup. Collar and leash.

SCENE.—A country house in a hunting country, almost anywhere, a large hall with stairs leading to a landing; at one end large double door. Fozes' brushes, deer's antlers, and other trophies adorn the walls.

Enter Mr. Merriam ("Tom").
 Tom. I'm sure I heard Kate's voice here just now. (He calls.) Miss Lauderdale! (Then goes part of the way up the stairs, looks around, and calls again.) Miss Lauderdale! (Comes down, and seats himself on one of the lower steps.) She can't have gone with the hounds, after all? No; she's about somewhere, and I'll wait here awhile. (Seizes his boot with his croquetick nervously.) I believe I'm rattled. By Jove! I am; that's the truth. She must know how I feel. She has eyes. (Shakes his head, and sighs.) I should rather say she had, and knows how to use them. Of course she knows. Anyhow, she shall before the morning's over. (Muses, with hands of croquetick to his mouth.) There's Dick; he's bright, rather, but too young. I'm not afraid of him. There's Harry; old enough, certainly, but—No, it doesn't seem to me that he's the man for her. Still (switches his boot again), it's all a lottery. I think she likes me. Dick—confound him! why will he make a confidant of me!—Dick thinks she likes him. Harry thinks to suit himself too. I suppose he's nervous, and nibbles his croquetick. I dare say I am an ass to precipitate affairs. What's that about "fools rushing in where angels fear to tread"? H'm! Well, I always admired the nerve of the fools, and in this case no one, certainly, can truthfully accuse the other two of being fools. (Looks at his watch.) Now where the deuce is Kate? I'll step out and see if she is on the terrace.

[Exit, to left. As he disappears, Miss Lauderdale, leading Toby in leash, appears upon the landing. Talks to dog in the maidin language usually addressed by intelligent people to wind-dialect dogs.]

Miss L. Yes, he's a little love, he was. (Seats herself on landing, and begins working at some kind of net-work.) Of all days for Kitty to go lame! And she is the only mount I take any comfort in. No hunt for me today. Sorry—for them. (Laughs, and puts down her work.) I hate this sort of thing. Always detestable, needless work. It's well enough when you're talking with any one—a man, for instance. It bridges little awkward silences, and is often quite effective. But alone it becomes a burden. (Yawns, and clasps her hands over her knees, and looks dreamily down the stairs.) I wonder if Dick isn't coming down this morning? That sprained wrist isn't going to keep him in. I hope it's really lonesome. (Takes up work again.) I told Tom at breakfast I should be in the house the most of the morning. And to think of his going off with the pink-coats after that! Tommy isn't wise in his generation. Still (laughs softly), perhaps he is, after all. (Stamps her foot.) Poor open; Tom enters hall.) Why, Tom, how you startled me! I supposed you were following the hounds, leading the hunt, shouting "Tally ho!" and all that.

Tom (sentimentally, and sitting on the stair just below). You thought that, and you alone here?

Miss L. (brightly). Alone, but not lonely.
 Tom. Ah! I see. There is a hidden meaning in that remark. It means, *prima facie*, go; really, however, I think you prefer me to stay. At any rate (leans back comfortably), I shall for a while.

Miss L. What an analyst you are! Do you happen to have joined the Society for Psychological Research?

Tom. Do you mean I am searching for Psyche? Yes. You don't know how like my ideal of her you are as you sit there.

Miss L. How delightful! Thanks, so much! How versatile you are! You can turn your phrases to suit every emergency. Only yesterday I was telling Harry what a conversationalist you were.

Tom. Good-natured of you, I'm sure. Harry agreed, of course?
 Miss L. Oh yes. He said you talked very well.

Tom (with asperity). Threw the accent on "talked," did he?

Kate (innocently). What accent? Harry doesn't talk with an accent. Here (tossing his ball of worsted); try and be useful as well as ornamental.

Tom. What are you making—a tennis-net, or is it a net for fishes?

Miss L. I hate tennis, and I am no fisher.

Tom. Not even in the apostolic sense?

Miss L. Pardon me?

Tom (not altogether pleased to have to explain his mot). Wasn't your uncle a clergyman? Where is your early education? I meant a fisher of men, of course.

Miss L. (chillingly). The net isn't spread for you.

Tom (laughing). No, but I seem to have run into it. Still, if I am intruding, I'll go.

[Sits quite still.]

Miss L. Ah, but you don't go! If you expect me to urge you to remain, you're doomed to disappointment. Why don't you go?

Tom (with elaborate air of indifference). Natural perverseness alone bids me stay.

Miss L. Natural perverseness alone! Complimentary. I wonder why you are so disagreeable this morning.

Tom. I'm not.

Miss L. *De quibus non*. (Silence a moment, then.) Miss L. pretends to be busy with her work. Suddenly. Why aren't you with the hunt this morning?

Miss L. All on account of Kitty. Why aren't you?

Tom. A reason quite cognate—all on account of Kate. Dick. I don't stir (as he attempts to come nearer). You'll tangle that skein, and at present you're really serviceable.

Tom. You remind me of one of the Fates, spinning there.

Miss L. A thousand thanks. They're ugly old women, aren't they?

Tom. That's Michael Angelo's conception of a Fate. Now my Fate—

Miss L. Oh, am I to be your Fate? That's good-natured of you!

Tom (despairingly). You twist and torture my meanings! (Silence a moment, then.) She gives a little exclamation, and drops ball of worsted, which rolls to bottom of stairs. Tom sulkily pursues it, and returns.

Miss L. It's Dicky. He's on the third floor. Sit on the lower step and he won't see you.

Dick (from above, over the balusters). Good-morning, Katherine. All through breakfast.

Miss L. (with an air of great concern). Why, Dick, what did you try to get up for, with your poor wrist? Yes, all through, and off to the hunt, but Toby, and—(hesitates)—Tom.

Tom (ill-naturedly). Honorable mention—after Toby. Many thanks.

Dick. What's up with Tom?

Miss L. (with malice aforethought). Nothing at all serious, I fancy.

Dick (laughing). Nose out of joint? Poor Tommy!

Tom (in undertone to Miss L.). Why didn't he break my neck, instead of spraining a wrist? It's just as easy.

Dick. Who's talking?

Miss L. (with sad mendacity). Brown, the butler, in the breakfast room.

Tom (severely). Sapphira!

Dick. I'm coming down. You won't mind my room gown?

Miss L. I shan't; but I expect the Colletts girls every minute, and you know what prudes they are.

Dick. Oh, hang the Colletts! I'll run back when they come.

Miss L. But you're so picturesque where you are! You see (softly), I like to look up to you.

Tom (gloriously, striking his boot with his croquetick). That means you look down on me, I suppose. Oh no; you are no fisher. Was it you or Izaak Walton wrote the *Complete Angler*? How Dick takes a bait!

Dick. How that butler talks! He must be wound up.

Miss L. (to Tom). You needn't wait if you don't choose.

Dick. Whom are you talking to?

Miss L. Toby. (Then louder, to bull-terrier pup, to allay suspicion.) Sweetheart! Little love!

Tom (untruthfully). I'm merely waiting to see the Collets.

Miss L. They're not coming.

Tom. You just now said so.

Miss L. (with contempt). You really are becoming stupid.

Dick. What are you making, Kate—a fish-net?

Tom (in grim satisfaction). Poor boy, he's going over the old formula.

Miss L. I don't fish. What made you ask?

Dick. I saw it appeared to be a net, and as you were on the landing, I concluded it was a landing-net. See?

Miss L. You're as bright as Tom was.

Dick. You hardly mean that as a compliment, I presume.

Tom (wrathfully). A compliment! It's fulsome flattery. And that man up there my intimate friend!

Dick. Ha! ha! ha! I hear the butler still going on. He's more of a conversationalist than I supposed. I say, Kate, I think what's his name is getting very fond of—you know whom?

Miss L. How clear you are, Dicky!

Tom. Give that animal up there a thistle, and perhaps he'll keep quiet.

Dick. Oh, you know well enough. Tom's a good fellow, of course. Why don't you take him up?

Miss L. (unkindly). Perhaps I don't want him. Oh yes, he's a good enough fellow, as you say. Good enough for some, perhaps, but—

Tom (appealingly). Now, Kate, don't be brutal.

Miss L. (softening a little). Yes, Tom's good enough for any one, but you see, Dicky, I am waiting for you—to grow up.

Tom. One on Dicky.

Dick (with some chagrin). You amuse me, mademoiselle. I hope you also amuse yourself.

Miss L. Oh yes. I—

Dick (interrupting). Kate, why do you always jest with me, and treat me so lightly?

Miss L. Do you expect me to take you au sérieux?

Dick. There you go again—always chaffing me. You never take me the right way.

Tom. He should be well shaken before being taken. I'll do the shaking.

Miss L. Shall I do the taking?

Tom. For better or worse? Never.

Dick. Kate, I'm coming down.

Miss L. (hurriedly). Oh, don't! you are so picturesque up there, and in just a minute I'm coming up to bathe that poor wrist of yours. Does it pain very much?

Dick. Well, rather. Oh-h! [Groans.]

Tom (maliciously). Ask how he did it.

Miss L. How did you do it, you poor boy?

Dick. It's no trick at all to do, but it's something awful when it's done. Oh—

[Groans loudly.]

Tom. I'll make you a wager.

Miss L. Yes, Dicky, in just a moment—let me wind up this worsted. (To Tom.) What about?

Tom. That Dick's wrist is as well as it ever was. I knew Kitty was lame; here you were to be in the house all the morning—put two and two together and make four.

Miss L. (in a sweet, naive manner). Yes, but it only makes three of us.

Dick. Yes, unhappily.

Tom (diplomatically). I am dying, Egypt, dying! Oh! Cleopatra—Katherine—come and take care of me!

Tom (disguistfully). Where's his nurse?

Dick (suddenly). Kate, you said Tom was somewhere about the place. Did you say why he wasn't with the hounds?

Miss L. He gave no reason.

Dick. I'm glad of that, for he had no reason. He merely wanted to stay and visit you. I see through him.

Miss L. So to stay and visit me was no reason. Thank you so much, Dicky!

Tom (seizing his opportunity). That was my sole, my only reason, Kate. I call it an excellent one.

Miss L. You're improving.

Dick. You misunderstand what I mean, of course. It was, to be sure, the best of reasons.

Tom. Hark to the echo! (Rising softly.) Well, Kate, I must go; I—

Dick. I shan't go. I'll wait here, too.

Tom (kindly). Dick be hanged! He'll catch his ears in a tree some day and hang himself—like Absalom.

Dick (mediatively). I call Tom something of a muff.

Miss L. Dick, you should be ashamed. Behind his back, too, and you and he such friends!

Dick. I ought to be (with a look at Tom) the pleasant things he says of you.

Tom (guiltily). Kate, you're worse than a conscience.

Dick (relying). Does he? Well, it is low in me. I wonder if you would take my part against detractors as strongly as you take his.

Miss L. Ah! but, you see, Tom is like a brother to me.

Dick (meaningly). I wish he were your brother.

Miss L. (innocently). Why?

Dick. Then he could never be "still dearer yet than all other," as the poet says; he'd be just like you.

Tom (kindly). Dick be hanged! He'll catch his ears in a tree some day and hang himself—like Absalom.

Dick. Whitebait! Oh, rapture! She's calling me pet names!

Miss L. Well, you are like whitebait now—you're out of season.

Tom (laughing and choking). One more on Dicky.

Dick. What's going wrong down there?

Miss L. Toby's swallowed a fly. (To Toby.) Poor little man!

Dick. Oh, how this wrist pains! Aren't you coming up? I believe you know how pretty you look down there.

Miss L. Of course I don't. Do I, really? How pretty do I look?

Tom (with an eye to popularity). Ask him something easier.

Dick. (to Dick). Why don't you tell me?

Dick. I feel the restrictions of the English language. There are not words to express.

Miss L. How long that was coming—rather far-fetched! From Europe, was it? Was the customs duty heavy?

Dick. Yes. But the duty was all pleasure this time.

Miss L. Now that's better. You can be nice sometimes, Dicky.

Dick (a little incoherently). Sometimes! Always with you, Kate. At least I try to be.

Tom. I—I think you would take me just a little more seriously, for you must know that I—Of course you know. Still, maybe you don't know.

Tom. Toss him another thistle; he's braying again.

Miss L. Don't be mean, Tom. (To Dick.) You're so beautifully clothed in language, Dick, but I fail to gather your meaning.

Encore, s'il vous plaît.

Dick (half to himself). I believe she does know. Of course she does. She's not blind.

Miss L. No, nor deaf, either. You shouldn't soliloquize so loud. What is it I know?

Dick (decidedly). I am coming down to tell you.

Miss L. Don't, Dick, now. You see it may be—it is, probably—complicated, and then—

(Looks at her watch, and starts up in great haste.) Why, it's half past ten! Harry is due here now with the car!

Dick. Harry! Well, upon my honor!

Tom (in tone of infinite weariness). Harry! You've no heart, no conscience, no discrimination. Harry!

Dick (discovers Tom). What, Tom, you here?

Tom. Yes; for the last half hour.

Dick (sitting down and laughing confusedly). Well, please accept apologies at once. I—you see, I—a—

Tom. Never mind that. We may cry quits, I fancy.

Dick. Kate, I've no words for you. You are certainly a finished flirt:

"And all things show it; I thought so once, and now I know it."

Miss L. (with a view to change of subject). I know that quotation. It's Gay, I believe?

Dick. It's very sad; that's what it is. It's the sad, bitter truth.

Miss L. (speakingly). Tom, you don't believe it.

Tom (severely). Seeing is believing. Harry! Another case of *de quibus non*.

Dick. And so we were weapons with which to kill time!

Miss L. (with a asperity). Yes, and very dull ones too. Why, did you boys think I had nothing better to do all the morning than to banter and chaff up and down stairs with you? I was quietly employed here, and you came and disturbed me. Toby and I were happy and contented as we were. Now you heard, great surprise, and feel injured!

(Wheels round.) Ah! there is Harry! I'll run and tell him that I'll be there directly.

(Runs down stairs towards great door.)

Dick (holding out his hand). Pardon me, old man, for calling you a muff.

Tom (taking and shaking it). Don't mention it. I felt the truth of it just now. Pardon me. I hinted that your ears were long and that you had asinine qualities.

Dick. I don't bear malice; I feel as if I could hee-haw, if I tried, at this moment.

Tom (wrathfully). Harry! I was right, I fancy, to accuse her of lack of discrimination.

Dick. You were never more so. I fancy I was nearly right, to say the least, when I called her a finished flirt.

Tom. Indeed you were. We were both right.

Dick. Yes; and now—well, now, to crack an old joke, "we're both left."

Tom. A most ingenious, a beastly, unpleasant paradox. But what a flirt! And with wrath and admiration mingled how well she does it!

Dick. Flirt! Why, she'd flirt with the Pope—with any one!

Tom. Yes, with Tom, Dick, or Harry.

CURTAIN.

THE DEPUTY SHERIFF.

BY CHAR. MOLYNEUX HOLLOWAY.

Two sad rogues in every sense of the word were Jack Dingler and Matthew Kingsford.

They had come along—one day begging, the next stealing—from Boston way, until they had reached New London. They had done this partly because they were of a roving, vagabondish nature, and partly because they had been filled with large tales by a brother knight of leisure, who had told them that New London, with all the stir and activity incident to a naval port, was the haven of all others for the craft willing to ride at anchor in pleasant waters. The townspeople were open and prodigal, the privateersmen were continually bringing in prizes, Spanish doubloons and English coin were common, and eyes seldom gladdened by sight of even the wofully depreciated Continental money these were alluring visions.

But the precious pair had been two days within the town, and Spanish doubloons and English sovereigns were visions still, and their interior departments sadly craved the need of other filling than that afforded by the imagination.

The innkeepers of New London were a jolly set, but the scarcity of paying custom and the high price of provisions made them less generous to the wayfarer than in the ante-Revolutionary days. The companions had been given a good breakfast at Pink's, with the relish that it was their first and last. Indeed, since they came to the town they had met with the worst of fortune. A gentleman who had shared their first night in a hay-mow had risen early, and, like the early bird, had pointed out to them a moral, for he had disappeared with the small bag containing all their personal estate, which, with beautiful faith, they held in common.

Futilely seeking him, they had strolled over the town, marking, with the observation of long practice, such places as they deemed worthy of an unceremonious call in the night. Truly New London was a dull town, and its pickings would be poor. How they would like to catch the impostor who had represented it as a theatre of never-ending amusement and the disburshing place of money!

They had reached the end of the main street, and come upon the busy chief square or parade, now partly filled by a mob of women and children, listening with bated breath to the loud harangue of a recruiting sergeant. A door or two beyond him were two or three old men silently reading a notice just posted.

The two crossed over, and laboriously spelled out:

"The new and swift-sailing privateer Brigantine *Le Marquis de la Fayette*, mounting sixteen six-pound Cannon, with Swivels and Small Arms Complet, will sail on a Cruise against the enemies of these United States in eight days from the Date hereof at farthest. All Gentlemen Seamen, and able-bodied Landsmen who are desirous of making their Fortune, an Opportunity now Presents by applying on Board said Brig when they will Meet with Good Encouragement.

"PETER RICHARDS.
"NEW LONDON, August 7, 1778."

"My eyes! but we are a pair sorely needing good encouragement, aren't we?" said Jack Dingley, with a grin. "Let us seek out old Peter, and get some of his. It is a long time since any one gave us aught. I trust it will not hurt our consciences to pocket Peter's pence—ha! ha!"

"But I don't see any sense in getting under the rule of some old sea tyrant," grumbled Kingsford. "We can find somewhat more to our taste by staying on land."

"Keep your mouth shut," commanded Dingley; "all you have to do is to follow me. Only say 'ay, ay,' and 'no, no,'"

Dingley easily led the other, but, nevertheless, Kingsford grumbled to himself as he followed his leader, who set forward at a brisk trot for the *Marquis de la Fayette*. It was easy enough to get speech with that energetic personage Peter Richards, who, after a keen glance at their sturdy well-knit frames and the youthful faces as yet unlimned by vice's lines, said:

"Well, my lads, though this is a time when men are scarce, that notice, posted at sun-up, has brought me all but two of the needed complement, so that if I engage you, I shall sail with the favoring tide. Pass through, and you will come to the *Marky* at the wharf."

Dingley had a round, innocent face. He saw that the old sailor was a jolly-hearted fellow, already prepossessed in their favor, and he said, hesitatingly:

"If you please, captain, my friend and myself owe a bit which we should like to pay. It is for four days' lodging, and I doubt if the good woman, whose children are at the war, could afford to lose it, nor would we like to go upon a long voyage, filled with uncertainties of life and death, and perchance have this entered against our chances of eternal salvation."

"No, indeed; that we wouldn't," broke in Kingsford. "We would rather not go than cheat a poor woman."

This decided the captain, who had been hesitating whether or not to give them any money. The earnest money, as it was called, since the numerous desertions, had been withheld until the enlisted were aboard ship. But these two seemed really honest.

"What is the name of your money?" he queried, with great caution. "I will send to her, and discharge your indebtedness."

"She is Mistress Temperance Brewster," returned Dingley, remembering a name he had seen upon a sign; "and if you would be so kind, ask the messenger to gather up our small belongings, which he will discover in a narrow passageway to the right of the stairs."

"Better go yourself," interrupted Captain Richards, convinced they were honest lads, "and be back right speedily. There is grand work to be done, and we want to be in at the doing. Here, I suppose you are the purse-bearer, Jack? But we will expect to see your bashfulness, Matthew? Does that cover her reckoning?"

With profuse thanks, Dingley took the money, and the two rogues hurried away. It may be taken for a surety they soon put a goodly distance between them and Captain Peter Richards.

"Perhaps he will smell a rat and start after us," said Kingsford, after he had complimented his clum upon his superior cunning.

"Huh! we will be well along to Norwich before he thinks of us again, and he's got to go to night."

"Then what's the use of going as if witches were behind? Can't we buy a bite and eat it in the woods, and to-morrow night see what we can loot in the town?"

"For once you have a sensible idea," commented Jack, whose appetite had grown fiercer now he had the means of satisfying it at hand.

"They had not been five minutes gone when Captain Peter Richards, elated at the success which augured well for his cruise, bethought himself he could afford to lay in a private store of the famous old Huguenot's tobacco. He started forth, and whom should he meet at the corner of Widow's Row but Mistress Temperance Brewster.

"Hold on a minute, Mistress Brewster," said he; "it would be more to your advantage to be within your house."

Mistress Brewster regarded him with total vanishment of her smile. "Thank you, kindly, Peter Richards," said she, stiffly; "but I am the fitting judge of my outgoings and incomings."

"That may be," quoth he "but at the present moment it would be shillings in your pocket to be at home. Two of your lodgers, honest lads, have enlisted with me, and but now returned to your dwelling to settle their score. So retrace your steps, for you have no time to spare to catch them there."

Mistress Temperance viewed the captain amazedly, then a light broke over her, and she laughed.

"Indeed, Captain Peter," said she, "it is you who are sorely in need of good advice. I trust no butter-mouthed rogue wheedled a shilling from your pocket, but I fear me otherwise. I haven't had a lodger these two months, for I have been taking care of Jonathan Roger's wife's cousin's first husband's son, who has had—"

"Do you mean to say, Mistress Brewster, that those lads were rogues?"

"That is for you to find out, Captain Richards. I have been, as I told you, with Jonathan Roger's wife's cousin's first husband's son. Dear, dear! What do you mean by swearing so? Don't you know you are using the language of sin?"

"Don't you know how rascally I have been taken in?" roared the captain, in his loudest and deepest sea tones. "It's not only the loss of my money, but the men, when I was calculating on an extraordinary start! And you stand there prating—"

"I prating, Captain Richards," said Mistress Brewster, highly offended. "Let not your beastly temper ride you to destruction. You stop me on my road, and vilely abuse me."

"I abuse you, Mistress Brewster. I declare—"

"Whist! whist!" said a calm sonorous voice, and the captain turning, saw a man of majestic presence and commanding countenance standing by his side. "Take no rash declarations, Captain Peter. I was across the street, when the sound of your loud voices brought me hither. Even if Mistress Temperance will have none of your suit, 'tis no excuse for your browbeating her, Peter."

"La, la!" simpered the widow; but Captain Peter closed his lips after a quizzical glance at the smiling eyes of the speaker, and Mistress Brewster, suddenly checking her giggles, said: "Captain Richards, if any man can help you, 'tis Sheriff Joshua Hempstead," and with a sweeping courtesy she hastened on her way.

"What troubles you?" queried the sheriff. He listened while the captain related his brief tale of woe, and said:

"Indeed I will do my best to help you. It has come to be too frequent a practice for rogues to desert, and I fancy my nipping in the bud will be a service to the country. I'll engage to bring them back to you by to-morrow's sunrise."

The sheriff walked home with the long stately step so becoming to his immense size. Many he met turned to look after him, and whenever some tale of his marvellous exploits to a companion. He was soon in his family circle, and, in answer to a question, said:

"You women need expect to see me to-morrow noon. I have two thieves to capture. Sambo, tell the Deputy to be ready in a quarter of an hour."

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the brighter from the dense shadow caused by the overhanging elms. The sheriff had passed the outermost house standing like a sentinel at the foot of the hill. He glanced a little wistfully at the uncurtained window, blazing with light and showing the whirling forms of young people.

"Ah, well, as women with women, these days," he said. "There's many a youth fighting with great Washington whose sweet-heart tries to keep lightness in her heart by the nimbleness of her feet. How it would pleasure one of the absent to catch even a fleeting glimpse of these pretty figures. Well, Joshua, a truce to thoughts of young folk's gait. What is the outcome of our latest battle, I wonder? Deputy, were you and I less heavy, what a pair we would make for the United States. But we will do our best, eh, boy?"

Deputy gave an affirmative reply; and the sheriff, taking off his hat, let the cool fragrance-laden air play about his massive head, and his memory went astray to the days of his youth when he had been up at day-break to secure the first wild roses; and up from the deep shadows of the ravines at the sides rose the faces of his comrades; and the dull brooding silence was broken by merry jest and laugh or the softer tones of tenderness, came forward a surge of passionate sorrow to his heart.

Deputy, too, as though cognizant of his master's thoughts, stepped more lightly, and turned at length of his own accord into Horton's door-yard, and stopped at the door. Hempstead started, and replaced his hat, just as the master, shutting up for the brief night, came forward on his way.

"Well, friend Horton," in his heartiest chest tones, "how fares life with you?"

"Well, however it goes, Mr. Hempstead, I am prepared to make the best of it. It's not for a man who has a comfortable home, a respected calling, and a hope of salvation to find his peace of mind wholly lost for the brave hearts fighting for independence, but I guess they have seen the worst, don't you? But I must say, there is a deal of discouragement in the tidings, ain't there?"

"The Lord protects His own," returned Hempstead. "Oftentimes, as we do read in Holy Writ, He doth send them trials that their triumph may be the greater. But have you seen aught of two specious sturdy built youths whom Isham Gurdon took into his cart for a lift this way?" and he briefly described them.

"Have I? But they were alone, and left here scarcely two hours ago, with a goodly lot of money, and a goodly lot of solid and liquid. Have a stirrup-cup, Joshua."

"No; thank you kindly. Good-night."

The sheriff and Deputy were in the road ere Horton was conscious he was alone.

Work was really begun, and the pair moved briskly along, sending sharp glances to the right and left. The sheriff felt of the pistols in his holsters, and then turned into a by-path, reasoning that the young rascals, sure of escape, would not hurry themselves. His familiarity with the hiding-places of refugees served him well. He had not proceeded an hour's length when he descried through the interstices the steady gleam of a fire.

"Now, Deputy," he whispered, "tread lightly as a maiden."

Deputy pricked up his ears, and steadily and swiftly the twain advanced toward the quarry, but a half-dozen yards. Already Hempstead was preparing to leap from his saddle, and his hand was clutching the short stick, one blow from which he had found sufficient to prostrate the toughest knave, when Deputy trod upon a little stick, and at the sound the half-recumbent figures started up.

The sheriff urged forward Deputy, who cleared the intervening space in a bound.

"Surrender in the name of the Continental Congress!" shouted Hempstead, with leveled pistol.

But ducking his head and wriggling like a worm, Dingley rushed directly toward and past him, and Kingsford plunged into the undergrowth behind him. Hempstead rushed after him, through tangled thickets, up and down hills, heading through hollows, over brooks, always within a few yards, and guided by the crashing footsteps—a rough race for a man heavy in weight and past his boyhood; but Hempstead's endurance was marvellous, and at length his heavy hand closed, like a vise, on the shoulder of the prostrate panting fugitive.

In a trice he had bound him and shook him to his feet, ordering him, not over-gently, to walk before him.

"I always heard the hand of the law was heavy, but I thought its pace was slow," said the ready-witted rogue. "I beseech, Mr. Giant, that you have mercy. Remember it is a hot night, and I am somewhat fatigued."

"I know it right well," rejoined the sheriff, with grim humor; "but I have to consider my own muscles as well as your feelings. Move as briskly as you can, for I would not long separate you from your companion."

"Oh, as for that, sir, do not hurry. He is the head, while I am but the feet. Do not fancy me waiting for you to manacle him. Neither is he a Demon who cannot grow fat without his Pythias."

"Pity your learning taught you not honesty was the best policy," said Hempstead, himself a classical scholar. All the time he was urging the laggard forward, and keeping a keen lookout whenever a parting of the

branches vouchsafed the moonlight for some token that he was traversing the right way. When he thought he must be in hearing distance of Deputy, he gave a view-halloo. This usually elicited a reply, but no neigh was brought to his anxious ears. "It is strange," he thought, uneasily, but a scrutiny of the trampled way, and the sight of the third brook over which they had passed convinced him he was right.

He gave another yell, and to his intense joy heard a queer smothered sound. "What is the matter?" he said, involuntarily, and dragging Kingsford forward, he gave a mighty bound into the little clearing. The fire started by the rogues was blazing brightly, and by its brilliant light he saw Deputy, and learned why his "voice" was so queerly muffled.

Standing near the centre was the big black horse, holding in his mouth, by the back of his clothes, Dingley, whose legs and arms were describing circles in the air, while his captor, with heroic stoicism, awaited the coming of his chief.

The sheriff was not surprised. Often before the Deputy had given him material aid in capturing malefactors, once jumping down a ravine, and pinning a fleeing rascal with his forefeet to the ground, yet so gently the rogue was unharmed. This, however, was the first time he had chased, captured, and held unaided a criminal.

The sheriff fastened Kingsford securely to the crupper, all the while the kicking, struggling Dingley was firmly held by his captor.

"Yes, yes, Deputy," said he, "I am hurrying. I know your neck must ache. Now, then, dear boy."

He released Jack, and in a twinkling had him hard and taut on the pommel, while Deputy worked his head backward and forward, and gave a series of delighted ejaculations, to which the sheriff replied, sending a cold shiver through the two culprits, who were sure the sheriff and his companion were an uncanny pair.

But on the long ride back the big man gave them such a kind fatherly talking, and set before them so plainly and earnestly the enormity and meanness of their transgressions that real penitence touched their hearts, and in the end they promised to serve Captain Peter well.

The sun was glinting the water with gold when the sheriff and the Deputy halted at Captain Richards's door, and in answer to his sharp pommelling the captain appeared, and stared amazedly at the pair whom Hempstead had set upon their feet, after joining their wrists by a cord.

"Here, Peter," said the sheriff, "is a brace of geese for you. I have performed a transformation. Treat these two honest seamen well. Good voyage to you."

"But come in, and—"

"Not I," quoth the sheriff, "the Deputy is hungering for his breakfast. He has had but one mouthful since yester-noon, and though it was filling, it did not stanch his stomach—hey, Jack?"

The capture of the rogues by Joshua Hempstead's horse is an actual fact attested by the traditions of New London.

THE OLD TENOR.

A MONOLOGUE.

Did you say the singing was only fair? Sir, if the chance was given me To change from him on the stage up there Straight to an angels' symphony—

Well, it might stagger my poor old brain, But I think, on the whole, I back should come

To hear these worn sweet notes again, And see you form that is cumbersome.

The why of it all? It fell, my friend, A matter of fifteen years ago.

A certain man was nigh his end, Lying wracked in a fever glow,

And a fine young star, in his flush of fame, Stept to his bedside, took his hand, And tried to waken life's spent flame By singing songs of the lovely land.

God, how he sang! till the sick man turned His face from the wall, and took deep breath.

And said, as his eyes with new light yearned, That life ran swifter far than death

If one might hearken to strains like this; And he swore he would live in death's despite.

Then sleep dropt down on him like a kiss, And he woke with his blood all cool and right.

Perhaps you can fancy who was the man, And who is the singer there on the stage, And why I listen and sob, and can But love his faults and his hints of age.

Some folks will say when they pay their coin, The perfectest singer is their choice, Where youth and art and genius join; But I like a man behind the voice!

RICHARD BURTON.



DEARBORN STREET, LOOKING SOUTH.

HIGH BUILDINGS IN CHICAGO.

BY M. A. LANE.

THE builders of Babel built well. Tradition relates that it was only a confusion of tongues that checked their aspiration. There can be no doubt that the foundations of the celebrated tower that was designed by its architect to reach "heaven" were of the broadest and heaviest sort; let us say vast walls of the most solid granite, bound and knit together by that most excellent insoluble cement that is one of the lost arts to modern constructionists. Yet if latter-day engineers be not hopelessly in error with concern to the conclusions they have drawn as respects ancient masonry from the ruins of ancient structures, ancient builders counted only on the law of gravitation, which they knew in an empiric way, for the safety of the works they wrought. The projector of the Nag-on-Wat, whose walls and roof might have sheltered a St. Peter's and a St. Paul's and still have had room for a building like the Equitable in Broadway within its vast enclosures, would never dream of setting his masons to begin the laying of his walls say at about fifty feet from the ground.

For the sake of the story, fancy to yourself this ancient and respectable Asiatic suddenly dropped into that busy thoroughfare of the modern Babel (Chicago) which is called Dearborn Street. Before his very eyes he would see a style of so-called architecture that would be calculated first to occasion surprise in his well-ordered and stable mind, and second to fill his artistic and aspiring soul with unutterable disgust. He would see, piercing into the very clouds, pile after pile of perpendicular steel columns crossed with light "I" beams. For a substructure he would behold apparently nothing; foundations, if any, completely hidden; from an unknown and (to him) unknowable base arise a few thin scantlings; above these, a few more thin scantlings; and above these, a few dozen masons perched on temporary scaffolding, hard at work with trowel and mortar, building—what should in all decency be massive walls with solid earth for home—the lowest walls of a structure whose top reduces the size of a man to that of a boy.

We might expect the Asiatic aforesaid, after his first surprise, to leisurely and placidly contemplate his modern *confrères*, and then to turn away with the remark: "Architecture? This is not architecture; it is engineering." Wherein the designer of the Nag-on-Wat would be eminently and superlatively correct.

Will the city of Chicago and her people gain anything in the end by their new system of lofty buildings? This question has been one of controversy among the architects and real-estate men, and opinions are about evenly divided. There can be no question as to the immediate benefit, and the argument must look into the future.

"If this building were on an open plain, it would completely resist an earthquake or a cyclone," said Mr. W. L. B. Jenney to me in his office, on the eleventh story of the Home Insurance building. You will appreciate the force of his remark when you learn the details of what is now known as the "Chicago construction method."

It has been within the past few years that architects began to apply the methods of bridge construction to habitable houses. And now almost every new structure designed for the purposes of city business (at least in Chicago) is designed after this fashion. Twenty years ago there was not in the world a large and imposing structure built of nothing but steel and terra-cotta or brick. The fire-proof building was a



THE NEW GERMAN OPERA-HOUSE.



The Unity Building.

The Masonic Temple.

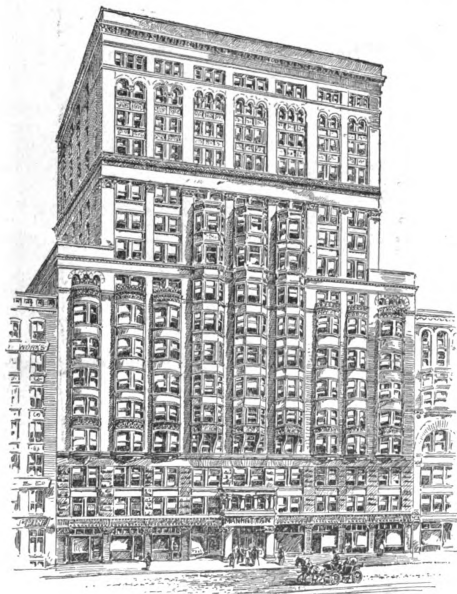
HIGH BUILDINGS IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION IN CHICAGO AS VIEWED FROM THE "ROOKERY."

rarity, and the loftiness that is now considered a matter-of-fact affair was biblically bold. The material used in the fire-proof house was either brick arches or solid cement concrete, and this stuff was of such excessive weight as to render it necessary to confine the structure to a hundred feet or so above the foundation. It is true that there were a few high buildings, but their walls were very thick, the light in them very poor, and the cost of construction out of all proportion to the income from the investment.

The first improvement came with the invention of the hollow fire-clay floor arch tile. This invention gave to the builders a material that made their structure perfectly fire-proof, that enabled them to build at a much reduced cost, and that permitted of almost indefinite height, because of its lightness when compared with the old brick arch and concrete method. The first of the tall buildings to be erected in Chicago after this invention was the Home Insurance building that was designed by Mr. Jenney. This was in 1884, and the structure was then only ten stories high. It has recently been elevated to twelve stories, and the upper floors are better, if anything, than the older ones.

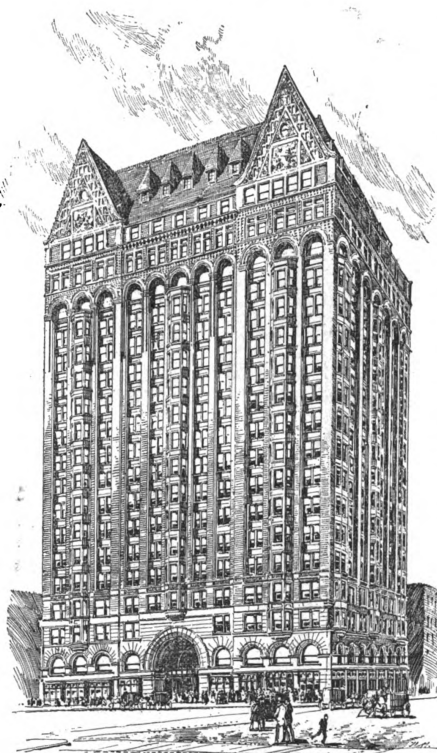
Soon after the invention of the hollow tile came the idea of applying the steel bridge construction to houses, and thereafter all new buildings were made on this plan. The method is simple and comparatively cheap, and involves an entire revolution in the manner of building. In the preparations of plans, in the nature of the specifications, in the trades and manufactures called upon for the work, in the superintendency of the construction, in the laying of the foundations, in the expense to the owner, and in the advantages to be had when the work is finished. With all this, the external appearance of the building may be made to counterfeit any of its more solid, less stable, less safe, and more expensive and massive neighbors. The only difference will be in its great loftiness, and it is in this particular that the beauties of the new school are seen.

Beginning with the beginning, the ground is cleared, and then the foundations are laid. These are in no respect similar to those of the regular style. In the first place, very little rock is used. The foundations are not laid in walls, but in piers. Each pier is separate from and independent of all the other piers, and only bears its own portion of the stress. The materials used in the piers are always the same as the method of construction. They are formed invariably of layers of steel rails and beams reposing on thick beds of concrete. The object attained in making each foundation pier independent of all the others is that the inequalities in settlement are met and anticipated. From the piers rise simply columns of steel, on whose ends, forming main joists, rest "I" beams of the same strong material. Then the horizontal spaces that will form the floors are filled in with the fire-proof tiles, as are also the spaces that are designed for the partition walls. At their tangential points the columns and the beams are practically made one with union by hot rivets. The steel structure, or the skeleton of the building, from the foundation piers to the very top may be entirely finished before a single brick or tile is laid. And it is possible under this system to first complete the skeleton, and then begin to lay the outer walls in brick, beginning at the sixteenth story and finishing at the basement—the very reverse of all preconceived ideas. The inference that every builder will draw (and properly) from this statement is that the walls on every story are purely independent of the walls on all other stories. Every tier of columns and beams supports its own walls.



THE MANHATTAN BUILDING.

It has been asked, Is it not possible for these high buildings to fall down; for the lateral pressure of the walls to induce a bulge, and for the entire structure to tumble into its own cellar? An examination of the actual method of construction will answer the question. The Manhattan building would not stand five minutes were it dependent on its thin walls for support. Indeed such a structure as that could not well be erected with walls less than five or six feet thick; whereas the Manhattan's walls are not much thicker than those of a two-story flat building. Could suffi-



THE MASONIC TEMPLE.

cient leverage be brought to bear on any of the high buildings of Chicago it could be toppled over into the street no doubt, but no occupant of any of its rooms would be injured further than the hurt involved in the dipping of a ship at sea.

Mr. Jenney was the first architect in Chicago to complete a sixteen-story steel building, and the Manhattan, the pioneer, will, in its general principles, serve as a model for future construction. In this building, lying between party-walls eight stories high at the north and the south, and on which little or no additional weight could be placed, the cantilever principle was employed. The floor weights of the north and south wings of the building for nine stories in height are carried by heavy fifteen-inch cantilever beams, the first row of columns at either end of the structure being fifteen feet from the party-walls, with no weights resting on the walls. The two fronts of the building are faced with gray granite to the fifth story, and with light pressed brick and terra-cotta from the fifth to the sixteenth story. Above the tenth floor the building sets back fifteen feet from the north and south ends, and the end walls are built in glazed building tile. The space in the basement is devoted to the elevator, heating, and lighting machinery. The main entrance and the corridors are handsomely finished in marble and mosaics. Five rapidly running elevators furnish easy access to the highest floor, and the stories are divided into suites of office rooms.

The highest building in Chicago at present (and one which is not built on the new Chicago construction system) is the Auditorium. Its loftiest point is 296 feet above the sidewalk. The Fair building, now almost completed in one section measures 241 feet to the coping, and it is possible that it will be carried higher—to sixteen or eighteen stories. The new Masonic Temple will measure, over all, 274 feet. This is constructed entirely on the new system. The Ashland Block measures 210 feet to the coping; the Woman's Temple, whose topmost stories are now being finished, towers 266 feet from the ground; the Manhattan, 198 feet; the Monadnock, 194; the Henning and Speed block, 192; the Abstract building, 190; the Chamber of Commerce block, 180; the Home Insurance, 178; the Tacoma, 175; the Northern Hotel, 174; the Rookery, 164; the Owings block, 161; the Rand-McNally, 148; the Chicago Orchard-house, 135; and the L. Z. Leiter building, 133 feet.

Of the giant buildings now under construction, the Unity building will be, when finished, the most imposing. The plans were made by Clinton J. Warren, and the lofty house will be sixteen stories high, and of thorough steel and fire-proof construction. It covers a site of 80 x 120 feet. The main entrance is 16 feet wide and 24 feet high. The front is faced with buff brick and terra-cotta, and is plain above the eleventh story. Three bays will be extended up through the front from the second to the eleventh story. This building will contain 200 offices, exclusive of the bank suites that will occupy the first story.

The Chicago real-estate trustees are at work now upon a twelve-story structure which is of the steel construction order. Its windows are long, and the stories will be therefore larger than the majority of the high buildings. The height is 185 feet from the sidewalks.

Last winter the architects of the Auditorium, Messrs. Adler & Sullivan, were intrusted with the task of drawing plans for a work similar to their masterpiece, but of smaller extent. This venture will be the home of the wealthy Germans of Chicago. The structure covers an area of 80 x 181 feet; it is to be fourteen stories high, thoroughly fire-proof, and will cost the Germans \$600,000.

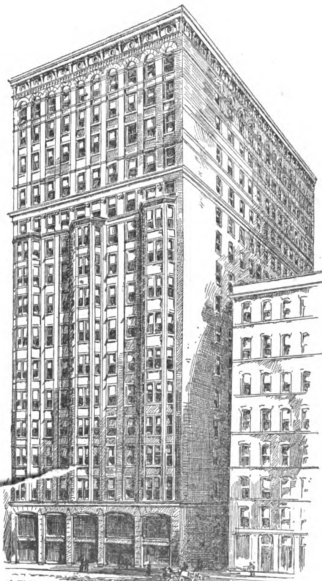
In strong distinction to the usual Chicago construction method stands the high Monadnock block in Dearborn Street, opposite the Federal building. This structure is fourteen stories high, is built of dull red brick, without any attempt at ornamentation, and but for its windows resembles a monolith piercing straight into the sky, and without the relief and beauty of the pyramidal form. The Monadnock is the property of the Brooks estate, of Boston, whose heirs desired Burnham & Root to erect an office building that would be as high as its neighbors without the use of the new-fangled steel system. The walls are five feet thick, and its windows are very deeply recessed therefore, but there can be no question as to its loftiness.

It is estimated that every week brings forth a plan for a new high building in Chicago. The old ones are being demolished rapidly, and almost as rapidly do the steel beams rise on their sites. The cumulative result must be that in a few years the entire "down-town" portion of the city will be one mass of these immense towering blocks. It is a fact that the city is laid out on a prairie of seemingly unlimited extent, but of all its space, it is argued that there remains but one square mile which the so-called business interests can utilize for their homes. Of this limited space much is consumed by railway stations and tracks, and into the rest must be crowded all the principal theatres, hotels, retail houses, public buildings, and business blocks. With this condition of affairs, it is clearly manifest that the lofty building will force itself on every available inch of land. For, once that one of these structures is erected the land adjacent, covered only with low old-fashioned structures, suffers by increased valuation, and owners must meet the advance in self-defence. The argument of injustice to capital in any law limiting the height at present seems sound, and none is likely to be passed. It is therefore certain that the "system" will go on asserting itself. An able Chicago architect takes it upon himself to say that there is really no limit to the height to which the steel method can be carried—that is to say, limit in point of stability, and by stability is meant the word as used in its scientific importance. No doubt the limit will be reached when the soil refuses to bear further weight, but this limit is far from being reached soon. It is therefore quite logical to look forward to the time when the houses in the district indicated above will be carried upward to a point from which we now shrink. Then, as the reaction comes, it will be found that the only inhabitable portions of the structures will be the topmost floors, and that the lower portions, as well as the streets below, will be shrouded in darkness, and made unhealthful by poor ventilation.

But although the builders of the modern Babel laugh at these fears as chimerical, the lay observer is struck with their propriety when he stands in the street between two towers of steel and terra-cotta, and gazes upward at the thin strip of light that he sees at the top, and which his reason tells him should be the blue sky instead of something that more nearly resembles a crack in a plank fence. Yet in justice to the subject it should be said that the prevention of this system of building would go far to seriously embarrass the business of Chicago until such time as the shipping other than barges is forced to leave the river, and fixed bridges are built at each street crossing the stream, and until the railroad stations are forced southward, giving up some of the property to the general business of the city.

The people of Paris were long ago confronted with this same question, although the prospects for such general loftiness was never feared as much as in Chicago. The tendency in high buildings there ran to apartment-houses rather than business blocks, and in some of the narrower streets absolute darkness was threatened. A law was passed limiting the height of houses to a reasonable distance from the street. Each story thereafter was set back, and the building

(Continued on page 856.)



THE UNITY BUILDING.

Original from
PENN STATE



THERE IS A RAY OF LIGHT at last seen glimmering through the darkness which has hung over Jarvis field for the past three weeks. It flares up bravely now and again when Mason, Newell, and Hollowell play foot-ball, and steady up the line, but fades rapidly away when Shea makes a clumsy attempt to get through the opposing line. However, the little light, even if it does disappear occasionally, is very encouraging to Mr. George Adams, who is devoting his time and jeopardizing the amiability of his disposition in coaching the men daily. Although the playing of Harvard is to-day the worst of the three large elevens, as I stand on the side lines at Jarvis I see so much excellent material that if a very strong eleven is not developed, it will be a shameful waste of opportunity. And yet there is not a day to spare if Harvard hopes to meet Yale on even footing. There are only three short weeks remaining before the Springfield games, and every day of the time must show by improvement. There yet remains something of the general panic which appears to take possession of the line immediately the ball is put in play; there is that same uncertainty of what to do once the men have gotten through the line. It is not enough for a rusher to get through the opposing line; he must have a clear idea of the business in hand up to the very moment the ball is downed and the teams line up again.

THERE IS NO EXCUSE at this late day for such confusion in the line, and I can't see why both Harvard and Princeton do not profit by the example Yale sets in that particular. It does not require men of tremendous brilliancy to keep their tag on them. The trouble is they are not started in properly. The player's particular business on the field is not sufficiently impressed upon him and drilled into him by continual coaching; nine out of ten appear to interpret following the ball to be a sort of follow-the-leader game, and amble over the field after it with the full sense of a righteous duty performed so long as they are moving in its direction. Again, if having gotten through the opposing line and in pursuit of a runner with the ball, the instant they are blocked they quit as though they had rung up their credit on the marker, and filled the requirements of their position. They remind me of the "savage" tag of our infantile days. How absurd it is that the captains and coaches do not realize the necessity of ding-donging this into the ears of their men until they have mastered it! I am not referring to Harvard alone, but to Princeton as well, for they are both in the same box.

THEY DO THESE THINGS better at New Haven. Whatever other short-comings a player may have, he is generally made to understand at Yale that his business is to follow the ball, and to keep on going until he himself is downed. It's not such a very difficult thing to get men to appreciate, if you go at them in the proper way. What is the earthly use in getting through a line, if only to grab the ball harmlessly about afterwards? Both Captain Trafford, of Harvard, and Captain Warren, of Princeton, must lay down the law on this point to their men in unmistakable language. The men must be made to understand that once having gotten through the opposing line, it is the business of every one of them to reach the runner and not trot after him, each thinking the other will get him. The same criticism is to be made when guarding one of their own runners. One or two are left to do what double the number should. It almost seems like going back to one's A. B. C.'s to find such criticism necessary; and yet these are the very A. B. C.'s that both Harvard and Princeton are to-day sadly in need of learning.

NOTWITHSTANDING SHEA'S CLUMSINESS, it begins to look as though when that and other crudities incidental to inexperience have worn off, he will not make so bad a centre, after all. John Cranston, Harvard's opposite, has taken him in hand, and that means a lot. If there is anything in him, John will develop it. Shea has plenty of beef and is willing, which is considerable. He is slow in putting the ball in play, but steady, and he has done some clever line-breaking. Rantoul's spirit was willing, but the flesh weak, and he has joined the second eleven. It is too bad he is not heavier, for he has the right disposition. Mackie is the man who is just now keeping Trafford awake nights wondering if he will make up that "condition." He is a big strapping fellow, and has given considerable promise of becoming a guard who will keep Yale's giant Heffelfinger busy. If Mackie does play in the big game, it will certainly be a battle royal between the two. If all goes well, Mackie, Shea, and Vail should make a very formidable centre.

HOLLOWELL AND NEWELL, FOR VETERANS, have been playing pretty poor ball, but are beginning now to warm up to the work. Mason is doing well at left end, but he is to be cautioned against and broken of losing sight of the game in sparring, otherwise he is likely to be disqualified at Springfield, and

the loss of so good an end would prove disastrous to the crimson. Dan Shea, Emmons, and Fitzhugh are candidates for left tackle. The first has been and is laid up. Emmons is making a strong bid. That reminds me that no one has anything to say of Upton, who has been very sick, but it would not surprise me to see him turn up later. Gage has distanced his rivals for quarter, and is practically sure of the position. He is the one man who has been following the ball closely and always. Lake and Corbett have both been playing strong games, though the former fumbles a great deal more than is necessary. Trafford is doing some great kicking, and I guess I am much mistaken, he will send Yale's heart into her throat more than once during the Springfield game. To sum up a criticism of the team, the men tackle poorly, miserably, and if Trafford is wise, he will secure Mr. Lathrop's able assistance in this particular immediately. The lesson of two years ago should be borne in mind. They get through the line fairly well, but are slow in reaching the runner, and too easily blocked. There is little or no team-work, and without it they will be like clump before the wind against Yale. The men need individual coaching badly, and the sooner they get it the better. Remember they will have superb interference to contend against at Springfield, and unless well drilled in reaching the runner, Harvard's name will be—well, not what it was last year.

THE DAILY NEWSPAPERS declared Princeton's game on Saturday against the team of the New York Athletic Club to have been a fine exhibition of foot-ball; but it wasn't. If I were Captain Warren, I would put a substitute in my place for a couple of days, and devote my time to carefully studying the play of my men, and noting wherein they are deficient. It seems to me that a captain could spend his time occasionally watching and coaching with excellent results to himself and the men. I watched McClung last week at New Haven (he is laid up with an injured hand, and spends his time on the field during practice), and his coaching seemed to me to be more heeded by the men than that of either Walter Camp, Knapp, or Bull, all of whom were at hand. Men in the excitement of play require quick decisive commands. The captain, watching closely, sees where his men fail, and prompting on the instant is better than all the talk in the kingdom after the game or on lining up, generally the lecture-time for coaches. If the captain spots a player not adding his weight in showing a man through the line, or not following the ball, he can and will coach him then and there. Of course the coach may also, but he is not generally so interested in the work as is the captain.

CAPTAIN WARREN WOULD SEE, if he became a spectator, that while his men get through the line fairly well, they don't follow the ball as they must in order to play winning foot-ball. They tackle very indifferently, with a few exceptions, apparently knowing nothing of bringing their man down. They get their arms around him and hang there, to be carried along for a gain of several yards to the other side. They don't tackle hard, and the times are very frequent when they fail to tackle at all. Then their getting down the field under the ball is poorly done, and the interference is abominable; in fact, outside of what the backs do—and I must confess some of King's, Adams's, Homan's, and Poe's work is very effective—there is none whatever. The rush line seems to think it is above such business. In fact, when the ball is put in play, the men frisk down or up or across the field (as the case may be) like a lot of colts turned out to grass, and seem to think that, "Oh, well, one of the backs will tackle and down the runner," and they lope up in time to tumble on the pile of players already holding the ball, and fancy they are playing foot-ball.

IT MAY BE LOTS OF FUN, but it will be dearly paid for on Thanksgiving, if not sooner. If Princeton hopes to make any kind of a showing against Yale this year, every man on the team must play foot-ball from beginning to end. They can't hope to win by working King, Poe, Adams, and Homan until their tongues hang out with fatigue. They have a fair chance if the rushers do some interference and tackling, otherwise the Eastern Park score will be duplicated on Manhattan field. I have no criticism to make of the backs except to beg Adams to get his kicking back. It is time to remind young Poe that he has not yet been put against a bad rusher line, and not to get discouraged if he finds holes more difficult to get through. Grind your teeth, lower your head, and put on all speed. King is putting up a very clever game and working hard. If the rush line worked as hard it would be all right. Homan is kicking strong and running well. He made a handsome gain on Saturday, after dodging half the N. Y. A. C. eleven.

RIGGS PLAYED THE BEST game on Saturday I have seen him put up this season; it seemed like old times. There is no reason why he should not do this year, he is stronger than last, and, of course, has more experience. He will have the most difficult task in the game with Yale—caring for Heffelfinger—and it behooves him to prepare himself for the contest. The new centre, Taylor, Princeton is trying, has hardly been playing long enough to judge of what he is likely to do, but he certainly did not do so badly on Saturday for a green man. He was stout, but he stood firm, and with one exception snapped back very well. He is a big, muscular fellow, active, and should develop into a fair man. He should be coached vigorously right now; this is the day and hour. Why doesn't Princeton get George, the old centre, down to coach him? It occurs to me, the example of Yale could also be followed in this particular. Captain Warren is not given enough assistance. Wheeler, left guard, is another man who requires vigorous coaching; he is a strong fellow, capable of becoming a valuable man under proper instruction. He holds his man and gets through the line at will, but once through seems to consider his work at an end. He doesn't follow the ball closely enough, and while he occasionally makes a good tackle, it is not so frequent as to keep him warm.

PRINCETON NEEDS STRONG MEN like this Wheeler; but foot-ball players do not come ready made, and the coaches must be hard on him to build them up. Harold at right tackle shows well, but he, like the others, wants prodding about following the ball and getting on to the runner. He is strong and active, and tackles well when he makes the attempt. Vincent is a likely man at left end, and about the most wide-awake man on the line, as indeed he needs to be, for he will have his hands full on Thanksgiving day, and he called upon to do the hardest day's work of his life. He tackles fairly well. Another new man named Flint is being tried at left tackle; he is also large and strong, and, best of all, intelligent and willing. I have not yet seen him play, but hear he is promising. To sum up, the team for Saturday is coaching plenty of it. The team play is very loose, and the tackling is miserable. There is good green material on hand, and there is no reason why it should not be developed. But unless the men are taken in hand at once and put through rigorously, they will not be in it. Princeton has not had so much fine material in years, and it behooves them to remember what the victory of '89 preached, and go to work with a will with what is now in hand.

"END AND TACKLE, end and tackle," is running over and over in McClung's head, while the newspapers teem with accounts of how Yale's energies are being devoted to finding men for the centre of the line and full back. Certainly McClung has been working upon men for these two last-named positions, for they were vacant—the men who filled them last year were gone, and he must find two new men to fill them. But that was all straight work, the plainest kind of plain sailing. Yale chooses a few men and keeps them trying in at centre, where, by the way, he knew full well that his opponents both at Cambridge and Princeton were also weak. Then for a full back he had made up his mind to putting up with a shorter kicker than the backs of his rivals, it is true, but he had put himself entirely in Billy Bull's hands, and felt that both McCormick and Noyes would be made into very fair material before November 1st.

BUT AT END AND TACKLE—and how quiet he has kept all his worry over these places!—never a word about end and tackle. Why? Because Mr. McClung has no notion of drawing the attention of his rivals to what is troubling him. It didn't look serious at first, for in the early days his candidates for tackle seemed promising, and it was fondly hoped that Crosby and Hartwell would improve wonderfully this year. But here was Billy Rhodes, who did both his work and Crosby's last year, gone. Here was Wallis, whose work was decidedly weak last year, and whose only chance to make a stand at end or full place lay in the improvement he should show in practice, laid off with boils for the weeks of October; and finally Hartwell, who never was first-class, and worse than useless when lame, as he was year before last, limping already, and finally in citizen's dress with a cane and crutch.

THEN MCCLUNG'S EYES TURN TOWARD Cambridge, and there he sees Newell, who literally "played horse" with Wallis at Springfield; Hollowell, who laughed in his sleeve at Joshi's attempt to get at Lee when that nimble-footed gentleman passed behind him; and went on to glory and a touchdown. Then at the other end of the crimson line McClung sees Mason, who last year would have played there had Cumnock been anybody but the captain of the Harvard team; and at tackle Emmons, Shea, and Fitzhugh—quite good enough to equal the former, in spite of sparring and fist-cuffs. At McClung's head had time to take a look down in Jersey land as yet—the Cambridge prospect is quite enough for a while.

DIGGING AWAY IN QUIET, the only sign being the number of men he was banging away at in games and practice, McClung has tried Messier, Winter, Mills, Sutphen, and Wallis at tackle; Hinkley, Cote, Cochran, Poe, Sanford, Norton, Hartwell, and Crosby for ends, and nobody, not even McClung himself, knows what his combination is likely to be.

WHILE THE CAMBRIDGE prospect is quite enough for a while, the only sign being the number of men he was banging away at in games and practice, McClung has tried Messier, Winter, Mills, Sutphen, and Wallis at tackle; Hinkley, Cote, Cochran, Poe, Sanford, Norton, Hartwell, and Crosby for ends, and nobody, not even McClung himself, knows what his combination is likely to be.

If this were due to the promising signs in his material he would be a subject of congratulation, but Hinkley, who is too slight, and Winter, who is nursing a leg that is not going to let him be sound this season, are today the choice of the entire batch. When McClung mutters in his disturbed sleep, it isn't "centre rush" that he is saying, but "end and tackle!"

MCCORMICK HAS BEEN THE STAR of the week at New Haven, and he bids fair to solve McClung's problem as to a full back. The man who has accomplished this is none other than "Billy" Bull. Until he came, there was literally no one but Noyes who could be fairly considered as in the running at all. On the day I was in New Haven, I saw McCormick try a drop for goal three times, and in the face of very good breaking through, he sent two of the three straight over the goal, while the third was only a small miss.

MOREOVER, HE REALLY PUNTED—not poked out his foot at the ball, but punted several good long drives down the field. He had the wind with him upon most of these kicks, but not all, and while he is not yet a distance kicker, he gives fair promise of accomplishing even this before the 21st of November. As to his other qualifications for the position possessed by this young man, every one is satisfied. He can run, interfere, catch, and tackle with the best of them, and is as cool, on the practice field, as Billy Bull himself. It remains to be seen whether his nerve will sustain him in the excitement of a big game.

IF CORBIN CAN DO AS MUCH for McClung in the matter of the centre as Bull has done for him at full back, he is a greater man than any of the coaches, for Sanford and Stillman are both making a part of progress yet. Before this goes to press Corbin will have had several days to work upon them, and at the end of that time it will be decided whether either of them can be made fit to stand between Heffelfinger and Morrison. It will certainly be a shame if McClung has to put any old woman player between two such men as these, but it looks as though that might be his fate unless Corbin saves him.

THE OVERWHELMING DEFEAT of Lehigh by Pennsylvania on Saturday was one of the surprises of the present season. I had seen Lehigh play Princeton, and I saw the same team play U. of P., and the conclusion I arrived at was that the game between Pennsylvania and Princeton at Manheim will be as well worth seeing as any this year. Lehigh did not "go to pieces," or "get rattled," or "play in hard luck"; her men were simply outclassed, and she was outplayed. Pennsylvania won because she played better foot-ball. Camp and Flayer, who kicked two goals from the field from the 35-yard line, played in remarkable form, but the team as a team were equal to these two stars. There was no slugging or rough play on either side. McClung, of Lehigh, saved several runs for his side by tackling that was equal to Peter Poe's, and Blount helped him. Blount is a better player than he is a captain. He changes his mind too frequently, and does not follow the advice of the "exp-players," who have the interest of the game as much at heart as himself. If he keeps the same men in the same places, and teaches them to fall on the ball, and not give up after they have once failed to stop a runner, the score of the return game with U. of P. will be much less disastrous.

WURTEMBERG, YALE'S OLD QUARTER, has succeeded in getting some pretty good foot-ball out of the New York Athletic Club team, and, best of all, they play the cleanest kind of a game.—Orange is growing stronger with each game, and will be able to make the championship with the Crimsonists, but a contest as it was last year.—The M. A. C. team, as it is to-day, is not in it with the N. Y. A. C. Before these two come together, however, a M. A. C. search committee will have gathered up all the available star graduate talent of Princeton.—The Crescent team is playing good ball; from present indications the pennant is apt to remain where it is. Howlett, Edwards, Beecher, Sheldon, have shown excellent form.—Wesleyan's good sense in dropping its squabble with the University of Pennsylvania, and going to Philadelphia for its game is highly commendable.—To down Stagg's team 16 to 6, is a feather in the cap of William Hinkley, who was definitely at Anshurst and the other eleven of the New England League ere the season is over.—Taking into consideration the number of men from whom she has to draw, Trinity is making the best showing of the season. The team plays with snap, and understands its business thoroughly.—Cornell deserves great credit for the good showing it is making; with no traditions and little experience it has succeeded in sending forth strong teams. 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WILLIAM REDWOOD WRIGHT.

Both parties in Philadelphia are bound to lock the City Treasurership stable door most securely since the million-and-a-half-dollar horse was stolen by Gideon Marsh and John Bardsley.

W. Redwood Wright is the Democratic nominee for the office, and George D. McCreary the Republican. It is probable that no more ideal candidates for municipal office have faced each other for many years in any city in the country. Both men are in their prime, both are of the best "social standing," both are successful business men—Mr. Wright being a member of the great shipping agency of Peter Wright & Sons, and Mr. McCreary a large coal operator, and vice-president of the Market Street National Bank. Moreover, both men are sincere and judicious reformers. Mr. Wright has proven his right to the title during his few months' incumbency of the office to which he was appointed by Governor Pattison to fill Treasurer Bardsley's unexpired term. He has therein laid bare abuses which have been more than hinted at for years, but which, owing to the vicious system of considering the office as a place for the enrichment of its incumbent and the distribution of political spoils, had never been corrected. One of the worst of these was the systematic appointment of a certain number of magistrates to roll up costs for themselves, their constables, and the dispenser of the patronage—the City Treasurer himself—by instituting suits for the collection of hopelessly delinquent or actually non-existent taxes. Another was the bribery of the officials charged with the assessment of mercantile taxes. Against these evils Mr. Wright has proceeded with a vigor which has resulted, if not yet in the punishment of the practitioners, at least in making the practices decidedly unsafe.

Mr. McCreary's title to the name Reformer dates back to the early '80's, the best days of the famous Committee of One Hundred. He was chairman of its relentless committee on frauds against the ballot, and the mark of his work is left yet in many a conviction of men who, before the advent of the committee, thought ballot-box stuffing a businesslike adjunct of a "sporting life," and would as soon have thought of going to prison for it as for betting on a horse-race. Moreover, when the poor trembling wretches of promoted pauper almshouse attendants feared to testify against the robber Phipps, who, to satisfy the greed of his "bosses," had stripped the very copper roofing from above the paupers' heads, out came Mr. McCreary's check-book to pay the living expenses of every man or woman who lost his or her place by telling the truth.

It is the strongest evidence of the desperation of the Republican bosses that Mr. McCreary has been placed in nomination. Not the combined influence of the Union League and the Manufacturers' Club, containing, as they do, both the respectable and wealthy elements of the party, could have induced them to allow his candidacy were they not certain that a desperate remedy was indispensable.

Mr. McCreary may furnish the remedy, but there are hundreds of thinking Republicans in Philadelphia who believe that he has made a great mistake in accepting the nomination. They believe so simply because they think it impossible for even a man like himself to break the nets which will bind any Republican incumbent of the office until the old bad system is, by proper legislation—which cannot be had until 1893—utterly abolished.

If they vote for and elect him, it will be, in the case of many, to defeat the Presidential ambition which, they be-



WILLIAM REDWOOD WRIGHT, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR CITY TREASURER OF PHILADELPHIA.—FROM A PHOTO BY GETTYKENT.

lieve, is striving to make capital out of the dishonor of the State. And, on the other hand, many Republicans join with the Democrats in holding, as did Mr. Herbert Welsh in his letter quoted in the last issue of the WEEKLY, that there is no justice or reason in putting William Redwood Wright out of a strictly non-partisan office for no other purpose than to put some one else in. The fact that this some one else is a good man is not the question. It is rather a question of leaving well enough alone.

THE NEW POINT COMFORT.

WHEN the original American wandered down to the sea-shore, and beheld the watery waste and other accessories, he may have wondered what in the world it was made for. The chances are, however, that he devoted no very deep thought to the subject, and accepted the coast line as it was. But the latter-day American has changed all this, and thought deeply regarding the matter. To the practical nineteenth-century individual the sea-shore, with its surrounding features, including the watery waste, is good for but one thing, and that is summer residence. This idea has gained ground every year, and passing southward has been generally accepted, save that the season of winter is substituted for the torrid season in the lower latitudes. So the summer cottages and palatial hotels have grown up, and the coast is lined with them all along. And there are certain points midway that are blessed with such equable temperature that they are adapted for both winter and summer residence. Old Point Comfort is thus happily situated, and a new hotel is rising

there that will be surpassed by very few in this country, not to mention the world. It is all government ground down there, ceded from Virginia, and Fortress Monroe occupies a great deal of space on the peninsula. The *Monitor* and *Merrimac* engaged in their historic tussle in the waters that lie beyond, and the place is historical. But there is plenty of ground to spare, and the government of the United States has told Mr. John Chamberlin that he might build a hotel thereon, so he has gone ahead with the work, and the new building is nearly done.

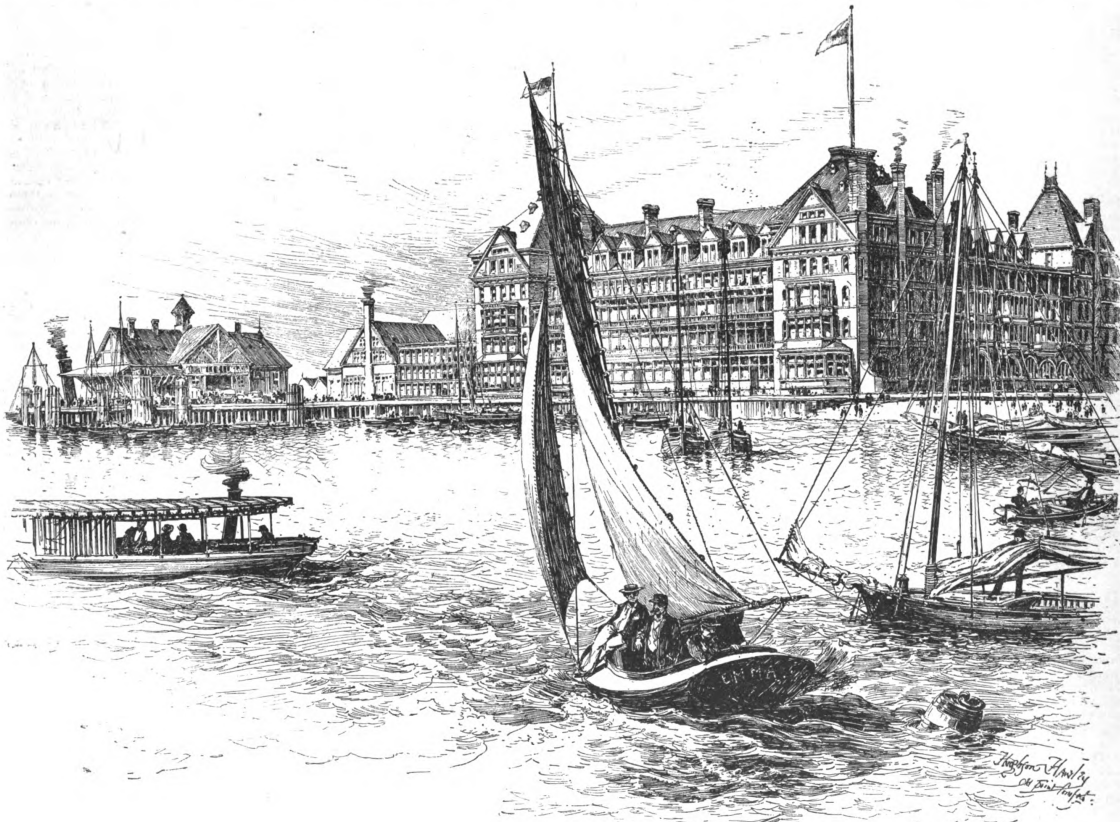
The idea of magnitude appeals first to the average American mind. They have the wondrous distances and natural monuments of their country before them, and their ideas have free scope and unlimited horizon. The breadth of freedom characterizes the American, and in addition to this he has gained a sense of beauty and magnificence wholly in accordance with their first ideas. Mr. Chamberlin, who is a familiar figure in Washington, and withstands changes of administration with equanimity, has gone ahead to outdo the national Capitol in size, and his new hotel is three feet longer—being, in all, 754 feet. The great parlor is 200 feet in length, and 104 feet on all sides enclose the ballroom. The dining-room measures 102 by 120 feet, and is 28 feet in height. The corridor is 400 feet long. The hotel will have 544 rooms for guests, of which 148 will be *en suite*, having salt-water baths in addition to the regular fixtures. Gas will be wholly dispensed with, and the Edison system of electric light will be in triplicate to insure perfect and constant service. All the minor details that do so much toward insuring comfort have been attended to, and it is wonderful what has been considered and attained in all things. The hotel covers 129,000 square feet, and is four stories in height. It has a simplicity of design that might be adopted for other buildings of like character, most of which incline toward the gingerbread style of architecture. Situated in the region of terrapin, canvas-back, and oyster, the soul of the epicure may rejoice, for the reputation of Mr. Chamberlin is national. The statesmen at Washington, however, are not to lose him, notwithstanding his new venture, as he will attend to both places.

HIGH BUILDINGS IN CHICAGO.

(Continued from page 854.)

space was soon filled. This law served to protect the street at once as well as to beautify it, and the resultant stories on stories of balconies, adorned with plants and flowers, are now one of the beauties of Parisian apartment life. London architects would contemplate Chicago's towers with vast wonder—not at their architectural boldness or sublimity, but at their barbarity; for English ideas run first toward light and air and a regard for a neighbor's comfort, and the laws there restricting the height of city buildings are old and well used.

There is no danger to be feared in the usage of the Chicago construction. It has been stated that its requirements are more those of engineering than of architecture. When scientifically constructed there is nothing safer. But the architects who attempt it should employ a skilled engineer, who can appreciate the mathematics of steel beams in stress as well as the strain of a granite arch. The most trifling error may well precipitate a disaster calculated to stop once for all the growing use of the Chicago construction; to bring tumbling down into the crowded streets a mass of terracotta, brick, beams, joists, and columns, thereby making one



THE NEW HOTEL CHAMBERLIN AT OLD POINT COMFORT, VIRGINIA.—DRAWN BY HUGHSON HAWLEY.

of those alarming occurrences that strike a city dumb, and hold the world in awe.

In the new temple of the Odd-Fellows, Chicago will have the tallest and certainly the most curious building in the world. The architects, Messrs. Adler & Sullivan, have determined to avail themselves of the Chicago construction method. They will, however, extend the system greatly, especially in the roots of the foundations (will the artist-architect pardon that expression?), for the foundations will have roots. The building will be a few feet higher than the Washington Monument, and its giant tower will be visible from points within a radius of fifty miles from Chicago. It will be clearly visible from the towns of Aurora (Illinois), Elgin, Waukegan, Michigan City, and La Porte.

To support safely these immense masses of steel and masonry, it will be necessary to sink wells until the solid rock is struck. These wells will be filled with piers of alternate layers of concrete and steel beams. The foundations will be carried up to a height of 30 feet above the street level, and will entirely cover the ground upon which the structure will arise. The site has already been purchased. It is located at the corner of La Salle and Monroe streets. Its dimensions are 177 x 210 feet, or an area of almost 40,000 square feet. Even with this ample field the structure will appear like a ship's mast lifting its narrow bulk above the really large buildings surrounding it. The great woman's temple directly across the street will, as compared with the temple of the brothers, resemble a doll's house.

Interiorly the temple will have twenty-four lodge-rooms and public halls of various dimensions. The entire number of rooms in the remainder of the building that will be devoted to business purposes will be 1100, and their floor area 250,000 square feet. The rooms in the tower will be rented for office uses. The plant will cost upwards of \$4,000,000.

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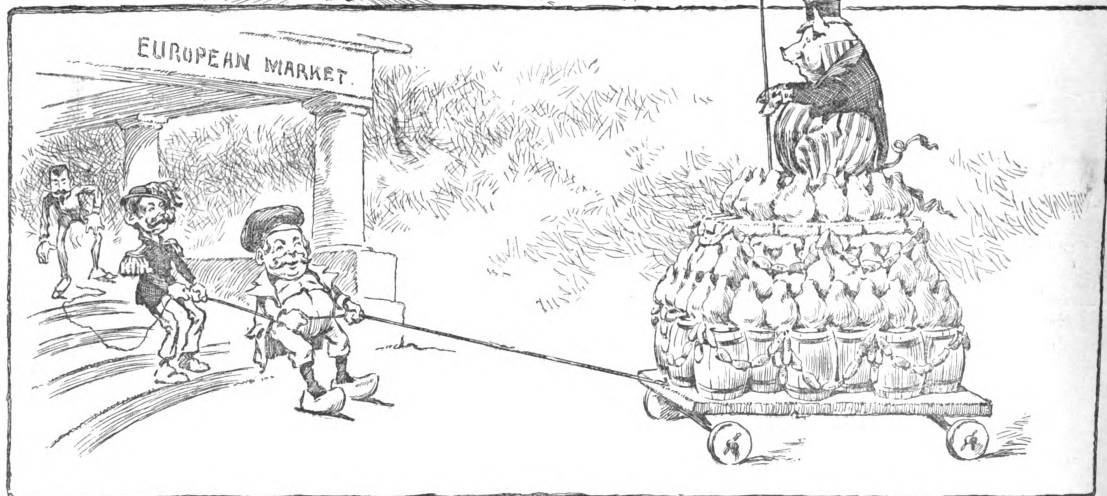
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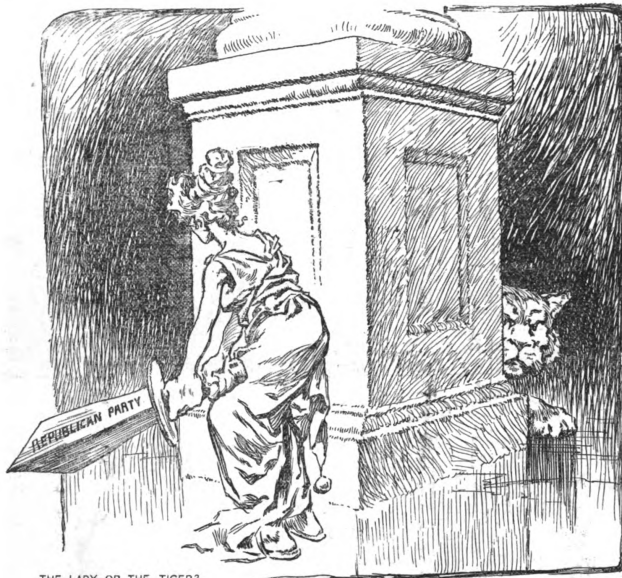
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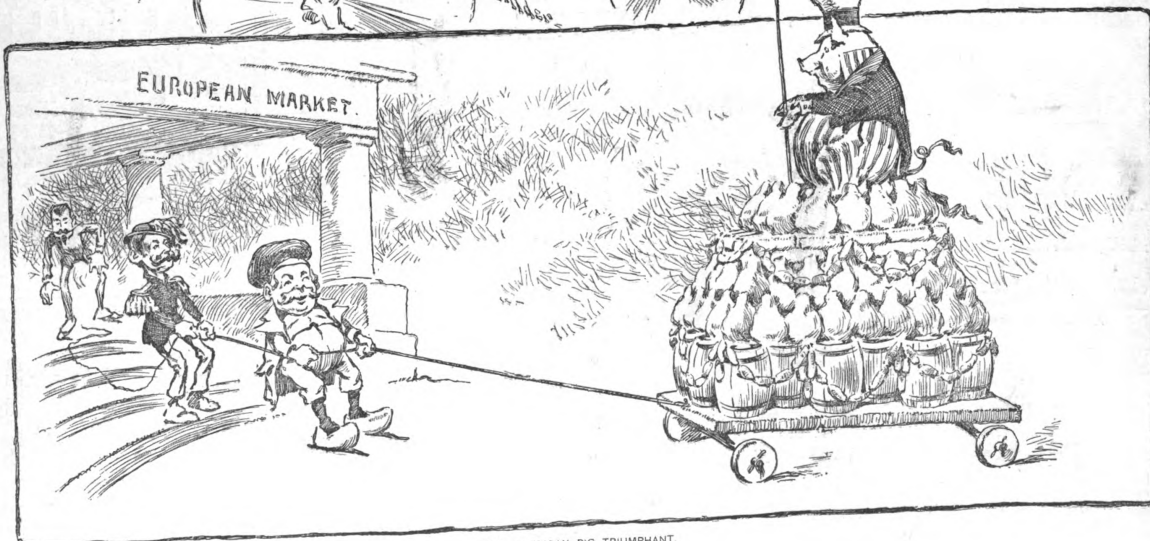
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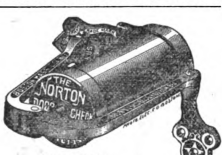
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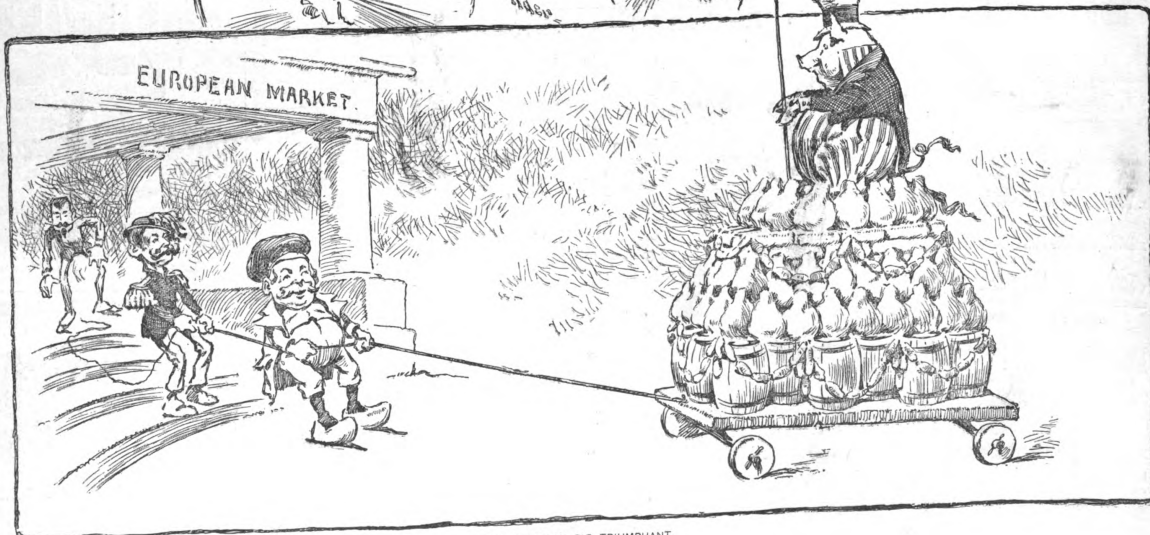
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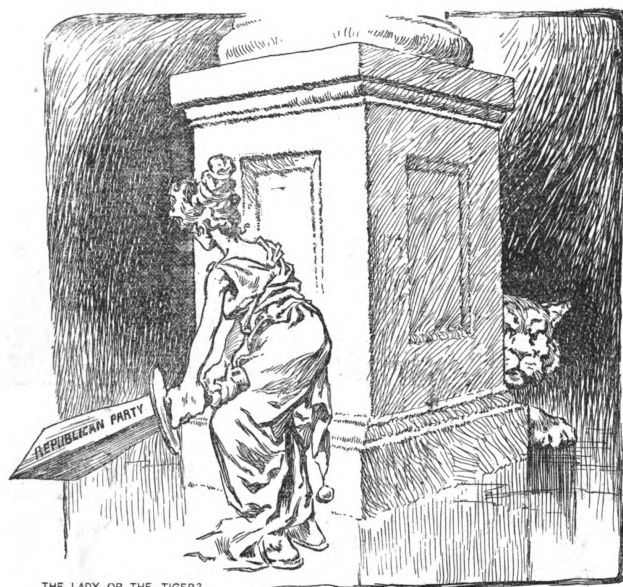


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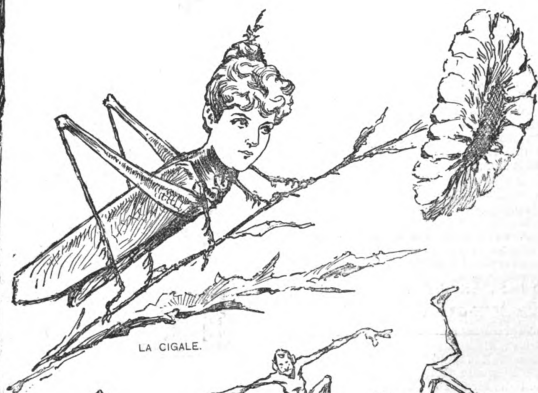


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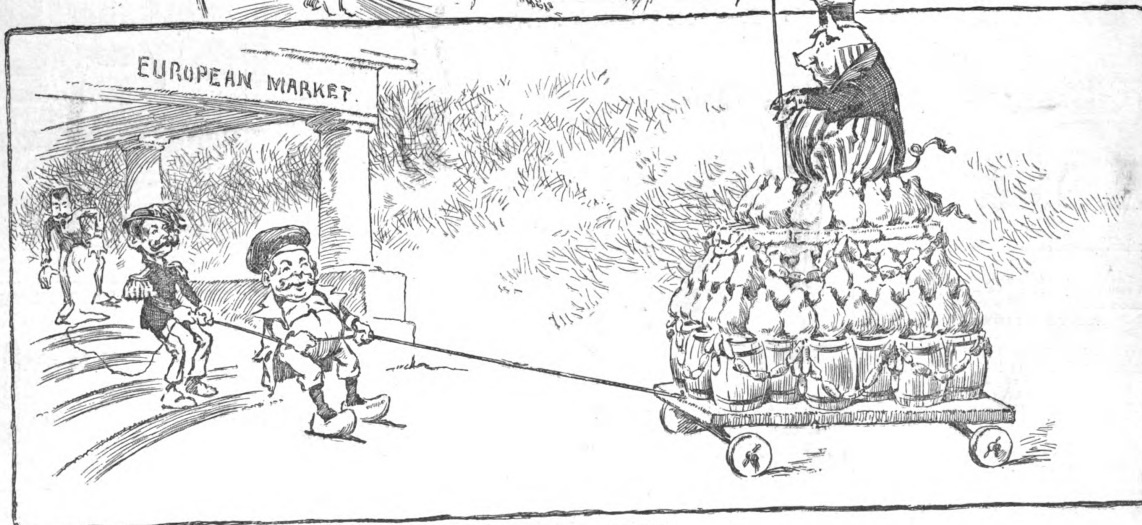
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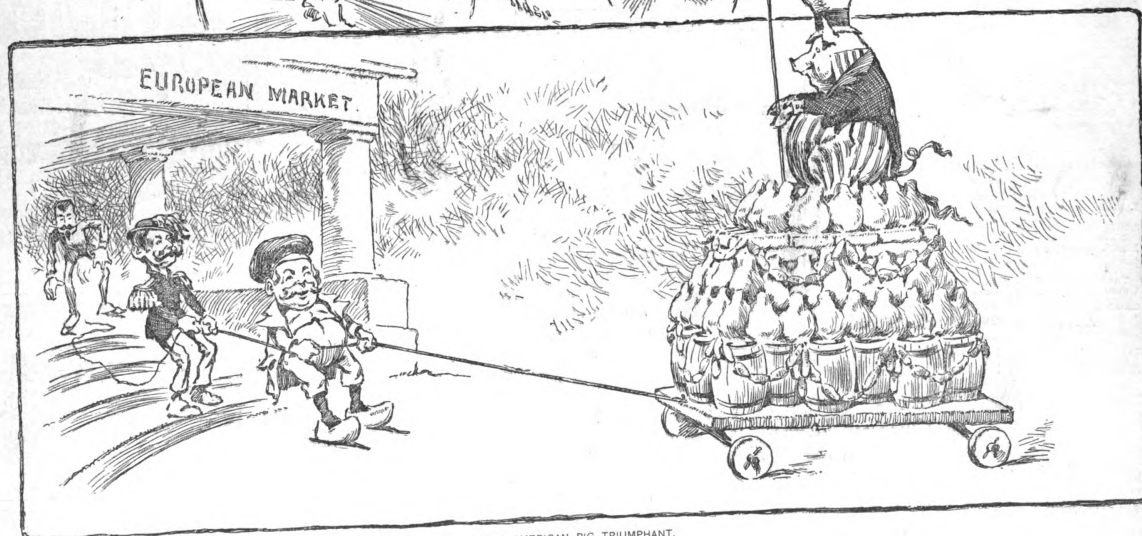


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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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THE BRAINS OF THE SHIP—INSIDE THE CONNING-TOWER OF A MODERN WAR VESSEL IN ACTION.—DRAWN BY R. F. ZOGBAUM.—[SEE PAGE 866.]

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are commenced in this number, namely, "Diego Pinzon, and the Fearful Voyage he took into the Unknown Ocean, A.D. 1492," by John Russell Coryell, and "Gracie's Godson," by E. H. House. There is also an illustrated article on the University of Pennsylvania, and a variety of other interesting matter.

TWO RARE PORTRAITS.

To all those who on January 31, 1892, shall be subscribers to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, or regular purchasers from week to week, two portraits, suitable for framing, will be presented—namely, Christopher Columbus and Amerigo Vesputi—the discoverer of America and the man from whom America derived its name.

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THE ELECTION.

THE political campaign which will end as this paper is issued has been almost as absorbing as that of a Presidential year. Its interest has centred largely in Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, and Massachusetts. Wherever either party felt itself weak upon local issues, like the Republicans in Massachusetts and Pennsylvania and the Democrats in New York, they have sought to concentrate attention upon national questions, and to treat the State election of this year as a preliminary skirmish to next year's battle. In Ohio the nomination of Mr. MCKINLEY necessarily made his tariff bill the paramount question, and his personal activity in the campaign has been remarkable. The situation in no State has been more significant than in New York, because there the independent vote was divided in sympathy. The "line of cleavage" was very definite. Independent voters in whose opinion the question of the tariff superseded every other consideration, and whose feeling for latter-day Republicanism is one of strong aversion and hostility, are practically Democrats. That is to say, they would always support the Democratic ticket unless the candidate seemed to them personally an unfit person.

Independents, however, who are deeply interested in other questions besides the tariff, and who, in considering the probabilities of good government, are not blind to the character and conditions of parties, do not so readily incline to a particular party. Their judgment of the real significance of the situation in New York was different from that of the former class. They held that the State ascendancy of Tammany Hall was largely the question, and they did not agree with Mr. CLEVELAND that Tammany Hall is fairly described as "a certain political organization whose members support the principles and candidates of the Democratic party." On the contrary, they hold that Tammany has no principles whatever, and is a mere conspiracy for public plunder, and that to confirm and strengthen its power under the plea of promoting tariff reform is a very dangerous act, opposition to which is most untruly and unwisely described as a "frivolous and irrelevant pretext." In Massachusetts many independents who have supported Mr. CLEVELAND at two national elections, and would probably support him again were he nominated, voted for the Republican State candidates this year, because, without denying the excellence of Governor RUSSELL's administration, they think the interests of the State safer, upon the whole, in the hands of a party which is opposed by the liquor interest and by the enemies of unsectarian public schools. The assaults upon the administration of Governor RUSSELL merely served to show how little it was open to just censure. In Pennsylvania, where the frauds of Republican officers were the great issue, the force of the independent vote was thrown for

honest Democratic candidates for the offices concerned.

Should the general result of the elections show that the Democratic success of last year is maintained or extended, it would go far to assure Democratic success next year with an acceptable candidate. The nomination of Mr. CLEVELAND would still depend undoubtedly upon New York. But although Tammany Hall is not his friend, and would know that whatever he may have felt to be the exigencies of this campaign, it could not make him its instrument, its action would be governed wholly by its view of its own interests, and it would undoubtedly yield to the general pressure of its party in favor of Mr. CLEVELAND or of any other candidate, unless it should see that it could secure a candidate of its own kind. Should the Democrats be defeated in New York, it would be due largely to the conviction that the growing power of Tammany ought to be restrained, and that the completion of ballot reform is hopeless under Tammany control. Tariff reformers who should interpret the result as a test of the strength of that cause would be greatly in error. It cannot be truly said that the campaign in New York has been conducted mainly upon the national issue, although that has been the Democratic endeavor, and many votes doubtless have been determined by that consideration. General Democratic success in all the State elections, however, could be fairly interpreted as favorable to tariff reform, as similar Republican success along the whole line would certainly indicate a protection sentiment. But a general Democratic victory might justly awaken anxiety among intelligent Democrats as to the effect upon the overwhelming Democratic majority in the House of Representatives.

RAPID TRANSIT IN NEW YORK.

THE stress of the election campaign has prevented the general attention to the report of the Rapid Transit Commissioners which its importance deserves. It is a concise and clear statement of reasons and conclusions; but, of course, it treats a subject upon which there must be great differences of opinion. The question was plainly intrusted to very competent gentlemen, and they have discharged their duty with care, intelligence, and discretion. They invited suggestions upon the whole subject, made personal investigations, and collected pertinent statistics of all kinds. It was early seen that any permanent and adequate system must be very costly, and that to give necessary relief the route must follow the main arteries of travel, and it was plain that Broadway was the central line of traffic. So much being clear, two questions remained—the general plan, and the motive power. After due consideration of cost and the availability of elevated roads and viaducts, it was decided that the work in the lower part of the city must be an underground structure.

The character of the ground was then accurately tested, and it was found that under that part of Broadway which would offer the greatest difficulties the tunnel must be bored through sand. Upon comparing the views of eminent engineers and specialists, it was decided that the excavation should be as near the surface as practicable, and that the scheme of one level was, upon the whole, preferable to the "double-deck plan." So it was determined that the work should be a single broad tunnel from the foot of Whitehall Street, with diverging lines under Whitehall and State streets and Battery Park to a point just above the Bowling Green, and thence under Broadway and Union Square to Fifty-ninth Street, and thence under various streets and upon viaducts to the city limits. The motive power, it was recommended, should be electricity, or some other power not requiring combustion; and the uniform speed for long distances should be not less than forty miles an hour, exclusive of stops. The report enters into certain details of construction, but this is the general scheme.

The two chief inquiries will be naturally in regard to safety and ventilation, and there is always the financial question. Will capital lend itself to the enterprise? The commissioners have evidently had this vital consideration constantly in mind. There is no doubt that increased facilities of city transit are a positive necessity. It is equally beyond doubt that tunnel travelling is exceedingly disagreeable. Man delights in sunlight and fresh air. The reports in regard to the London tunnel roads upon these points are not agreeable. The air is not pleasant, and the light, although adequate, is not daylight. There are also inevitable doubt and apprehension in regard to accidents in a tunnel. To this it may be well answered that there were the same when the elevated roads were opened. But their freedom from serious accident during all the years of their incessant service is remarkable. No scheme of city transit could be proposed which would not be a compromise, or which would not be open to objection. It is very questionable whether, upon the whole, the commission, to which the community is deeply indebted for the intelligent care with which it has discharged its

duty, has not proposed as feasible a plan as is likely to be submitted. The report has been accepted unanimously by the Board of Aldermen, and when it is approved by the Mayor, the interest of capital in the undertaking will be tested.

THE VALPARAISO INCIDENT.

THE late incident at Valparaiso was serious, but it ought to be peacefully adjusted, without threats of any kind upon our part. Mr. EGAN, our Minister, and Captain SCHLEY, of the *Baltimore*, report that CHARLES RIGGAN, one of the *Baltimore's* petty officers, was brutally assaulted by several Chilians while he was riding on a street car. RIGGAN resisted, but was dragged from the car and murdered by a pistol shot in the arms of his companions. TURNBULL, an engineer or fireman, was wounded, and subsequently died. Thirty-five of the *Baltimore's* crew were arrested with unnecessary violence, and detained without due cause. The surgeons of the *Baltimore* were of opinion that some of the wounds upon the unarmed sailors were inflicted by bayonets, which are the arms of the police. Under instructions from our government, Mr. EGAN has demanded of the Chilian authorities reparation for the insults and injuries, and the ships *Boston* and *Yorktown* are on their way to Chili. Here is matter for serious misunderstanding, and consequently for friendly negotiation. It is therefore very unfortunate that a person who is so extremely *ingrata* to the Chilian government as Mr. EGAN should be still our representative. That he has not been recalled is a fact which ought to be explained.

It is not doubted that his name was associated with nitrate speculations, that he was confident of the success of BALMACEIDA, and that he was regarded by the Chilian Congressional party as inimical to them. It is impossible that his course should not have alienated from his country the sympathy of the Congressional Chilians, who probably regarded the United States as hostile to their cause. The outbreak in Valparaiso is due undoubtedly to that belief, for it is not stated that the sailors were intoxicated or "on a spree." They wore the uniform of a country that had not sympathized with Chili, but, in popular opinion, had aided the enemy, and that was enough to provoke the attack. If this be a correct view of the incident, it shows the reason and the strength of the popular feeling, and emphasizes the necessity of explaining the continued presence of Mr. EGAN as our Minister in Chili.

Some similarity has been found between this incident in Valparaiso and the massacre of Italians in New Orleans. But the division of Chili into departments or provinces is not comparable to our union of States. The national government controls the police, and, as we understand, is responsible for order, and our request for an explanation would be made properly to the provisional government of the country. Assuming the facts to be reported accurately, our government properly asks an explanation. The reply of the Chilian government is that of irritation, which, under the circumstances, is not surprising. We ought to reflect that so far as the Chilians have been able to understand our conduct during their mortal struggle, it has not been friendly, nor, so far as is known, have we endeavored in the most obvious manner to remove misunderstanding. This is not an excuse for assaulting and murdering American sailors, but it helps to explain the feeling which incited the attack.

THE LOST LIBRARY.

THE decision in the TILDEN will case is practically a calamity for the city of New York. One of the most beneficent of bequests, the establishment of a great and complete free library, is baffled. The intention of the testator was as noble as it is indisputable. So fixed was his purpose that we believe he will provide that any legatee who contested it should receive nothing from the estate. Such a provision showed at least the earnestness of Mr. TILDEN's purpose, and it is painful to reflect that a public purpose so deeply cherished by a man without family should be defeated, and the worthy monument which unselfishly he designed should remain un-built. There is no question of Mr. TILDEN's wish in the disposal of his fortune. It must be with curious feelings that the fruit of the frustration of such a wish is enjoyed.

The just principle of interpretation of a bequest like Mr. TILDEN's is unquestionably that laid down by Mr. JAMES C. CARTER in his argument for the validity of the will. It is to "find out what his intention was." Of course, however, this must be discovered in the will itself, and it must be legally expressed. The legal ground upon which the decision seems chiefly to rest is the indefiniteness of the trust, which would not secure holding the trustees to a strict account for their discharge of duty. Yet in deciding such a point a court might well consider whether a purely technical application of such a rule might not work injustice. It is no doubt true that upon the forms of law our lives, liberty, and property

depend, but it is no less true that laws should be interpreted with due regard to justice and equity. If in this case the opinion of the courts had been practically unanimous, it might be admitted that the legal defects of the will were such that, in the general interests of society, although unfortunately in this instance, the will should be broken. But as the judges were equally divided in the lower court, and there were but four to three in favor of the final decision, the public feeling of disappointment and loss is not assuaged by the conviction that unquestionably it is a decision to be accepted without demur.

Among the distinguished acts of benevolence and liberality in the city, this design of Mr. TILDEN'S was very eminent. The library would have been of the widest and freest use and benefit, and it would have become, with munificent resources and under wise direction, one of the great libraries of the world. Had the devotion of the fortune to this specific purpose wronged a family, there would have been some feeling of alloy in the contemplation of its vast service. But such is not the situation. It is an immense loss to the higher education and nobler life of this community, which is but partially mitigated by the fact that the design of Mr. TILDEN will be in some degree fulfilled by an arrangement made with one of the heirs at law, by which it is supposed some two millions of dollars may be expended for the establishment of a library.

LOOKING TOWARD NEXT YEAR.

MR. BLAINE has returned to Washington, and it is announced that he is in better health than for a long time. This is so generally the report in newspapers of all political sympathies that it may be assumed as a correct statement. It revives naturally the speculations in regard to his nomination for the Presidency next year, and nothing has occurred to change the presumption that if he desires the nomination he will receive it. At all the Republican conventions and meetings of the autumn not only has it been remarked that no name was greeted with such enthusiasm as his, but that whenever a cheer was proposed for President HARRISON, it was followed immediately with a call for cheers for JAMES G. BLAINE, as if it must not be supposed that a hurrah for HARRISON meant preference for him over BLAINE. Indeed, the President has no personal following in comparison with that of the Secretary of State, and some Republicans who were most unwilling supporters of Mr. BLAINE in 1884 now extol his services as ardently as the most devoted supporters of that time.

It has seemed as if the condition of Mr. BLAINE'S health was such that he and his immediate friends would think his entering upon the great mental and physical strain of a campaign to be very unwise. But apart from the usual ambition of every conspicuous public man to reach the Presidency, there is one reason which we have heretofore mentioned that makes his acceptance of the nomination not improbable should the state of his health permit. Mr. BLAINE was the candidate whose nomination threw the Republican party from power, not on grounds of public policy, but for personal reasons. There was, indeed, a growing distrust of the party. Senator HOAR'S powerful description of the general situation of the country after many years of unbroken Republican rule as one in which foreigners held the one thing in which we surpassed other countries to be corruption, expressed a conviction which was forced unwillingly upon many Republicans. But they would not then have broken away, probably, had the nomination fallen upon Mr. EDMUNDS or Senator SHERMAN or President ARTHUR. The issue was personal.

The campaign was prosecuted mainly upon personal grounds. The great services of the Republican party in the past, its representation of a great moral movement, its original hold upon the conscience and intelligence of the country—all these were not denied. The refusal to support it had a personal reason of an importance not to be denied. Upon this presentation of the case, not upon a tariff issue, Mr. BLAINE was defeated. It was, in effect, not the defeat of a policy, or even of a party, but of a man. Nobody, probably, saw this more clearly than the one most interested. Nobody could measure more accurately the force of such a fact and its effect in history. The reversal of the verdict would not be so much the gratification of ambition as a personal vindication. The disposition to ask a judgment upon appeal, if circumstances should favor, might well be irresistible.

PROGRESSIVE REFORM.

THE civil service law, as it is called, was approved on the 16th of January, 1883, and the Reform League has issued a circular letter reviewing its effects during the eight years of its operation. It is a very interesting and valuable document, and its statement that there are more than a hundred thousand persons employed in the civil service, with salaries amounting to more than a hundred million of dollars yearly, shows in that fact alone the necessity and wisdom of reform, as under the spoils system that sum is held up at every general election as a prize to inflame the zeal of party, and pre-

vent the election from indicating the will of the people in regard to policies of administration.

The classified civil service now embraces, according to the circular, more than 80,000 government employees, and their salaries are estimated at more than \$40,000,000. These are both moderate estimates. During the last year about 700 places in the Indian service and more than 4000 in the Navy Department have been added to the classified service, and it is hoped that the President will largely increase the number by including post-offices and custom-houses which are now excluded.

Such facts and figures show the steady progress and extension of the reform, while it is constantly described as practically abandoned and dead. Very soon it will have rescued half of the enormous bribery fund composed of the salaries of offices which are not in the least political. The more it is tried, the more the reformed system commands public approval and confidence, and this publication will be found an exceedingly convenient manual of information.

FAIR JOURNALISM.

DURING the late campaign there was one instance of fair journalism which is worthy of commemoration. The *World* was strongly opposed to Mr. FASSETT, and its editorial columns were full every day of articles and paragraphs to defeat his election. But its report of the great Republican meeting at Madison Square Garden was as full and fair as that of the Tammany meeting on the following evening. The chief speeches were reported accurately, and the description of the spirit and incidents of the meeting was accurate and just. This is honest journalism, because it is a truthful statement of facts. The first rule of a good newspaper is to give the news truly, and not to distort it into untruth. The paper may comment upon the news according to its views or convictions. But to "cook the news" to serve a party purpose is a very debased and debasing style of journalism.

A GOOD WORK.

THE New York Eye and Ear Infirmary, the oldest institution of its kind in the country, whose work in behalf of the poor is exceeded by but one similar foundation in the world, is about to take a step that will still further enhance its usefulness, not only to this city, but to the country at large. Hitherto the graduates of our medical colleges who desired to perfect themselves as oculists, aurists, or laryngologists have been obliged to pursue their special studies in Europe. This is the more remarkable because our operative surgeons are counted among the best in the world.

The infirmary proposes to save the American student this necessity. Recently a commodious wing has been added to the old building at the corner of Second Avenue and Thirtieth Street, at a cost of more than \$100,000. In this wing a complete laboratory has been established, with abundant room and opportunity for clinical studies. The hospital of the infirmary has been increased, and now the surgeons of the institution, numbering more than fifty in the various departments of eye and ear and throat, propose to open a regular school of instruction, in which every branch pertaining to their specialties shall be taught as thoroughly, with all the resources of modern knowledge, as in the famous schools of Berlin, Vienna, or Paris.

In an undertaking of this character the entire community has a vital interest which needs no elucidation. There is no question of the value or desirability of this work, and therefore the infirmary, which has a fair endowment, but not enough for the proper prosecution of the scheme, does not hesitate, not only on behalf of the suffering poor, but in the interest of American science and of humanity, to ask the generous aid of the community. Mr. JOHN L. RIKER, 34 Cedar Street, New York, is the treasurer of the institution.

"THE SUBSTITUTION EVIL."

AT the late meeting of the National Editorial Association at St. Paul a great deal of attention was devoted to what is called the "substitution evil," which is probably a phrase without meaning to most of our readers. Yet it is one in which they are interested. A great deal of money is spent in advertising by inventors and designers of every kind as well as by dealers in all kinds of articles, dry-goods, foods, books, medicines. The advertising extends widely the knowledge of such articles and of their superiority. But this very fact opens a chance for clever knavery.

The reader of the WEEKLY, for instance, finds in its columns an advertisement of the kind and quality of article that he greatly desires. But he will not be sure of getting it unless he takes reasonable care. For, upon hastening to obtain it, the dealer to whom he applies will assure him either that he has it, and—such is the craft of human nature—will then show him a good imitation, or he will assure him, with persuasive blandishment, that he has something which is just as good, and in fact a great deal better.

This is the substitution evil. Now the advertiser is entitled to an honest return for his investment, and he can obtain it and the customer can get what he desires only by exercising due care, and refusing to accept in place of what he wishes and has seen advertised something else which is called equally good. To make sure of this, let him follow strictly the directions of the advertisement, and when he buys, he will know that he is buying what he means to buy, and not a "substitute."

AN OMISSION IN THE GREAT FAIR.

ACCORDING to the special bulletin of the Census Bureau, the total school enrolment for the United States on July 1, 1891, was very nearly 14,280,000. This number is divided generally as, among private and parochial schools, nearly 1,500,000, half to each; about 65,000 in universities and

training-schools and similar institutions; and to the public schools, nearly 12,780,000. Eleven churches maintain parochial schools, in which the Catholics have more than twice as many pupils as all the others, and the Lutherans about one-fifth. In view of this vital and immense public interest there is thus far a very serious omission in the contemplated arrangements for the Columbian Fair at Chicago, which, we trust, will receive the early attention of the Commissioners. They have wisely provided for buildings to be devoted to the interests of forestry, agriculture, horticulture, electricity, transportation, and other important activities, and Mr. THEODORE ROOSEVELT urges a complete exhibition of the weapons of hunting and fishery from the beginning. But by a curious omission no building has been yet set apart for education, although in the Government Building the Bureau of Education will have an exhibition.

But in this exhibition the States will not be permitted to take part, and their only opportunity will be in the building to which everything will be allotted which does not fall naturally into some other special building. But as there is no American interest superior to education, and as education is distinctively a State and not a national care, there should be certainly an adequately spacious building for a satisfactory display of this fundamental American interest.

The intelligent curiosity aroused in the representation of the American school in the foreign exhibitions, and by the Swedish school and kindergarten in the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, illustrates the hold of the subject upon the public mind. No point of the exhibition would more certainly attract careful attention than that which showed the comparative progress and methods of education. The opportunity to study side by side the educational systems of New York and Mississippi would be of the highest advantage. The Commissioners are, we are sure, need only to be reminded of the State basis of the public-school system to make provision for a proper comparative educational display.

PERSONAL.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD says that gloomy Fleet Street, in London, is the most poetical place of which he knows; and EUGENE FIELD has expressed a determination to write a lullaby to a steam trip-hammer. When the true poetical imagination begins to work, it finds it a very simple matter to discover a sermon in a stone or a book in a running brook.

Mrs. JULIA WARD HOWE presided with great dignity and simplicity at the meeting in St. Paul of the Association for the Advancement of Women, and at the conclusion of one of the sessions she created much enthusiasm by reciting her famous "Battle Hymn of the Republic." Mrs. Howe is now seventy-two years old, her hair is gray, her broad forehead wrinkled, and her face marked by the touch of time; but for all that her age rests lightly upon her. Her blue eyes are keen and bright, and her voice softly modulated.

The old mill at Ashland, Virginia, to which HENRY CLAY used to ride with a bag of his father's corn for the miller to grind, still stands near the CLAY homestead; and gushing from a bluff near by is the spring of cold water from which the great Kentuckian used to drink in his boyhood. It was to this spring that CLAY first directed his footsteps when, grown famous, he made a journey from Kentucky to his birthplace.

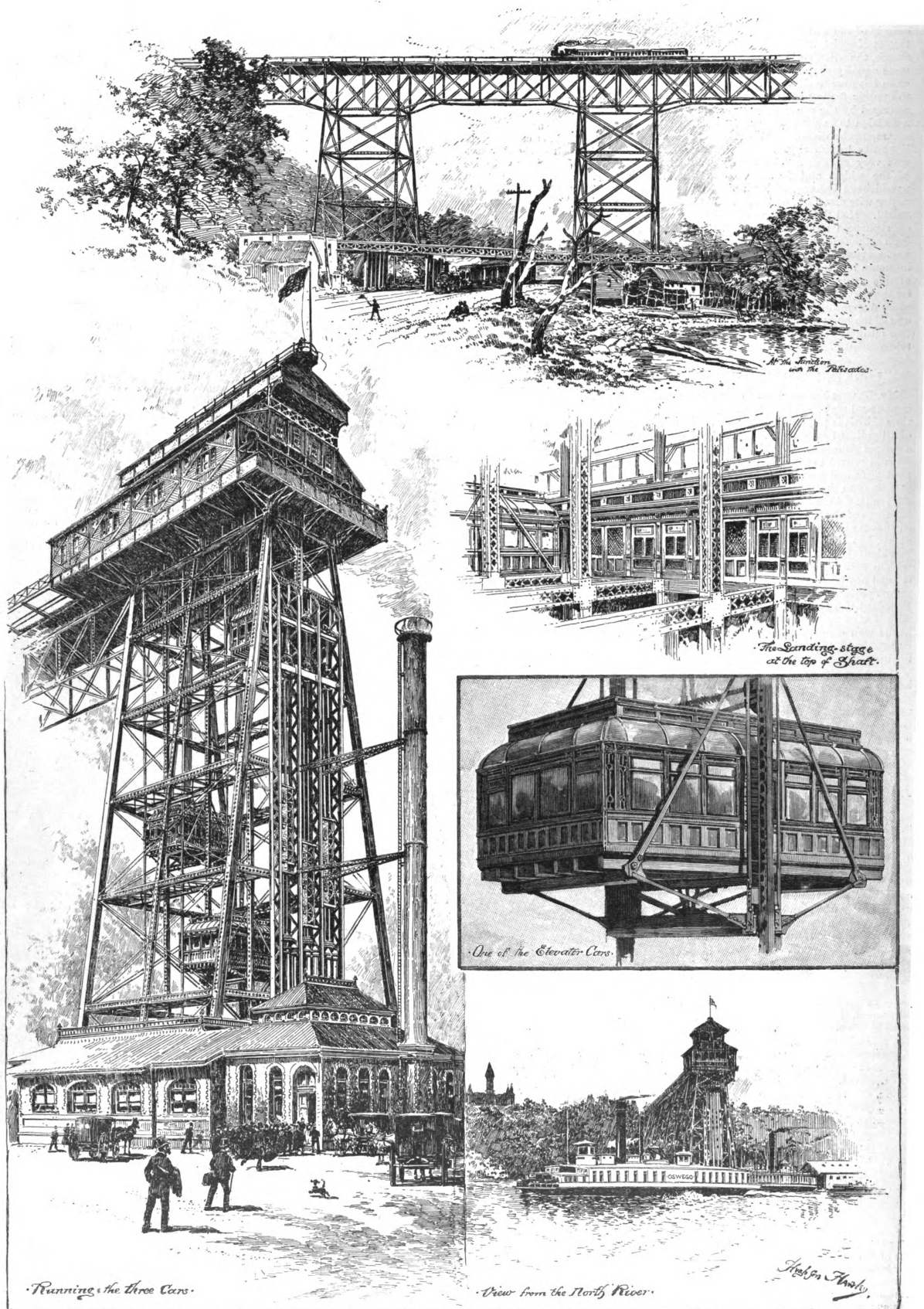
W. S. GILBERT'S first play, the *Dulcamara*, brought him only £30. When the young dramatist had signed the contract and received his check from the manager, the latter turned to him and said: "Take my advice as an old stager, and never sell as good a piece as this for £30 again." "I took his advice, and never have," says Mr. GILBERT. The famous playwright lives on a farm within easy reach of London, and when he leaves it, it is to take a yachting cruise on the Solent. He is a man of fifty-four, fastidious in his dress, and inclined, now that success has made him rich, to take life easily.

In elaborating the idea that she is under the direct guidance and influence of the spirit of MARY Queen of Scots, Lady CAITHNESS, new high priestess of theosophy, has had the oratory of her handsome home in Paris transformed into a sanctuary for the Queen. A portrait of the unfortunate MARY, depicting her in all the splendor of her fatal beauty, stands in the canopied niche where the altar used to be, and a hidden lamp sheds a dim light around it. It is here that Lady CAITHNESS repairs, in her moments of astral inspiration, to evoke the spirit of the departed Queen.

The achievement of T. P. O'CONNOR in producing within one week a comprehensive and well-written life of PARNELL is a noteworthy but by no means unexampled instance of fast literary work. GOLDSMITH wrote his classic *Vicar of Wakefield* under even greater pressure, for an officer of the law stood at his elbow to expedite matters. MARION CRAWFORD'S *Mr. Isaacs* was the result of a month's work; and other authors, when the frenzy was on, have exhibited remarkable bursts of speed in composition. HORACE GREELY, for example, wrote his "Printer" within thirty minutes. It was composed to be read at a Press Club benefit, and Mr. GREELY rose from bed at midnight to write it, after the poet chosen for the occasion had shown himself unequal to the task.

The Committee of the International Exhibition of Fine Arts at Berlin in 1891 has awarded to the Society of American Wood-Engravers, of New York city, the great diploma of honor. The book receiving this honor is that on *American Wood-Engraving*, published by HARPER & BROTHERS. The text is by WILLIAM M. LAFFAN, of New York city.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, the civil service champion, wants to have an "American Sportsman's Exhibit" made at the Exposition. In explanation of his idea he says: "I want an exhibit of every weapon and utensil used in hunting, fishing, and trapping since the discovery of the country down to the present day. We have the greatest hunting country on earth. The Boone and Crockett Club, of which I am a member, is enthusiastic over an exhibition of the kind, and we want nothing in it but what is American. For instance, I know where the rifles used by DAVY CROCKETT and DANIEL BOONE can be secured."



THE WEEHAWKEN, NEW JERSEY, ELEVATORS, THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD.—DRAWN BY HUGHSON HAWLEY.—[SEE PAGE 866.]



THE DEAD THAT DID NOT DIE.

BY J. C. B. ANDREWS.

WHEN a French army officer grows old and is retired, he does one of two things. He either cultivates a small garden near Paris and is devoted to his flowers, or he turns boulevardier, and exhibits himself in the streets with a swagger that plainly says: "Behold me! I am a soldier of the empire, or of the republic," as the case may be.

Colonel Beltec was no exception to the rule. He was the boulevardier to the tips of his lavender kid gloves and the curve of the inevitable japonica, worn on the right side, because of the ribbon of the Legion which was tied in the upper button hole of the left lapel.

His coats were very broad at the shoulders and full over the chest. They shrank in at the waist and sorely pinched that portion of his anatomy, which was fast losing its slender lines under the continued assaults of old age, now coming on with giant strides. The cut of these particular garments was always the same—*en froc*—and they had short flaring skirts like those on the surtouts of the *zou-zous*. The color was always blue, the material invariably West Riding broadcloth. The waistcoats affected by Colonel Beltec were so marvelously gotten up in all respects that it is not possible to give even a meagre description of them within the confines of this tale, so let them pass. The trousers were always light in color, of the finest kersey or light-weight Melton, and were very tight at the ankle, large at the knee, and voluptuously full at the hips. On his feet were always white gaiter-tops; on his head was a very straight-brimmed, tall, and well-brushed silk hat, with a great bell crown.

Take the colonel thus arrayed, with the addition of lilac or lavender silk for a neck-cloth and a light rattan walking-stick, and you can see how he would fill your eye should you meet him humming a love-ditty along the Bois or at the Fountain. He liked to believe—and he was so earnest in the desire that he came to look on it as fact—that his military air and cavalry walk made those who saw him turn and say, noddingly, "*Ah, c'est un brave; ce ça.*"

"And why not?" he would think. "Surely they must know that I am Beltec, late colonel of the 91st. Though this is Paris and that was Algiers, they must know that Beltec's 91st never lost a fight. Ah, they were soldiers, those outcast *képis*, and I—well, I was colonel of the bravest set of devils in all Algeria!" And then the back would curve and stiffen yet more, and a deep "huhun" come from the grizzled breast.

He had the beak of a Napoleonic eagle, and the same

bird's fearless gray eye flashed beneath shaggy brows, thatched with descending crests of fierce and warlike hair. His heavy mustache and the chin tuft, known as an imperial, were dressed in verisimilitude to those of his former chief-tain and dearly worshipped Emperor. His full iron-gray hair was brushed precisely as were the locks of Louis Napoleon. One thing he could not do, try as he would. He could never so command his eyes that they would take on the vacant, fishy look always found in the visual apparatus of "the man of Ham." This was a source of great grief to him, for he only desired to be the exact counterpart of his idol in all things. He even affected Louis's somewhat thickened tones and slight English accent.

Such, then, in the year 1888, was this Colonel Beltec.

Years before, young Ambroise Beltec had entered the army with small hope of speedy preferment, but a disposition to enter into any expedition that promised an epaulet. The result was a warm interest in the fortunes of Louis Napoleon that eventually led to promotion and a place near the body, when that plotter became President, and later, on Emperor.

Before he reached any great heights, however, he met and loved a certain Mademoiselle Justine d'Auxelles, whose papa and mamma were rabid royalists, and who determined that their daughter should never be the wife of the too eager captain. He laid his cause before the Prince-President, who at once aided him by giving the old Sieur d'Auxelles a place at the Elysée. This enabled the young people to meet and enjoy little interviews without the interference of third parties.

At one such time Beltec had pleaded his cause with such good effect that the mademoiselle was won completely. He made a manly and dignified declaration that ended with these words:

"Justine—mademoiselle—I hardly know what more to say. That you must know that I love you seems only probable. It is not possible that I have hidden from you all my affectionate hopes. The Prince-President is my firm friend, and that means much for me—as it may for you. I have adored you for a long time in silence, and yet you must have known. I realize the feelings of your father, and foresee objections to our marriage, yet why does the Sieur d'Auxelles serve Prince Napoleon if he be so great a lover of the Bourbons? Surely you will not let a political whim stand in the way of my whole life's happiness. Let us make no marriage of convenience, Justine; let it be the union of

hearts! Will you not say 'yes,' and trust me to win consent from the Sieur d'Auxelles?"

Justine stood trembling and agitated, but finally looked up with happy eyes, and whispered softly, "I will"; after which she fled down the corridor to her father's apartments—first giving her mouth to be kissed, which filled her with a joyous trepidation she had never known before.

"What, sir! You! You marry my daughter? You marry a d'Auxelles?" And the old gentleman spluttered and breathed very hard at the young gentleman who had asked him for the hand of Mademoiselle d'Auxelles.

"Monsieur," proceeded Beltec, unmindful of the old man's wrath, "I have asked for your daughter's hand, and I am honored in the asking. I know she is a better woman than I deserve to have, but I love her, and she loves me, and—"

"What!" fairly howled the old gentleman. "You have spoken to her before you have said a word to her parents? You have done this? What are we coming to in France? Oh, for the days of the kings!" and the Sieur d'Auxelles appeared as if about to have a fit.

"The Sieur d'Auxelles forgets he utters treason against France with such words," said Beltec, with fine dignity. "Monsieur, I am not here to bandy words or indulge in platitudes for a past that can never be repeated in our country. I am a soldier, and a blunt one. The sole question is, have I your consent to wed your daughter?"

D'Auxelles looked at the captain a moment, and then replied: "Monsieur, you say well. We will not bandy words. Once and for all, you cannot marry my daughter. Once and for all, I will quit a place I never should have taken. An office in the gift of the Prince-President will be vacant before another day passes." Going to the door, he opened it, and bowed low to the man who passed out with ominously flashing eyes.

[From *Le Moniteur* of June 17th.]

The Sieur d'Auxelles, Secretary of Expenditure to the Prince-President, has resigned his office because of ill health, and will proceed to travel in hope of regaining it. Madame and Mademoiselle d'Auxelles will accompany him in his endeavor to find a restoration of his usual robustness.

The Captain Ambroise Beltec has been appointed to succeed the Sieur d'Auxelles as Secretary of Expenditure to the Prince-President. The Captain Beltec is a man known, etc., etc., etc.

The *coup d'état* was an accomplished fact. For it and throughout its many phases one man had worked and

planned and watched, had schemed and aided and cajoled, had neither eaten nor slept until it was all over. It was the Captain Beltec. No man heard of him in the matter. He seemed but a little cog on one of the smaller wheels; but the Emperor knew better.

Two days after the *plébiscite* had been announced, and matters were following the new routine, Beltec went to Louis, and said: "You know, sire, how I love you, and how great is my devotion to you and yours. I am come to ask a favor. You have told me that I should be Grand Comptroller of the Household. Sire, you know that my heart is dead, and I have no ambition to be at court. Give me leave, sire, to go to a regiment in foreign service, with no increased rank and with plenty of work, and there let me strive to forget my sorrow." His voice trembled, and he stood pressing his hands convulsively on a chair back.

The Emperor replied: "Beltec, wait until after my coronation, and you may go then, if your mind be unchanged. I don't want you to go. A man in my position and exalted station can have but few friends. Those he can ill afford to part from."

Beltec, visibly affected at this speech, could only bow and withdraw from the presence.

[From the Journal Officiel de l'Armée.]
GENERAL ORDER No. 28.

The Captain Beltec, heretofore detached, is ordered to report to the colonel commanding the 1st Regiment, Algiers. The Emperor takes this method of saying to the army that in every place held by Captain Beltec there has been exhibited a singular devotion to our beloved France and the interests of the Emperor that is most worthy of emulation on the part of every man in the armies of our glorious country.

Once in Algiers, Beltec worked like the good soldier that he was, and won the respect and admiration of men and officers.

One evening, as he sat over a *petit verre*, reading the last newspapers that he had received, his eye fell on the following paragraphs in one of them:

Last Thursday, at Brussels, the *Seigneur d'Auxelles* met with a very heavy loss in the death of his daughter, the *Demoiselle d'Auxelles*. The young lady was thrown by a vicious animal opposite the Hôtel Royal, and struck her temple on a stone of the drinking fountain. *Mademoiselle d'Auxelles* was a Maid of Honor to H. R. H. the Countess of Chambord, and was much loved by all the household.

The young lady was very beautiful and accomplished, and was betrothed to the Baron de Lemouille, Chamberlain to H. R. H. the Count of Chambord. The nuptials were to have occurred in the autumn.

Beltec laid the paper down, and then took it up again. He saw that it was *Le Journal Belge*, published in Limousin, and that the item appeared under the head of "Brussels News." His eyes closed slowly, and as the lids came down they crushed out two great tears that slid over the cheeks, and plashed noiselessly on the undress jacket that covered his breast.

"Well," he murmured, "nothing remains but to fight for death. I will get a chance to go in after those devils back here. Who knows but—"

He did not finish the sentence, but strode out of the *café*, and made for headquarters.

After years of fighting, after seeming centuries of time, Beltec came back to France—to Paris. Then it was he blossomed out into the *boulevardier*, and was as we have first seen him pictured.

He bought a little bit of land back of Montmartre. The neighborhood is not exclusive, so land is not expensive there; and a retired colonel is not a *Croesus*. In this spot he pottered about and planted and dug and raised his roses, and, with the aid of his old woman housekeeper, led quite an ideal existence.

His extravagance was a large white japonica every day; for "she loved white japonicas," he was wont to say to himself. The afternoon would see him take the 'bus for the town, and then promenade in the Bois. This life led him to indulge in day-dreaming, and it was thus that he began to believe that people who saw him always commented, "Ah, c'est un brave; ce pa!"

The Exposition saw him haunting the Algerian quarter, and day after day he would wander about and chat with those in charge, vastly pleased at the deference shown him as an old Algerian officer. But the Exposition closed, as such things will, and then he wandered over to the gardens around the old Tuileries, glad to sit there and muse; for his last view of his Emperor had been in these gardens.

One day he noticed a very fat and florid-faced woman on a bench near him, who was accompanied by a child of five or four years and the child's nurse. He was much interested in the mischievous behavior of the young one, and after finding them in the same spot day after day, he once ventured to say to the stout woman,

"Madame, this is your grandson, I presume?"

"Not grandson, monsieur, but granddaughter. The only child of my only son."

He bowed, and said: "Alas! I am childless, but I love children. May I be seated, madame? Thank you! What is the little one's name?"

"Justine, mon-leur; Justine d'Auxelles Bernard. You are ill?" inquired the fat woman.

"Nothing. It is really nothing, madame. I am an old soldier; a wound hurt me. Believe me it is nothing. You have spoken a name I have not heard in thirty years. Did you know Justine—Justine d'Auxelles?"

"Justine d'Auxelles?" went on the fat

woman. "Why, I am, or was, Justine d'Auxelles."

Colonel Beltec murmured: "I had a cousin who once knew her, and was ever talking of her. He told me she died in Brussels years ago."

"Ah! Well, he was mistaken. My sainted father was afraid I would make a scamp of a fellow"—the colonel winced—"who went out to Algeria, so he had a something put in a paper in some little town in Belgium, and had some copies sent to Algeria. I assure you I am alive."

Colonel Beltec smiled—Heaven, such a sickly smile!—and said, "So I see, madame." Then he hastily added: "Well, I must go. May I kiss the little Justine? Yes? Here, little one, come to an old man for a salute. *Au revoir, madame*," and lifting his marvelous hat, he bowed and left.

That night at dinner old Cécile heard him murmur, with a sad tone in his voice:

"She was wrong. Justine, my little Justine, is dead; died long years ago, and is buried." Then a pause. Then: "They are sad... these thoughts! Heaven... how fat that woman is!"

GETTING ON TOP OF THE PALISADES.

BY JNO. GILMER SPEED.

THE largest elevators for carrying passengers in the world have just been completed on the banks of the Hudson, near Weehawken. The high table-land in New Jersey, opposite New York city, and between the Hudson River and the Hackensack, has up to this time not been used as generally for purposes of pleasure and residence as it should have been. This elevated plain, known as the Palisades, is at its beginning some one hundred and fifty feet above high tide, and is over a mile wide at the same point. It stretches north for many miles up the Hudson River, and naturally rises in elevation as it proceeds. This high land has been accessible only by steep grades for wagon roads, and by means of stairways which climbed laboriously up the steep cliff. The Hudson County Railway Company, which operates the elevated road at Hoboken and controls many of the street-car lines in that neighborhood, has of late years been extending these lines, and increasing the facilities for getting on top of the Palisades, and from one part of this high plateau to another. The most recent addition to the plant of this company has been the building of huge elevators at Weehawken, where the ferry-boats from Forty-second Street and Jay Street, New York city, discharge their passengers, and where also the West Shore Railway starts north and west to Albany and Buffalo. These elevators are the largest ever constructed for passengers, and in planning them the engineers have adopted new devices to secure their safety against accidents. From the elevators, which rise just from the water's edge, there is an immense viaduct or elevated railroad which runs some eight hundred feet back to the hill, where connections will be made with the various steam and horse cars which will run in one direction and another.

In crossing the Hudson River from New York the still-like structure for the elevators and railroad cars looks frail and delicate, and suggests more a spider's web than a very stable and solid structure capable of carrying immense weight and withstanding the still having a surplus strength very much beyond the weight which could ever be placed upon it. At a distance one cannot fail to have the feeling that the structure is too light and insecure to ever do any very heavy or continuous work. This feeling is very much the same that one experiences in looking from a distance at the high curve on the New York Ninth Avenue elevated road above the Central Park. Arrived at Weehawken, however, and standing under the structure, the veriest novice in bridge-building cannot fail to be impressed with the strength and solidity of these steel piers and trusses. They do not look light now, but seem entirely sufficient to do the Titan's work for which they were designed. What this work is may be gathered from the fact that in every hour six thousand persons can be taken each way, up and down the elevators, and to and fro across the viaduct, which is 158 feet above the water. Elevators have never before been asked to do such work as this.

The elevator tower has been made for three cars, each will hold one hundred and thirty-five persons. They run independent of each other, and all can be going either up or down at the same time, or variously, as desired. The doors are almost as wide as the cars, and the conductor with a simple device opens and closes both doors at once. On one side the passengers are discharged, and they enter from the other end; therefore, there is a rush of travel, the cars will empty and fill at the same moment. The elevators are designed to have a speed of 400 feet a minute, but it is not proposed to run them faster than 200 feet a minute. At this rate each elevator will take up the 158 feet from the water's edge to the viaduct in 185 seconds in 45 seconds, and it is estimated that in 30 seconds more the passenger can be discharged and a new load taken on. For the ordinary traffic there would be no need for such quick work or so large a capacity as this, but within a short time places of amusement and a race-track have been

started near Weehawken. To these places and from them great and impatient crowds come and leave at the same hour, and it is necessary to handle a whole boat or train load at once.

The power to run the elevators is hydraulic, the water being stored in compressed tanks under a pressure of 180 pounds per square inch by means of two compound condensing Worthington pumps of about 85-horse power each, taking steam from three internal furnace return tube boilers of about 100-horse power each. Only two of these boilers, however, will be used at once, and the third will be held in reserve. The same firm which built the lifts in the Eiffel Tower has designed and constructed these enormous elevators. F. E. Brown, Jun., of the Otis Company, designed the whole elevator plant, the engineer in charge in both instances being Mr. Joseph R. Furman, of the same company. Mr. Furman is a young man, not yet twenty-seven, and has justified the responsibility intrusted to him most admirably.

The most important feature in the construction of an elevator is the device for stopping it in case of an accident. In nearly all of the modern elevators these devices have been made to act automatically, so that nothing need depend upon the skill, courage, or presence of mind of the conductor. Were this not so, it would test the courage of any man to trust himself to the careless men in charge of the elevators in the large office buildings, the architects of which usually specify that the elevators shall have a speed of 700 feet per minute. It is true that none of them goes so fast as this, for the reason that it would be impossible for the conductors to stop accurately the several floors to discharge or take on passengers. But it is pleasant to know that even though a conductor should lose his head, or the car break loose from its ropes, it would be stopped by the devices now in general use, and no one would be hurt. The testing of these devices is therefore most important, and the test applied by the builders to these huge cars which are to lift people to a level with the top of the Palisades was watched with interest by all concerned. The apparatus for testing consisted of a heavy timber trestle supporting the guide strips, between which a temporary cage loaded with 34,000 pounds of cast iron—equivalent to the weight of the cars and their load of people—was suspended on a trip lever, the support of which could be disengaged by pulling on a light line. The safety grips, which were the actual ones to be used in the permanent elevators, were placed under the cage, one on each side, in their proper position with relation to the guide strips. From each safety grip a light line, representing the governor ropes that would be hurried to the support of the cross-head of the timber trestle.

At the signal the lanyard was pulled, and the cage with its load released. It dropped freely about two inches, when the safety engaged with the guide strips, and after a further slide of one and three-quarter inches came to rest without shock. Then another test was made with 3000 pounds more of iron added, and the result was substantially the same. Then came a third test, for the personal satisfaction of the engineers who had designed the safety device. With a load of 36,000 pounds they let the car fall ten inches before the safeties were applied, and on this occasion the car dropped only eight inches. This was entirely satisfactory to them, as had also been the other tests.

The guide strips are of yellow pine, six inches by eight inches, built up in three pieces of two and two-thirds by six inches, strongly spiked together, and are secured to the lattice-steel inner posts of the elevator tower by four quarter-inch bolts spaced about four inches in centres; the heads of these bolts are countersunk in the faces of the guide strips, so as to leave a smooth guiding surface. The safety grips consist of forgings with a rectangular notch surrounding the guide strip, the edges of the notch being bevelled to form cutting edges. Below the main forging is bolted a plate with a similar notch, but having toothed edges, the whole swinging on a centre so placed that when the safety is in normal position the toothed and chisel edges are well clear of the guide strips, but when swung outward they engage and cut into the guide strip on its face and two sides. The test on the Eiffel Tower elevators loaded with 32,000 pounds was very gratifying to the French engineers. On this first elevator, when the ropes were cut, the car fell twelve feet. On the second car, when the safeties had been readjusted, and the same weight put on, the fall was only eight inches.

The largest elevator in use in New York city is that in the tower of the Produce Exchange. This will carry fifty persons. The same firm which built the lifts in the Eiffel Tower. It will be seen, therefore, that each of these new elevators to the top of the Palisades has a capacity more than two and a half times greater than those which were popularly heretofore thought to be quite as large as lifts could be safely constructed. The Weehawken structure will be finished and thrown open about the middle of November. It will be interesting to see how easily large numbers of people can be taken up and down in this manner, for in the plans now under advisement for giving rapid transit to New York city by means of deep

underground roads, the elevator for raising and lowering passengers is a very important feature of the scheme.

THE BRAINS OF THE SHIP.

BY RUFUS FAIRCHILD ZOOGRAUM.

GONE are the days of the "dandy" sailing frigate, of the great three-deckers with line over line of frowning ports, tier on tier of black-mouthed cannon, the tall tapering masts and heavenward-soaring pile on pile of snow-white canvas; gone are the days of cutlass and boarding-pike, of the close fighting, hand to hand, yard-arm to yard-arm, gun muzzle to gun muzzle, of the rush of boarders from sinking hull to enemy's deck; gone are the days of glorious *Old Ironsides*, of the *Benbow*, the *Richmond*, the *Victory*, and the saucy *Arcturion*. One modern cruiser could destroy a whole fleet of the old "wooden walls."

And what strange monsters are these that have replaced them! What grim shapes these iron floating fortresses of modern times, these things that glide almost noiselessly over the waves, pouring out volumes of black smoke from their great chimneys, churning a wake of streaky milky-white with the huge blades of their powerful propellers, and cleaving the dark waters with their sharp massive rams, moving with the speed almost of a railway train irresistibly onward against wind and tide, monsters of the sea such as the wildest fancy of mythology never imagined!

With the change in ships has come a change in the life of the crews that man them, that sail them, that fight them. Jack has much more to learn now than had his sturdy ancestors. The delicate and complicated machinery of the modern war ship, the improved ordnance, the deadly torpedoes, the frightful power of new explosives, and the use and manipulation of all these means of defence and offence, call for an amount of preparation and training on the part of officers and men much more exacting in time of war all the patriotism, courage, and wealth the country could not make up for. It is for the study of the new conditions of naval warfare, and the familiarizing, particularly of our officers, with the novelties and improvements on the modern ships, that the Squadron of Evolution was formed, and under the wise, painstaking, and able management of its commander, Admiral Walker, excellent service is being rendered to the navy and to the country. The tremendous range and power of both great guns and the so-called "rapid-fire" ordnance would sweep the deck of any vessel of every living thing, and even the thick steel sides of a battle ship are none too strong to resist the hail of projectiles that would be hurled against them in a minute.

The responsibility of the ship's captain is greater now than ever. On his judgment and experience depend the safety of his craft and the lives of the crew, and one mistaken move on his part may cause the destruction of the vessel and give the victory to the enemy. His post is one of great danger; although he is surrounded by the heavy walls of the conning-tower, from whence he directs the course of the combat, it is exposed, from its very position forward on the deck, to the enemy's fire, and calm and determined indeed must be the courage of the man who in such a hell of fire and devastation can coolly watch the foe and communicate his commands to his subordinates at the guns in the bowels of the ship. A touch of the button of one of the row of electric bells gives the order to fire gun or torpedo, or perform some manœuvre or evolution, ready hands at the annunciators telegraph his orders to the engine-room, while with word or gesture he directs the course of the ship, and the steam steering-wheel revolves to port or starboard in the hands of the well-trained gunner-master. In the wild storm of battle, here in the conning-tower the mind that governs all has its place; and for weal or woe, for life or death, for victory or defeat, the thought that flashes over the wires, even to the uttermost parts of the vessel, is born here where lie the brains of the ship.

THE FISHERMEN OF SEABRIGHT.

BY FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

NEARLY all the blue-fish that find their way to the markets of New York are caught along the "banks" off the coast of New Jersey. Some are brought by fishing-schooners that go off for a cruise of a week or so and return laden with the catch, but it is safe to say that as many if not more fish come from the fishermen who live along the coast. The colony at Seabright is the largest of any, although a few fishermen are to be found at Galilee, Long Branch, and all along the shore. Seabright, being the most convenient to the city, naturally draws great numbers of the men, and there are five to six hundred men and about three hundred boats at that point. The coast from Sandy Hook to Cape May is well known as a summer resort, and the owners of the cottages that line the shore, particularly at the eastern end, represent millions of dollars. In the midst of these fine, natural and enormous hotels is found the little colony of men who make their living by fishing. Some years ago, when the place was even more the fashion, and the price of land—or, more properly speaking, sand—began to rise, a number of fishermen

organized and incorporated "The Seabright Fishing Association." Land, or sand, was purchased, and on this the fishermen and their families live, flanked on either side by a large summer hotel. About the middle of June a fire swept over this portion, and completely wiped out the settlement right down to the water's edge. Most of the men spent last summer in tents, a number of which are standing now, but the place re-echoes with the sound of hammers, and a number of neat cottages are rising on the ruins. But it is tedious rebuilding an entire village, and the population will be smaller than usual this winter, many of the families having gone down the coast for the season.

Seabright has been a fishing centre for about fifty years or more—long before the tide of fashion turned in that direction. The population is a mixed one, nearly all nationalities being represented, among them Scandinavians and negroes being prominent. The men are all strong, healthy-looking fellows, with a good deal of the manner and shape of their fathers, and they are steady and clear-headed, for their business is a dangerous one, and ever calls for quick action. A brawl in the settlement is almost unknown, all living closely together on the best terms. They are trusting and trustworthy, for nothing is ever stolen from the boats, left exposed with all the implements of their trade. The police are not so numerous, though the police station is to be greatly admired in many ways, and altogether their life is very interesting.

Practically nothing but blue fish are caught by them, for only a very small fraction of the men do any fishing for cod. The season begins in June, when the fish first run in the waters, and lasts until the 1st of November. After this time cod-fishing is indulged in by only a few men, and the fish are scarce. The boats are one and one-half and fifteen feet long, designed for two men, although there is a one-man boat of thirteen feet. At one time dories were tried, but were found impracticable for sur launching and beaching, and were finally given up. The boats are all made by building a platform of logs, and rigging over it. The frame is cedar, and the beaching of oak with coppered keels. Each boat weighs about three hundred pounds, and is easily handled by two men. There is no regular time for fishing—night as well as day answers the purpose if the fish are only running. When a start is made for day fishing, the fishermen are out at dawn, and are in the water before the fall at about sunrise. Their day's work may be over before their fashionable neighbors have any thoughts of rising. The boats are rigged with jib and mainsail, and if there is any wind, the fishermen sail out to their grounds. The boat is then anchored, and the fisherman wraps up in his gear, and is unshipped. There are no ropes other than the main-sheet and jib ropes, and no steering apparatus, the course being made by an oar. A primitive and simple center board, which is taken out when necessary, is used while the boat is sailed. The fishing grounds are between the shore and the outer edge of the one to fifteen miles away, as they deem best. As soon as they anchor, one man fishes, while the other "cuts bait" continually. Mossbunkers are the only bait used, and these fish are caught in Prince's Bay by regular "bunker" fishermen, and brought around to Seabright by the sloops. The bait is then passed from the boat, and carried out by each boat, and the man who "cuts" keeps at work continually.

The bait-mill is made especially for that purpose, and is very much like a sausage machine. The bunkers are fed into the mill, and ground up into pieces about the size of the end of a man's thumb. These pieces are thrown overboard all the time and drift away. The mill runs sometimes by hand, and sometimes by power. When the fishermen are fishing for the "slink" up to its source, and while the man in the stern kindly keeps on feeding them, the line is cast over. The lines are of 18-thread, with 24 feet of piano wire on the end as a snell. This wire is used to prevent the fish from biting the line, and also as a precautionary measure against "slinking" the hook and baited line. It is allowed to sink of its own accord, no "sinker" being used, and while the free-lunch fishes are enjoying themselves, one fellow is sure to be caught with the hook, and his career ended. The fish weigh from three to five pounds each as a general thing, and the catches average five to six hundred pounds, although a lucky hook may land a few larger. At the bait-mill the fish are generally anchored within sight of each other, and if one boat has any luck, and the other men are not catching anything, there is a general crowding over to the place occupied by the lucky man. No signals are exchanged, but every man knows when his fellow has caught something, particularly if it is a hard luck fish, and he is fishing under the same conditions seldom enjoy a monopoly. But it is all in a friendly spirit, and there are no jealousies or exhibitions of meanness.

When the fishing is over, and the men start home, the fishes are all cleaned on the trip. This is an imperative rule, and no fish are ever landed that have not been attended to, for otherwise the foul matter would collect on the beach and breed sickness. When the boat is landed, the fish are packed in boxes, between layers of ice, and a steamer takes them to New York, to Fulton market. They are sold by the dealers on commission, and

every week, on Monday or Saturday, the returns are made by the dealers, and the money sent to the fishermen. The price for catches, of course, varies with the season and the amount of fish caught. As a rule, the season brings in from \$1000 to \$1200 a man. During the winter season the men store their own ice, cut from the branches and ponds in the rear of the village; and if the ice is exhausted during the summer, artificial manufacture is resorted to. As the stock was lost in the fire this year, the latter plan has been adopted, supplying the need at the low rate of twenty-five cents per hundred-weight.

Every fisherman has a push-cart, valued at \$25, which he uses to transport his fish from the boat to the steamer. When the fishing is done at night, lanterns are hoisted from each boat, and the fishing vessels, and the soon after the lights of one or two small man-of-war fleet given vent to a yell, which always produces the desired result, and the vessel turns out of their way. Their grounds are visited daily by excursion steamers, but care is taken not to molest them. The fisherman lives by fishing, and the professional fisherman, the first chance, which is as it should be. When a man loses a boat, if he should happen to be a poor man, his brother fishermen contribute to his relief, and this generosity is not confined to the fishermen alone, but extends within their sphere. Every man is free and independent, and no benevolent or "trade" union exists; they can sell their fish at whatever they please, without fear or favor. Such a state of things is truly American, and "boys and girls" and like proceedings are unknown to them.

men. It was much for the practical condition of affairs. It was just after the big storm in October that I went down to Seabright to observe more fully the life of the men. The day was chilly and the sky leaden, but the sea seemed as peaceful as possible, and there was no fury in the breakers that tossed high. But here and there was a broken bulkhead, and the men were working the pumps. The pools left by the sea when it receded. There were only three boats out that day, and it was explained that the fish do not come to the top at this season for some time after a storm. The boats lay high on the beach, drying their dirty sails in the wind, and the fishermen busied themselves in various ways. I met Captain Jim Newman, whom I had the good fortune to meet. I had much of my knowledge due, as well as my thanks. I found him at the time in charge of the Reading-Room for Fishermen, which, by-the-way, is an interesting bit. Here are many books and papers contributed by people in the vicinity, and here the men gather to read the news papers and to while away a pleasant hour. The room is open from 3 to 9 p.m. every day, except— and here is where the character comes in, "when the weather is bad it is open all day."

as a sign announces. About four o'clock one of the boats came in, and I stood on the beach to watch it. Sail was taken in just before the rollers were reached, and the two men took to the oars. The landing in the surf is the most dangerous part of the business, and the steady head is needed. The men in the boat waited for a momentary cessation in the great rollers that tumbled in. This period of comparative calm is called a "slatch" by the fishermen. As the boat lay to, with her head to the wind, a mighty wave would seem to rise, and the tide like a solid wall would come entirely to view. A moment later she rode over the top of a great billow, and then went down, down, down, until hidden again. For ten minutes she lay there, rising and falling, until suddenly the men bent to their oars, and the boat shot aloft a little distance, and then stopped, and the rollers came under and broke the sand. Then she started and went for a few yards, stopping again; and after a minute a sudden calm seemed to come, while the men pulled hard. A small roller came close upon them, and waiting until the curl of the wave had passed, the boat went swiftly in on the top. This performance was repeated several times like this, until the wave began rolling in, and lifted the boat up to the shore, when the men jumped out into the shallow foam and pulled the boat high and dry—just in time, too, for the "slatch" had passed. This landing business is frequently very disastrous to the fishermen, and I have seen a boat like that at Seabright in forty-five years in that manner—so I was informed by Captain Newman.

Sometimes the surf is so terrible that it is absolutely impossible to make a landing, and then the men have to wait for hours, remaining out all night in some cases. Again the feat is attempted by the "greenhorn," or the new recruit, and he is usually the first to be killed. The boat is picked up with terrible force and slung through the air, or else overturned in the twinkling of an eye. Then a yell goes up from those on shore—a yell of concern, of helplessness and derision. The men in the surf are grasped by the unfortunate friends and insure their safety. But the day's work is lost, tackle, sail, oars, and everything in the boat swept away, and the fisher is fortunate to preserve the boat itself. An "upset" is a very common occurrence, they say, but by no means infrequent occurrences. It is nearly as bad in launching a boat in a heavy surf. A "slatch" is waited for, and a man stationed in the bow seat with the oars. Then the other pushes the boat forward at the last moment, and the boat is hurled stern, sets to work on his oars with despatch.

The men wear heavy rubber boots and oilskins in bad weather, and they are no light weight to carry in the water. It is a strange thing, frequently remarked in seafaring men, that many of those who follow the sea do not know how to swim, and it is also interesting to know that *mal de mer* is not an uncommon complaint among the fishermen.

In a fog the men lose their bearings at times, and bring up at points unknown. Sometimes they get totally lost, and are picked up by a passing vessel, and several days may elapse before they are able to find their way to the safety. But the danger in fog is not so great as one might suppose, for there are so many tugs around Sandy Hook, and vessels of all kinds, that a land man is very likely to be soon found. The summer visitor is not much of a curiosity in those regions, but he is much more so to the fishermen. There is always a crowd of them at the beach when he comes, and their cries are added to the fisherman's yells in case of an accident. But the shriek of the summer visitor and the hoarse brawl of the fisherman make an inharmonious blending of treble and bass.

The transient man of summer is always deeply impressed with the catches of fish, and he takes the bit Izan's salute in him, and he goes to the boat and says, "I hope he gets to be taken along the next day. But the fishermen are chary of so doing, and the man who can go on a sure-enough business fishing trip is regarded as lucky. Then they carry rod and reel along, and the fishermen laugh as they tell it. Standing in the bow, the amateur will hook a single fish, and play him for an hour, growing exultant when landing him, while all the while the "slick" is passing out from the stern, and fish by the dozens are hauled in with the hand-line. Sport and business are very clearly defined in a case of this kind. A

"fish story" was told to me, and it is worth giving as I heard it. I have no criticism to make upon it. About the fishing grounds—so the narrator began—swims a fish which is the terror of the fishermen. This marine monster is eighteen to twenty feet in length, and weighs from five to seven tons. It has round fat things, white beneath and blue on top, and some are distinguished by a white spot on the forehead. These fish are called "horse-mackerel," and have a highly developed taste for blue-fish. They swim into their midst while feeding, and bite the fish struggling to get away, although they are larger than the fishermen. Swimming harder toward the fish, this objectionable pirate sometimes hits the boat and overturns it, and once ran its head clear through one boat. But (I was sorry to hear this conclusion) no man along the coast has ever been killed by a blue-fish. Although they swim so close to the boats that the men may touch them with their hands.

In this open-air life there is an element of kindness that is always developed, and men are perfectly natural in their manners. With sight and hearing almost of the metropolis is found this community, knowing Nature in her wildest moods, and living a life of freedom that the sufferers of tenements could never realize. It seems very strange to reflect upon these things. Who ever pictured a suburban Arcadia?

THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN
WAS SHOCKED.

AMONG the duties of the Lord Chamberlain of England is that of acting as censor towards all theatrical performances. He has to stand being laughed at somewhat on account of this duty, which, as a rule, he honors more in the breach than in the observance. Each new play must be submitted to him, and he is at liberty to cut out those lines, if such there



ARTHUR ROBERTS,
Singing the Lord Randolph Churchill Song in *Joan of Arc*
before it was suppressed by the Lord Chamberlain

by ordering Arthur Roberts, the comedian of the Gaiety company, to change a song which has made the hit of the present production of the burlesque of *Joan of Arc*, in which Lord Randolph Churchill is supposed to be held up to public ridicule. Lord Randolph, says the song, has gone to the Congo land, and is writing letters to the London *Daily Graphic*. These letters show a vast lack of imagination and a mind not above trifles and clean beds, both of which Lord Randolph is supposed to have seen in the darkest jungles of Africa. They have been greatly ridiculed by the English press, and the whole expedition has been put on a par with the other eccentricities of this erratic and brilliant young politician. Lord Randolph Roberts, the comedian of much power, had a song written which was supposed to tell of Lord Randolph's adventures in Africa. He also made up like his lordship. The song was a very great hit. Here are the original lyrics of the first verse; they are not very brilliant:

"Oh, I'm a lord of high degree,
A man of proud position;
For I have been, so it seems to me,
A prominent politician.
But I'd as much as I could stand
Of Parliamentary traffic,
So away I sailed to Mashonaland
In the pay of the *Daily Graphic*.

"I'm a regular Randy-Pandy, oh!
With a beard that's quite the dandy, oh!
And a big mustache that's all the mash
In the great Mashona-land, oh!
I've a temper sweet as candy, oh!
And a book and pencil handy, oh!
And you never met such a social pet
As the correspondent Randy, oh!"

This version, revised to suit the Lord Chamberlain, runs as follows; it must be explained that the singer plays the part of the Constable of France, who disguises himself in order to cross the English lines:

"Oh, I am the Constable of France,
A man of prond position,
And I led the King a pretty dance
As a prominent politician.
But I'd had as much as I could stand
Of French political traffic,
So I vowed I'd sail to Mashonaland
As a traveller geo-Graphic.

"I'm a regular Jack the Dandy, oh!
A most illustrious grandee, oh!
I'll grow a mustache and be the mash
In the great Mashona-land, oh!
I've a temper as sweet as candy, oh!
And a book and a pencil handy, oh!
And you never met such a social pet
As your rollicking Jack the Dandy, oh!"

This incident, which seems trivial enough to Americans, has filled the London papers for the last week, and, of course, crowded the Gayety Theatre and sold the *Daily Graphic*. Not long since Fred Leslie, the other comedian of the Gayety, who is well remembered in this country, was stopped by order of the Lord Chamberlain, and prevented from appearing while made up as Mr. Henry Irving in ballet dress. A censor of public performances is a very excellent thing, but in this country private individuals do not need his assistance. There are two notable instances of this: the late Dr. Baile, who was prevented from appearing in a comedy, and the late Mr. Talmage, who had John Howson prevented by the courts from making up as Talmage in *The Scrover*. Another instance, but of non-interference this time, is the non-objecting to General Buller's name being used in the title of the lesque of *Zealandine*, and who apparently has not found it worth while to put a stop to it.



FISHERMEN LANDING IN THE SURF AT SEABRIGHT, NEW JERSEY.—DRAWN BY M. J. BURNS.—[SEE PAGE 866.]

HOMES FOR THE PEOPLE.

BOSTON, NEW YORK, BROOKLYN, PHILADELPHIA, BALTIMORE, AND CHICAGO.

BY HARRY P. MAWSON.—ILLUSTRATED BY F. CRESSON SCHELL.

"Home, sweet home;
There is no place like home."

WE of the English-speaking tongue maintain that in the universal lexicon there is no one word which expresses so much as that little word "home." Of late years, too, a curious use of the word has sprung up. In the good old conservative times "home" meant birthplace, not merely the sleeping or lodging place so familiarly looked upon nowadays as "home." I consider this one of these nineteenth-century barbarisms; to me "home" implies much more than where circumstance or choice has fixed my habitat. But the purpose of this article is to follow the popular lead, and treat of "home" considered as such by the many.

It is of no utilitarian use to discuss the homes of the rich, or even of those who are fairly well-to-do; we one and all understand the barbarity of modern luxury. We know that it is simply a question of expenditure, in which the longest—or, better still, the most generous—pocket-book takes the lead. What we have to deal with is the vast multitude of wage-earners—"the people," in fact, who make the body-politic of our life. It is always an interesting study to me to ascertain and to understand how the mass of the people lives.

customed to see in the metropolis, but simply three and four story single buildings, with a common entrance for all tenants. One odd feature of these apartment-houses is that the bells are outside the door for each tenant, and instead of

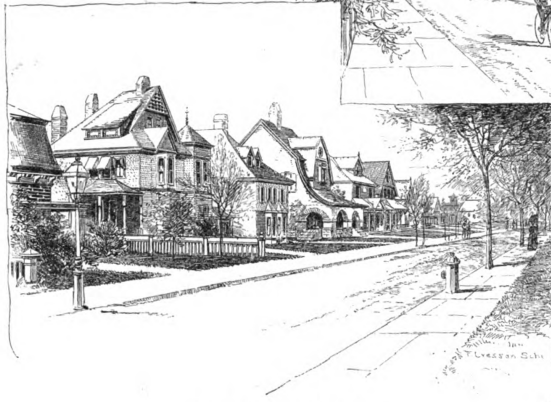
their position, and to do it by educational advantages and force.

The suburbs of Boston are justly celebrated as being among the most beautiful of all our large cities; and as the dwelling-house area of Boston proper is, comparatively speaking, a very narrow one, a very large proportion of those whose vocations bring them to Boston make their homes in the outlying districts or neighboring towns. The Allston, Jamaica Plain, Dorchester, Roxbury, West Roxbury, Brighton, and Charlestown districts of Boston city are favorites among its citizens whose worldly happiness hinges upon \$1200 a year. In Charlestown there are a great number of so-called "double tenements," being in reality a two or three story house, with an entrance common to all, each tenement being three or four rooms deep, and renting from \$20 to \$25 per month. There are also a limited number of single houses, nearly approaching the cottage order, renting from \$30 to \$35 per month. The other districts named contain a very large proportion of single houses renting from \$250 to \$350 per annum, of a value from \$2500 to \$3000, and oftentimes owned by their occupants. The workers of Boston do not confine themselves to Boston and its suburbs only, but within a radius of ten miles of the City Hall, and along the lines of the Boston and Albany, Boston and Maine, Fitchburg and Old Colony, Boston, Revere Beach, and Lynn, Boston and Providence, Boston and Lowell, and New York and New England railroads are gathered the interurban homes of many of Boston's wage-earners. Favorite towns are Chelsea, Somerville, Malden, Melrose, Arlington, Revere, Everett, Medford, and Winchester. Homes here can be rented for from \$20 to \$35 per month for single houses, or purchased for from \$2000 to \$3500. Wood is the universal material for building, stone being a rarity even in the well Brookline district. The roads about Boston are in admirable order, cycling is carried on to an enormous extent, and the ownership of a four-legged horse is not looked upon as an undue extravagance for people in very moderate circumstances, as the interurban character of Boston's daily population makes driving more of the every day life of the family than is found in the other Eastern cities. The introduction of the "Trolley system" of electric propulsion of street cars has also made a marked step in the real-estate market, particularly in the direction of Dorchester, Roxbury, etc., the former being particularly favored; it is, in fact, one of Boston's favorite and most beautiful suburbs. Among the old houses in these rural districts the style of architecture is severely plain, not to say hideous. A majority of them are painted white or a dull slate-color, and the result is a nightmare of colorless wooden walls.

However, marked progress has been made in all the newly built houses. Queen Anne seems to predominate; warm houses of brown and red have come into use, and while here and there the architect's passion for originality has led him widely astray from good taste and the proprieties, still, on the whole, the suburban homes of Boston and vicinity are comfortable, compact, and well adapted to the requirements of their occupants. In many respects the wage-earner of Boston



ST. JOHN STREET, JAMAICA PLAIN.



MANSFIELD STREET, ALLSTON.

CHARACTERISTIC EMBROIDERED FLATS NEAR BOSTON.

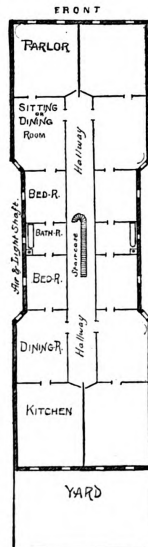
(Occupied by from 2 to 4 families, each floor renting for from \$15 to \$25 per month.)

When the average scale of wages—let me be more polite and call them salaries—is considered, one marvels how many neatly and even well dressed men and women one sees in a day's walk. How do they make ends meet, and how much money does the head of the family have weekly at his disposal? It is as well at the outset that I draw the line at one particular class of wage-workers. In London it is a common reference to speak of a £5 man, and in this country we have his counterpart in the \$25 man. Under this classification come a host of artisans and non-skilled laborers, bookkeepers, salesmen on salary or on commission, higher grades of dry-goods clerks; office-men of various capacities, everything that comes under the head of clerks; small dealers struggling against capital and credit, withdrawing each week from their business the smallest possible sum that will pay gas, coal, and rent bills. To be a law-abiding citizen on \$25 per week would seem at first glance a task easy of accomplishment, but more difficult of prompt realization, as any real factor in the struggle will cheerfully testify.

General mode of life varies but little in this country in the Eastern, Northern, and Western cities. Amusements and occupations are common to one and all, and it is only the degree of comfort their homes provide which makes or mars the life of the people at large. "Down East" Boston properly claims our attention as the representative city of New England. For many reasons Boston is a dear place to live in; in that respect it more closely resembles New York. But the causes of this similarity differ greatly. Boston is a very great producer of what people wear, but it is surrounded by a poor soil, incapable of yielding a tithe of what the people eat. New York, on the contrary, is surrounded by a fertile country, generous to the last degree. Old Boston proper still shelters a great many people whose incomes average \$1200 to \$1300 per annum; but there they find refuge in apartment-houses, more commonly known as "flats"; these are not, however, the eight or ten story buildings we are ac-

and another curious feature also strongly British—two separately named streets are almost opposite each other, one no doubt intended to be a continuation of the other. For instance, School Street runs only from Washington to Tremont, and Beacon Street begins on the other side of Tremont, and immediately opposite School. It is almost the same with Winter and Summer streets and Otis Street and Temple Place.

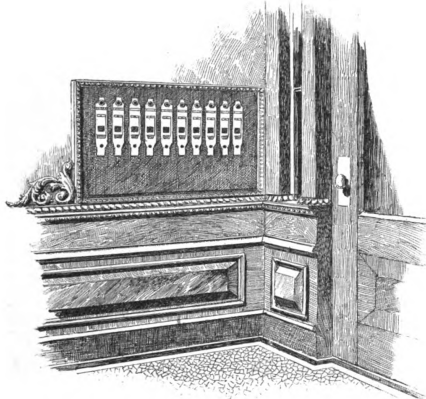
Amusements in Boston are at about the same figures as in other cities, and the Hub is looked upon as one of the very best paying "show towns" in the country. It is the only city in the United States outside of New York supporting a stock company in a regular season of standard plays. They are also great lovers of music, and without in the least being a musical people in the fullest meaning of that term, they are great patrons of the divine art. Here, too, is another Anglicism. Londoners are distinctly not music producers, yet they support music and musicians better than any Continental city, and concerts pay better there than in Paris, Berlin, or Vienna. And concerts are more remunerative in Boston than anywhere else in this country. This shows a decidedly high intellectual average; it must necessarily have a refining and beneficial influence upon their homes and their home life. This is distinctly noticeable, too, upon a class of people who hereabouts are recruited apparently from our roughest and most illiterate element. I refer to the "shop girls," i.e., "salesladies," in our large establishments. In Boston they are, as a rule, well-educated, polite, of good appearance, and above all ambitious to improve



PLAN OF A TYPICAL NEW YORK FLAT. (Double), Renting for \$25 per month.



A CHARACTERISTIC NEW YORK FLAT, RENTING FOR ABOUT \$25 PER MONTH.



ENTRY OF A NEW YORK FLAT.
(Suites of seven rooms, including bath-room, for \$25 per month.)

is distinctly favored over his neighbor, and more particularly that both necessity and choice compel him largely to reside in the rural districts, with plenty of fresh air and the opportunity for exercise as antidotes against the foul air of offices and the close confinement of factories. Considering the opportunity offered, it is somewhat to be wondered at that the building association has not taken firmer hold among the people—in New England they are called "co-operative banks"—for it is only by the employment of this agency that the \$25 a week man can hope to secure a home of his own. The high value of land in New York city and Brooklyn does not furnish a very fertile field of operation for the building association. Tenements rearing their heads six, eight, and ten stories high have of late years been dignified by the name "Flat"; \$25 a week allows about the same number of dollars for the month's rent of the flat. The better enforcement of the laws concerning the regulating and building of all grades of "tenements" has resulted in the decided amelioration of the conditions of life for the wage-earners of New York and her sister city across the bridge.

I do not mean by this that the real tenement life is any more attractive, health-giving, or as tending towards happiness; but of the class of tenements of which I treat there can be no doubt but what they yield more for the money than they did ten or fifteen years ago. There is no part of New York city in which the \$25 to \$35 per month flat is not common, although the east side from Eighth Street to the Harlem River and from Third Avenue to the East River contains possibly 75 per cent. of these "homes of the people." The west side of course contains a large number of low-priced flats, but few under \$35 that can compare favorably with those on the east at \$10 less a month. Another curiosity in family economics in Gotham is that edibles of all descriptions are cheaper on the east side than on the west. The family market basket is replenished for less money, and, on the whole, the qualities between the two sides do not differ appreciably. The average flat at the prices mentioned contains from six to eight rooms, with bath, and sometimes steam heat. The entrance is generally a very swell affair, with a great deal of plate and stained glass, elaborate brass bells, tiled floor, and in those buildings now being put up much is thought to be gained by a high-sounding name. Within the space accorded these "homes" there is almost one universal plan of distribution of rooms. There is of course a front room, or parlor; sometimes a "hall bedroom" on the side; then from the parlor itself a large bedroom, another opening into that, with the dining-room and kitchen *en suite*, and the bath-room a niche opening into the air-shaft. There is, of course, a common entrance to all tenants, the apartments opening on to one stairway, and in flats averaging \$40 a private hallway as well; this latter is considered a great boon, as it separates the rooms from each other, consequently giving greater pri-

vacy and comfort. The janitor, of course, lives in the basement, and runs the establishment to suit himself.

The building laws compel the usual number of fire-escapes, unsightly but imperative. In all cases where flats of this quality are found upon avenues where business can be carried on, of course the ground-floor is always devoted to stores. They vary greatly in character, all the way from the peace-destroying gilded run-shop to the staid and friendly "funeral director," the undertaker. At most every vocation and calling finds representatives in these stores. Real-estate and insurance men abound; barbers, cigar dealers, grocers, tailors, furniture and upholstering dealers, hardware, stationery, candies, florists, dry-goods and notions, drug stores innumerable, fish dealers, laundries, boots and shoes, gent's furnishings, trunk makers, hatters—in fact, a walk on one of these avenues and any reasonable person can fit out himself, his family, and his home. And yet of the 2,000,000 people who live in New York, but 13,000 own the roof over their heads. It is evident from these figures that the \$25 a week man and his family have veritably but *un pied-à-terre*. A favorite source of amusement for the "laid-back" of the "slack" hours, when the kitchen fire is out or the babies asleep, is to "loll" out of the front windows in solid rows, taking in the street fights, the fires, and other excitements attendant upon a metropolitan existence.

It is really wonderful what a difference exists between New York and Brooklyn. The latter has all the simplicity of a country cousin, but who tries to ape the manners and looks of his city relative. In this case the difference is all the more remarkable because of the close alliance of the two cities from a commercial or social standpoint. As far as homes are concerned, Brooklyn has the best of the comparison. Relatively considered, property is cheap in Brooklyn, and the number of separate houses with "laid-back" of the average worker exceeds New York's ten to one; in fact, a separate house for \$95 a month does not exist in New York at all. Among the separate houses in Brooklyn are a very large number of old-fashioned two-story frame dwellings with high stoops, and sometimes a portico over the stoop; another class are two-story brick houses with a doorway level with the street. Buildings such as these do not render a city architecturally handsome, but they provide a world of comfort and independence for their occupants. Flats there are, too, in Brooklyn, seldom so high as their New York prototypes, and renting for from \$30 to \$25; such as across the bridge would readily bring from \$32 to \$35. Brooklyn's elevated roads and electric cars have done wonders in building up the outlying suburban districts. Ridgewood, Rockwood Place, and along Flatbush Avenue, have all developed wonderfully within the past few years in providing suitable homes for a people of modest wants and capacities.

What Brooklyn really needs for its further development is another bridge with the metropolis—say at about Twenty-third Street. This of course would materially benefit New York in providing an outlet for her surplus population; and from another standpoint it would also benefit her greatly in procuring for thousands of her workers better homes than New York provided for them, and at less cost. With numberless controversies still bright and fresh about the one "Brooklyn Bridge," it is more than likely that another is in the dim future.

There is a lot of "cheap wit" current throughout the country about the city of Penn. Somnolent she may be, staid she no doubt always will be, and perhaps there is nothing which does run through Philadelphia save the river Schuylkill, but, for all this, she is the "city of homes" the world over. When Penn and his disciples laid out the Quaker City, they designed that all streets should cross each other at right angles, and that alleyways and smaller streets should intersect the larger ones, furnishing rear outlets to the houses, besides light and air, and thus fa-

cilitating traffic throughout the city. Penn's idea has been much abused in one respect. These alleyways and "side streets," as they are called, owing to an atrociously bad city government and a "cobble-stone ring," are not the blessing and convenience they ought to be; they are wretchedly paved, and frequently kept indifferently clean. In localities in the older parts of the city it has not always been possible to provide alleyways or a small street in the rear of the blocks; so a two-foot alleyway between each pair of houses, connecting with both yards and opening on to the front street, affords egress and exit to the rear of the house. This idea has also been elaborated in many of the better class of houses, where the side yards of each pair of houses open on to the front street, closed by a handsome ornamental gateway; but of course this requires an exceptionally wide lot, so there are few if any being built in that style. Philadelphia is, properly speaking, divided into five separate districts, in all of which the wage-earner finds equal accommodations in his home. These are the old city south of Market Street, from Market Street north to the city limits, in the Kensington and Richmond districts, the Germantown and Manayunk suburbs, and West Philadelphia. The Philadelphia houses of single width are, with rare exceptions, designed as to the interior upon one plan. There are no basements; the parlor, dining-room, and kitchen are on one floor, but not connecting, except as to dining-room and kitchen; these usually open into each other, and are reached from the front door by an entryway which parallels the parlor; the stairway ends opposite the entrance to the parlor, and runs up through the middle of the house. One feature of Philadelphia houses peculiar to Quaker City homes is the "back building," somewhat similar to but much deeper than the New York "extension"; the dining-room and kitchen are in this extension on the ground floor, the sitting-room being on the second floor; and in four-story houses there are two, and sometimes three bedrooms over the sitting-room. The bathroom is usually between the back and front buildings. All these are light rooms, opening on to the "side yard," which runs parallel with the back buildings on a twenty-foot lot; this side yard is usually about four feet wide. On a great number of the streets, chiefly the numbered ones, the buildings are constructed with stores on the ground-floor, with a side door to reach the dwelling above. Sometimes the fam-



RIDGEWOOD AVENUE AND LINWOOD STREET, BROOKLYN, EAST NEW YORK.
(Floors renting for from \$18 to \$25 per month.)

ily live over the little business carried on in the store below, or it may be rented separately. Of course the famous "white shutters" must not be forgotten. But few new houses are supplied with these. Philadelphia has progressed a little. But they still wash down the sidewalks on Saturdays. This, in a general way, describes all Philadelphia houses, the smaller and cheaper houses being the larger ones in miniature. Philadelphia pressed brick, owing to the exceptionally fine clay found in the county, is considered the best brick made, and forms the material for the majority of the houses, and, to a great extent, the pavements also; but in the latest building operations brick pavements have been discarded and various patent pavements substituted. As a usual thing a Philadelphia block contains from thirty to forty houses, and when one considers that a two-story brick house, with gas throughout, a bath-room with hot and cold water—six rooms in all—with a small well-fenced and well-paved yard, can be rented for \$13.50 per month, there need be no sneers at the old Quaker City when she provides her people with homes like these. I clip from the Philadelphia *Ledger* some of its real-estate notices. They are instructive reading as compared with similar "ads" in other cities.

ONLY, WORTH \$2000, OR FOR RENT, ONLY \$12 PER MONTH—Those new two-story, five-room houses, lots 14 x 66; bath, gas, hot and cold water; polished brass gas fixtures; gold paper; cemented cellars, with heaters, not built on filled-in ground, but on that as solid as a rock; street as wide as Broad Street. The owner of these houses owns considerable ground in this neighborhood, and, as a means of improving same, is offering these houses at cost. Terms very easy. Allegheny Avenue and Thompson Street, one square west of Richmond Street. Depot of red cars on Second and Third Streets line within a square.

WEST PHILADELPHIA PROPERTY.

4—Haverford, 9 rooms.....	\$18 00
4—Haverford, 8 rooms.....	16 00
3—Melon, 7 rooms.....	16 00
8—North Forty-fourth, 7 rooms, large lot.....	14 00
4—Wallace, 6 rooms.....	13 00
4—Wallace, 6 rooms.....	13 00
4—Prescott, 6 rooms.....	12 00
6—Cluesen, 4 rooms.....	9 00

CITY PROPERTY.

FOR RENT—DESIRABLE DWELLINGS.

2—South Sixth Street, 11 rooms.....	\$40 00
1—Eleventh Street, 5 rooms.....	14 00
1—North Eleventh Street, 3 rooms.....	8 00
1—Watkins Street, 4 rooms.....	10 00
2—Columbia Avenue, 10 rooms.....	28 00
2—South Street, 4 rooms.....	9 00
9—Sartain Street, 8 rooms.....	20 00

The highest-priced house on these lists is \$40 per month, and that is in an old section of the city, with eleven rooms, and from its location could easily be let for business pur-



ROCKWELL PLACE, NEAR LAFAYETTE AND FLATBUSH AVENUES, BROOKLYN.
(Floors renting for from \$18 to \$25 per month.)

poses. Philadelphia has suffered very greatly for want of proper rapid transit; but now that the Reading Railroad Company has at last accomplished its Market Street terminal, the Northeastern Elevated also having acquired its charter, there will no doubt be greater facilities for reaching the far-off sections of the city. Apart from this, Philadelphia has the most complete system of street railroads in the world; almost every street is gridironed, and while, as is usual with all railroad companies, they have shockingly abused the privileges conferred upon them by a too trusting Legislature and City Councils, they have undoubtedly worked immense benefits to the citizens, for Philadelphia is above all things a city of "magnificent distances." A street car going somewhere, with a system of passes and exchanges, rides by or within a stone's-throw of every "home" in the Quaker City.

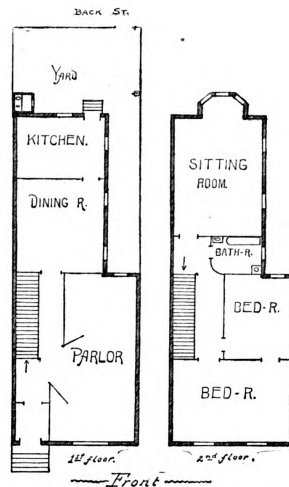
Philadelphia is also the headquarters of the building association. There are some twelve hundred of these organizations in Pennsylvania, nearly one-half of them being located in Philadelphia; they have done much to develop the "small homes" of the Quaker City, having been honestly and efficiently managed. The theory and practice of the building association is the spirit of co-operation. Land is cheap, opportunities for owning one's own home are easy to acquire, and the building association has been the *modus operandi*. One must not forget, too, her far-famed markets, superbly supplied with the finest and choicest farm produce in this country.

Philadelphia undoubtedly does not possess that metropolitan something which inspires enthusiasm and a general condition of "hustle," but for the wage-earner and man of humble means she provides more comfort, happiness, and independence for one of Uncle Sam's dollars than the same wage-earner can secure for five times that sum in any other city in this country or in foreign parts. Strange to relate, Philadelphia is a good theatrical city, in spite of its Quaker antecedents. "Home life" must have its pleasures and distractions, and theatres are both numerous and prosperous. In addition, she is splendidly supplied with public institutions, galleries, museums, and libraries, so that "all the comforts of home" exist upon no mean scale for the wage-earner and mechanic.

When the traveller reaches Baltimore there is an aroma of the sunny South in the air, and a soft "burr" upon the tongue of the passer-by. There is, too, a *dolce far niente* in the general make up of the town, a provincialism that is both pleasant and surprising. The Southern way of *laissez-faire* is on all sides of you, the street-car "horses" are mules, the "raw box" is in sight, and the "darky" of the old times walks her streets. You feel you have entered another section of these great United States. Architecturally speaking, Baltimore has tarried by the way-side. From a geographical stand-point it does not attract much emigration; its commerce has increased, but only as a cheap tide-water port with good railroad facilities and small charges to shippers. In the matter of "homes" for its people, it has stood practically still. In the "old town" on the east side of the city, on Caroline Street near Pratt and other contiguous thoroughfares, a small brick dwelling with a high flight of white or green steps that run up the front of the house, often sideways, brings \$18 per month without bath, gas, or furnace! Here, too, there is a cellarway open-

its wage-earners have more comfort for a less number of dollars than they have heretofore enjoyed.

Westward ho! Out on the prairie the Windy City holds her sway, dignified now by the preparations for a World's Fair. Columbus never dreamt to what reckless use his name would be put, as a Columbian Fair, or perhaps he might have hesitated about his voyage to the West in search of new lands to glorify the reign of Ferdinand and



PLAN OF TYPICAL TWO-STORY HOUSE IN PHILADELPHIA.
(Renting for from \$18 to \$25 per month.)

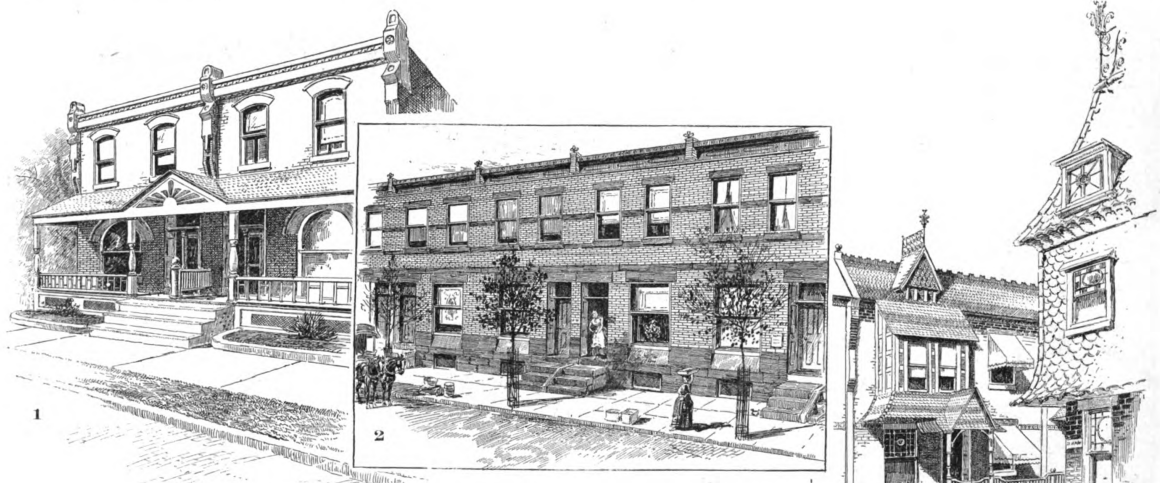
Isabella. With the Fair now more of an actuality than other parts of our country have generally conceded, how and where the people of Chicago live casts an interesting shadow upon the festivities in prospect. The Chicago River, or ditch, more accurately speaking, cuts the city into three distinct sections—the North, South, and West sides; there is also a corner called the Northwest Side, but is in reality part of the West Side proper.

Chicago has within a year absorbed legally the whole of Cook County, and has thus acquired *de jure* as well as *de facto* all of the North and South Side suburbs; on the West

down the centre of the footway, bordered on either side by grass-plots, and on the street side, sometimes a row of trees. The streets when paved at all are remarkably well done; patent pavements, Belgian blocks, and macadam are all represented.

The plans of the Chicago "flats" follow those of New York very closely, except that they are rarely so well built or finished; the rent will range from \$20 to \$40 a month, and average about \$10 a month cheaper than Gotham. A great many of the Chicago blocks are cut in two by alleyways or small streets, something on the Philadelphia plan. These are seldom paved and never cleaned; back fences always retain the natural color of the wood; paint is plentiful but time is scarce out there. The only elevated railroad that has so far begun an existence is known as the "Alley Road," because its tracks run down the alleyway between Wabash Avenue and State Street. The Philadelphia Syndicate has also absorbed in Chicago most of the street-car lines, and "cabled" them to the distinct advantage of "homes" for the people. They get better and quicker transportation, cleaner streets, and, being enabled to go out into more distant and cheaper districts, perhaps in time the class of buildings may improve; at present it is distinctly bad. The cost of food supplies is probably cheaper by 25 per cent. in Chicago than in any other city of relative size in the country. Poultry, game, vegetables, butter, eggs, milk, fruit, meats, and even fish, are remarkably cheap and plentiful. There are no market buildings like the Farmers' Market in Philadelphia or Fulton Market in New York; the green-grocer and butcher furnish all the supplies, much on the New York principle. In fact, in most aspects of its life, Chicago is a weak imitation of the metropolis. Amusements are chiefly Eastern successes; the lake unfortunately affords comparatively little recreation; it is too rough and uncertain for much rowing or sailing, and excursions by steamboat are not looked upon with much favor. But Chicago, for all these drawbacks, is a great city for the "hustler"; the spirit of adventure and daring speculation is abroad among the people; there is a constant "boom," the latest and biggest being the World's Fair. This will have a tendency to enhance the value of South Side real estate so much that the wage-earner who luxuriates on \$25 per week, will as the Fair approaches his opening, find his rent so much raised that he will be compelled to find a cheaper "home." As is likely, he will not migrate to the North or West Side, but migrate further south, to Pullman, for instance, where really exceptional opportunities are provided for the working man, and more nearly approaching the comforts of a Philadelphia "home."

Pullman is indeed a country town of homes with city conveniences. There are altogether about six thousand mechanics finding employment there, most of them, of course, employed at the great shops of the Pullman Company. The average rental in Pullman of single houses is \$14 per month. Flats containing from two to five rooms, rent from \$8 to \$9 a month. There is still another kind of flat, where each family has a separate entrance, with five good rooms and a basement, renting for from \$14 to \$16 a flat. Separate sinks, water-traps and closets are provided for each family. The single houses are really models of comfort and convenience. They are all solidly built on stone foundations; main walls of common brick, and fronts of an excellent quality of



TYPICAL PHILADELPHIA DWELLINGS.

1. Fortieth and Poplar Streets. Lot 17 x 100. Seven Rooms and Bath. All Conveniences. Thirty Minutes by Horse-car, and Ten Minutes by Steam from centre of City, renting for \$28 per Month.
2. Part of a Block of Forty Houses. Six to Eight Rooms. All conveniences. Renting for from \$12 to \$20 per Month.
3. St. Mark's Square. Six Rooms and Bath. All Conveniences. Renting for \$13 50 per Month.

ing on to the sidewalk, and often the old plantation "moke" is seen sawing in two huge fire logs for the winter's blaze. But this is not peculiar only to the cheaper grade of houses, but also to many of the stately but old-fashioned homes. Baltimore can rightfully boast of her splendid farm produce and of its cheapness; in this respect she holds her own with any city in this country.

On Division Street, near Lafayette, a new dwelling section of the Monumental City, there have been erected a number of "small homes" of eight rooms each, with bath, gas on first floor, but no furnace and no inside closets. Just as gas should stop short at the first floor shows how little progress this old town has made. Darkness, or candles and the treacherous coal-oil lamp illuminate the upper portions of these homes. Beyond Druid Hill Park and towards the old race course building operations in cheap houses have been carried on more or less successfully; but the lack of proper "rapid transit" has hampered the complete success of these schemes. Now, however, that mules are to be succeeded by the cable and will shortly disappear, Baltimore will no doubt improve in the matter of "small homes," and

Side the city limits already extended almost to the county lines. Both the North and South sides contain, of course, a certain percentage of wage-earners' "homes" of the class I have treated of, but property is much higher in both these sections, and so it comes that the great majority of this class find their sleeping-place within the classic precincts of the West Side. It must be said, in the interest of truth and historical accuracy, that a more ugly town than this West Chicago is, it would be hard to find. And it is ugly beyond reformation. Single flats of four stories abound, built generally of a cheap brick with slate stone trimmings; gas, of course, on all floors; water in plenty, and a bath-room to every flat; there are no elevators in these flats, nor any cellars. In fact, strictly speaking, there is not a cellar in Chicago, as to excavate below the basement depth means to strike water. The type of single house is a two-story frame cottage, built in pairs, with a high stoop, a porch, and usually a small yard in front, which, with the more tasteful and refined tenants, presents quite an array of garden flowers. Most of the pavements are board walks

pressed brick. The interior woodwork is of pine in natural finish; in the basement, which is so well built as to be perfectly dry, there are the laundry, steel-plate furnace in a room by itself, coal-bin, store-room, etc. On the first floor there are the parlor, hallway, dining-room, kitchen, and necessary pantry. The second floor contains four bedrooms, bath room, with stationary wash-stand, hot and cold water, and closets. The third floor contains three comfortable sleeping rooms. The sewerage is iron throughout, with necessary catch basins. There are also open fireplaces in the parlor and front bedroom. Some are built with bay-window fronts, others with covered piazzas. Each house has a large back yard, with wood and coal shed. The Pullman Company own all these properties, and maintain them in first-class condition. A great number of the dwellings are heated by steam. The grounds are terraced and planted with flowers and shrubbery.

The front yards are not fenced, but left open, so as to give to the streets the appearance of parks. Pullman is charmingly situated on the lake, within easy riding distance of Chicago; the rentals are not more than three-fourths as much as the like amount of room brings in Chicago, and there is nothing in the World's Fair city to compare in attractiveness to these Pullman homes.

They say comparisons are odious, but the object of this article has been to place before my readers a frank and explicit statement of what constitutes happiness, home, and prosperity for the average wage-earners in several of our large cities. Life in American cities does not present, one as compared to the other, that variegated and local coloring which is the charm of foreign countries; perhaps an exception in favor of this rule may be made as to New Orleans, whose Franco-Spanish origin lends to it an individuality possessed by no other city in the United States. Outside of the city on the Gulf, actual existence does not differ materially as between the rival cities. Chicago is said to be a summer resort, but the confidence of the public in this claim has, I am afraid, been rudely upset when it sees 100° in the shade recorded for the World's Fair city. New York is not a summer resort, but there is no city in the world where there is so much of amusement and recreation within easy and cheap reach of the people. If only a better means of interurban transit were in existence to give the people better "homes," New York might be called an ideal city for poor and rich alike; but so long as the mass of the "people" are herded together under one roof, there cannot be that freedom of life which provides a real "home" and health-giving surroundings. Boston is exceptionally well situated for healthfulness. The climate in the summer is, on the whole, equable; the winters are apt to be pretty severe, and an east wind is not a "thing of joy forever." Yet as the "homes" in Boston are largely suburban, and many of them can be called even rural, the average worker has considerable comfort and freedom in Boston. Baltimore does not, on the whole, stand the test of comparison. They need to wake up there, and give the people better homes and more of them; "homes" that earn the name, and that compare with other cities in progress and enlightenment.

I have said before that there is a great deal of cheap wit afloat at the expense of the city of Penn. Some of it is perhaps deserved; much of it is launched in a spirit of ignorance and envy. Philadelphia can well afford to listen unmoved to these ribald jests; for what city in this or any other country has earned the title, "a city of homes"? It is better than being called a "Windy City," or a "Monumental City," or the "Hub of the Universe," or, indeed, a "City of Churches," and means more to hundreds and thousands than life in a tenement eight stories high in the "Empire City."

As a matter of statistical comparison, it is well

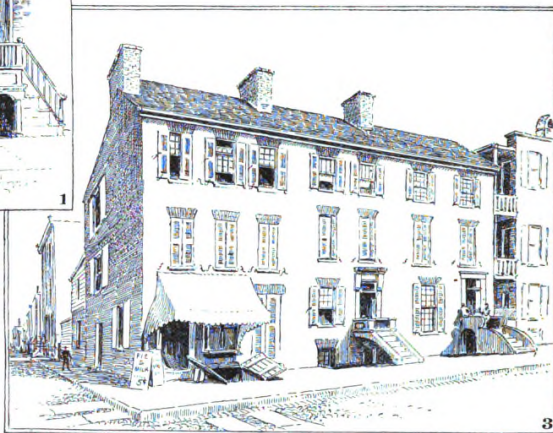
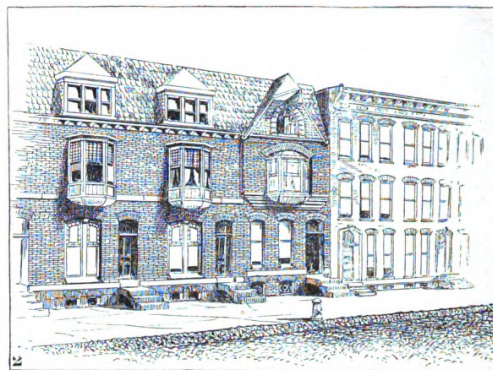
to state here that Philadelphia has 235,000 buildings of all kinds; the letter carriers covering 91½ square miles of territory, against 120,000 buildings in New



BALTIMORE DWELLINGS.

1. Caroline Street, near Pratt Street, East Side, Old Town. Nine Rooms. No Bath, Gas, or Furnace. \$18 per Month.
2. Division Street near Lafayette Avenue, new part of Town. Eight Rooms and Bath. Gas on lower Floors. No Furnace, no inside Closets. Bay-window Houses renting for \$21 per Month. Adjoining Houses for \$22.
3. East Side, Old Town. Six and Seven Rooms, no Conveniences. \$12 and \$15 per Month.

York, and 41 square miles of territory; 128,000 houses and 61 square miles of territory in



SMALL HOUSES IN CHICAGO.

1. Rear View of low-rented Flat, South Side. Containing Bath-Room. Lighted by Gas. \$25 per Month.
2. Brick Dwellings on Irving Avenue, West Side. Three Miles (thirty minutes) from Business Centre. Bath-Room. Lighted by Gas. \$25 per Month.
3. "Block No. 10," Pullman, Chicago. About one and a half Miles from Business Centre. No Conveniences, except occasionally Gas. Renting for about \$26 per Month.
4. A typical Dwelling. About one and a half Miles from Business Centre. No Conveniences, except occasionally Gas. Renting for about \$26 per Month.

Chicago; and 53,000 in Boston; and probably something less in Baltimore. Of these 235,000 and odd buildings in the Quaker City, 83,068 are two-story dwellings—read these figures attentively, it means a "home" for from \$8 to \$13 a month—96,771 are three-story dwellings; a beautiful little "home," three stories high, for \$25 a month and even less. I find that perhaps I may have extolled the "homes" of the Quaker City seemingly at the expense of the other cities discussed, but to those acquainted with the facts, my enthusiasm is not out of bounds. If the old adage "A man's home is his castle" was ever proved, it is in the Quaker City.

THE PROGRESS OF GUN-MAKING IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY LIEUTENANT F. DE T. CLOTH, OF THE FRENCH ARMY.

THE long spell of peace which the United States have been enjoying for a period of nearly thirty years has had a stagnant effect upon the progress of the manufacture of domestic ordnance. Only in small arms and machine-guns has this country maintained its place. Recently, however, the thinking part of the population has become cognizant of the fact that peace is the only time allotted to a nation to prepare for war. Whenever war clouds gather on the political horizon of the world, the American mind begins to feel uneasy. This uneasiness does not prove so much that the population of this great commonwealth is conscious of its utter defencelessness in case of war, as it proves the fact that the Union is developing fast from a second-rate power into a great power of international political importance.

Without a coast defence, without a sufficient navy, without an adequate army to preserve even peace within her own borders, the country would fall a prey to the first onslaught from outside. Superior force alone is the test of right and wrong between nations, and the only verdict that is given is given from the mouth of the cannon.

What have the United States hitherto done in the way of providing for an adequate armament, such as modern times require in order to be safe at home? Nothing; practically nothing.

The efforts of the War and Navy departments in this direction are just as reprehensible as the actions of the legislative bodies are dilatory and unpatriotic. Captain Rodgers Birnie, U.S.A., to whom the writer feels greatly obliged for valuable information on the subject under discussion, is perfectly right when he says, "The trade of munitions of war obeys, like every other industry, the inevitable law of supply and demand."

The demand for small arms for general use in this country, and the fact that the cost of manufacture and improvement of these arms places the matter within reasonable control of private industry, and does not necessitate a very large expenditure on the part of the government, have maintained the necessary skill in the art, and have enabled American private manufacturers to compete successfully in the markets of the world. Very different, however, is the case with heavy guns. For these the government alone can create a demand. During the civil war, when the demand for guns was strong,

the American system of producing cast-iron guns developed into an excellent one. Since then little or nothing has been done until lately. The little that has been accomplished is due to the united efforts of the army and navy, which within the past few years have with marked unanimity advocated the construction of steel guns, and have entered upon their manufacture to the extent of available appropriations by Congress.

The guns made in the United States previous to Rodman's improvements in the manufacture of cast-iron guns are of little interest, with the sole exception perhaps that some of the old principles have been successfully applied to the new guns now made.

Professor Daniel Treadwell constructed his first gun as far back as 1841. It was made of short cylinders of wrought iron, which were welded together. Each of these cylinders consisted of small rings, which were welded one over the other. Later on Treadwell changed his method, and made single cylinders of steel, round the whole being spirally a bar of iron. The cylinders were then welded together, and the gun formed by means of moulds and dies which were connected with a powerful hydrostatic press. A screw plug was used to close the breech, while the trunnions were fastened to a band, and the latter secured on the gun.

The idea of the constructor evidently was to make a gun which would be of uniform strength in every direction. These guns were tested both by the army and navy, and the smaller calibres proved a success, while the large ones constructed for the navy did not. Whatever value one might attach to Treadwell's method of construction, the fact remains that his principle of the built-up gun was right.

After Treadwell came Chambers, who obtained an American patent in 1849, which is worthy of note, as it describes a device for a slotted screw breech *fermeture*, a hinged movement of the breech which was then withdrawn to clear the way for loading through the breech, a loading tray or sleeve inserted in the breech to cover the threads in loading, and the biconical shape given to the shrinkage surfaces of the hoops to afford longitudinal strength.

This gun was a wrought-iron breech-loading smooth-bore, consisting of one solid tube from breech to muzzle, on which were shrunk several layers of hoops. It is a somewhat singular coincidence that the modern French breech mechanism, which is considered superior to any other, is constructed on similar principles to the one used by Chambers.

The next great step forward was made by the late General Rodman, who introduced a new method of casting, and to whom we are indebted for the cast-iron smooth-bore guns. These guns became great war engines, but this fact alone does not imply that the preference of the American people should be still given to them, now that they are of no value to anybody except perhaps the antiquarian. Rodman's improvement chiefly consisted in cooling his gun from the interior, a process which at present is one of the first principles of perfect gun-construction.

At present there are still 210 8-inch, 998 10-inch, 305 12-inch, and 230-inch cast-iron Rodman smooth-bore guns available for actual service.

In case of necessity they would be a little better than nothing, provided that one does not hope to pierce the armor of a modern ironclad with them; but to expect any effective work of the smooth-bore is simple folly. Even the 15-inch cast-iron smooth-bore gun is only capable of throwing the shell, which weighs 450 pounds, about three and three-fourth miles, and to do this must be fired at an elevation of at least twenty degrees. The chief trouble with all smooth-bore guns is that the muzzle energy soon dies away.

Though the smooth-bore was once classed as retained calibres, which means that they are no longer to be used, they well deserve to be mentioned, considering not only that they form the link between the smooth-bore and the rifled gun, but also because of the important rôle they played during the war. After the Parrot rifle followed a long hill, during which no attempts whatever were made to improve gun-making in this country. In 1872, however, Hitecock proposed a 9-inch muzzle-loading rifle, which was made by welding together disks of wrought iron in such a manner as to finally produce a solid wrought-iron piece.

The inventor proposed to work himself at the Springfield Armory, but had to abandon his project after three years' labor and the expenditure of a large amount of money. The verdict was that the construction was not only too costly and difficult, but that it was impracticable.

In 1875 the Mann 8-inch breech-loading rifle was tested at Sandy Hook after which it was sent to Philadelphia to figure in the Centennial Exhibition. It was a peaceful task the gun had to perform, and it did it well.

The body of the Mann gun was a tube open from end to end, and counterpoised at the trunnion supports in the straps. The trunnions connected the whole system with the carriage, and formed a part of the side straps, which in their turn were supposed to support the longitudinal strain caused by the pressure on the breech block.

The breech was opened or closed by raising or lowering it. The breech block, when

ever closed, covered the breech end of the tube, and supported the gas-check ring. After a few improvements in the construction of the breech, the gun was tested at Sandy Hook in the year 1884. At the twenty-fourth round it burst, and consequently proved a failure. The fracture showed no defects in the metal, but it had become evident during the firing that the side straps did not hold the breech block up to its place as the breech of the gun was slightly raised from its place by the firing.

The idea of making a wire-wound gun first occurred to Dr. Woodbridge as far back as 1850. A gun of this kind was then constructed at the Washington Navy-yard, and tested in 1865 by Major Laidley; 1327 rounds were fired from it, when the trunnion band broke loose. Seven years later the War Department decided once more upon the construction of a wire-wound muzzle-loading 10-inch rifle. The tube was of thin steel, round which wire was wound somewhat larger than the intended bore. When the tube was wound, the whole mass was enclosed in a tight case to protect it from oxidation, and heated therein to such a degree as was required for the fusion of the metal to be used for consolidating it. The soldering metal was then run in, filling all the interstices of the mass. After this was done, and the gun properly cooled, it was bored in the usual way. Great hopes were placed in this gun, but, much to the dismay of the constructor, the gun was an utter failure, and pulled apart longitudinally when tested with 80 pounds of powder after a total of 93 rounds.

Discouraging as the fact was, the construction of wire-wound guns was not abandoned, and the building of two more was commenced by the Getty board as a cheap speculation. The work was begun in 1884, but suspended in 1886, no funds being available then to continue the work.

The interesting feature of these two guns was that one of them was to be a 10-inch cast-iron gun, partly wrapped with wire, weighing 29 tons, and measuring 23½ feet long. The second gun, the construction of which was also begun, was considered a decided advance on the former. It was intended as a 10-inch steel gun with longitudinal bars, and wire-wound from breech to muzzle. The design represented the gun weighing 22 tons and measuring 31½ feet. The longitudinal bars were introduced to give the gun longitudinal strength. The steel bars were procured from the Otis Iron and Steel Co., in Cleveland, and were cold rolled at the works of Jones & Laughlins, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, while the wire was drawn at the works of the Trenton Iron Co., at Trenton, New Jersey.

The object of wire-wound guns is that excessive charges may be used in order to obtain a higher initial velocity, and consequently a greater penetrating power.

The converted muzzle-loading rifles constitute a system of built-up guns in which the shrinkage of the casting is negative. The casing is formed of the Rodman smooth-bore gun from which ¼ of a calibre thickness is removed from the cast-iron to enlarge the bore for the reception of the comparatively thick tube of reduced bore. This tube consisted of either wrought iron or steel. The former were procured from Armstrong, and the latter from the Bethlehem Steel Co., Germany. Some of these converted guns, especially the 8-inch gun, proved a success, while others did not. The trials of these guns of larger calibre showed the unsuitability of muzzle insertion, and led to the substitution of breech insertion for all guns of larger than 6-inch calibre.

The converted breech-loading rifles were the next step in advance, and Krupp's breech mechanism was adapted to this type of gun. The general features of tube construction in these rifles were the same as in the breech-insertion muzzle-loaders. But the jacket was made of a heavier steel piece, which projected to the rear in order to receive the Krupp *fermeture*. The construction of converted breech-loading rifles was continued, but the quality of the steel used was too poor, and the two trial guns, which were severely tested, soon proved a failure, and consequently hampered the advancement of steel gun construction in this country.

The combined cast-iron and steel guns are of importance, and form the link between the old and the new methods of gun construction. The modern built-up steel rifle is the outcome of this transition. It is proper to make mention of the combined cast-iron and steel gun in the history of the progress of gun-making, including rifled mortars, three different types of this construction are now in existence.

1. A 12-inch breech-loading rifle made of cast iron, but lined with a steel tube, which is inserted from the rear, forming about one-half the length of the bore.

2. A 12-inch breech-loading rifle with cast-iron body, re-reinforced by steel hoops, and provided with a steel tube lining similar to that in the first gun.

3. The 12-inch rifled mortars, steel-hooped. This latter gun is a short rifled piece made of cast iron, and re-reinforced by a number of steel hoops. It measures 10 feet and 9 inches long, and weighs 13½ tons. The powder charge is 80 pounds, which is sufficient to insure a range of about six miles. The loaded shell weighs 630 pounds. The highest powder pressure to the breech of the mortar when fired does not exceed 28,000 pounds to the square inch.

It is the idea to use this gun in case of a foreign vessel being able to run the gauntlet of the big rifles, and trying to force an entrance into a harbor. The recent trials at Sandy Hook have given the most satisfactory results in every direction. The mortar tested was built by the Builders' Iron-Foundry of Providence. One of the tests at Sandy Hook was to ascertain the armor-piercing capacity of the gun. With a properly reduced charge of 51 pounds of powder, a steel shell weighing 628 pounds scattered a 4½-inch steel plate. At present there is no ironclad afloat having more than 3½-inch deck armor, which, as the tests show, would be insufficient against a shell from this formidable war engine. The new mortar batteries which are now under construction round Long Island Sound and New York Bay will be armed with these and pure steel mortars. The old smooth-bore mortars were altogether unreliable, and marksmanship was inaccurate with them.

None of the combined cast-iron and steel 12-inch breech-loading rifles have yet been delivered, and in the opinion of most experts the United States would save money if they never were. Should the steel-tubed and the steel-tubed and hooped guns ever be finished and tested, the trial of them might furnish some interesting facts with regard to the practicability of making a safe medium-power gun principally of cast iron.

In 1887 Congress made sufficient appropriations for the purchase and completion of three 6-inch steel cast breech-loading high-power rifles of domestic manufacture. When these guns are finished, they will be required to fire a 100-pound shell with an initial velocity of at least 2000 feet per second. The powder charge for these guns will probably be 50 or 52 pounds, while the pressure should not exceed 15 tons. It is expected that this gun will cost less than the 6-inch built-up forged steel gun, made also of entirely domestic material.

As the methods of manufacture of these steel guns, not now that it is impossible to pronounce an opinion on them before they have been tested. But whatever the result may be, they mark the first step in the manufacture of steel cast guns in this country. Whether 12-inch steel cast breech-loading rifles can be made successfully remains still a matter of conjecture. It is certain that in heavy calibres they could not be manufactured cheaper than the built-up steel rifles. The heaviest casting for a built-up steel rifle does not exceed 40 tons, while the casting of the steel cast gun, if made hollow, would be about 100 tons, and if made solid, at least 120 tons.

In regarding this kind of rifle, it would be well to remember that foreign countries have already made all these trials, and that all of them have now reached the conclusion that the built-up steel gun is at present the best and most reliable one. Though this type of gun represents the ideas of three Americans, namely, Treadwell, Chambers, and Rodman, built-up steel guns, strange to say, were first made in Europe.

In the beginning some difficulty was experienced in obtaining the right steel in this country, but at present domestic steelworks are perfectly capable of furnishing steel forgings good enough to be used for the making of any gun, however heavy its calibre may be.

The navy places most of its contracts for high-grade steel with the Bethlehem Iron-works, while the Ordnance Department procures it from the Midvale Steel Company, the Cambria Iron and Steel Works, and in cases of forgings for extra heavy rifles, such as 12-inch built-up guns, the Creusot in France. The following figures will show the progress made in the manufacture of built-up steel guns.

The War Department has at present on hand:

26 8.2-inch steel guns.
1 6-inch rifle.
1 7-inch howitzer.
2 8-inch rifles.
1 10-inch rifle.
1 12-inch rifle.

This is a poor show indeed, considering that all experts agree that built-up steel guns are the best. For this state of affairs the nation may thank the appropriation committees of Congress, who until late have done nothing except to cripple the Ordnance Department in their efforts to provide the proper armaments for an effective defence. The tests of the 8, 10, and 12 inch rifles at Sandy Hook during the last year have given such uniformly good results that Congress should lose no time in furnishing the necessary means for the construction of such guns.

It is gratifying to note that last year's appropriations promise an era of activity in coast defence unequalled since the civil war. The War Department has now placed contracts with citizens of the United States for the steel forgings of 112 field, siege, and sea-coast rifles; the manufacture of 11 8-inch guns; 73 12-inch sea-coast mortars; and of 1 8-inch and 9 15-inch dynamite guns, the last to be manufactured under the supervision of Lieutenant Colonel Farley. The new contracts of Ordnance, which now decides what guns shall be used in the army, consists of General Schofield, General Abbott, Colonel H. W. Closson (Fourth Artillery), and Lieutenant Colonel Alfred Mordica (Ordnance Department).

The Navy Department has been more for-

tunate than the War Department in obtaining appropriations for the construction of built-up steel rifles. As early as 1885 the navy began making built-up steel rifles, of which were ready on the 1st of January, 1891:

4 4-inch steel rifles.
3 5-inch " "
61 6-inch " "
11 8-inch " "
4 10-inch " "
3 15-inch dynamite guns on board the <i>Vesuvius</i> .

The process of making a steel rifle is highly interesting, and it takes about seven months to make one heavy gun. The tube, jacket, and hoops out of which a great gun is built up are first cast at the steelworks. Most of the metal is dug out of the mines of Pennsylvania, and special care is taken that the metal is of excellent quality. After the tube has been forged, it is tested before it is received at the army or navy gun factory. The steel used in the tube must have a tensile strength of 90,000 pounds; for the jacket, 85,000 pounds; and for hoops, 100,000 pounds are required.

The 12-inch built-up steel rifle which was finished this year at the army gun factory at Watervliet, and tested at Sandy Hook, under Captain Heath, U.S.A., weighs 52 tons, and is 34 feet long. The full powder charge is 440 pounds, and the solid shell turns the scale at 1080 pounds. The initial velocity of this shell, as required by the Ordnance Department, is 1950 feet per second, while its range is nearly 16 miles. At the distance of 6000 yards this gun is able to pierce from 10 to 12 inches of armor. The cost of the gun is about \$75,000. Though the plans of a 16-inch gun for coast defence are finished, the efforts made to produce a rifle of this heavy calibre have so far failed to receive approval of Congress. The necessity for such heavy guns has been admitted on all sides. European powers are using them, though it is an open secret that the English 11½-ton guns, being fruitfully constructed by the firm, Captain Charles S. Smith, of the Ordnance Department, has designed a 16-inch gun which promises to give fully as good a record as the Krupp gun of equal calibre.

The following breech-loading steel rifles were ordered in 1890 by the United States Ordnance Department:

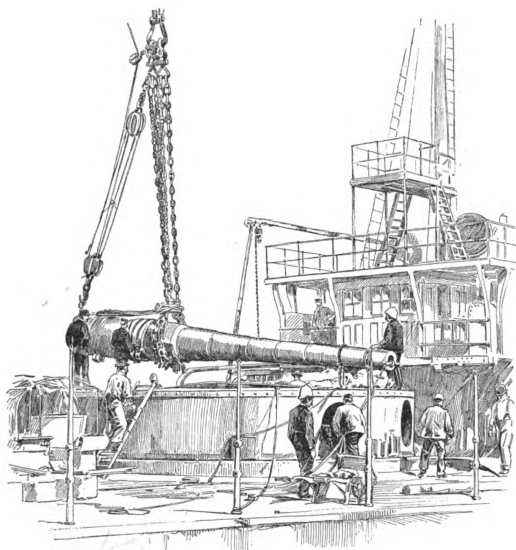
MOUNTAIN AND FIELD ARTILLERY.	
Ordered.	Completed.
1 8.2-inch mountain steel gun.....	1
100 3.2-inch light field steel guns.....	75
1 3.6-inch steel field gun.....	1
1 3.6-inch steel field mortar.....	1

SIEGE ARTILLERY.	
11 8-inch steel guns.....	1
11 7-inch steel howitzers.....	

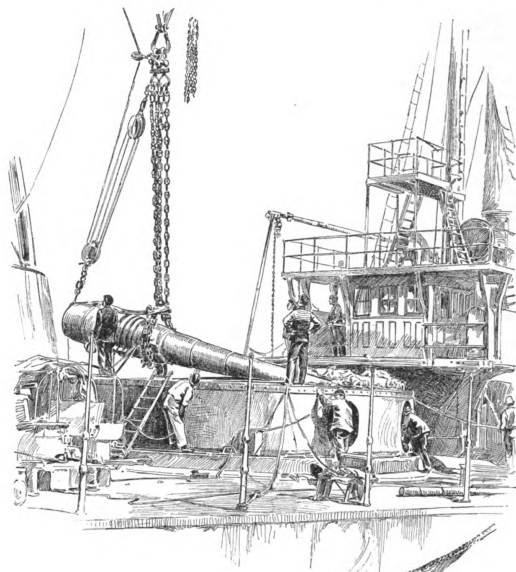
SEA-COAST ARTILLERY.	
25 8-inch steel guns.....	2
24 10-inch steel guns.....	1
16 13-inch steel guns.....	1
74 15-inch mortars, cast-iron, steel-hooped.....	1
1 12-inch steel mortar.....	1

The pneumatic dynamite or torpedo guns, as they are also styled, are still in a stage of development. As stated before, the United States government has ordered one 8-inch and nine 15-inch guns, which are now under contract with the Pneumatic Dynamite Gun Co., of New York. The inventor of this type of gun is Captain Zalinski, U.S.A., but opinions are divided on the value of the gun in its present state. The time set for the delivery of the guns is much overdue. The delay is caused by the improvements which are being continually made in the construction of the valves regulating air pressure. The recent trial on the *Vesuvius* of guns of this type has clearly shown that the gun is inaccurate and unreliable. In the mean time the Pneumatic Dynamite Gun Co. has made a 15-inch dynamite gun under the Victorian government (Austria), which was tested with gunnition at Shoeburyness, England. This gun, it is said, has given good results. The greatest drawback of the pneumatic gun is its complicated mechanism. The simpler a weapon is, the more efficient it will be in actual warfare. This principle has been so thoroughly evidenced in all the wars of the past that it naturally makes one look with suspicion on the pneumatic dynamite gun. Captain Zalinski, U.S.A., is an able expert, and should be able to furnish a dynamite gun which is safe, accurate, and simple, he will solve an important problem. It is not my intention to criticize a system which is adhered to by such experts as Lieutenant Colonel Farley, but, on the other hand, judging from what has been accomplished with this gun up to date, it would be unwise to place too much confidence in it.

The gun of the future, and the gun which may surpass even the built-up steel rifles, seems to be the Brown segmental wire gun, provided its construction can be carried out according to the plans of Lieutenant Whistler, Fourth Artillery, U.S.A. The lieutenant is supervising the making of a 5-inch segmental wire gun at Reading, Pennsylvania. It is claimed that this gun, apart from being cheaper than built-up steel guns, will be able to withstand higher powder pressure, give greater velocity, and consequently have an increased penetrating power over built-up steel rifles of the same calibre. Its construction will not be finished before May next, and the test is looked forward to by army and navy officers with great interest.



SWINGING THE GUN OVER THE TURRET.



LOWERING THE GUN INTO POSITION.

OUR FIRST BATTLE SHIP.

THE commissioning of the old monitor *Miantonomoh*, armed with modern high-power guns, marks an era in our naval progress. Though the initial impulse was given by vessels of the *Chicago* type, they are little more than swift commerce destroyers, whose light unarmored sides could be easily pierced from stem to stern by any ship of the line.

According to the new classification, the *Miantonomoh* will rank as a third-rate battle ship. This is due, however, entirely to lack of speed and endurance, for her great 10-inch rifles and modern compound armor would make her more than a match for the first-rates of the great maritime powers of the world. In the event of hostilities, monitors would serve only as weapons of defence, and would never attempt to carry a war into the enemy's territory. Had the recent misunderstanding with Italy assumed a serious phase, our weakness on the water would have been made painfully evident. At that time the *Miantonomoh* was the only vessel that we could have sent to oppose the monster battle ships of the *Lepanto* class.

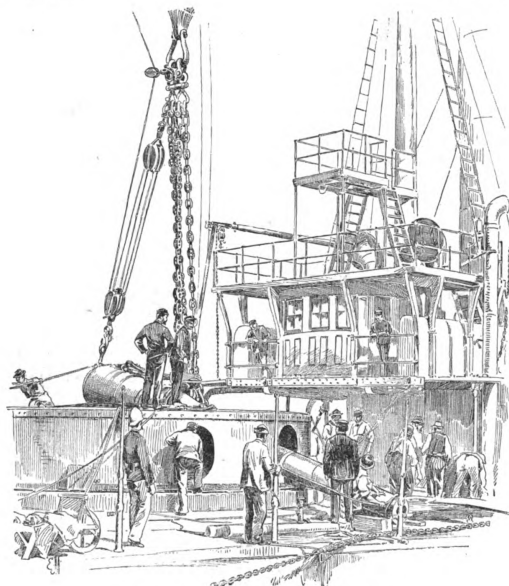
The four great guns of the *Miantonomoh* have a history almost as interesting as that of the vessel itself. They were begun at the Washington Navy-yard during the administration of Secretary Whitney. At that time no plant had been established in this country capable of producing large steel forgings for a modern built-up rifle. Those for the first three guns, as well as those for the armor plates, were made in England. The last gun, however, which was recently placed in the forward turret, is entirely of American manufacture from muzzle to breech, and enjoys the distinction of being the first 10-inch modern high-power rifle mounted on the deck of a United States vessel.

As each gun was completed, it was sent to the proving-ground at Annapolis to be tested. It was then placed on board a scow and towed by canal to the Brooklyn Navy-yard. Here the 75-ton floating derrick with transporting gear of chain and supplementary rope tackles came alongside. Around the breech straps were secured, and heavy iron hooks grappled the 50,000 pounds of steel. After the guns were mounted on their carriages, the tops of the turrets were armored with defective steel plates sloping upward to the base of a conning-tower.

The following figures will give an idea of the size of these guns: In the service they are known as 25-ton breech-loading rifles. The length of each is 27 feet, one-half of which projects beyond the turret. The breech block of one of these guns will weigh in the neighborhood of 150,000 pounds, the projectile 500, and the service charge of powder 250. The initial velocity will be 2100 feet per second, and the muzzle energy 15,299 foot tons, capable of penetrating 23 inches of armor. The solid steel shot can be hurled a distance of 13 miles, though the effective fighting range will be less.

After the guns of the *Miantonomoh*, the turrets are perhaps the most interesting part of her anatomy, for in them lies her fighting strength. These are in number, cylindrical in shape, 24½ feet in diameter, and armored with 11½ inches of steel, weighing 96 tons. Including gun carriages and the mechanical apparatus for working them, each turret weighs 200 tons. In battle, powerful engines will revolve this immense weight once a minute.

The big double-turreted monitor has a long



PLACING ONE OF THE TEN-INCH GUNS IN THE TURRET OF THE "MIANTONOMOH."

and interesting history. She was completed at the close of the civil war, together with the *Amphitrite*, *Monadnock*, and *Terror*. These vessels were built of wood, without overhanging armor shelf at either end or sides, but had 7-inch laminated plates on the broadside, with 12 inches on the turrets. Their batteries consisted of four 15-inch smooth-bore muzzle-loading guns. In speed they never exceeded 10 knots. In 1866 the other three monitors were laid up at different navy-yards, while the *Miantonomoh* was kept in commission under Captain Beaumont. With Assistant Secretary Fox on board, she made a cruise to Europe, making the passage from St. John's, Newfoundland, to Queenstown in 10 days and 18 hours, thus showing herself a good sea-boat.

In 1874, during the latter part of Secretary Robeson's administration, it was decided to rebuild these vessels to meet the requirements of modern warfare. Congress refused, however, to appropriate any money except for repairs, and it was therefore under these acts that the *Miantonomoh* underwent the successive changes that have made her practically a new vessel. John Roach, becoming tired of the apparent apathy of the national government, sent in a large bill for wharfage. His action seemed to have aroused Secretary Chandler, for in the fall of 1882 the *Miantonomoh* was again put in commission, under Commander Higginson. Neither her guns nor turrets were completed at this time, but weights were placed in cribs to give the normal displacement. In a few months she was

again laid up, this time at the League Island Navy-yard. Finally, during Secretary Whitney's administration, the old vessel was brought on to the Brooklyn Navy-yard, where the work of reconstruction began in earnest.

The present *Miantonomoh* is technically known as a low freeboard, twin-screw, double-turreted ironclad of the monitor type. Her principal dimensions are as follows: Length over all, 262 feet; breadth of beam, 55 feet 2 inches; depth of hold, 14 feet; mean draught, 14 feet; freeboard (ready for sea), 2 feet 1 inch. Complement, 200 men; speed, 10 knots; displacement, 3834 tons.

The hull is of iron throughout, and divided into 87 water-tight compartments. For length of 223 feet, from the forward collision bulkhead to within 11 feet of the stern-post, there is a double bottom. The space enclosed by this double bottom is subdivided into 46 compartments by transverse watertight floors and the vertical keel. The machinery space is in the inner bottom amidships, and extends upward to the armor deck. This is also divided into water-tight compartments, 14 in number, and contains the engine and boiler rooms and coal-bunkers.

The power will be furnished by engines of a direct-acting compound type, with cylinders of 32 and 40 inches in diameter, and a stroke of 42 inches. Four return fire tubular boilers will furnish steam at a working pressure of 80 pounds to the square inch. These will be placed forward of the engines, two on each side of the vessel, with the fire-room

between. In addition to the four 10-inch guns already described, the *Miantonomoh* will have a secondary battery of four 6-pounder rapid-fire Hotchkiss-guns, and in the military tops two revolving canon and Gatling-guns.
W. NEPHEW KING, JUN.

THE INDEPENDENT THEATRE IN BOSTON.

BY J. H. WILSON.

LAST season was presented in Chickering Hall, Boston, a new play, *Margaret Fleming*, written by the well-known playwright and actor James A. Herne. Concerning the piece much has since been written by those who saw in it the elements which alone could lift the modern drama out of the ruts of conventionalism, and place it on a plane where it could hold its own with literature and art. The friends of this especial reform believed that the stage was on the eve of a great change, and that the transition from the drama of plot and style to the drama of character and purpose was already apparent. The direct result, therefore, of the production of *Margaret Fleming* has been the formation of a permanent organization to be known as the "First Independent Theatre Association," the membership being composed of representatives from the leading professions. The prime object of the society is the promotion of dramatic art in America, and the first matter considered was the advisability of building and maintaining a theatre where plays could be produced on their own merit without the many inconveniences and conditions which attach to almost every play now put upon the boards. As wealth and enterprise are prominent characteristics of the association, an affirmative conclusion was quickly reached. A ways and means committee was appointed.

The establishment of an independent or free theatre, while new to this country, has been tried at several places abroad; and for the proof of the probable success of the present enterprise its promoters point to the Freie Buehne at Berlin and the Théâtre Libre at Paris, both of which are now recognized factors in the elevation of the stage in their respective countries. London also has an independent theatre, but as yet it is too early to look for any results, as the first play was produced only last March. The claim is made by the friends of the independent theatre that under existing conditions the American stage is decidedly on the decline, and has already lost the little individuality it possessed; that the acceptance or rejection of plays is based not so much on the embodiment of an idea, the honest lesson to teach, or the possession of real artistic merit, as upon the immediate financial gain that will accrue to managers; that the conventional play has held a supposed pre-eminent position so long that playwrights dare not diverge from the beaten track.

In the establishment of this free theatre plays will be immediately removed from the disastrous influence of a box-office, and "Truth for Art's Sake," which is the motto of the association, will be everywhere apparent. All works will be produced without fear or favor, and the so-called dramatist will stand no better chance of having his play accepted than will his obscure neighbor, since everything will be given anonymously for one week. A reading committee will have entire charge of the selection of plays, and a favorable verdict having been passed by a

majority, the plays will be turned over to the theatrical director, who will be responsible for their proper production. It is believed that the plan, successfully carried out, will result in the birth of a genuine and truthful American drama, possessing an individuality as truly its own as is the case with the French and German dramatic schools.

The theatre which the association proposes to build was designed by Messrs. Cram & Wentworth, of Boston. In construction it will be as radically different from other play-houses as possible, and, wherever practicable, the architects have tried to follow out the designs of the famous private theatres attached to the French palaces in the time of Louis XIV., especially those at Fontainebleau and Versailles, which were models of luxury and ease. The seating capacity will be only 600. The most noticeable feature of the interior will be a row of fourteen private boxes in the space usually known as the orchestra circle. They will accommodate six people each, and will be rented by the season to the subscribers, who will have the privilege of occupying them two nights a week. A foyer, 50 by 20 feet, where the audience can congregate between the acts, will be situated in the front of the second story. There will be but one balcony, and the orchestra will be hidden under the stage. The interior will be as handsome and delicate as any auditorium, the prevailing colors being ivory white and gold.

The curtain, as well as all the draperies and upholstery, will be of damask of the same colors, and all fancy metalwork will be dispensed with. As far as possible all stage appurtenances will be built rather than suggested, thus doing away with as much sham as possible. Fifty feet wide and 30 deep will be the stage dimensions.

The curtain will not roll up, but will be drawn aside and draped. Yellow brick and white terra-cotta will be used for the exterior. First nights will always be Tuesdays, and special efforts will be made to have the managers of other theatres present on these occasions. Only five performances a week will be given—three to the general public, and two for the subscribers. Contrary to current rumor, the theatre will not be confined exclusively to the production of American plays. The season will last thirty weeks; in which time, it is hoped, a dozen plays will have had a hearing. A stock company will build the theatre, which will have a location near Copley Square, and the co-operative principle will be extended to the plays, the association retaining an interest in the pieces it produces. The cost of the edifice will be in the neighborhood of \$100,000.

A word as to how *Margaret Fleming* came to be produced. It was written some two years ago, but no attempt was made at that time to stage it. To W. D. Howells and a few other literary people the play was read, and they were so favorably impressed with it that they urged its production in some Boston theatre. In a letter written to Mr. Herne, Mr. Howells said: "I [*Margaret Fleming*] has qualities which I believe will make a stronger appeal than those of any other American play. While it is wholly and perfectly true in our conditions, it has the same searching moral vitality as Ibsen's best work, and it is most powerfully dramatic. Your fidelity to the ideal of truth, the only ideal worth having, is witnessed in every part of it, and it will be recognized by every one who can feel and think as a piece of nature and a great work of art."

Owing to the fact that no open date could be had at any of the regular theatres, and being desirous that the public might have an opportunity of judging of the merits of his play, Mr. Herne was obliged to utilize Chickering Hall; but, from an artistic standpoint, the piece suffered nothing by this arrangement. On the first night, which usually augurs much for the success or failure of a new play, there was a small attendance; and such, too, was the rule at every one of the two weeks' performances. But the audience was comprised of that class of people who could be depended upon for carrying to a successful issue any honest reformation. They were not of the merely social set; they belonged to the literary, art, dramatic, and journalistic world. The play proved to be very pathetic—perhaps gloomy; it dealt with a subject common enough in every-day life, but rather a new one, and a bold one too, for the stage to handle. During the progress of the play there were times when climaxes were reached such as would have ordinarily provoked thundering applause. But not so here; the audience was spellbound. It was as though an electric shock had paralyzed the spectators. A reaction, however, came at the conclusion of each act.

Of the many people, all well known in their respective professions, who have more or less identified themselves with the independent theatre movement may be mentioned W. D. Howells, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, T. B. Aldrich, Arlo Bates, and Edwin D. Mead, all literary lights; Miss Mary Shaw and Mr. and Mrs. James A. Herne, exponents of stage art; Miss Mildred Aldrich, Sylvester Baxter, and W. A. Brownell, of the journalistic world; and B. O. Flower, editor of the *Arena*. All, with one exception, were present at the first performance. The development and subsequent outcome of the movement will be watched with no little interest by other than the dramatic world.

The play is now running in Boston at Chickering Hall. But the movement for the new theatre is in abeyance.

ON THE COSTUME OF HAMLET.

BY E. HAMILTON BELL.

At a moment when the death of Mr. Lawrence Barrett and the retirement (only temporary, it is to be hoped) of Mr. Edwin Booth has left our stage with no notable representative of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, it may be interesting to pass in brief review some of the suits of sable in which one royal Dane after another has "gone slow and stately by" from the first day that the "ghost walked" until now.

In doing this we must bear in mind that there is no correct costume for the part, and that therefore while each of these representatives has been right, they have all likewise been wrong. It, as a great critic has said, Hamlet is each one of us, we ought not to quarrel if a *fin de siècle* player chose to enact him in a full-dress suit of modern cut, with a satin-lined livery for the Prince's "inky cloak."

Hardly any play of Shakespeare's is so full of anachronisms as *Hamlet*; so that even if we could date the action with any precision, it would be absurd to attempt any great historical accuracy in presenting it on the stage. Still, before seeing how the Prince of Denmark has been attired from time to time, let us try from the few data at our command to picture him in his habit as he lived. Though there is no reason for believing—



KING CANUTE.

nor for disbelieving, if it comes to that—that Shakespeare was acquainted with the *Historia Danica* of Saxo Grammaticus (circa A.D. 1180-1208), it is pretty certain that he must have meant to present the same story as that chronicler, because in the tragedy England is spoken of as "his faithful tributary," and as smarting from the Danish sword.

Now the Danish power in Europe was at its zenith in the tenth and early part of the eleventh century, Canute, who reigned from 1017 to 1035 A.D., being the first and almost the only king who united the crowns of Denmark and England on one head. We know that never since that date was England tributary to any other country. Consequently the latest period at which it would be possible to fix the date of the play is the eleventh century. We know very little of the Danes at this epoch, but that little is enough for our present purpose.

In form their costumes did not differ in any important particular from those of the nations by whom they were surrounded, and upon whom they preyed—Franks and Anglo-Saxons; but they seem to have indulged a singularity of taste in the matter of color. From various passages in chronicle and ballad we learn that black was their customary wear, and it so remains to the present day among the Scandinavian peasantry. Caradoc of



RICHARD BURBAGE.



THOMAS BETTERTON.

Llanercarv speaks of them constantly as the "black Danes," and the chronicles allude to the "black army" whose devastations form so constant a theme of their records. In the Danish ballad of "Child Dying" the hero rides to a wedding feast clad in "black sendal."

M. Planché suggests for the Danes a common origin with those other Scythians whom Herodotus mentions as wearing only black, and to whom he therefore gives the name of Melanchlanians.

Shakespeare either was not aware of or chose to ignore this fact, as he did another which touches the matter of Hamlet's "customary suit of solemn black" more nearly. Adam of Bremen, who lived about 1127 A.D., informs us that the Danes never mourned for the death of even their nearest and dearest relations; so that, to be historically correct, Hamlet should wear the royal scarlet of the reigning house of Denmark. One ingenious commentator, who had achieved this latter piece of information without the former, suggests that this is the cause of the Queen's remonstrance with her son in the first act: "Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted color off." By the time they had come to reign in England silk was undoubtedly a material with which the Danes were familiar. The sendal alluded to above was certainly a silken fabric. Velvet, however, was not known in Eu-



DAVID GARRICK.

rope before the thirteenth century, and even then may not have been the material which now goes by that name. Furs, of course, were used by a nation who inhabited such a severe climate.

The first authentic pictorial representation of a royal Dane with which I am acquainted is a portrait of King Canute in the register of Hyde Abbey, which was written in his reign. In this picture, besides his crown, which may be merely symbolical, though kings at that date most probably wore their crowns every day, Canute wears a tunic, a mantle tied with jeweled cords on the shoulder, breeches and hose bound about his shins, and held by jeweled garters. His tunic is embroidered at the neck and wrists, to which such adornment was not always confined. This same monarch gave to the Abbey of Croyland a silken vestment embroidered with golden eagles; and when his tomb in Winchester Cathedral was opened, about a century ago, bands of gold and silver which had ornamented his apparel were found within.

These and numerous other instances would give license to the representative of the "sweet Prince" for almost any degree of magnificence, always provided that he eschewed velvet, of which,

however, his "inky cloak" is almost always made nowadays.

The date of the first production of *Hamlet* is uncertain, but it must have been about 1600, as the play was entered in the Stationers' Register in 1602, and the first quarto bears imprint 1603.

There is no such uncertainty concerning his first representative, who was, without any doubt, Richard Burbage (b. 1568; d. 1619), and whose physical appearance is said to have been the reason for "our son" being "fat and scant of breath"—a phrase which is repeated in an elegy on the death of the actor:

"No more young Hamlet, though but scant of breath,
Shall cry 'Revenge' for his dear father's death."

His costume was assuredly that of his own day, the stage of that time being above such minor considerations as accuracy of costume.

A portrait of him in the Dulwich Gallery shows him bearded, as I have no doubt that Hamlet was in the eyes of his creator's generation; and I have selected the costume of a noble of the court of good Queen Bess, from the celebrated picture of her progress to the Blackfriars in 1600. His successor was Joseph Taylor, who also was instructed by Shakespeare, and who played the part until the theatres were closed by the Puritans in 1642. When they were reopened, after



JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE.

the Restoration, Thomas Betterton (b. 1633; d. 1710) was coached in the traditions of the part by Sir William Davenant, who had seen Taylor play it. Betterton is said to have appeared as Hamlet when he was twenty-six years old, and Pepys mentions having seen him in the character in 1661, in which year he would have been that age. He continued to play it for fifty years, and won the plaudits of two generations of wits and scholars in it.

At first he wore the dress of a courtier of the Merry Monarch, and afterward played it in a cocked hat, powdered wig, and streaming shoulder-knots; so he, like Burbage, would seem to have followed the constantly changing fashions of his long life. In the year in which he first played Hamlet, King Charles gave Betterton his own coronation suit to play Prince Alvaro in *Love and Honor*; so I have habited the Prince of Denmark in a court dress of the year 1660 without fear of anachronism.

A portrait of Betterton as Hamlet in the Garrick Club in London shows him in a very clerical costume, with a formal neck-cloth, but this must have been toward the end of his career. Betterton is dressed in a black velvet court suit of the period, the traditional stocking down, a full muslin neck-cloth, and a full-bottomed powdered wig with long curls.



EDMUND KEAN.



JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH.

The next great Hamlet was David Garrick (b. 1716; d. 1779). An eye-witness describes his appearance thus: "Hamlet, who is in mourning, appears here with thick loosened hair, some of it hanging over one shoulder, he having already begun to play the madman; one of his black stockings is half-way down his leg, showing the white understocking, and a noose of red garter hangs down the middle of the calf." The mourning appears from his portrait to be a full court suit of black velvet cut in the style of the middle of the eighteenth century.

John Philip Kemble (b. 1757; d. 1823), who appeared in the character for the first time in 1788, is thus described by his biographer Boaden: "He wore a modern court dress of rich black velvet, a star on the breast, the garter and pendent ribbon of an order, mourning sword and buckles, with deep ruffles; the hair was in powder, which in the scenes of feigned distraction flowed dishevelled in front and over his shoulders." And again, "He wore an elephant suspended by a blue ribbon, and a modern star."

Boaden laments that Kemble should have committed the anachronism of a departure from the Vandyck costume "of black satin and bugles," to which "we have for so many years been accustomed," on the ground, apparently, that the ghost's armor is not out of keeping with the period of Charles I., as it is with that of George III.

The celebrated portrait of him by Sir Thomas Lawrence exhibits an entirely different costume, apparently of black satin, in which he wears his own hair and no order of the Garter, though the elephant on its blue ribbon is conspicuous, and the star no doubt is there lurking among the folds of the "inky cloak." A pair of obvious patent-leather pumps are the only relic of the court dress mentioned by Boaden. His brother Stephen, the celebrated Falstaff, who was so enormously stout that he could play the "fat knight" without any padding, appears to have thought the precedent of Burbage's size a good reason for following his footsteps in the part of Hamlet, which he played frequently in an old-fashioned black coat, breeches, and vest, shoes with buckles, and a large flowing auburn perwig, and would seem to have been as unromantic in his playing as in his appearance.

Edmund Kean (b. 1787; d. 1833) and his great rival Junius Brutus Booth (b. 1790; d. 1852) dressed the melancholy Dane in a combination of Elizabethan and Vandyck styles, which might perhaps have satisfied Mr. Boaden. The deep lace collar and cuffs, together with the star on the short cloak, date from the latter period, while the doublet and trunk hose and fashion of the hair, shorter than Charles I. was accustomed to wear it, suggest a date some two score years earlier.

Hitherto it will be observed that however



CHARLES KEAN.

anachronistic may have been his "customary suit of solemn black," the Prince has been "suited at all points like a man." We now come to a period of petticoat government, when, as in the first instance we give, the guise, or rather disguise, is such that the sex of the representative becomes almost a matter of doubt. Perhaps it was this fact which tempted so many actresses to essay the part, as before this time Mrs. Siddons, and she but once, I believe, is the almost only recorded female Hamlet, while since their name is legion.

Charles Kean (b. 1811; d. 1868), who is celebrated for the excessive and almost finical pains he took to be archaeologically correct in his productions, was, it would seem, baffled by the difficulties of Hamlet, and costumed him as ridiculously as his predecessors had done, though, as observed above, "with a difference." He gave up wearing his stockings "down gyved to his an-



EDWIN FORREST.

kle" in the mad scenes, which was something to be grateful for, but he retained the order and star on the cloak. It is true that the Order of the Elephant was founded by Christian I., King of Denmark, and the star belonged to an order invented by Charles I. of England, but Hamlet antedated these monarchs by a few centuries.

Macready (b. 1793; d. 1873) and Forrest (b. 1806; d. 1872) renewed the rivalries of Kean and Booth, and, like them, in Hamlet; indeed, the first outbreak of the hostilities which terminated only in bloodshed during the Astor Place riot on May 10, 1849, occurred during a performance of Hamlet by Macready in Edinburgh about three years before that date. Forrest, who was in the



FECHTER.

audience, chose to hiss what he scornfully designated as the *pas de mouchoir*; this was a piece of business used by Macready as he said, "They are coming to the play; I must be idle." To give the impression that Hamlet's intellect was unsettled, he danced across the stage, waving a white handkerchief over his head.

The audience were on Macready's side, and without knowing who it was that hissed, he "bowed derisively and contemptuously to the place where he sat, and danced and waved the more."

Both of these were petticoated Hamlets, and Forrest seems at one period of his career to have worn a dress which had almost as much white as black in it, and which must have made him look very like a magpie. Fechter (b. 1824; d. 1879), the flaxen-wigged Hamlet of the last generation of play-goers, also wore a skirt, and also "cast" his "night-died color off" to some extent, wearing, instead



WILLIAM CHARLES MACREADY.

of an "inky cloak," one of gray with a black velvet hood.

He is the first Hamlet, if we except Burbage (concerning whom we have no certain records), who wore a beard and mustache; these, like his wig, were blond.

The veritable wig is now in the collection of The Players, and is decidedly of a redder shade than what is usually known as "flaxen," by which epithet it is designated both by George Henry Lewes in *Actors and the Art of Acting*, and by Miss Kate Field in her life of the great romantic actor. The modern Hamlets are Mr. Edwin Booth and Mr. Henry Irving, both of whom have more nearly approached to the possibilities of the authentic costume (always supposing



EDWIN BOOTH.

there is such a thing) than any others who have achieved fame in the character, Mr. Booth carrying his attempt into matters of the minutest detail. He used to wear, for instance, a dress entirely made of soft woollen stuff, the monotony of the sombre color being relieved with purple in bands on the sleeves, the lining of the cloak, and the hose; at one time he substituted blue for this color. He cross-gartered his legs, and wore a short mantle fastened on one shoulder, presenting a very striking resemblance to the portrait of King Canute, without sacrifice of either grace or dignity. This, it seems to me, is the ideal way to dress the melancholy Prince; it is sufficiently possible and accurate to satisfy the



LAWRENCE BARRETT.

student of such matters; sufficiently strange to produce upon the less-cultivated mind an effect of "once upon a time," which is, after all, the real date of the play; while at the same time it is graceful and becoming, and eminently helpful to the actor in striking the key-note of the character on his first appearance.

More recently Mr. Booth has worn a soft rich silk tunic and a cloak of plush, which is certainly a grave anachronism, but possibly to be accounted for by the desire to give variety to a costume entirely of black, which color he now affects to the exclusion of any other.

Lawrence Barrett's dress when he first attempted the part of Hamlet was a copy of Mr. Booth's—black serge relieved with blue. Subsequently he wore one of the strangest suits of solemn black that ever the Dane was induced withal. It was founded upon a dress worn by Leotard, the trapeze performer, and



HENRY IRVING.

consisted of a very close-fitting "shape," as it is called in the theatrical profession, of black satin, profusely adorned with bead-work, and fringed with the same. This, with a cloak thrown over one shoulder, and a hat crowned with "a forest of feathers," made of Mr. Barrett a gallant figure indeed, but "more an [Italian lover] than a Dane."

His last Hamlet dress was of black embroidered silk crêpe, with elaborate trimming of bead-work, and generally of a fanciful no period in particular, but undeniably princely and picturesque.

When Mr. Irving first essayed the part he was severely criticised for the "unfortunate choice of a costume of a strangely doctored and confined kind," which prevented his presenting "a picturesque appearance on the scene." I do not remember any very marked



MOUNET-SULLY.

difference from his present costume as here represented, except that he used to wear a voluminous mantle of cut broadened velvet in lieu of the fur-lined cloak in which he now enwraps himself from the nipping and eager air of the platform at Elsinore.

His doublet is of heavy black silk trimmed with velvet ("but that's not much"), and his hose are of silk. Otherwise there is little amiss with his attire, save and excepting a most Mephistophelian hat and cock's feathers.

I have never been able to understand why when the Comédie Française presented *Hamlet*, some five years ago, the powers that decide such matters should have pitched upon the period of Francis the First for the mounting of the play.

Be that as it may, there is no doubt but that M. Mounet-Sully looked a prince *fait à peindre*.

of it without penalty. They are counting without their hosts, for when the big game comes, they will find that none of the first-class umpires will allow anything like what I have seen on every field this season.

THERE IS LITTLE LIKELIHOOD, unfortunately, of Harvard and Princeton meeting this season. Harvard, with the exception of one inflated committee-man, is desirous of playing Princeton, but is not willing to run the chances of a game before meeting Yale. (If Yale exhibited this spirit, I wonder what would become of foot-ball this season.) She wants to play the week following Thanksgiving. There are two objections to such an arrangement—first, the possibility of a frozen field; and, second, the fact that a game after Thanksgiving would be somewhat of an anticlimax. Harvard ought to be willing to play Princeton on November 14th; it's as fair for one as the other all around. She is not, however, and therefore we shall see no game this year.

PRINCETON EVIDENTLY INTENDS being well supplied with material behind the line. Judging from the number of men who continue to play there, one might fancy Captain Warren had determined on driving his backs into Yale's line, until they either make substantial gains or are used and replaced by fresh men. If such really is his idea, I very much doubt its efficacy. Yale's line is going to be her strongest point, and the Princeton captain can with profit follow the example of Cumlock last year, and depend for some good gains on punting and sending the ends down field. Notwithstanding all the alleged interviews we read of with "old graduates" and "well wishers," it is my opinion that both games—Harvard-Yale and Yale-Princeton—will have the kicking feature largely prominent. If it isn't, it will surprise some of us. Princeton's latest half back is Flint, who has not been doing very much recently, owing to slight injuries. He was tried at left tackle for a while until Holly, another new man, came to the front, and his latest appearance has been at half back, where he certainly does very good work. As a heavy plunging, line-breaking back, he has the stuff in him to make a success, and if he is not taken up into the line, the chances are good we shall see him in some part of the big game. He makes a hard man to tackle when at speed, and bucks the line in the most approved style. Captain Warren will be wise in getting this man into the best of form, for he has weight and strength enough to take a place at tackle in case of an emergency. Just now he has not wind enough to last. I understand Flint has the endorsement of "Snake" Ames, Princeton's greatest full back; if so, there can be little question of the man's promise, for Ames was not only a great player, but a remarkably keen judge of foot-ball material.

HOLLY AT LEFT TACKLE has been showing up very well in the past week. He is more or less of a new man on the varsity, but has been played at guard and tackle on the scrub. He is strong and active, breaks through and tackles well behind the opponent's line, but is weak on his own side of the line, where he misses runners, often from overanxiety to secure them, and frequently because of over-running his mark. He is very promising, however, and with good vigorous individual coaching can be made to fill this very important position better than any other of the candidates thus far developed. At centre, Taylor, the new man, has been doing fair work. He is earnest, and gets around the field, evidently appreciating he is there for business; but he is not heavy enough to stand the wear and tear of centre play, and in this particular alone he is inferior to Symmes, who, while not so active, has certainly "beef" enough. Moreover, Taylor is an easy mark for a strong centre opposite him, because of the unequal division of legs and body. Symmes, since having been relegated to the second eleven, has played with greater zeal, and there is a possibility of his regaining the place. He is very anxious to play on the varsity, and under rigorous coaching and great application might improve on what he has been, but he will never be desirable; he has not the stuff in him to make a first-class centre.

IF TAYLOR SHOULD LEAVE CENTRE, it might not be a bad idea to try him at right guard, where Wheeler just now is playing a stupid game. Wheeler represents a class of candidates that are more damaging to the prospects of a team than any other. Physically he is just the man for the place; he was promising at the very start, and improved until Captain Warren felt that at least one point in the line was cared for. Lately, however, he has played carelessly, and with the idea apparently that there was nothing more for him to learn; consequently he has fallen off greatly, and unless he braces up, is sure to lose his place. One such man on a team is a certain Jonah, no matter how expert the others may be. Harold and Vincent are two of the best new men on the eleven; they are filling their positions as well as can be expected at this time; but, best of all, they are earnest in their work, always on the alert, and realizing their deficiencies, are making every effort to remedy them. Such men are always certain to become valuable players. Both of them need to perfect themselves in sharp back tackling; and Vincent must have a care that he is not

coaxed in, on around the end plays. Harold, when he has gotten through the opponent's line, can greatly improve on his getting the runner. He is apt now to be blocked too easily, or possibly he thinks some other of his side will reach the runner. That won't do. Every man who starts for an opponent running with the ball should go for him as though the defeat or victory of his team depended on that one play and himself.

LOOKING OVER THE TEAM, I find some general improvement. To begin with, it is gratifying to note that the warning in these columns against permitting good raw material to go to waste for want of stiff coaching has had the desired effect. Several coaches have been on hand during the past week, and the result certainly must prove what can yet be accomplished if the good work is kept up. The men are tackling sharper and stronger, though frequently too high. They are working together better, and appear to at last appreciate the advantage of systematic play. Especially have they improved in interference, but they are far from first class in that respect yet, and unless that point is reached, the gains against Yale will be few and small. Princeton's interference, her punting, and her ends must stand her well in hand on Thanksgiving Day; otherwise her showing will not gladden the hearts of her sons. The score piled up against the Manhattan Athletic Club team last week should not be counted upon too strongly by Princeton supporters. The names of such players as Cash, Janeway, George, and Boivard in the opposing line read well, but it should be remembered that they were not in training, and did not put up a first-class team game, or last the full time. Princeton has likewise shown that her men are not in shape to last the full time and play hard, though it is rather early to criticize on that score. It will be a hard game November 26th.

A WEEK AGO THERE YAWNED a considerable gap between Yale and the two other big teams, but that gap is beginning to close up, and both Harvard and Princeton are, under the lash of vigorous coaching, following hard on the heels of their blue rivals. It is going to be a great finish, and to name winners grows harder as the end draws near. Harvard's material has all along been the best, but only lately has it been handled with good judgment. Unexpected material has been developed at Princeton to fill up their line where they were weakest, and the regular discipline has already greatly improved their team-work. Yale, with the best start, fiddled about trying to decide whether to drop one or two of the old men for promising new ones, and this hesitation allowed her two rivals to gain on her.

Not one of the three has any defensive game at all, and a match between any of them at this date would be a scoring match in earnest. It would be like a boxing-match on "hit hard and often, and never mind your guard"—what a stultifying crowd!—and Taylor, and Baugs, all are "main strength" men. We seem to have lost the quality of skill in centre rushers. Have Corbin, George, and Cranston left no mummies behind them?

"By main strength," quoth I, nodding; "but your betters draw the same way." So Slea, and Symmes, and Stillman, and Sanford—what a stultifying crowd!—and Taylor, and Baugs, all are "main strength" men. We seem to have lost the quality of skill in centre rushers. Have Corbin, George, and Cranston left no mummies behind them?

"That the probation bear no bludge nor loop
To hang 'em 'bout 'em."

CORRETT AND MACKIE, having served the turn of awful examples for the stern Harvard Athletic Committee, will ere long be regular men again. They have played along—of course against any possible hope of a chance upon the varsity—but with simply that commendable love of toil which always characterizes men who stand no show for the team, and incidentally have kept in very fair condition. Like the New England rule which allows the track athletes to contest in New York, but prevents a base-ball or foot-ball game with Princeton, the probation law is one of rubber and hard to break.

LAST YEAR I CALLED TRAFFORD's attention to the fact that in a minor game at Springfield, he had scored by the unusual circumstance of actually punting a goal. It seems to me he has not yet entirely conquered this trick. The truth of it is that in his endeavor to kick quickly, he kicks too quickly, and his foot takes the ball, not the punting stick, as the rule provides, but while it is on its downward course. The worst of it all is that it is no easier, but rather harder to kick in this way than to drop kick. The pleasant task which would devolve upon a referee, should Trafford perform this feat in a big game, is something better imagined than described.

TWO WEEKS FROM SATURDAY Harvard must meet Yale at Springfield. Will she be ready? That is the question. To me, as I watched Trafford's men at work the other afternoon, it hardly seemed possible, and yet there was something about their play which suggested more strength than I was inclined at first glance to give them credit for. The eleven is gradually getting into shape, and it is within the range of possibility that it may

yet show something which resembles team play, but as yet, even at this late date, individual play predominates. It is this lack of team play which makes Trafford's eleven so weak when it is on the defence. The men apparently have no idea of trying to help one another. Each man uses for himself, and consequently their work, taken as a whole, is decidedly poor for a "varsity eleven." The blocking in the line would not do credit to a school team. Several times I saw a rusher completely thrown off his balance, when a slight change in his position would have enabled him to prevent his opponent from breaking through. Somebody ought to show those rushers how to manage their feet. The majority of them place themselves so as to offer the least possible resistance, and it is no wonder that even the men on the second eleven find it easy to break through for gains of five or ten yards. If Harvard's second-class players can do this, what chance is there for Harvard to win at Springfield?

BY THEIR PRESENCE TRAFFORD and CUMLOCK, however, will, I am confident, greatly alter this state of things. With these two men to coach, I see no reason why there should not be a marked improvement in the play of the forwards before they are brought face to face with Yale. The good effect of the presence of Cumlock may indeed already be seen in the way the men go at their work. There is more life in their play, and they seem to realize that work is before them. I cannot say I am entirely pleased with Harvard's system of interference. Theoretically it is almost perfect, but practically it does not seem to be a success. Perhaps when the men have worked together a little longer, and grown more accustomed to it, it may prove to be not only successful, but also the beginning of an entirely new system of foot-ball tactics.

BEHIND THE LINE Harvard will be fully as strong as she was last year, especially if Corbett plays, as he will, in all probability. Cobb, at quarter, is doing fairly well, but his passing is wretched at times. He lacks confidence, and is inclined to lose his head when hard pressed. This is shown by his passing the ball in an almost sort of a way, when cooler judgment ought to show him that the chance had gone by, and the ball should be held. He is earnest in his work, however, and I have great hopes that he will pull himself together before the day of the big game. (Last week a *lapsus lingua* put in Gage where Cobb was intended.) As soon as he finds that the men in front of him are protecting him, he will realize there is sufficient time for him to gauge his man and pass the ball accurately. Newell and Hallowell are once more beginning to guard the right end in the proper manner, and Captain McClung will find it rather difficult to send a man by them. Their play is decidedly careless at times, however, and they need to be reminded occasionally that, good men as they are, they can still improve. Mason and Emmons on the left end have not been working long enough together to form a strong pair. They interfere with each other not a little, and it is a question whether better men cannot be found. Mason is active and constantly on the move, but he is inclined to work without judgment, and run by his man. If he hopes to cover his position in good shape he must steady down, and not waste his strength in useless efforts.

WATERS IS THE MAN for left tackle, if only "the fates that be" will allow him to play. His presence would greatly strengthen the line, and it is a pity his services are not available at this time. We hear a great deal about the weakness of Harvard's centre, but I am inclined to think it is somewhat underestimated. When it is remembered that no three men have been together for any length of time, it is not to be wondered at that openings have been found at this point. Just as soon as the three men are chosen, and have been long enough together to know how to support each other, the improvement in protecting the quarter and breaking through ought to be marked. There are plenty of good men to pick from. Shea and Vail are practically sure of their positions. Their work, while not brilliant, nevertheless gives good promise. Who the other man will be, it is difficult to determine. Highlands is doing fairly well, but there are several others who are making a good fight for the position, and among these is Mackie.

LOOKING OVER THE TEAM as a whole, I consider it one of good possibilities, but as yet with many indications of its being a winning combination. Certainly, judging from the work of the Yale and Harvard teams thus far this fall, Yale has decidedly the advantage. This is to be expected from her larger number of old players. How much improvement the Harvard team can show in the little time which remains is a question. Yale will undoubtedly improve during the same time. Can Harvard improve faster?

WILL SOME KIND FRIEND explain to me why every one of the old Harvard foot-ball players who seizes upon a pen and writes to the papers, indulges in a plaintive wailing whiny, with such strong mode and such untiring alacrity, that Trafford doesn't kick more? Like one of the Catos, these men never speak their little piece without concluding with

the words, "And in my opinion, Harvard should kick more." Don't worry, gentlemen; I know that Harvard lost that Yale game in New York a few years ago simply because she didn't know enough to kick, but that lesson was a good one, and Trafford is going to do some of punting when the time comes. "With good ends and a good punter," November will find Trafford quite able to play a kicking game.

YALE WILL DISCOVER, when her team comes to play two full three-quarters, that McClung has given his old men altogether too much resting and not nearly enough playing. To-day his team, if played in their regular order, could not stand sharp work a bit over an hour, and the last half-hour is going to be gruelling work. Unless the men are sent in for the proper kind of work at once, they will not be the same team that made such a magnificent attempt when called upon the last fifteen minutes at Springfield a year ago.

BARBOUR WILL NEVER MAKE a fast quarter. He lacks snap, but is very steady, and what work he does is well done. McClung and the Yale coaches expected to make a great man of him this year, but have only succeeded in bringing him up to the same place where he halted last year. He passes the ball, and then, after a slight but perceptible pause, starts into a run for the proper place. That pause is the fatal hitch, and no amount of coaching seems to take it out of him. Nor has McClung a change quarter of experience or even practice. What will he do if Barbour should be held up? He passes himself perhaps, as he did his first year on the team, when Wurttemberg was disqualified in the Yale-Princeton game. Well, he might do worse; but if he intends going in on a pinch of that kind, it behooves him to prepare himself by handling the ball at least a few times. McCormick and has played quarter, but it will take this youth all his spare time to learn something about the position of full back, and if he does much of his playing upon the side of the field in citizen's dress, he will not be a very strong card for Billy Bull's coaching. Unless he plays and kicks, too, every day he will never get into the form needed to drive the ball to Trafford or Homans, both of whom are really excellent punters.

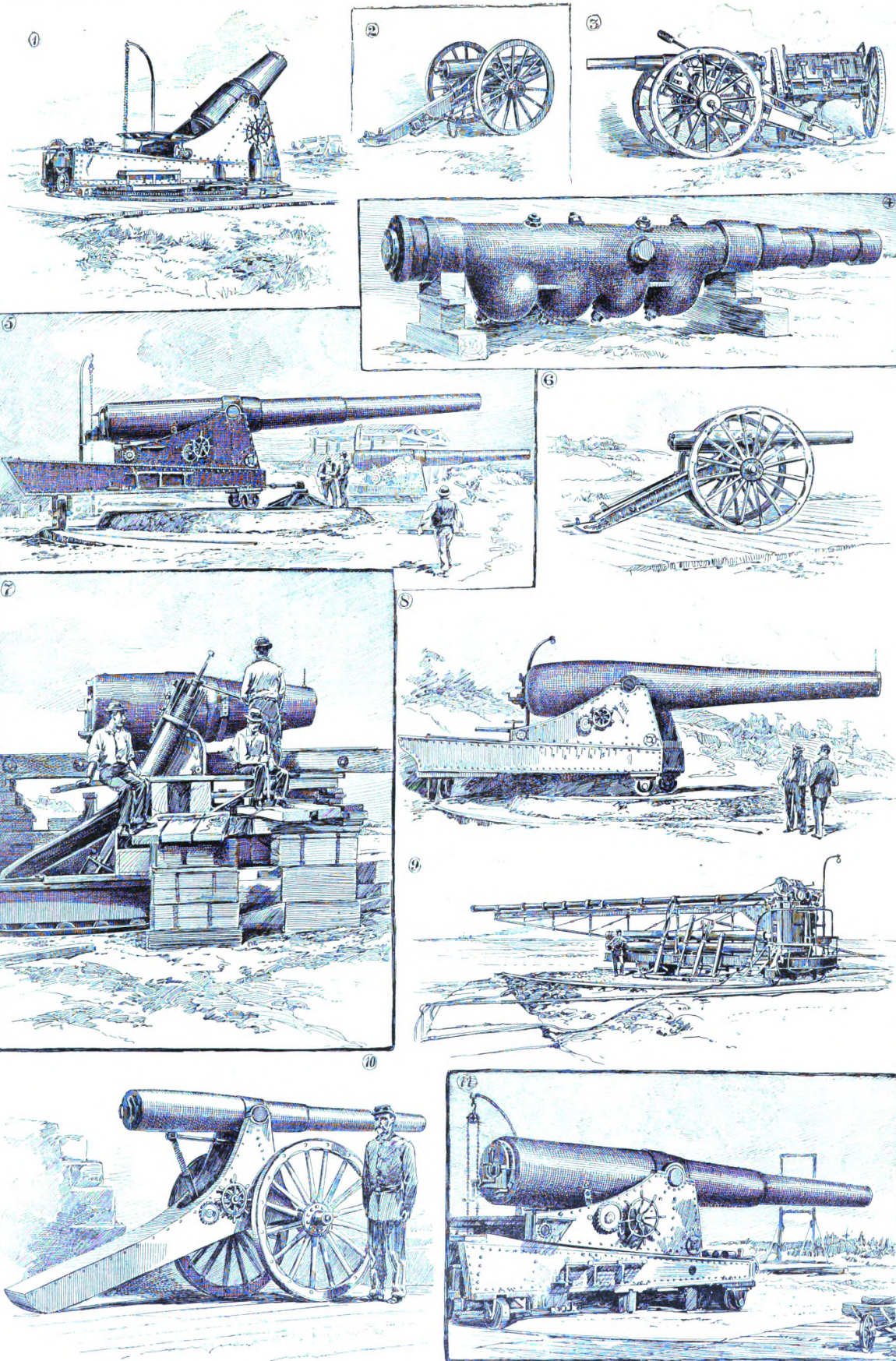
UNLESS BETWEEN THE TIME of this writing and the 1st of November that myth known in former seasons as Morison takes on substance, and appears in the flesh on the Yale Field, Sanford will have a chance to be Heffelfinger's mate. I hear that McClung admires a fluent conversationalist, but wishes Morison had not chosen this particular time of the year to improve his speech. Hartwell has seen enough of Hinkley to decide that either he or Crosby will play outside the lines in the big games, and if I know anything of the man, it will go as near toward making Hartwell a player as anything that could happen, for he has plenty of sand in his make-up. Will Crosby take the back seat?

WALLIS FINDS THAT WINTER is sure of a place, and that Messier will make a bid to crowd into the other tackle, so Wallis has taken off his coat, and is putting in the best work he knows how. It isn't a match for his friend Newell, of Harvard, but it will probably keep the Orange man on the Yale team. Stillman is the choice of the centres, although terribly slow and clumsy. Paine plays him almost on an equality, in spite of the former's practice. Corbin is needed if either of them is to look over Taylor's head on Thanksgiving Day. Bayne, Taylor, Corbin, Beecher, and Billy Rhodes himself will be at New Haven in a week, so we may look for improvement all around.

ATHLETIC CLUB TEAMS in parcelling out the games of the season previous to their settlement by contest, will do well to remember that the Boston Athletic Association eleven includes old John Cranston, Stickney, and F. G. Peters. It is just as well not to count one's chickens before they are hatched. The curl of that Williams feather acquired by the defeat of Stag's eleven appears to have been somewhat frightened by the showing of Amherst against the same team of Christian Workers. The University of Pennsylvania's score against Lafayette, 15-8, is deceiving to those not knowing that both the regular backs, Camp and Branson, did not play. Pennsylvania evidently fancied the game an easy thing, and played with little of the snap which is usually a feature of their work. On the other hand, Lafayette played exceptionally well, their backs were strong, and the team-work very good. I advise both Lehigh and Wesleyan to keep aloof from newspaper controversy; they will add nothing to their cause, and lose much in public esteem. Leave the washing of soiled linen to "amateur" sluggers and their kind.

READERS OF THIS DEPARTMENT will be glad to learn that Malcolm W. Ford, the all-round athlete, who was sick unto death with typhoid fever, has now passed the critical point, and is on the road to recovery.

OWING TO ELECTION DAY this issue was sent to press Friday night, with Saturday's results, of course, unknown.
CASPAR W. WHITNEY.



THE PROGRESS OF GUN-MAKING IN THE UNITED STATES.—DRAWN BY E. J. MEEKER.—[SEE PAGE 872.]

1. 12-inch Breech-loading Cast-iron Mortar, Steel-looped. 2. Old 3.2-inch Bronze Field Gun, Ordnance Department. 3. 5-inch Built-up Steel Rifle on Field Carriage. 4. 8-inch Cast-iron Multicharge Gun. 5. Modern 12-inch Built-up Breech-loading Steel Rifle. 6. Modern 3.2-inch Built-up Breech-loading Steel Field Gun. 7. Mounting of a 12-inch Cast-iron Breech-loading Rifled Mortar, Steel-looped. 8. Cast-iron Tubed 12-inch Breech-loading Gun. 9. Coast Defence 8-inch Dynamite Gun. 10. Modern 5-inch Built-up Breech-loading Steel Gun on Siege Carriage. 11. The 10-inch Built-up Breech-loading Steel Rifle.

PHILOPENA.

PHYLLIS, maid of gay demeanor,
Fair, with fascination fraught,
Bade me cast a glance at Philopena,
And, consenting, I was caught.

But the debt I quickly paid her
Ere the sad time came to part,
And her keen perception made her
See the forfeit was my heart.

WILLIAM BARCLAY DUNHAM.

COOLIES COALING A WARD
LINER—HAVANA.

BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

THE big Ward Line steamer was lying at her anchors in the quiet harbor of Havana awaiting her cargo and coal to the port of New York. Her people were watching the great white men-of-war, the black liners to France and the tight island, and the dozens of lesser craft bound to here and there and everywhere. They saw the strange lighters peculiar to the Spanish American ports heaving their loads of fruit and tobacco to our hold; and they watched the clean-limbed, warm brown creoles as they worked at the bale hooks, and they thought, they are not white, but possibly a better color; they are a more solid color; a color produced by the sun pouring on to human flesh, and a natural result, while we—were white, pale, will I say an unnatural color; it seems that to all people who are brown or black; but, of course, we are, as the base-ball folks say, "the people," and why quibble.

The folks on the *Oriaba* saw the coal-lighters coming out in tow with the carbuncles matter calculated on by arithmetical folks to take the *Oriaba* to New York. Naturally, coal-barges are infinitely commonplace. Why watch a coal-barge? No one will, and no one did; but the people on the coal-barge seemed strange; Chinese evidently. Chinese are grotesque; but the people on these coal-barges out-Chinese the Celestials. They were comic opera at a hundred yards; but at close range one forgot the soldier caps, the football jackets, the Canadian lumber-camp mackinaws, and the rest of the world, and was gratified by a most astonishing array of physiognomy.

Canton River coolies explained the chief engineer to me; and he was one of those old sailors who have been everywhere, and who know everything except how to localize themselves. The coal-barge came alongside, and I went down to look over a line of costume and physiognomy which would be a boiling down of ten years' experience in the sketch class at the Art Students' League.

As to physiognomy, volumes, years, nothing, could convey the idea. Some had noses—of course most of them did, but then, again, some did not—like-wise ears, and so on through the list of human parts, bar brains, which were wholly lacking. I went down to the port-hole of the lower deck, and at a templated this so-called humanity. Nothing that I had ever seen compared with it. The mutilated body of the red Indian's atrocity, the starved and frozen steer, the white corpse on the marble of the dissecting-table, the damned and forsaken of a great city, nothing to compare—it was a canvas, and Doré would have dropped short; but I must go on to say that here was a new genus—a God-forsaken, a man-aborred creature, a drug-racked, leprosy-eaten thing, devoid of mentality, and of every other thing which distinguishes man from animals, and if in my vocabulary I knew of a better word than animals, I would not use that word, since I mean a thing lower than that. I experienced every thrill, every shudder, every horrible emotion of which I am capable. Even pity was absent. It was usurped by self-preservation. I saw the terrible man—a thing which might taint my people; a thing which I knew that the political machinery of my country could not keep at a distance. I felt a fear, a desire to get away, as from a savage or a bear or something absolutely inimical to decent clean life. Such an array of filth and vermin, of unclean morals, and ghastly eaten sodden human flesh I had never suspected. The sloughed-off sore of a despotism so ancient that the mind drolls in contemplation of its age was to be met by my kind of men—nay, mingled with. They were in Havana, why not in New York? I never saw them; they may not be outside of Havana. We hope? Yes, but we do nothing.

These coolies pass coal, and they serve up a moral sermon, a frightful picture, and a political lesson to any one who will stop and look.

I am told that these things come into the United States by the hundreds every year. I am willing to be told that the great mass of our Chinese immigrants are clean and industrious, and I have had the experience of travelling our whole Canadian border with Mr. Julian Ralph, who was sent to investigate this thing, and yet if the people of America, who are clean, wholesome, and industrious, could see the reeking sore which sloughs off the Chinese Empire; if they could understand the half-dozen things which I cannot tell, because it would not be printed in a decent journal—they would understand.

Americans are a strange people; at once the most generally intelligent, and because of their great variety of interests, the most neglectful of their own good ends in the world. These Chinese will come, and we will see a quarter column in the papers every other morning, and yet a great national evil

is overshadowed by the little nothingness of a local campaign. The Asiatic leprosy, the drug, the immoral sore of China, is broadcast in this land, and we like it too. Go to Havana, and, if you inquire, you may find it more adjacent.

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Itineraries presenting the full details of the tours are in course of preparation, and will be issued at an early day. In the meantime more detailed information may be secured by addressing Geo. W. Boyd, Asst. General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia, Pa.—[*Adv.*]

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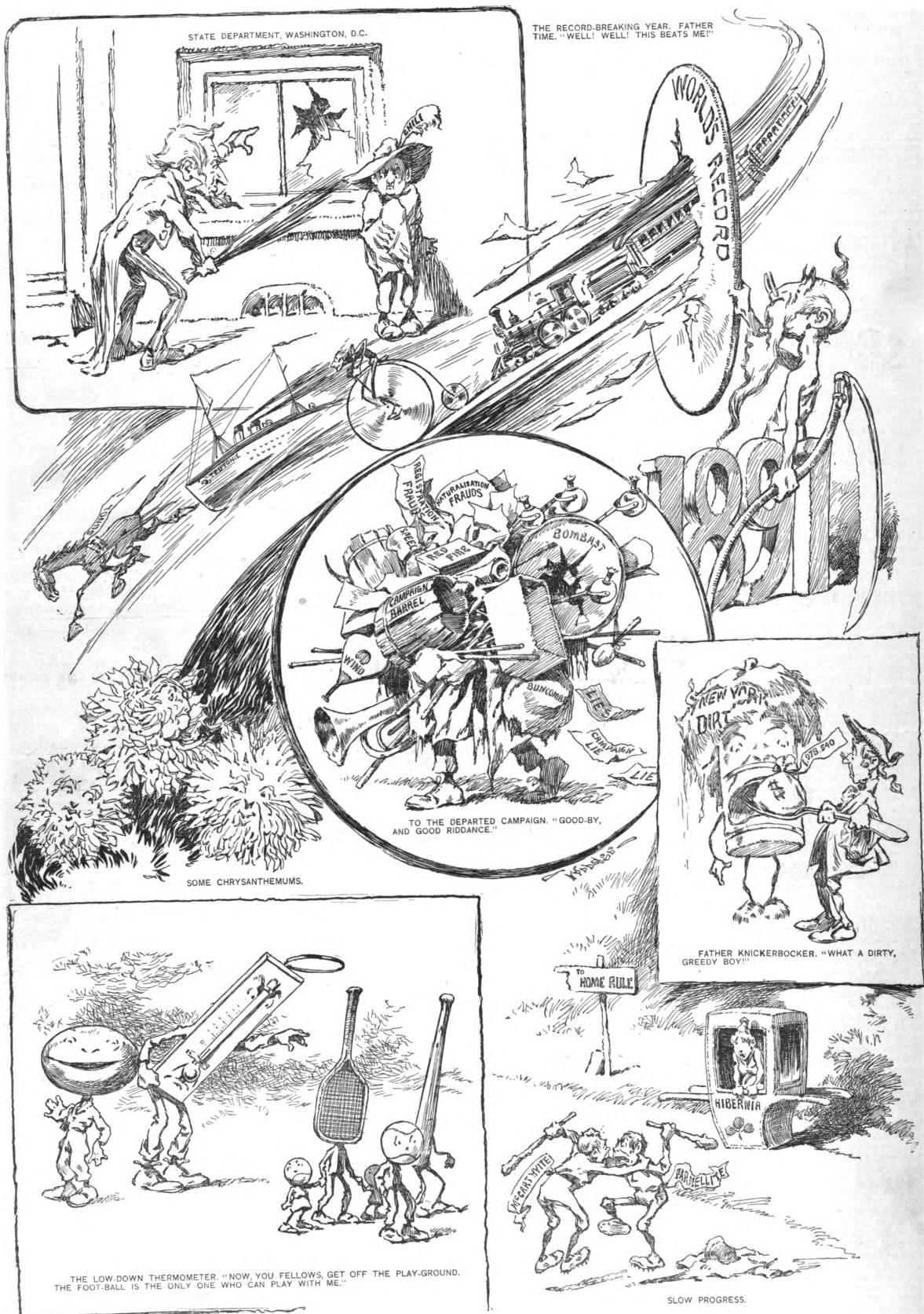
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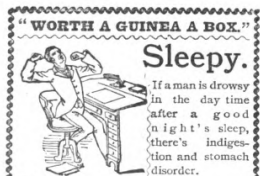
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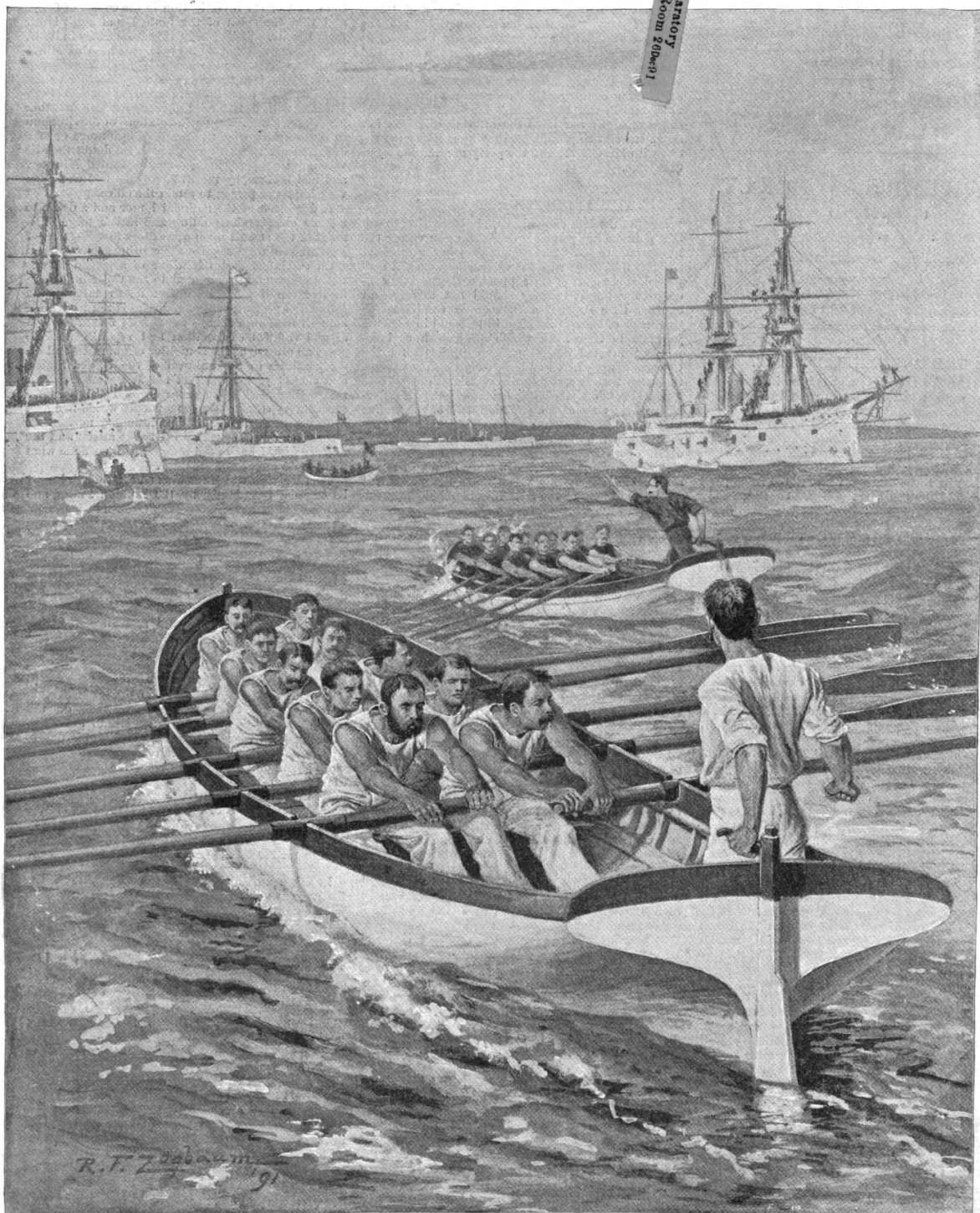
HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1891

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BOAT-RACING IN THE NAVY—THE FINISH.—DRAWN BY R. F. ZOGBAUM.—[SEE PAGE 904.]

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THE AUTUMN ELECTIONS.

THE result of the elections has been interpreted in many ways. But it is always very difficult to make the facts fit any particular theory. Elections turn upon many and often very irrelevant issues, and in the present political situation, when the same party, as in Massachusetts, declares the soundest views upon the currency, and in Ohio the unsoundest, it is plain that in those States a vote for the same party is not a vote for the same policy. So, as we show elsewhere, a vote for Mr. McKINLEY in Ohio is not necessarily to be interpreted as a vote for protection, because it may have been only a protest against free silver. Scriptural texts may be quoted to sustain almost any theological doctrine, and elections may be interpreted as illustrations of the most inconsonant political theories. One thing, however, is plain. There has been some reaction against the Democratic sweep of last year. The Republicans have elected the Governor of Ohio and the chief officers nominated in Pennsylvania, and with that result Governors CAMPBELL and PATTERSON disappear from "prominent mention" at the National Convention of their party; while Governor BOIES, re-elected in Iowa, and Governor RUSSELL, re-elected in Massachusetts, as leaders of the new Democracy, rise into national distinction.

In New York the election of Mr. FLOWER by a plurality approaching 50,000 completes the work of the Democratic Convention by the recognition of Tammany Hall as the controlling power of the party in the State. The Democracy of the State has approved Tammany as the sole representative organization of the Democratic party in the city where the Democratic vote lies, and in which its victories are won. This has been done by the union of the two wings of the party. How fully the Tammany ascendancy is acknowledged is shown by the editorial statement in the New York Times that the election has turned over ballot reform "to Democratic agencies for its completion, and it will be promptly completed if Mr. CROKER continues in his present mood as to the disadvantages of the past ballot." This result was evident throughout the campaign to those who did not choose to be blind. It was plain that the success of Mr. FLOWER would turn over all reforms to the present or future moods of Mr. CROKER, the chief boss of Tammany Hall, which was, as doubtless it still is, the most implacable foe of honest elections. It is not to its friends, nor to the Legislature, nor even to the Governor, that the election, according to the Times, has intrusted ballot reform, and, of course, every other reform, but to the mood of Mr. RICHARD CROKER. There could be no franker admission that the election of Mr. FLOWER, whatever else it may signify, means the confirmation of the power of Tammany Hall.

The striking fact in the New York election is the diminution of the Democratic vote in the city, and of the Republican vote in the State. The first is to be attributed to local knowledge and consequent distrust of Tammany Hall, both among Democrats

and independents. The second was a great surprise. The rural Republican vote was expected to be unusually large this year, but it proved to be unprecedentedly small. The contrast with the vote for WARNER MILLER in 1888 is remarkable. Two theories are offered in explanation; one, that the farmers are becoming tariff reformers; the other, that they think "TOM PLATT" as bad as Tammany Hall. No evidence is offered, however, to sustain either view. But whether either or both explanations are correct, or whether the diminution of the rural vote was due to mere apathy, it is equally a bad sign for the Republican party. There is no doubt, of course, that Mr. FASSETT's chances were injured by his close political connection with Mr. PLATT, by his own indiscretions in the canvass, and by the alleged indifference of the administration because he did not make the tariff the issue of the campaign. So strong was the conviction that "TOM PLATT" was "as bad as Tammany" that, as between Tammany and PLATT, many independent voters felt themselves to be between the devil and the deep sea. The general result in the State is favorable to Democratic hopes for next year. The result in the country offers no reason to doubt that tariff reform will be the chief issue in the Presidential campaign; nor have the autumn elections left any Democrat so prominent that he is likely to contest with Mr. CLEVELAND the party nomination upon that issue.

THE INDEPENDENT VOTER.

DURING the late campaign we had occasion to say that political independence does not mean voting the Democratic ticket. The occasion lay in the apparent surprise that those who for various reasons had supported, and might again support, a Democratic candidate for the Presidency should not therefore at another time support a Democratic candidate for Governor of New York. Yet in 1888 and in 1889 the journals in New York which are known as independent favored the Republican candidate for the Governorship, while in the latter year they were at the same time supporting the Democratic candidate for the Presidency. This year those journals differed in their view of the situation, and of the course that would best promote the interests of good government in the State. This was not surprising, because every independent voter was compelled to choose between two parties, neither of which represented collectively his views upon the prominent public questions of the time, and his choice was determined by his sense of the relative importance of certain issues. Moreover, in the selection of candidates he had no choice. This is, of course, a necessary condition of the transitional situation when a party has exhausted its original impulse by achieving its purpose.

In this view there was no more interesting or suggestive speech during the late campaign than that delivered by Mr. MOORFIELD STOREY, of Boston, before the Reform Club at Cambridge. Mr. STOREY was one of the most sagacious of the Massachusetts nugwumps of 1884, but, unlike some of his associates, he has not found the fact that he agrees with the Democratic party upon tariff reform a sufficient reason for identifying himself with that party. In his opinion there are several public questions of immediate importance which cannot be subordinated wisely to any one, and upon all of which the position of no existing party is satisfactory. These questions are civil service reform, tariff reform, honest money, and honest elections. Mr. STOREY, in a singularly lucid and conclusive review, proves incontestably that neither party as a party is seriously for civil service reform or honest money or honest elections, while the Democratic party is undoubtedly for tariff reform. The result is that the independent who is such for the reason that neither party is in earnest except upon the tariff, can therefore only vote at each election with those who, upon the immediate questions of that election, best represent his views. This year he would have voted probably with the Democrats in Massachusetts, with the Republicans in Maryland, with the Democrats in Pennsylvania, he would hardly know with which in New York, and in Ohio according to his belief that tariff reform or honest money was the more important issue.

This survey leads Mr. STOREY to the significant question whether all the voters in the country who agree upon the importance of the four questions mentioned, and who have strong convictions upon them, must continue to do nothing but wait until existing parties have taken their positions and nominated their candidates, and then choose between two evils. Shall independent voters do nothing to influence the councils and select the candidates of the parties which do not divide upon the real questions of the day? Shall a civil service reformer identify himself with a party which despises the reform, or a friend of honest money with a party which is permeated with financial heresy, merely because it is a party of tariff reform, or because the other party may be as unsound upon some other question? The situation is unnatural, and probably unnecessary. Why, then,

asks Mr. STOREY, should not independents, Republicans, and Democrats who honestly believe in civil service reform, tariff reform, honest money, and honest elections meet in conference in the early spring, before the great party conventions?

THE TROUBLE WITH CHILI.

AS the American Minister in Chili, Mr. PATRICK EGAN, is probably the chief cause of the popular ill feeling in that country toward the United States, it seems to be probable that it is the new Chilean Minister in this country, Señor PEARO MONTT, who will be a chief agent in preventing any serious misunderstanding between the two countries. A Valparaíso journal states that Señor MONTT telegraphs to the Junta that he was cordially received by Secretary BLAINE, who said that the United States would await the result of the investigation in the courts of Chili, and that the spirit of the State Department is far from hostile. This statement is satisfactory in itself, but it is unquestionable that the retention as Minister of Mr. EGAN, who is a person peculiarly *ingrata* to the Junta, is not a friendly act. Whether or not there was any truth in the reports that connected our Minister with commercial interests in Chili, whether his totally misleading representations of the situation in that country were the result of ignorance or of a desire to aid BALMACEDA, there is no doubt that he was not a proper person to be appointed Minister, and had become, by the ill feeling he had excited, a very improper person to retain the office.

A due sense of the national honor and a desire to reach a clear understanding and satisfactory settlement of the assault upon our sailors in the streets of Valparaíso do not require the continued presence in Chili as United States Minister of a person who is not unreasonably repugnant to the Chilean authorities. Even if the most unfortunate results should follow the present complication—as is not now probable—if the Junta should wrongfully refuse the usual and rightful explanation and reparation for so gross an offence as the slaughter of unarmed and orderly sailors in the uniform of the United States, and should prefer war, yet the fact would remain that we had persisted in a course which we knew to be exceedingly exasperating to a people which had just emerged successfully from a revolutionary movement, and that the feeling which led to the attack and the murder would have been allayed had we done what plainly we ought to have done.

This is a view which remains true, although it may be asserted truculently by the London Times, and although there may be a loud outcry that the national honor must be maintained. That is always true; but the national honor required the withdrawal of EGAN as our Minister when it was known that his retention was disagreeable to the Chilean authorities. If the British Minister in this country had become notorious during our civil war as the friend of the Confederates even to the point in popular belief of aiding their cause against us, and after Appomattox he had been retained against our wishes as British Minister, an outbreak of popular feeling, although not to be defended, would not have been surprising, and very certainly England would have been regarded with feelings far from amicable. If the Chilean feeling upon that subject is mistaken, if Mr. EGAN did not misinform our government in regard to the situation in Chili, if the Chilean dislike of him is due to misapprehension, the error can be corrected by our government immediately by a simple statement of the facts. But while he remains, and no explanation is made, it will not be easy for Chili to understand that the spirit of the State Department is "far from hostile."

THE WAR IN TENNESSEE.

IN this country when laws are plainly inimical to the public welfare, the fact can be demonstrated in public discussion upon the platform and in the press. Where there is no restraint upon the utmost freedom of debate and of voting, it is only when those methods of redress cannot be invoked that there is any excuse for violence. When, therefore, a few months since, the Governor of Tennessee entered into an armistice with men armed against the law of the State, it implied the inability of the government to discharge its first duty, that of maintaining order. The armed opponents of the law were miners, who held that the law authorizing coal companies to hire State convicts as miners was grossly unjust to honest working-men. This was apparently a very general opinion. But for some reason, distrusting the chance of legislative relief by a repeal or modification of the law, except under fear of armed prevention of its enforcement, the miners resorted to arms. The Governor, on his part, apparently distrusted the fidelity of the militia in an effort to maintain order, and therefore concluded an armistice, and summoned the Legislature.

Whether objecting to that method of repealing or enacting laws in a free State—for if a Legislature could be forced by arms to repeal a law, it could be equally forced to enact one—or from some other

reason, the Legislature left the law practically unchanged. The result is the reappearance of the armed miners, the forcible release of convicts, so that they cannot be hired out as laborers, the destruction of a large amount of property, and the alarm and confusion that always attend a state of war. It is not evident that the State authorities are more able to deal with the difficulty now than they were last summer, and the released convicts are roaming at large. The question is very serious, because public sentiment in the part of the State which is the seat of the trouble is uneducated, and respect for law is probably not very profound, while the feeling is very general that the miners are greatly wronged by the system of hired convict labor. In this situation it is not easy to forecast the result. If the militia are unwilling to fight the armed miners on the ground that their demand is really just, and the Legislature will not modify or repeal the law which authorizes the injustice, the Governor may have to appeal to the national government.

Nevertheless, the root of the difficulty is plain. It is the prison system of the State, which regards prisoners as nuisances from which as much money as possible must be made, to pay for the care of them. They are consequently herded in stockades, and are "hired out" as laborers. A more civilized system, under which convicts should be kept in prison, with a view both to usefulness and reformation, their labor being so adjusted as to offer an inappreciable competition with other labor, would put an end to such lawlessness sustained by public opinion. As we write, the State authorities seem to be reflecting. But as the Governor granted an armistice, he should have improved it to be ready for the situation if the object of the armistice, as was probable, should not be attained.

IN MASSACHUSETTS.

THE re-election of Governor RUSSELL in Massachusetts is a signal tribute to him personally and to his admirable administration. It was a shrewd act of the Democratic committee to challenge Mr. LODGE to discuss with Mr. JOHN E. RUSSELL the administration of the Governor. Mr. LODGE was the Republican leader upon the stump, and he is an adroit man of many resources. But the best that he could do in condemnation of Governor RUSSELL's administration was so slight and unimportant that his attack was equivalent to a demonstration of the ability, impartiality, and general excellence of the administration that he assailed.

The result, indeed, was largely personal to the Governor, because the other State officers and a very large majority of the Legislature elected are Republican. Massachusetts, therefore, cannot yet be called a Democratic State, although Mr. LODGE says, since the election, that the situation is serious, and that if the State is to be counted for the Republican candidate next year, the work must begin now. That remark, however, concedes the fact which makes the re-election of a Democratic Governor in Massachusetts very significant. It is that the vague distrust of the Democratic party, which has been of late years the strongest support of the Republicans, has practically disappeared even in Massachusetts, the oldest and strongest of Republican States.

It is the tradition that the Democratic party is a combination of rum, Romanism, ignorance, slavery, and rebellion which has sustained the Republican party in that State through all the exposures of its corruption and the ignoble leadership of its later day elsewhere. Whatever offence might be proved against the party, the reply of thousands of honest Massachusetts Republicans was, "It's bad; but it is better than the Democratic party." The result of this election shows that the power of this tradition is exhausted, and that henceforth elections in that State can be carried by the Republicans not by alleging the moral and patriotic superiority of the Republican party, but by demonstrating the superiority of the Republican policy.

IN OHIO.

THE Republicans naturally rejoice over the result in Ohio. Mr. MCKINLEY, the author of the measure upon which the Democratic victory of last year in Ohio was won, has been elected Governor this year. His election after a prolonged and thorough canvass seems to show that Ohio is a protectionist State, and that the issue of next year will be necessarily the MCKINLEY tariff. But it is not so clear as it seems to be that the result in Ohio is a verdict for protection. Secretary FOSTER says that there is no doubt of it. But the battle was fought largely upon the silver question. The Democrats declared frankly for free silver coinage, and the Republicans took up the challenge. They pushed the fighting upon that issue, and as Governor CAMPBELL was known to differ with his party upon that point he was unable to parry the attack.

There are low-tariff Republicans in Ohio who were forced to choose between a vote for MCKINLEY and a vote for free silver. Naturally they voted for

MCKINLEY, although upon the simple issue of a moderate tariff they would have voted against him. While therefore the election of the author of the MCKINLEY bill would seem to demonstrate public approval of that measure, it is doubtful whether it does not especially signify disapproval of free silver.

Undoubtedly in this part of the country the drift of intelligent opinion in both parties is against free silver coinage. But nevertheless it is favored by many conspicuous leaders on both sides. The free-silver leaders in the Senate are Republicans. On the other hand, Mr. MILLS, who will probably be the Democratic Speaker, is a frank free-silver man. But he thought it bad policy this year to talk about it upon the Democratic stump. Yet if the majority of the House were Republican, and should elect a Speaker who held Mr. MILLS's views upon silver, however reticent it may have been in the campaign, the party would be certainly and universally denounced as unsound upon the currency. If the Democrats should conclude that the silver question, and not the tariff question, decided the election in Ohio, they will hardly fulfil Mr. CARLISLE's prediction of the passage by Congress of a free silver bill this winter to see what the President would do.

CHAINS AND YOKES.

THE Democratic majority in the new House of Representatives is so enormous that there were many voters who sympathize with some Democratic policies who preferred a Democratic defeat at the late elections, because it would serve as a warning to the House. On the other hand, it was gravely urged that general Democratic success this year would probably keep the party straight on the silver question. Nothing could more plainly demonstrate the actual political situation than these two remarks. They showed the truth of Mr. STORER's statement that parties do not divide upon the actual questions of the time.

There was never a time when the Republican party was aiming to restrict slavery that its friends deprecated general success; nor was there a moment when it was the war party that large majorities were not desired by its supporters. The two remarks that we have mentioned, and which are very familiar, indicate grave doubt of the result of the ascendancy of the party with which, upon the whole, those who make the remarks sympathize. This feeling springs from the knowledge that our party system has become an inflexible despotism.

The support of reasonable party men should be the earnest to other reasonable supporters of the party that its action need not be feared. This is, of course, equally true of both parties. But the reasonable men constantly surrender to the caucus and vote against their own judgment. The party becomes a master instead of a servant, and nothing is more repulsive to honest self-respect than the tone of servility in which even intelligent men speak of their party. Democratic Representatives who hold the views upon the currency which the Massachusetts Democratic platform declared at the late election ought not to be forced by any caucus majority to renounce them, and should vote as steadily against such a majority as against a wrong Republican majority. If this is incompatible with government by party, government by party is incompatible with good government.

A BARMECIDE FEAST.

THERE are two aspects of every election campaign which relieve humorously the severe strain upon party zeal. One is the buoyant certainty of success which the candidates and their committees uniformly allege, and the other is the elaborate figuring to which at the last moment this buoyant certainty is reduced, which demonstrates incontestably that both sides will win. Another part of this amusing and transparent game of bluff and brag is the usual assertion on both sides that the other side has now lost hope and acknowledges defeat.

This little game was as gravely played at the late election as if it had not been played at all previous elections. Each side states the majority which it is going to receive, and announces that the estimate is based upon the most careful and thorough reports from the most trustworthy and experienced agents, who have made a house to house canvass. The figures so collected have been revised in the most dispassionate way, and allowing largely for involuntary errors, and for the unknown and the unforeseen very much more than is reasonable, the result is the certain election of both candidates by a most gratifying majority.

Then comes the statistician on both sides, who has made a study of election antecedents for many years, and whose calculations are as elaborate and abstruse as those of the higher mathematics. He had not anticipated success this time, but his exact mind became interested in the figures, and pushing on to the inevitable conclusions, he found, to his amazement, that the indubitable figures reached an unforeseen result, and again both candidates were certainly elected—only a very few days before the votes were cast. These are the amenities of a furious election campaign. This particular one is a Barmecide feast which large numbers of the hungry find exceedingly palatable.

MORE DISHONESTY.

THE recent developments in the Adams Express Company in New York and the Maverick Bank in Boston belong to a long series of similar revelations. The first reflection which they suggest is the number of similar transactions not yet disclosed, which will presently appear and involve in disgrace other respected and unsuspected persons. They increase the distrust with which all financial operations and

agents are regarded, and redouble the ingenuity that seeks to protect interests which necessarily must be confided to other hands.

The kind of respect which is paid to the mere fact of wealth, the public notice which is taken of people solely because they are rich, the public interest which is assumed in the incidents of the private lives of the rich, and which leads newspapers to chronicle the movements and actions and family events of those who personally have no title to attention except that they own a great deal of money, is of course exceedingly demoralizing. To win that kind of notoriety, to be familiar subjects of newspaper gossip, to obtain the deference which is shown to the rich because they are rich, many a man will venture beyond the line of what he knows to be honest.

The preacher is always ready, but so, unhappily, is the text. There is a convict in the State-prison who was sentenced several years ago for embezzling and swindling upon the largest scale. He ruined a large circle who no more suspected him than themselves, and a more wanton and wicked offence of the kind cannot be conceived. This summer it was proposed to try and secure a pardon for him because of his good conduct in prison and his former respectability and his family connections. Yet morally his crime was very much more unpardonable than that of a poor, ignorant, half-brutened man for whom there is no pity and no thought of succor. "It is quite dreadful to think," said one gentleman to another at a great entertainment, "how many of our fellow-guests here ought to be and probably soon will be in the State-prison." "Yes?" said the other; "and I wonder whether you and I will be among them?"

PERSONAL.

MRS. HARRISON and the Princess LOUISE are the only two women who have ever been permitted to set foot within the cloisters of the monastery of Santa Barbara, in California. And even after their visit the ground trodden by them was at once reconsecrated with solemn ceremonies and much fasting and prayer. The monastery is the oldest but one of the twenty-four missions established in California by the Franciscans at the close of the last century, and is the only one now occupied by the friars of the order.

Mr. FARNELL was a handsome man, with a fine figure, which he seemed to take pains to conceal in ill-fitting clothes. Occasionally he appeared in a coat that showed the marks of the tailor's skill, but as a rule he was poorly and even shabbily dressed. While the Royal Commission was sitting he went about arrayed in an old white coat, with a kerchief half covering his face, a slouch hat on his head, and a black bag in his hand.

One of the curious sights in Baltimore is a block entirely surrounded by a high brick wall, which conceals from the view of the plebeian crowd the handsome home of the eccentric millionaire, ROSS WYNANS. When WYNANS built the house he threw the grounds open to the public, but objection was made by some of the more prudish to the nudity of the statues, and the millionaire was importuned to remove or to drape them. WYNANS's feelings were wounded by the request, which he deemed presumptuous, and the result was the erection of the wall. It is an unsightly affair, an eyesore to the people, but no appeal from the city authorities has ever been able to persuade WYNANS or his heirs to remove it.

JAY COOKE, the Philadelphia financier, whose name twenty years ago was as well known as the President's, has an island home in Lake Erie, just opposite Put-In-Bay, and within two hours' sail of Sandusky, his birthplace. Here he spends much of his time fishing for black bass, and shooting the quail and plover with which the island is stocked. Mr. COOKE built his summer home here—known as "Gibraltar"—twenty-eight years ago, and it is still his favorite residence.

In an appreciative editorial on Mr. ZOGBAUM's picture of a conning-tower on a sloop of war in a late number of the WEEKLY, the New York Herald made also a few minor criticisms, which have called forth the following note from G. L. CORDEN, Lieutenant U. S. N.: "The picture is accuracy itself. Mr. ZOGBAUM has placed the Chief Quartermaster at the wheel, which is correct. The dress of the Chief Quartermaster is as Mr. ZOGBAUM has depicted it. Furthermore, any seaman can see at a glance that the man at the engine-room telegraph does not wear his hair in a coil, but has on a blue watch cap."



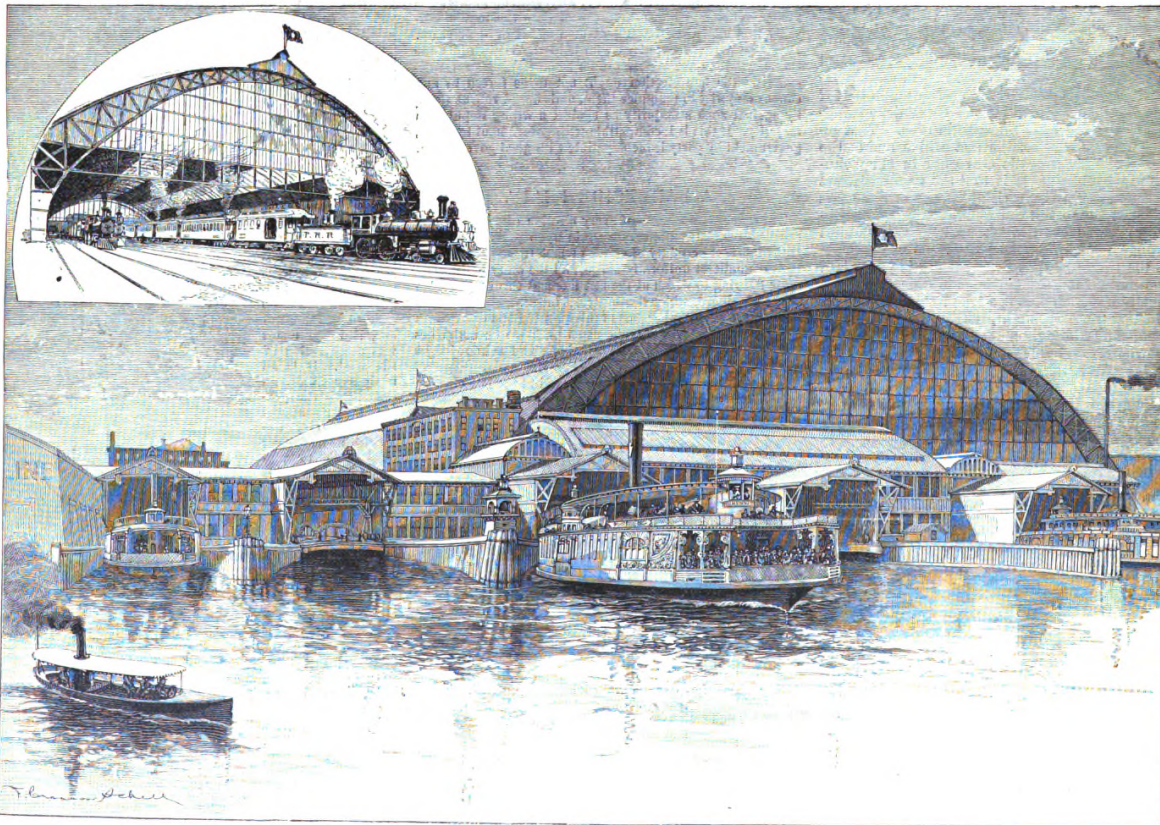
JOHN G. CROOME, GENERAL E. BURD GRUBBS'S BEST MAN, In the First City Troop's uniform, which the British saw one hundred years ago at Trenton and Princeton.



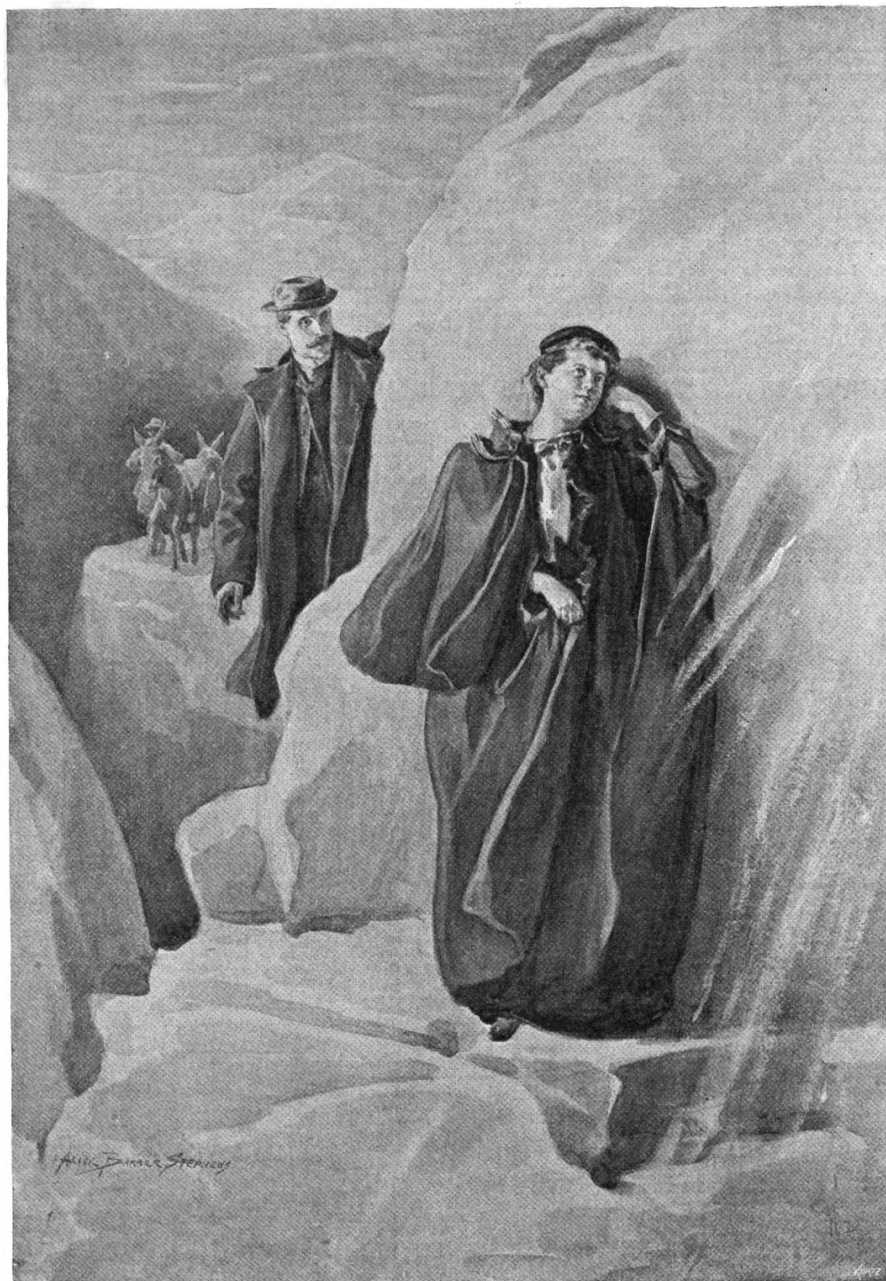
MRS. E. BURD GRUBB (NÉE VIOLET SOPWITH).—[See Page 891.]



GENERAL E. BURD GRUBB, AMERICAN MINISTER TO SPAIN.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GUTERKUNT, PHILADELPHIA.—[See Page 891.]



THE NEW STATION OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AT JERSEY CITY.—DRAWN BY F. CRESSON SCHELL.—[See Page 905.]



A MOUNTAIN WOMAN.

BY ELIA W. PEATTIE.

IF Leroy Brainard had not had such a respect for literature, he would have written a book.

As it was, he played at being an architect—and succeeded in being a charming fellow. My sister Jessica never lost an opportunity of laughing at his endeavors as an architect.

"You can build an enchanting villa, but what would you do with a cathedral?"

"I shall never have a chance at a cathedral," he would reply. "And, besides, it always seems to me so material and so impertinent to build a little structure of stone and wood in which to worship God!"

You see what he was like? He was frivolous, yet one could never tell when he would become eloquently earnest.

Brainard went off suddenly Westward one day. I suspected that Jessica was at the bottom of it, but I asked no questions; and I did not hear from him for months. Then I got a letter from Colorado.

"I have married a mountain woman," he wrote. "None of your puny breed of modern femininity, but a remnant left over from the heroic ages—a primitive woman, grand and vast of spirit, capable of true and steadfast wifehood. No sophistry about her; no knowledge even that there is sophistry. Heavens! man, do you remember the roudances

and triplets I used to write to those pretty creatures back East? It would take a Saga man of the old Norseland to write for my mountain woman. If I were an artist, I would paint her with the north star in her locks and her feet on purple cloud. I suppose you are at the Pier. I know you usually are at this season. At any rate, I shall direct this letter thither, and will follow close after it. I want my wife to see something of life. And I want her to meet your sister."

"Dear me!" cried Jessica, when I read the letter to her; "I don't know that I care to meet anything quite so gigantic as that mountain woman. I'm one of the puny breed of modern femininity, you know. I don't think my nerves can stand the encounter."

"Why, Jessica!" I protested. She blushed a little.

"Don't think bad of me, Victor. But, you see, I've a little scrap-book of those triplets upstairs." Then she burst into a peal of irresistible laughter. "I'm not laughing because I am piqued," she said, frankly. "Though any one will admit that it is rather irritating to have a man who left you in a blasted condition recover with such extraordinary promptness. As a philanthropist, one of course rejoices; but as a woman, Victor, it must be admitted that one has a right to feel annoyed. But, honestly,

I am not ungenerous, and I am going to do him a favor. I shall write, and urge him not to bring his wife here. A primitive woman, with the north star in her hair, would look well down there in the Casino eating a pineapple ice, wouldn't she? It's all very well to have a soul, you know, but it won't keep you from looking like a guy among women who have good dressmakers. I shudder at the thought of what the poor thing will suffer if he brings her here."

Jessica wrote, as she said she would; but, for all that, a fortnight later she was walking down the wharf with the "mountain woman," and I was sauntering beside Leroy. At dinner Jessica gave me no chance to talk with our friend's wife, and I only caught the quiet contralto tones of her voice now and then contrasting with Jessica's vivacious soprano. A drizzling rain came up from the east with nightfall. Little groups of shivering men and women sat about in the parlors at the card-tables, and one blond woman sang love songs. The Brainards were tired with their journey, and left us early. When they were gone, Jessica burst into ecstacy.

"That is the first woman," she declared, "I ever met who would make a fit heroine for a book."

"Then you will not feel under obligations to educate her, as you insinuated the other day?"

"Educate her! I only hope she will help me to unlearn

some of the things I know. I never saw such simplicity. It is antique!"

"You're sure it's not mere vacuity?" "Victor! How can you? But you haven't talked with her. You must to-morrow. Good-night." She gathered up her trailing skirts and started down the corridor. Suddenly she turned back. "For Heaven's sake!" she whispered, in an awed tone, "I never even noticed what she had on!"

The next morning early we made up a riding party, and I rode with Mrs. Brainard. She was as tall as I, and sat in her saddle as if quite unconscious of her animal. The road stretched hard and inviting under our horses' feet. The wind smelled salt. The sky was ragged with gray masses of cloud scudding across the blue. I was beginning to glow with exhilaration, when suddenly my companion drew in her horse.

"If you do not mind, we will go back," she said.

Her tone was dejected. I thought she was tired.

"Oh no!" she protested, when I apologized for my thoughtlessness in bringing her so far. "I'm not tired. I can ride all day. Where I come from, we have to ride if we want to go anywhere; but here there seems to be no particular place to—reach."

"Are you so utilitarian?" I asked, laughingly. "Must you always have some reason for everything you do? I do so many things just for the mere pleasure of doing them. I'm afraid you will have a very poor opinion of me."

"That is not what I mean," she said, flushing, and turning her large gray eyes on me. "You must not think I have a reason for everything I do." She was very earnest, and it was evident that she was unacquainted with the art of making conversation. But what I mean, she went on, "is that there is no place—no end—to reach." She looked back over her shoulder toward the west, where the trees marked the sky line, and an expression of loss and dissatisfaction came over her face. "You see," she said, apologetically, "I'm used to different things—to the mountains. I have never been where I could not see them before in my life."

"Ah, I see! I suppose it is odd to look up and find them not there."

"It's like being lost, this not having anything around you. At least, I mean," she continued, slowly, as if her thought could not easily put itself in words—"I mean it seems as if a part of the world had been taken down. It makes you feel lonesome, as if you were living after the world had begun to die."

"You'll get used to it in a few days. It seems very beautiful to me here. And then you will have so much life to divert you."

"Life? But there is always that everywhere."

"I mean men and women."

"Oh! Still I am not used to them. I think I might be not—very happy with them. They might think me queer. I think I would like to show your sister the mountains."

"She has seen them often."

"Oh, she told me. But I don't mean those pretty green hills and as we saw coming here. They are not like my mountains. I like mountains that go beyond the clouds, with terrible shadows in the hollows, and belts of snow lying in the gorges where the sun cannot reach, and the snow is blue in the sunshine, or shining till you think it is silver, and the mist so wonderful all about it, changing each moment and drifting up and down, that you cannot tell what name to give the colors. These mountains of yours here in the East are so quiet; mine are shouting all the time, with the pines and the rivers. The echoes are so loud in the valley that sometimes, when the wind is rising, we can hardly hear a man talk unless he raises his voice. There are four distinct tones where I live, and all their have different voices, just as people do; and one of them is happy—a little white cataract—and it falls where the sun shines earliest, and till night it is shining. But the others only get the sun now and then, and they are more noisy and cruel. One of them is always in the shadow, and the water looks black. That is happy because the rocks all underneath it are black. It falls down twenty great ledges in a gorge with black sides, and a white mist dances all over it at every leap. I tell father the mist is the ghost of the waters. No man ever goes there; it is too cold. The chill strikes through one, and makes your heart feel as if you were dying. But all down the side of the mountain, toward the south and the west, the sun shines on the granite and draws long points of light out of it. Father tells me soldiers marching look that way when the sun strikes on their bayonets. Those are the kind of mountains I mean, Mr. Grant."

She was looking at me with her face transfigured, as if I like the mountains she told me of, had been lying in shadow, and waiting for the dazzling dawn.

"I had a terrible dream once," she went on; "the most terrible dream ever I had. I dreamt that the mountains had all been taken down, and that I stood on a plain to which there was no end. The sky was burning up, and the grass scorched brown from the heat, and it was twisting as if it were in pain. And animals, but no other person save myself, only wild things, were crouching and looking up at that sky. They could not run because there was no place to which to go."

"You were having a vision of the last man," I said. "I wonder myself sometimes whether this old globe of ours is going to collapse suddenly and take us with her, or whether we will disappear through slow disastrous ages of fighting and crushing, with hunger and blight to help us to the end. And then, at the last, perhaps some luckless fellow, stronger than the rest, will stand amid the ribs of the rotting earth and go mad."

The woman's eyes were fixed on me, large and luminous. "Yes," she said; "he would go mad from the lonesomeness of it. He would be afraid to be left alone like that with God. No one would want to be taken into God's secrets."

"And our last man," I went on, "would have to stand there on that awaying wreck till even the sound of the crumbling earth ceased. And he would try to find a voice and would fail, because silence would have come again. And then the light would go out—"

The shudder that crept over her made me stop, ashamed of myself.

"You talk like father," she said, with a long-drawn breath. Then she looked up suddenly at the sun shining through a rift in those reckless gray clouds, and put out one hand as if to get it full of the headlong rollicking breeze. "But the earth is not dying," she cried. "It is well and strong, and it likes to go round and round among all the other worlds. It likes the sun and moon; they are all good friends, and it likes the people who live on it. Maybe it is they instead of the fire within who keep it warm; or maybe it is warm just from always going, as we are when we run. We are young, you and I, Mr. Grant, and Leroy, and your beautiful sister, and the world is young too!" Then she laughed a strong splendid laugh, which she never had before. "Is that not with drawing-room restrictions; and I laughed too, and felt that we had become very good companions indeed, and found myself warming to the joy of companionship as I had not since I was a boy at school."

That afternoon the four of us sat at a table in the Casino together. The Casino, as every one knows, is a place to amuse yourself. If you have a duty, a mission, or an aspiration, you do not take it there with you, it would be so obviously out of place; if poverty is ahead of you, you forget it; if you have brains, you hasten to conceal them; they would be a serious encumbrance.

There was a bubbling of conversation, a rattle and flutter such as there always is where there are many women. All the place was gay with flowers and with gowns as bright as the flowers. I remembered the apprehensions of my sister, and studied Leroy's wife to see how she fitted into this highly colored picture. She was the only woman in the room who seemed to wear draperies. The jaunty dash and cut of fashionable attire were missing in the long brown folds of cloth that enveloped her figure. I felt certain that even from Jessica's standpoint she could not be called a girl. Picturesque she might be, past the point of conversation, but she was not ridiculous.

"Judith takes all this very seriously," said Leroy, laughingly. "I suppose she would take even Paris seriously."

His wife smiled over at him. "Leroy says I am melancholy," she said, softly; "but I am always telling him that I am happy. He thinks I am melancholy because I do not laugh. I got out of the way of it by being so much alone. You only laugh to let some one else know you are pleased. When you are alone there is no use in laughing. It would be like explaining something to yourself."

"You are a philosopher, Judith. Mr. Max Muller would like to know you."

"Is he a friend of yours, dear?"

Leroy blushed, and I saw Jessica curl her lip as she noticed the blush. She laid her hand on Mrs. Brainard's arm.

"Have you always been very much alone?" she inquired.

"I was born on the ranch, you know; and father was not fond of leaving it. Indeed, now he says he will never again go out of sight. But you can go a long journey without doing that; for if he lies on a plateau in the valley, and it can be seen from three different mountain passes. Mother died there, and for that reason and others—father has had a strange life—he never wanted to go away. He brought a lady from Pennsylvania to teach me. She had wonderful learning, but she didn't make very much use of it. I thought if I had learning, I would not waste it reading books. I would use it—to live with. Father had a library, but I never cared for it. He was forever at books too. Of course," she hastened to add, noticing the look of mortification deepen on her husband's face, "I like books very well if there is nothing better at hand. But I don't like to read Mrs. Winch's books."

"Why read what other folk have been thinking when you can go out and think yourself? Of course one prefers one's own thoughts, just as one prefers one's own ranch, or one's own father."

"Then you are sure to like New York when you go there to live," cried Jessica; "for here you will find something to make life entertaining all the time. No one need fall back on books there."

"I'm not sure. I'm afraid there must be such dreadful crowds of people. Of course I should try to feel that they were all like me, with just the same sort of fears, and

that it was ridiculous for us to be afraid of each other, when at heart we all meant to be kind."

Jessica fairly wrung her hands. "Heavens!" she cried. "I said you would like New York. I am afraid, my dear, that it will break your heart!"

"Oh," said Mrs. Brainard, with what was meant to be a gentle jest, "no one can break my heart except Leroy. I should not care enough about any one else, you know."

The compliment was an exquisite one. I felt the blood creep to my own brain in a sort of vicarious rapture, and I avoided looking at Leroy lest he should dislike to have me see the happiness he must feel. The simplicity of the woman seemed to invigorate me as the cool air of her mountains might if it blew to me on some bright dawn, when I had come, fevered and sick of soul, from the city.

When we were alone, Jessica said to me: "That man has too much vanity, and he thinks it is sensitiveness. He is going to imagine that his wife makes him suffer. There's no one so brutally selfish as your sensitive man. He wants every one to live according to his ideas, or he immediately begins suffering. That friend of yours hasn't the courage of his convictions. He is going to be ashamed of the very qualities that made him love his wife."

There was a hop that night at the hotel, quite an unusual affair as to elegance, given in honor of the women who were to live according to his ideas, or he immediately begins suffering. That friend of yours hasn't the courage of his convictions. He is going to be ashamed of the very qualities that made him love his wife."

Mrs. Brainard looked so happy that night when she came in the parlor, after the music had begun, that I felt a moisture gather in my eyes just because of the beauty of her joy, and the forced vivacity of the women about me seemed suddenly coarse and insincere. She wore wonderful red stones, brilliant as rubies, glittered in among the diaphanous black driftings of her dress. She asked me if the stones were not very pretty, and said she gathered them in one of her mountain river-beds.

"But the gown?" I said. "Surely, you do not gather gowns like that in river-beds, or put them on mountain plains?"

"But you can get them in Denver. Father always sent to Denver for my finery. He was very particular about how I looked. You see, I was all he had—" She broke off, her voice faltering.

"Come over by the window," I said, to change her thought. "I have something to repeat to you. It is a song of Sydney Lanier's. I think he was the greatest poet that ever lived in America, though not many agree with me. But he is my dear friend anyway, though he is dead, and I never saw him; and I want you to hear some of his words."

I led her across to an open window. The dancers were whirling by us. The waltz was one of those melancholy ones which speak the spirit of the dance more eloquently than any merry melody can. The sound of the sea booming beyond in the darkness came to us, and long paths of light, now red, now green, stretched toward the distant light-house. These were the lines I repeated:

"What heartache—never a bill!
Inexorable, vague, and chill
The dream said levels drain my spirit low.
With one poor word they tell me all they know;
With one long tongue, they tease my pain,
Do draw it over and over again.
They hurt my heart with griefs I cannot name,
Always the same—the same!"

But I got no further. I felt myself moved with a sort of passion which did not seem to come from within, but to be communicated to me from her. A certain unfamiliar happiness prickled through with pain thrilled me, and I heard her whispering:

"Do not go on, do not go on! I cannot stand it to-night!"

"Hush," I whispered back; "come out for a moment into the dusk with me, and stand there trembling. I swayed with her emotion. There was a long silence. Then she said: 'Father may be walking alone now by the black cataract. That is where he goes when he is sad. I can see how lonely he looks among those little twisted pines that grow from the rock. And he will be remembering all the evenings we walked there together, and all the things we said.' I did not answer. Her eyes were still on the sea."

"What was the name of the man who wrote that verse you just said to me?" I told her.

"And he is dead? Did they bury him in the mountains? No! I wish I could have put my arms round his neck and heard those four voices calling down the cañon."

"Come back in the house," I said; "you must come, indeed," I said, as she shrank from re-entering.

Jessica was dancing like a fairy with Leroy. They both saw us and smiled as we came in, and a moment later they joined us. I had a sudden feeling that I could have heard those four voices calling down the cañon."

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went back to the city and brushed the dust from my desk. Then each morning I, as Jessica put it, "formed public opinion" to the extent of one column a day in the columns of a certain enterprising morning journal.

Brainard said I had treated him shabbily to leave upon the heels of his coming. But a man who works for his bread and butter must put a limit to his holiday. It is different when you only work to add to your general picturesqueness, that is what I wrote Leroy, and it was the unkindest thing I ever said to him; and why I did it I do not know to this day. I was glad, though, when he failed to answer the letter. It gave me a more reasonable excuse for feeling out of patience with him.

The days that followed were very dull. It was hard to get back into the way of working. I was glad when Jessica came home to set up our little establishment and to join in the autumn gayeties. Brainard brought his wife to the city soon after and went to house-keeping in an odd sort of a way.

"I couldn't see anything in the place save curios," Jessica reported after her first call on them. "I suppose there is a cooking stove somewhere, and maybe even a pantry with pots in it. But all I saw was Alaska totems and Navajo blankets. They have as many skins around on the floor and couches as would have satisfied an ancient Briton. And everybody was calling there. You know Mr. Brainard runs a saloon in selecting his friends as well as his furniture. The parlors were full this afternoon of abnormal people; that is to say, with folks one reads about. I was the only one there who hadn't done something. I guess it's because I am too healthy."

"How did Mrs. Brainard like such a motley crew?"

"She was wonderful—perfectly wonderful! Those insulting creatures were all studying her, and she knew it. But her dignity was perfect, and she looked as proud as a Sioux chief. She listened to every one, and they all thought her so bright."

"Brainard must have been tremendously proud of her."

"Oh, he was—of her and his Chilcat portraits."

Jessica was there often, but—well, I was busy. At length, however, I was forced to go. Jessica refused to make any further excuses for me. The rooms were filled with small celebrities.

"We are the only nonentities," whispered Jessica, as she came around; "it will make us quite distinguished."

We went to speak to our hostess. She stood beside her husband, looking taller than ever; and her face was white. Her long red gown of clinging silk was so peculiar as to give one the impression that she was dressed in character. It was easy to tell that it was one of Leroy's fancies. I hardly heard what she said, but I knew she reproached me gently for not having been to see them. I had no further word with her till some one took her to the piano, and she paused to say:

"That poet you spoke of to me—the one you said was a friend of yours—he is my friend now too, and I have learned to sing some of his songs. I am going to sing one now." She seemed to have no timidity at all, but stood quietly, with a half-smile, while a young man with a Russian name played a strange minor prelude. Then she sang, her voice a strange contralto, cold at times, and again lit up with gleams of passion. The music itself was fitful, now full of joy, now tender, and now sad:

"Look off, dear love, across the sorrow sands,
And mark you meeting of the sun and sea.
How long they kneel in sight of all the lands,
Ah! longer, longer we."

"She has a genius for feeling, hasn't she?" Leroy whispered to me.

"A genius for feeling!" I repeated, angrily. "Man, she has a heart and a soul and a brain, if that is what you mean! I shouldn't think you would be able to look at her from the stand-point of a critic."

Leroy shrugged his shoulders and went off. For a moment I almost hated him for not feeling more resentful. I felt as if he owed it to his wife to take offence at my foolish speech.

It was evident that the "mountain woman" had become the fashion. I read reports in the papers about her unique receptions. I saw her name printed conspicuously among the list of those who attended all sorts of dinners and musicales and evenings among the set that affected intellectual pursuits. She was joined to a number of women's clubs of an exclusive kind.

"She is doing whatever her husband tells her to," said Jessica. "Why, the other day I heard her ruining her voice on *Siegfried*!"

But from day to day I noticed a difference in her. She developed a terrible activity. She took personal charge of the affairs of her household. She insisted that Leroy in keeping the house filled with guests; she got on the board of a hospital for little children, and spent a part of every day among the cots where the sufferers lay. Now and then when we spent a quiet evening alone with her and Leroy, she sewed continually on little white night-gowns for these poor babies. She used her carriage to take the most extraordinary persons riding.

"In the cause of health," Leroy used to say, "I ought to have the carriage fumigated after every ride Judith takes, for she is always accompanied by some one who looks as if he or she should go into quarantine."

One night, when he was chaffing her in this way, she flung her sewing suddenly from her and sprang to her feet, as if she were going to give way to a burst of girlish temper. Instead of that, a stream of tears poured from her eyes, and she held out her trembling hands toward Jessica.

"He does not know," she sobbed. "He cannot understand."

One memorable day Leroy hastened over to us while we were still at breakfast to say that Judith was ill—strangely ill. All night long she had been muttering to herself as if in a delirium. Yet she answered lucidly all questions that were put to her.

"She begs for Miss Grant," she says over and over that she 'knows,' whatever that may mean."

When Jessica came home she told me she did not know. She only felt that a tumult of impatience was stirring in her friend.

"There is something majestic about her—something epic. I feel as if she were making me live a part in some great drama, the end of which I cannot tell. She is suffering, but I cannot tell why she suffers."

Weeks went on without an abatement in this strange illness. She did not keep her bed. Indeed, she neglected few of her usual occupations. But her hands were burning, and her eyes grew bright with that wild sort of lustre one sees in the eyes of those who give themselves up to strange drugs or manias. She grew whimsical, and formed capricious friendships, only to drop them.

And then one day she closed her house to all acquaintances, and sat alone continually in her room, with her hands clasped in her lap, and her eyes swimming with the emotions that never found their way to her tongue.

Brainard came to the office to talk with me about her one day. "I am a very miserable man, Grant," he said. "I am afraid I have lost my wife's regard. Oh, don't tell me it is partly my fault. I know it well enough. And I know you haven't had a very good opinion of me lately. But I am remorseful enough now, God knows. And I would give my life to see her as she was when I found her first among the mountains. Why, she used to climb them like a strong man, and she was forever shouting and singing. And she had peopled every spot with strange modern mythological creatures. Her father is an old dreamer, and she got the trick from him. They had a little telescope on a great knoll in the centre of the valley just where it commanded a long path of stars, and they used to spend nights out there when the frost literally fell in flakes. When I think how hardy and gay she was, how full of courage and life, and look at her now, so feverish and broken, I feel as if I should go mad. You know I never meant to do her any harm. Tell me that much, Grant."

"I think you were very egotistical for a while, Brainard, and that is a fact. And you didn't appreciate how much her nature demanded. But I do not think you are responsible for your wife's present condition. If there is any comfort in that statement, you are welcome to it."

"But you don't mean—" He got no further.

"I mean that your wife may have her reservations, just as we all have, and I am paying her high praise when I say it. You are not so narrow, Leroy, as to suppose for a moment that the only sort of passion a woman is capable of is that which she entertains for a man. How do I know what is going on in your wife's soul? But it is nothing which even an idealist of women, such as I am, old fellow, need regret."

How glad I was afterward that I spoke those words. They exercised a little restraint, perhaps, on Leroy when the day of his terrible trial came. They made him wrestle with the demon of suspicion that strove to possess him. I was sitting in my office, lagging dispiritedly over my work one day, when the door burst open and Brainard stood beside me. Brainard, I say, and yet in no sense the man I had known—not a hint in this pale creature, whose breath struggled through chattering teeth, and whose hands worked in uncontrollable spasms, of the nonchalant elegant I had known. Not a glimpse to be seen in those angry and determined eyes of the gayly selfish spirit of my holiday friend.

"She's gone!" he gasped. "Since yesterday. And I'm here to ask you what you think now? And what you know."

A panorama of all shameful possibilities for one black moment floated before me. I remember this gave place to a wave, cold as death, that swept from head to foot, then Brainard's hands fell heavily on my shoulders.

"Thank God at least for this much," he said, hoarsely; "I didn't know at first but I had lost both friend and wife. But I see you know nothing. And indeed in my heart I knew all the time that you did not. Yet I had to come to you with my anger. And I remembered how you defended her. What explanation can you offer now?"

"I got him to sit down after a while and tell me what little there was to tell. He had been away for a day's shooting, and when he returned he found only the perplexed servants at home. A note was left for him. He showed it to me."

"There are times," it ran, "when we must do as we must, not as we would. I am going to do something I have been driven to do since I left my home. I do not leave any message of love for you, because you would not care for it from a woman so weak as I. But it is so easy for you to be happy that I hope in a little while you will forget the wife who yielded to an influence past resisting. It may be madness. But I am great enough to give it up. I tried to make the sacrifice, but I could not. I tried to be as gay as you and to live your sort of life; but I could not do it. Do not make the effort to forgive me. You will be happier if you simply hold me in the contempt I deserve."

I read the letter over and over. I do not know that I believe that the spirit of inanimate things can permeate to the intelligence of man. I am sure I always laughed at such ideas. Yet holding that note with its shameful seeming words, I felt a consciousness that it was written in purity and love. And then before my eyes there came a scene so vivid that for a moment the office with its familiar furniture was obliterated. What I saw was a long firm road, green with mid-summer luxuriance. The leisurely thudding of my horse's feet sounded in my ears. Beside me was a tall black-robed figure. I saw her look back with that expression of deprivation at the sky line. "It's like living after the world has begun to die," said the pensive minor voice. "It seems as if part of the world had been taken down."

"Brainard," I yelled, "come here! I have it. Here's your explanation. I can show you a new meaning for every line of this letter. Man, she has gone to the mountains. She has gone to worship her own gods!"

Two weeks later I got a letter from Brainard, dated from Colorado:

"Old man," it said, "you're right. She

is here. I found my mountain woman here where the four voices of her cataraacts had been calling to her. I saw her the moment our mules rounded the road that commands the valley. We had been riding all night and were drenched with cold dew, hungry to desperation, and my spirits were of lead. Suddenly we got out from behind the granite wall, and there she was, standing where I had seen her so often, beside the little waterfall that she calls the happy one. She was looking straight up at the billowing mist that dipped down the mountain, mammoth saffron rolls of it, plunging so madly from the impetus of the wind that one marvelled how it could be noiseless. Ah, you do not know Judith! That strange, unsophisticated, sometimes awkward woman you saw bore no more resemblance to my mountain woman than I to Hercules. How strong and beautiful she looked standing there wrapped in an ecstasy! It was my primitive woman back in her primeval world. How the blood leaped in me. All my old romance, so different from the common love-histories of most men, was there again within my reach! All the mystery, the poignant happiness were mine again. Do not hold me in contempt because I show you my heart. You saw my misery. Why should I grudge you a glimpse of my happiness? She saw me when I touched her hand, not before, so wrapped was she. But she did not seem surprised. Only in her splendid eyes there came a large content. She pointed to the dancing little white fall. 'I thought something wonderful was going to happen,' she whispered, 'for it has been laughing so.'

"I shall not return to New York. I am going to stay here with my mountain woman, and I think perhaps I shall find out what life means here sooner than I would back there with you. I shall learn to see large things large and small things small. Judith says to tell you and Miss Grant that the four voices are calling for you every day in the valley."

"Yours in fullest friendship,
"LEROY BRAINARD."

AN INTERNATIONAL WEDDING.

ANGLO-AMERICAN marriages are not uncommon, but it is usually the bride that comes from this side of the water, and to chronicle an international wedding in which the groom figures as a prominent American gives an added interest. On November 3d, General Edward Burd Grubb, United States Minister to the court of Spain, was married to Miss Violet Sopwith, the daughter of a prominent Englishman. The ceremony took place in London, at the church of Saint Stephen's, South Kensington, the Rev. J. P. Waldo, Vicar of Saint Stephen's, officiating. The bridemaids were a cousin and six younger sisters of the bride, and Miss Effie Grubb, daughter of the bridegroom by a former marriage. The ushers were all members of the Philadelphia City Troop, the crack organization of that city and perhaps of the country, which General Grubb at one time commanded, and wore their brilliant uniforms to grace the occasion. They were E. C. Knight, Jun., Edward Browning, Barclay Warburton, W. E. Bates, and Charles E. Henry. John C. Groome, also of Philadelphia and the troop, was best man. A number of other prominent society people of Philadelphia were among the guests, all having crossed the sea to testify to the esteem in which General Grubb is held. London society turned out in force, and contributed a notable representation, and in addition

the diplomatic corps paid their respects to our Minister to Spain. The Spanish Ambassador to the court of St. James was present with his suite, as were also the United States Minister and the Consul-General. The toilettes of the ladies were, of course, resplendent, but the conventional black of an ordinary wedding, as far as the men were concerned, was dissipated by the uniforms of the Philadelphia Troop, and those worn by the English officers present in large numbers, and the decorations of the diplomatic guests.

The bride is a daughter of Thomas Sopwith, the owner of lead mines in Spain, who is also one of the directors of the Bank of England. His country estate embraces a large part of the Isle of Lismore, Scotland, and his daughter is called there "The Rose of Lismore." She is extremely beautiful, and one of the belles of London society. General Grubb is a man of middle age, and his residence is at Edgewater Park, New Jersey, which is about sixteen miles from Philadelphia. He commanded the City Troop for a number of years, and is a well-known figure in the society of that city. His inherited fortune is extensive, and he is a large owner in one of the great coal mines of the Lehigh Valley. He was a Colonel during the war in General Phil Kearny's famous brigade, and his title is one well earned. In 1889 General Grubb was the Republican candidate for Governor of New Jersey, at which time he gave up the command of the Philadelphia Troop, but was defeated by Leon Abbott. It was not long ago that President Harrison appointed him to fill the Spanish mission, and while abroad he first met his bride. The members of the government at Washington conveyed to him by cable their personal congratulations, to which were added the felicitations of the United States ministers abroad. The fact that his ushers were to appear in the troop uniform was much commented upon, but, on the whole, it was somewhat appropriate, as it is one of the three uniforms still existing in this country which the British had an opportunity of seeing one hundred years ago, but, as one of the troop put it, "they had to look over their shoulders to see them then."

THE CREW OF THE BALTIMORE.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

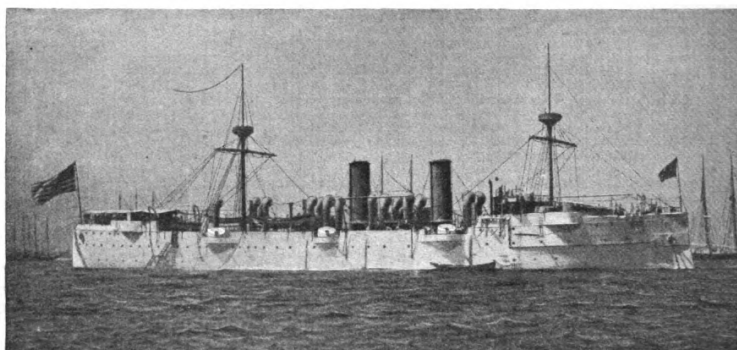
To the appointment of Patrick Egan as Minister to Chili can be traced the first cause of the ill feeling of the Chilians against the United States, which found its final violent expression in the killing of two and wounding of eighteen American sailors. Egan was sent to Chili to help preserve proper relations between the two republics, and the cause of doing which he became a partisan of Balmaceda's, a man who robbed his country, closed the Houses of Congress, seized the property of private individuals, and incidentally ordered the shooting of forty-one young students who favored the Congressional party. Mr. Egan publicly declared that this would-be dictator could not be overthrown, and the United States government, misled by his representations, refused to recognize the Congressionalists as belligerents, seized the *Itata*, arrested the Congressionalists' envoy for loading her with arms, and in every way, though unofficially, worked into Balmaceda's hands, and against the party fighting for constitutional liberty and representation by the people. This party won, and Balmaceda was overthrown, and the United States was in the position of having helped the upper dog in the fight, and then having to bear the odium of having the under dog win. She had to return the *Itata*, free Ricardo L. Trumbull, and to recognize the fact that her representative had deceived her. All of this goes to show why the people of the United States were and are unpopular in Chili. Added to this was the belief among the people of Valparaiso that Captain Schley, of the United States cruiser *Baltimore*, had acted as a spy upon the Congressionalists' army when it landed at Quintero, a belief which Captain Schley has indignantly denied, but which was shared by several of the officers on the British man-of-war *Champion*, who, like the Chilians, were misled by appearances. It is unfortunate that Captain Schley did not avoid even "the appearance of evil." At such a time the strictest neutrality cannot be too strict. The private letters and would-be contributions to American periodicals offered by officers of the *Baltimore* would seem to show that the individual feeling on board that boat, whether expressed or not, was decidedly in favor of Balmaceda; and it is yet to be explained why the cable at Iquique was cut, and cable communication with the United States was shut off from the insurgents. Officer Benjamin A. Wells, of the *Baltimore*, writes under date of August 13th: "We will not be in good favor here, that may be taken for granted. After capturing the *Itata* and cutting the cable at Iquique, our chances for bare politeness are slim." The result of the cutting of the Iquique cable, around which point the insurgents were gathered, prevented them from giving their version of the struggle, and only those despatches favorable to Balmaceda could reach this country. If the officers of the *Baltimore* had anything to do with the destruction of this means of communication, as the letter of Officer Wells would imply that they had, they meddled in what did not concern them, and did what should call for the severest inquiry. The fact that refugees of Balmaceda's party were sheltered in the American Legation and on the *Baltimore*, as they



THE DISASTER ON THE CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE, AND ST. PAUL RAILROAD.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—(SEE PAGE 905.)



CAPTAIN W. S. SCHLEY.

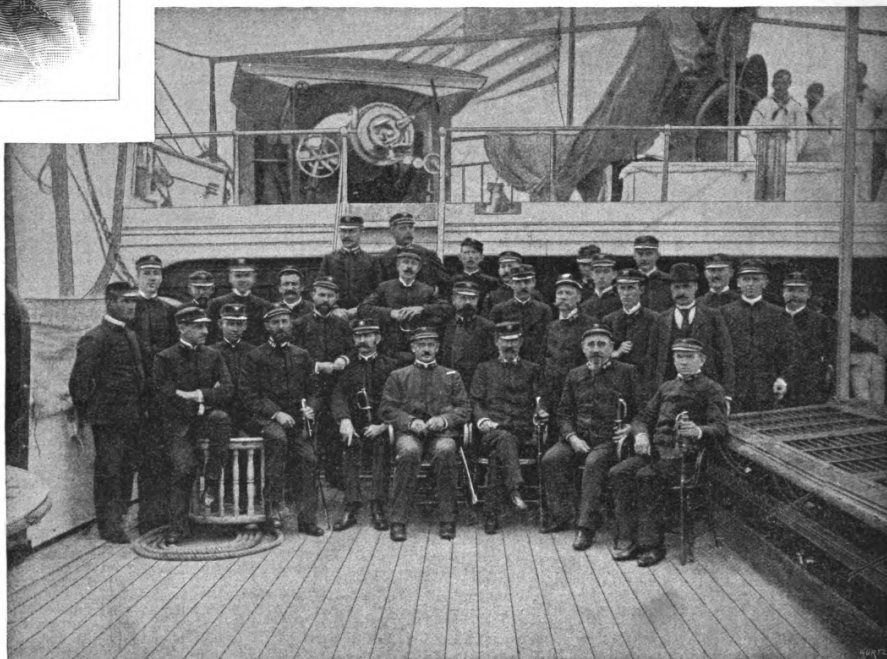


UNITED STATES STEAMSHIP "BALTIMORE."

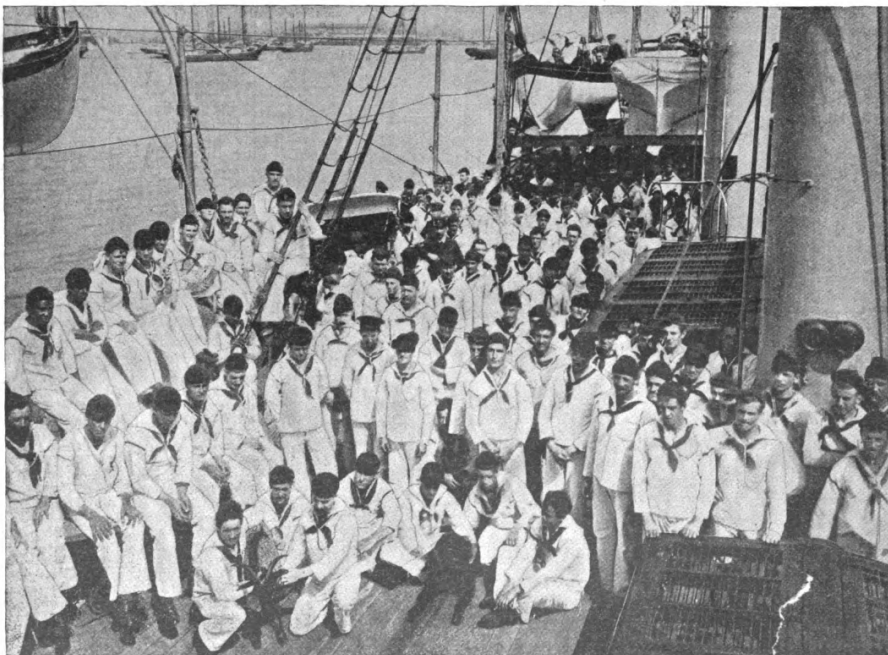
were on the ships of war of other nations, did not serve to reconcile the Chilians to the representatives of this government. These are the list of causes, springing originally from the presence of Patrick Egan as minister in Chili, which led a mob in Valparaiso to attack a number of unarmed, sober, and inoffensive sailors for no other reason than that they wore the uniform of the country which Minister Egan had misrepresented.

Here is Captain Schley's official account of the attack and the subsequent treatment of the sailors by the police:

"Petty-officer Johnson, in whose arms Riggin was killed, declares that the act was done by the police guard. Apprentice Williams reports that he was arrested by a mounted policeman, who placed caugt nippers around his wrist and started his horse into a gallop, throwing him down. After that the policeman walked his horse. Coal-heaver McWilliams was arrested and taken to prison, with caugt nippers around his wrists and a lasso around his neck. He was bitten in the arm after arrest. Coal-heaver Quigley, while trying to effect his escape from the mob, was struck with a sword by a police officer. Apprentice Talbot was arrested, caugt nippers were placed around his wrists, and on the way to prison he was struck repeatedly by police. Petty-officer Hamilton, dangerously wounded and unconscious, was dragged to prison. One of my people, trying to make him comfortable, was threatened with the butt of a musket, and made to desist. My men in prison were examined secretly, although I sent an officer to the court to request authority to allow his presence. The request was denied on account of the proceedings being secret. Before discharge, my men were required to sign a paper; but before doing it, Rhinehart asked the court official the meaning of the paper. He was informed that it was a mere form, stating that the signer was not engaged in the trouble. Two are dead, three are dangerously wounded, and about fifteen are slightly injured."



THE OFFICERS.



THE CREW OF THE "BALTIMORE," OF WHOM 2 WERE KILLED, 3 DANGEROUSLY WOUNDED, AND 15 INJURED BY THE CHILIAN MOB.

Those Americans who were born in this country, and who did not leave some other country under the circumstances which surrounded the departure of Mr. Egan from Ireland, will read with different emotions of American seamen dragged behind galloping horses, and led through the streets with lassos around their necks. The emotions of Mr. Egan, who is respon-



JORGE MONTT, THE NEW PRESIDENT OF CHILE.

sible for this through his favoring of Balmaceda, must be even more disturbed. What our government will do about these murdered sailors will be determined by the action of the new government of the Chilean republic, but while it waits for that tardy apology and restitution, it can do one thing without waiting, and cannot do it too quickly—it can recall Minister Egan.

is the motive power. When the English ordinance expert inveighs against the complications of the gun *per se*, he fails to say a word as to the additional intricate mechanism of the carriage. The Moncrieff apostle believes more in the carriage than in the gun. "But we are not to be saved by gun-carriages alone," cynically remarks the soldier and sailor who learnt their business a quarter of a century ago.

What has been the crucial experiment? It was the bombardment of Alexandria. An English fleet, freshly equipped, had mounted the best guns ever produced. They were served with shot and shell made scientifically perfect. What did they do, on a day which, as far as weather goes, the navy officer intent on cannonading only would have called "lovely"? Why, the effects, as far as the Egyptian forts were concerned, checked all theories "spun from scanty and misleading data gathered at the proof-butts." The fleet produced "astonishingly little effect." It totally failed to disable guns mounted in the ramparts of barbettes batteries. It is true the Egyptians, though brave enough, never could comprehend how to work their own rifled guns. The reasons advanced why the English guns did so little damage are various, but the most reasonable one is that the whereabouts of the Egyptian guns were fairly invisible. There was no target to fire at. Perhaps the certainty that a man will commit errors was ignored; and this mistake will forever remain constant whenever the human equation is deemed of no importance, and mechanical ingenuity is supposed to be paramount.

Every man to his trade is an old and time-honored maxim, and so leading authorities in both branches of the service claim careful attention. All should know that it is only from the closest union of soldier and sailor that a perfect defence can be brought about. It is evident, then, that our guns on the land are not such as give protection. It may be never necessary for us to build a fleet which will have the tonnage of a fifth-class European state, but it ought not to take long before we have guns of proper efficiency, well mounted, having the new requisites of "invisibility and dispersion," and then we could await at least with equanimity coming events.

A BISHOP, A MS., AND A PAIR OF BLUE EYES.

BY CLAU BAILEY HURST.

I NEVER knew how the MS. came into the bishop's library. Probably the author timidly handed it to the butler at the hall door. As secretary to his Reverence, I, of course, saw the note which accompanied the MS., and my heart beats pitiably even at this distant day when I think of its contents. I will write the note as I remember it:

"**BELIEVED BISHOP.**—With great diffidence I presume to ask you to look over 'Deism Denounced,' which I present with this letter. In flattery I do not tell you of the admiration in which I hold your profound learning and accurate criticism. All of your exegetical works, and especially your 'Commentaries on the it and iii. Epistles of John,' have long been my friends.

"My book—hardly book as yet; but your commendation to the publishers will transform the MS. into one—is the work of many years. I need not say how I treasure this greatest effort of my life's labors. You will see, I am sure, as my child does, its worth, its truthfulness, and its possibility to shake the very roots of the fallacies of deism and other monstrosities of heterodox thinking. Feeling that you will be impressed with its merit, I beg leave to subscribe myself, dear bishop, with very great respect,

"Your obedient servant and fellow-laborer in the vineyard,
HEZEKIAH WEST."

That is the letter; commonplace enough in itself, perhaps, but read between the lines, and your heart will yearn for the old man who wrote it, as my child did. The conclusions he deduced! And, finally, think of the child he mentions who saw in his work the very essence of what was scholarly! The child must be, so I thought at the time, some one who was very dear to him, a companion, an encouraging help, who shared in the hopes of the great success of the book, and the bishop was to cause to be published. I felt the child could be none other than a tender daughter. I could see her with my mind's eye, as I perused the note looking up into her father's face with great love as he sat by a study lamp assiduously cementing his notes and his thoughts into shape for the world beyond his door.

One morning, before I knew of the exist-

ence of the manuscript, I sat at my table putting into longhand the dictation I had taken from his Reverence on the preceding night. The sun shone warm through the windows on my back, and I was beginning to feel sleepy despite my nine hours' slumber. But a longing for a siesta will come to almost any one, even if he is not fond of sentimentalizing. I was watching a fly preening his wings on the ceiling when I heard a foot step, and saw the bishop standing before me with a half-amused, half-disgusted look on his face.

"Dreaming again, eh, Tompkins?" he queried.

"I beg a thousand pardons! The fact is, you see, my arduous duties—" "The fact is," said he, taking up my words—"the fact is, you live too high. I think when you come up for holy orders I shall keep you from passing, unless you show a remarkable proficiency in your examination. It had been my intention to let you through on what I considered your capability, for work rather than a display of fitness."

Visions of a little country church all my own, a cozy library, a sweet wife, flitted before. What if I should lose them?

"Oh, dear sir!" I said, completely overcome by my emotion.

He regarded me a moment in silence, and remarked in realistic colors again, "If I were not your great-uncle on your father's side, I should seriously consider putting my threat into execution."

Here the vision of a tiny spire in a peaceful valley, a tender wife beside me as I sat before a grate reading the *Antioch Review*, appeared in realistic colors again.

"If you are quite through your customary after-breakfast nap, you may return this parcel, with a letter to the effect that I have not the time to attend to the matter."

"Very well, sir; I'll do it at once."

"But I want you first to address this note to my publisher, and send it with the manuscript."

I untied the bundle, and read the pathetic letter which I have already transcribed. I pitied the author, but none knew better than I that his Reverence was up to his white cravat in work of a dozen kinds, and he could not conscientiously examine the many pages of manuscript. I felt for the author so that I was willing to examine the work myself if I could have helped him. I read the letter again, and then looked at the pile of sheets comprising the polemic, the name of which ran:

"DEISM DENOUNCED;

or, Deistic Doctrine logically considered in the light of Profane History, the Patriarchal Writings, and the Holy Scriptures, together with a Refutation of the Deistic Writings of Modern Times."

I then noticed for the first time that the handwriting of the note differed from that of the MS., which was written in a style clear and delicate as if stamped from copper-plate. I felt it was the author's daughter who had transcribed the original MS., freeing it of its ugly erasures and interlineations. More than ever I wished that I might write the wished-for commendation; but as that was out of the question, I set to work to frame an epistle in a tone so sure that it would not hurt the author's feelings and would at the same time excuse my master, for I had not the courage to deliver my message by word of mouth. I stated the bishop's case in this manner:

"Owing to his Reverence's severe illness, which confines him much of the day to his bed, and having his available time completely engrossed by burdensome episcopal duties, and, moreover, at present being so busied in the preparation of the Hampton lectures for the current year that he is obliged to commute most of his work into the hands of a competent assistant [that's Tompkins], the bishop, accordingly, regrets his inability to comply with Mr. West's courteous request. The cursory inspection which his Reverence gave the manuscript convinced him of its intrinsic merit, and he is sure, etc., etc."

I put my whole soul into that note to make it sweet, and as I am not so much of a fool as the bishop is pleased at times to think me, I may safely affirm that the note, considering its message, was as palatable as it could well be.

For fear of another visit from his Reverence, I hastily put the bundle under my arm, and issued from a side door of the residence in quest of Hezekiah West. The house to which I was bound lay at the other end of the city. I walked block after block, down avenues, through crowded streets and dirty lanes, until finally, to be back in time for luncheon, I mounted an omnibus, where I sat, the only passenger, with my bundle in my lap. Ordinarily I am not nervous, but the sight of that bundle made me for the nonce feel so. I dreaded to meet the author. I hoped he would be out, and his daughter too, and no one else about besides a servant; but I was afraid to leave the manuscript in irresponsible hands. If I were to see him, I should have to wait for him. Then I longed that

he might be at home, so that I could have a long talk at once. Although I had written a note which would elucidate matters, yet I would need to say something when I delivered the bundle. I was at a loss for suitable words. The omnibus would put me at the door before I could join a few coherent phrases, so I got out for the sake of ten minutes' grace. I reached my destination only too soon, and as the sound of the knocker echoed through the hall, my heart beat sympathetically for the daughter's tears and the wreck of the author's hopes.

It was not a servant that opened the door. As I saw the spare figure, the thin white hair, the patched sleeves, I knew I stood in the presence of the author of "Deism Denounced." When I announced myself as coming from the bishop, a joyful smile came to the man's face, and with assumed lightness I glibly uttered my prepared speech, and handing over the bundle, I said that an explanatory letter was inside. As I was leaving, I said, for the sake of saying something, "I supposed the Lane Street bus would take me nearest to St. Andrew's."

"I think not, sir. Wait a moment, and I will find out for you." And then he called: "Naomi! Naomi!" Sweet name. It was his daughter's, I knew.

Presently Naomi appeared. She was even more lovely than I had pictured her before. She could have sworn that she really existed. The clear pure face, the fine light-brown hair, the graceful figure, the blue eyes—beautiful blue eyes—I can see them yet. She looked at the bundle in her father's hand. I knew she divined its contents from the quivering smile which flushed her cheeks.

"Naomi, my dear, it was the father of course, who spoke—"Naomi, my dear, can you tell this young gentleman the shortest way to St. Andrew's?"

"Certainly," she responded, and then told me the proper omnibus to take.

I left them, and never dared to even look back. As I hurried along my way, I could picture plainly what was going on at the house I had left. I could see the man in his study opening the bundle hastily to read the bishop's eulogistic letter. I could see him after he had read a few lines appear less joyous, and finally sink into his chair heart-broken. Then the daughter dropped on her knees beside him, and throwing her arms about his neck, lifted up her dear face sympathizingly to his. I felt a criminal for the havoc I had made.

It was the bishop's pleasure that I should take luncheon with him when I returned. I made a sorry companion for his Reverence, but, in the memory of my morning's work, damped my feelings, and my talk became monosyllabic. I told the bishop I had returned the parcel he had given me, with a note, and that I had sent his MS. by express to his publishers.

"That's well," said my master; and contentedly he ate the Cornish beef and potatoes, and at the same time checked with a blue pencil certain numbers in the latest catalogue from Quaritch, which lay beside his plate. Although these little incidents impressed themselves on me at the time, I was thinking of some one far outside the shaded dining-room when I returned to the house of Naomi, with her blue eyes and sunny hair.

It was just three weeks, lacking two days, after my assault upon and retreat from the author of "Deism Denounced," that I sat in the library assorting some papers and letters that had accumulated on my table. I almost fell on the floor when I picked up a read letter beginning, "Owing to his Reverence's severe illness, which confines him much of the day to his bed, and having his available time completely engrossed by burdensome episcopal duties," etc., etc.

"Shade of Casaubon!" I groaned aloud. "What have I done?" It was the letter I had written to accompany the MS. entitled "Deism Denounced." In my agitation at that time I had left it out, and put in its place the one his Reverence had given me to send to his publishers. The bishop's MS. had gone aright, because a few days ago the publishers had sent a contract to be signed for the new work. Hezekiah West had received the note, in the bishop's handwriting, intended for the publishers, Messrs. Daily and Reddy. What did the note say that a mistake could not have been detected on reading it? I ran to the copy-book, fluttered through the leaves until I found the missive, which ran thus: "I beg to present to your notice a new work, which I am convinced has especial merit. It is the result of patient investigation, close thought, and careful composition, and I feel confident, therefore, of its success."

Hezekiah West had evidently not thought it strange to have received this very commendation, which his bishop had taken the trouble to write to the publishers personally. My carelessness had created a terrible confusion, and while I was pondering what to say to his Reverence, a servant came into the library, saying that Mr. Hezekiah West wished to see the bishop.

"The bishop is out," I said. "But bring Mr. West to the library, I'll see him myself."

"Ah, my dear young man," said the caller, pressing my hand with both of his as we met, "how glad I am to see you, and to thank you for bringing me the message you did three weeks ago! That same afternoon I took my MS. and the bishop's kind note to the publishers, and not long after received a most courteous letter from them, telling me their

favorable opinion, and their willingness to publish my work. They suggested a slight change as to the title, so that now my book will be known as 'Studies in Deism,' without a secondary title, and to-day I have signed the contract for its publication."

I knew now the whole truth. I expressed my pleasure at the favorable reception of the work, and begged the author to accept my congratulations. He promised to convey his words of gratitude to my master, and in parting Mr. West said that if I ever happened to be in his end of the town, he and his daughter would be pleased to have me call; and then the visitor left.

That casual invitation to call moved me strangely. I might see Naomi again—the sunny hair, those blue eyes, and gentle smile. But the discovery I had made would raise a storm that would wreck all my chances of ever seeing her again.

When the bishop came in, I told him of the letter I had found, and of events that had happened in consequence of its not having been delivered. He listened calmly, asked me a question or two, and then inquired, slowly:

"Ah, Tompkins, what was the time set for the examination that would test your claims to be pastor of a church?"

"Three months hence, sir."

"You passed your examination, you would be obliged to leave me, would you not?"

"That would be necessary, I am sorry to say."

"I think I'll let you pass if you show any semblance of fitness in the examination."

On the morning ensuing this conversation I accompanied the bishop to the publishing house, where an explanation was made concerning "Deism Denounced"—or rather, I should say, concerning "Studies in Deism"—with the result that no change was made in the proposed publication. The work was so well thought of that the publishers felt no hesitancy in putting it into book form, and it was decided that upon me devolved the duty of telling the author of my own blunder. When Mr. West learned that his book was so popular, he easily laughed over my inattention as over a good joke; and although Naomi, who was present at the interview, looked displeased as I began to recount the details of my error, she brightened towards the last, and enjoyed the situation as keenly as did her father.

I call at the West house frequently now. Last evening, as we sat together, I repeated to Naomi the words that the bishop had spoken to me that very morning.

"I shall be sorry to lose you, after all, Tompkins. And let me say, as a bit of parting advice, that a young person's first duty is to marry."

I looked at Naomi closely as I spoke. She was silent, and her beautiful eyes were turned to her father correcting the proofs of "Studies in Deism," but soon they looked up at me, full of light and happiness.

COLUMBIA'S FLOWER.

Uron a day in merry May,
Among the buds of spring,
Our bonny lass, Columbia,
Went lightly wandering.
And first she plucked a wind-flower,
And gravely shook her head:
"Too pale you are, too frail you are,
For what I want," she said.

And next she found a shady nook
Where purple violets grew.
"I never sided a flower," she cried,
"That could compare with you.
How neat you are! How sweet you are.
You modest little dear!
But, oh, so different! I guess
I'd better leave you here."

And so she roamed from flower to flower,
But carried none away;
One was too grave to suit her taste,
Another was too gay.
The busy and the butterfly
Smiled in her face in vain:
"Too trim you are, too prim you are,"
She laughed in her disdain.

Nor would she heed one lovely weed
That through the summer grows;
She tossed aside the purple flag,
She flouted the wild rose;
And was so hard to suit indeed,
It seemed she'd never find—
This little lass, Columbia—
A blossom to her mind.

But one day through the autumn fields
With many a leaf she tried
And dale and height were all bedight
With splendid golden-rod.
Then merrily she clapped her hands:
"This is the thing for me;
Type of the gold my broad lands hold,
To which the world is free!"

"Oh! mine you are, for fine you are,
And beautiful and strong;
You are the flower that shall be set
To sermon and to song!"
And through the land Columbia,
The fairest child of God,
Went smiling, with her golden hair
All crowned with gold.

MARY BRADLEY.

THE RECENTLY ELECTED STATE GOVERNORS.

THERE were elections this month in five States for Governor, and in no instance was the contest so close that the newspapers of the next day could not announce the result positively. Previous to the voting, however, in four States—New York, Ohio, Massachusetts, and Iowa—each side had every right to think that there was a good chance to win. In Maryland the Democratic candidate had practically a walk-over. In New York the battle was not fought on national issues entirely, as was the case in Ohio; in Massachusetts the Democratic candidate, a man of most excellent record and great personal popularity, was elected, but the rest of the ticket was defeated; in Iowa, though the Democratic candidate was elected, there were other than national issues dividing the parties. In the only State where national questions alone were discussed, the Republican candidate was elected, and it therefore seems probable that the Republicans in their future contests will make all of their fights, on the lines laid down by Major McKinley, the apostle of protection, and the Governor-elect of Ohio.

MAJOR WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

Major William McKinley has for some years past been so conspicuously a figure in American politics that it is not necessary at this time, even after his election over Governor Campbell in Ohio has placed him in the very forefront of Republican politicians, to more than briefly review his public career. He was born in Niles, Trumbull County, Ohio, fifty years ago. His father, who is still living, was an iron manufacturer, a man of substance and consideration in the community. The son was educated at the common schools and the Poland Academy. At the age of seventeen, when the war broke out, he enlisted as a private in the Twenty-third Regiment of Ohio Infantry, of which General W. S. Rosecrans and General Ruford B. Hayes were officers. He was promoted to be Commissary Sergeant, and then Second Lieutenant, and rose to the rank of Captain. He participated in many of the severest battles of the war, and being mentioned in general orders, was brevetted Major by President Lincoln for gallantry at Opequan, Fisher's Hill, and Cedar Creek. He served upon the staffs of Generals Hayes, Crook, and Hancock, and was mustered out of the service in the summer of 1865.

After the war McKinley studied law, and settled in Canton, which is now his home. In 1869 he was Prosecuting Attorney for Stark County, and in 1876 went to Congress, in which he has sat until the 4th of last March brought the Fifty-first Congress to an end. He was defeated for re-election to the next Congress, his district having been somewhat changed by the Legislature. From the beginning of his Congressional career he has been a member of the Ways and Means Committee, of which he was chairman when the famous bill was prepared which bears his name. In all of the debates in regard to the tariff he has been conspicuous on the Republican side, having been a leader in the fight against Mr. Morrison's bill, and then against that of Mr. Mills. When the last Congress was elected he was a prominent candidate for the Speakership, but was defeated by Mr. Reed in the caucus. At the last Republican National Convention he was a delegate from Ohio, and was pledged to support Senator John Sherman. Not a few of those in Chicago watching the preliminary skirmishes before the balloting looked upon Major McKinley's chances for getting the nomination as very good. He, however, would consider no overtures, and maintained that it would be disloyal to Senator Sherman for him to permit his name to be used. To make his feelings perfectly plain, he stated his position in a short speech to the Convention. His manly action at that time cost him no friends, but confirmed him in the regard of honorable men.

In personal appearance he is short and stout, and his face is said to be of a Napoleonic type. He is an approachable man, easy, affable, and courteous, but always dignified. In debate he always carefully prepares his speeches, and does not depend on any quickness of repartee for effect. But he is so well informed on his side of the great tariff question that he is an awkward antagonist for any save a master to handle. His wife is an invalid, and his devotion to her, even when most immersed in public affairs, has always been most considerate and tender.

MR. ROSWELL P. FLOWER.

In New York the Democratic candidate for Governor, Mr. Roswell Pettibone Flower, was elected by a plurality of about forty thousand votes. The rest of the New York State politics are past finding out, and this election only complicates the task of him who before an election would predict what was going to happen. The Democratic prophets said that Mr. Flower's immensely increased vote in New York city would overcome any gains the Republicans would make in the rest of the State, while the Republicans talked wisely of the immense majority with which Mr. Fassett would come down to Harlem River. The election being over, both were found to be wrong. The Republican majorities in the country were seriously diminished, while the Democratic vote in New York city fell off. Whenever

Mr. Flower has been a candidate before the people he has been elected, and he can therefore be considered a lucky man. When he first ran for Congress against Mr. William Waldorf Astor for the seat made vacant by the resignation of Mr. Levi P. Morton, who had been appointed minister to France, he was thought to be leading a forlorn hope, but he was nevertheless elected by the handsome majority of 3100 votes. Mr. Morton a few months before in the same district had received a majority of 4000. This victory gave Mr. Flower prominence in his party, and at the State Convention, when Mr. Cleveland was nominated for Governor, he went into the meeting with a strong following, and received on the first ballot 123 votes, to 123 for General Slocum and 61 for Mr. Cleveland. At the next Convention he was nominated against his protest for Lieutenant-Governor on the ticket with Governor Hill, but he declined to accept, and General Jones was substituted in his stead.

At the end of his first term in Congress Mr. Flower declined a re-election, but he continued to be active in political affairs, serving on campaign committees and contributing to election expense funds. At the National Democratic Convention of 1888 Mr. Flower was spoken of by some as a proper person to have the nomination for the Presidency, and preparations were made to open headquarters in Chicago to push his candidacy in the usual way. But it was inevitable that Mr. Cleveland should receive the nomination,

and shortly after coming to New York he established a banking firm, which is still in existence, though Mr. Flower is no longer an active partner. He has accumulated an ample fortune, but in Wall Street he has never been regarded as a speculator. Instead of speculating, he has invested in railroad and other property with great care, and it is said that he never purchases the shares or bonds of a company without personally examining the property represented by the securities in question. In the use of his wealth Mr. Flower has acted generously and with public spirit.

GOVERNOR WILLIAM E. RUSSELL.

In Massachusetts Mr. William Eustis Russell, the Democratic candidate, was re-elected Governor, though all the rest of his ticket was defeated. This is the fourth time Mr. Russell has been a candidate for the office. In 1888 he was beaten by Governor Ames by a plurality of 29,000; in 1889, when he ran against Governor Brackett, he reduced his plurality to 6800; in 1890, when he again ran against Mr. Brackett, the tables were turned, and Mr. Russell was elected. Governor Russell has steadily grown in the regard of the Massachusetts people, and his first administration was heartily approved, even by many who did not agree with him in his views as to national measures. Mr. Russell is still a very young man, as he was born in 1857. He comes of a Cambridge family of note, and his father is the well-known

tion, the Democrats on the silver question, so that on the tariff question only were the party lines tenaciously drawn. The Democrats strove to make the tariff question amount, and the Republicans, hoping to absorb the greater part of the prohibition vote, kept the liquor question well in the foreground. The victory of Governor Boies appears to indicate that the people of Iowa are thinking very seriously of the necessity of reforming the tariff. Mr. Boies is a native of New York, where he was born sixty-four years ago. He practised law in Buffalo, and served in the New York Legislature before the war. In 1867 he went to Waterloo, Iowa, and began the practice of the law. He was a Republican in New York, and also in Iowa, until Mr. Blaine was nominated in 1884. He declined to vote for the Republican candidate, and supported Mr. Cleveland. He has always been in favor of reforming the tariff, and it was easy for him after this first break to become a member of the Democratic party. In 1889 he was nominated by the Democrats for Governor and elected. He has written a good deal on the transportation question, as it affected the interests of Western farmers. Mr. Boies is himself an extensive farmer. He has 2640 acres in Grundy County under cultivation, and a grass farm of 1100 acres in Palo Alto County. Here he has several hundred head of fine cattle.

MR. FRANK BROWN.

In Maryland the Democrats have elected to the Governor's chair Senator Gorman's intimate friend, Mr. Frank Brown, of Baltimore. Mr. Brown was Postmaster of Baltimore under President Cleveland, but he did not believe much in the principles of civil service reform. He is forty-five years old, and comes of a prominent and wealthy family, his father, Stephen Brown, having been one of the largest planters in Carroll County. Mr. Frank Brown has a three-thousand-acre farm near Sykesville, Carroll County, and he is a breeder of superior cattle. He was treasurer of the Democratic Campaign Committee in 1885, and has also served in the Maryland Legislature. He is a member of the Maryland and Jockey clubs of Baltimore, and is a man of social prominence and fashion.

SENATOR EDMUNDS'S SUCCESSOR IN THE SENATE.

WHEN the Hon. George Edmunds, of Vermont, sent his resignation of his office of United States Senator to the Governor of Vermont last summer, it was a foregone conclusion that the Governor would select Mr. Redfield Proctor, Secretary of the State in Harrison's cabinet, to succeed the retiring statesman. Indeed, no other name was mentioned, and several months ago, though the vacancy does not occur until the first of next month, the Governor notified Mr. Proctor of his selection for the place. The official proclamation, however, has just now been issued. Mr. Proctor, who is at once one of the wealthiest and most prominent men of his State, has long been a warm friend and a personal and political supporter of Mr. Edmunds, whom he now succeeds. Mr. Proctor has been an unusually successful man in whatever he has undertaken. His father, a farmer, manufacturer, and trader, was a founder of Proctorville, Vermont, where Redfield Proctor was born some sixty years ago. He was graduated from Dartmouth in 1851, studied law at Albany, and began to practise in Boston, where he was living when the war broke out. Returning home in 1861, he enlisted in the Third (Vermont) Regiment, in which he became the Major. Later he was Colonel of the Fifteenth (Vermont) Regiment. For a while he was on the staff of General W. F. ("Baldy") Smith, but most of his war service was with his regiment. After the battle of Gettysburg, Colonel Proctor found his health so much broken that he was compelled to retire and return to his home.

As he was preparing to resume the practice of law, he was appointed receiver of the Sutherland Falls Marble Company, which was seriously involved in litigation and threatened with bankruptcy. He untangled the affairs of this company, and, buying an interest in it, soon became a power in the marble industry. He also in this business made a large fortune. In 1883 he consolidated several companies and formed the Vermont Marble Company, of which he was president. Later he formed a combination of all the marble industries of Vermont, and started the Producers' Marble Company of Burlington. This company controls the marble industry of America, and in it Mr. Proctor has larger interests than any one else.

Mr. Proctor has always been active in politics in Vermont, but he has never let his interest and participation in party affairs interfere with his business occupations. He has been State Senator, Lieutenant-Governor, and in 1880 was Governor, but refused a re-election. He was chairman of the Vermont delegation to the last National Republican Convention, and from the first ballot to the last voted for the nomination of Mr. Harrison.

As Secretary of War, Mr. Proctor has been unusually successful in the management of the department business habits and knowledge of affairs which had sometimes been sadly lacking in its administration. Mr. Proctor is thin and spare and over six feet tall. His face is long, and in general appearance he is very like what our English friends delight to portray as a typical Yankee.



HON. REDFIELD PROCTOR, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM VERMONT.

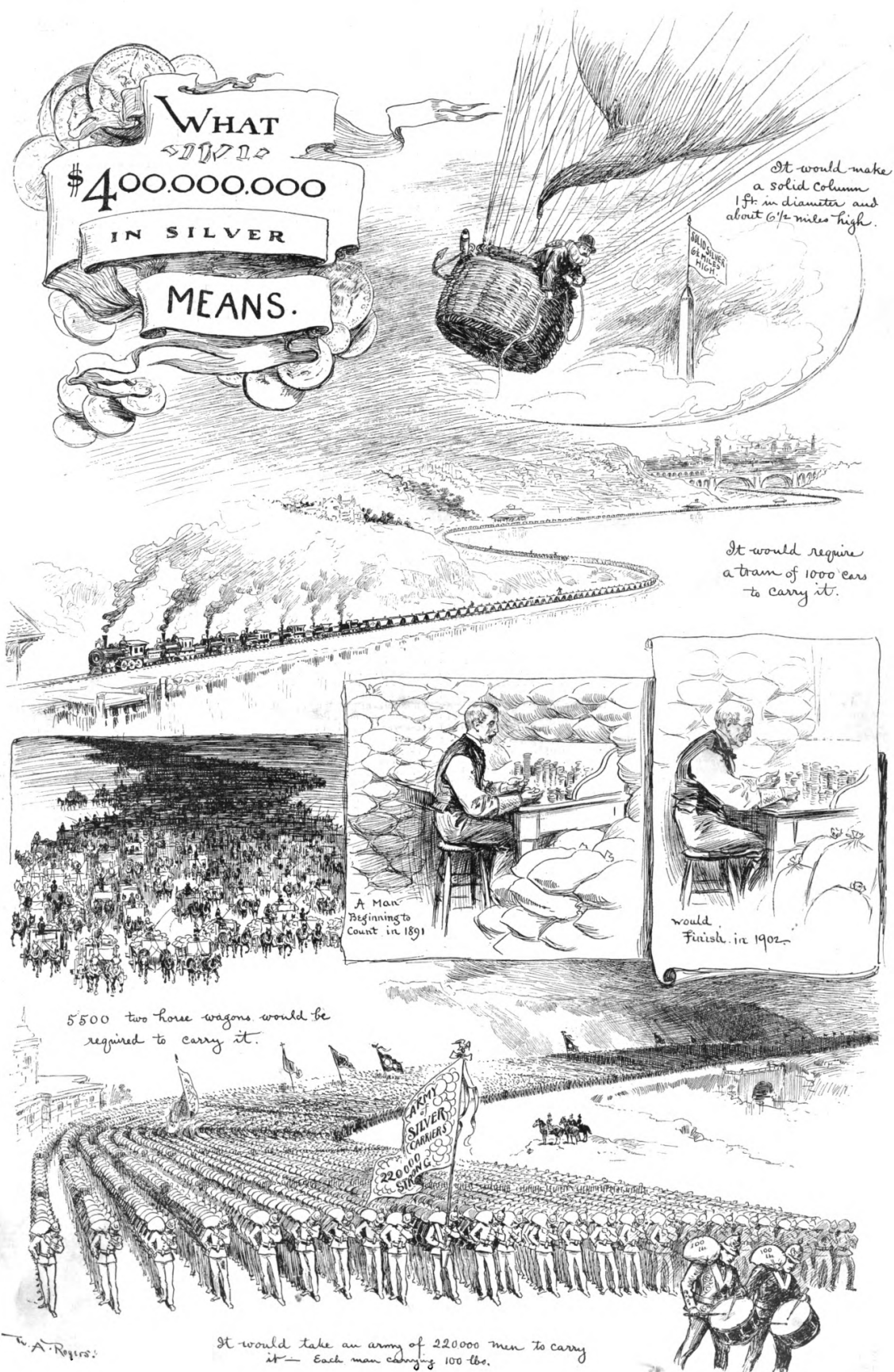
and the "boom" for Mr. Flower was still-born. In the same year Mr. Flower was a candidate for Congress from the Twelfth District, and was easily elected. He was re-elected to the Congress which meets in December, but resigned as soon as he had been nominated for Governor.

Mr. Flower was born in Jefferson County, in the northern part of New York, fifty-six years ago, and is of humble origin. As a child he worked in his father's wool-carding and cloth-dressing mill, and attended the public school of the village of Theresa. When he was sixteen he was graduated from the Theresa High School, and thereafter made his own way in the world. For a while he was the teacher of a country school, and boarded around with the pupils. Then he was a clerk in Watertown at five dollars a month. From this position he went to Philadelphia in the employ of a firm which soon failed. Returning to Watertown when he was nineteen, he became Assistant Postmaster at fifty dollars a month. Here he staid six years, and managed to save a thousand dollars. With this capital he bought an interest in a jewelry business, which he conducted with reasonable success until he removed to New York in 1869. Mr. Flower and the late Henry Keep, the millionaire railroad president and manager, married sisters, and after Mr. Keep's death, Mr. Flower took charge of his large interests as the agent of the widow. He managed this property with great success, and it has increased in his hands to very large propor-

tions. Shortly after coming to New York he established a banking firm, which is still in existence, though Mr. Flower is no longer an active partner. He has accumulated an ample fortune, but in Wall Street he has never been regarded as a speculator. Instead of speculating, he has invested in railroad and other property with great care, and it is said that he never purchases the shares or bonds of a company without personally examining the property represented by the securities in question. In the use of his wealth Mr. Flower has acted generously and with public spirit.

GOVERNOR HORACE BOIES.

In Iowa the issues were quite complicated, but the election resulted in another victory for the Democratic candidate, Governor Horace Boies, who was elected two years ago. He was the first Democrat to be Governor of Iowa since 1854. There were in the field four full tickets—Democratic, Republican, People's, and Prohibition. There was a considerable intermingling of State and national issues in the campaign. The Republicans were divided on the prohibition ques-



WHAT SHOULD BE DONE WITH OUR IDLE SILVER.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 902.]

FOUR HUNDRED MILLIONS OF SILVER!

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

BY DAVID A. WELLS,
Author of "Robinson Crusoe's Money," a Treatise
on the Silver Question.

The Treasury of the United States had in store on the 1st of October, 1891, 348,341,193 silver dollars; \$15,848,620 in the form of subsidiary silver; silver bars to the value of \$41,579,258; trade dollars (bars), \$2,394,280—total, \$409,161,326, or, in round numbers, \$400,000,000. The government, furthermore, is increasing this immense store by buying seven additional tons of silver every working-day in the year.

Now what does \$400,000,000 worth of silver mean? Stated in figures, or expressed in words, it conveys to minds as ordinarily constituted no definite idea other than that of an incomprehensible something, endowed with certain potentialities—possibly for good, possibly for evil. Yet silver is a material entity, possessing the properties of length, breadth, thickness, capacity to occupy or fill space, and weight. Let us apply these properties to the \$400,000,000, and note some of the results of such application.

Coined into dollars, the product will weigh over 22,000,000 pounds avoirdupois, or 11,000 net tons; and if its movement is desirable, will necessitate for so doing the use of 1000 railroad freight cars carrying eleven tons each, or 2300 cars carrying five tons each, or 5500 two-horse wagons carrying each two tons.

A cubic inch of pure silver weighs about 0.38 pound, and a cubic foot about 657 pounds. Hence the \$400,000,000, if melted into a solid mass, would occupy some 38,500 cubic feet, which in turn would make a solid column of pure silver a foot square and about 4½ miles high—the Washington Monument being 550 feet. Assuming a load of 100 pounds per man, an army of 220,000 men would be required to carry the mass, and would make a file, in single file, 80 miles long, occupying 90 hours in "passing a given point," allowing nothing for halts or "rests."

The Treasury counts its silver by weighing it, which is the part of wisdom, in view of the fact that a man, counting at the rate of 200 dollars pieces per minute, steadily for eight hours a day, Sundays included, would be kept busy for considerably over eleven years.

Piled one upon the other, the \$400,000,000 would attain a height of 875 miles; and placed side by side, they would carpet a room 50 feet wide and nearly 24 miles long.

Great, however, as is the mass of silver at present in the "treasure-houses" of the government, it is being steadily increased by the purchase of \$4,000,000 additional ounces every year, or at the rate—as before stated—of seven tons for every working-day of the year.

Other facts of special interest and worthy of note in connection with this subject are: First, that this immense mass of silver, so long as it remains hoarded, is almost and incapable of rendering any useful service as it was before it was mined; and second, that the policy which has been responsible for the withdrawal of this \$400,000,000 of silver from the world's markets and supply, has not only utterly failed to maintain the old-time ratio of value between gold and silver (1 to 15½), but has been also coincident with a remarkable decline in the market value of the latter metal. Thus, by the act of July 14, 1890, the United States increased its monthly purchases of silver from 2,000,000 ounces per month to 4,500,000 ounces; and during the fifteen months intervening between the 14th of July, 1890, and the 1st of October, 1891, actually bought and added to its previous store more than 2500 tons of silver bullion. And yet during this period the price of silver declined 17 cents per ounce, or from 112½ to 95½ cents. All available evidence, furthermore, points to a further decline in the value of this metal. India is believed to have absorbed more silver in recent years than she can digest, as is indicated by the great decline in the exports of silver from England to India during the present year (1891) as compared with those of the corresponding months of 1890. China has ceased to play the important part as an absorbent of silver that she formerly did, while her attempt to coin and circulate a new "dragon" dollar of silver has proved a complete failure. Austria proposes to discontinue the issue of her silver florins as soon as she can introduce the single gold standard. The further long duration of the Latin union is doubtful. France, though bimetallic, has introduced the single gold standard without any silver money of the five franc type into her North African colonies, and has ceased coining silver (commercial) dollars for Cochinchina. Germany is liable to sell at any day a large amount of silver, which she withdrew from circulation between 1872 and 1879. As the result of improved methods of mining and smelting, the world's product of silver is increasing in a very rapid ratio. Finally, the opinion of the majority of those who have made a study of the singular and difficult problem of what shall be the future monetary relation of gold and silver, is that no general international monetary congress looking to the universal restoration and maintenance of the former ratio between the two metals will ever again assemble; and that the main function of silver in the fiscal systems of the great commercial nations will be

hereafter that of supplying the subsidiary coinage necessary for facilitating small exchanges. When these opinions become patent; when the United States ceases to purchase and hoard up silver, as at some time, perhaps not far distant, it will; when it opens the doors of its treasure-houses, and lets the flood of undesirable silver burst forth—what will be its price? Who knows? The loss to the United States by the decline in the market value of its hoard of silver between July 14, 1890, and October 14, 1891, a period of fourteen months, was at least \$5,000,000.

A TALE OF A GRIPMAN.

BY IDA HELEN BALLARD.

ON Zero's twenty-second birthday her father bought and gave her a lot on the heights. There are several hills in town, and the name in this instance is immaterial. Suffice it to say the hills were said; the roads red, untraveled, and tirelessly straight; the beauty of the new, and newly decked with imperative dicta to the running public in red, white, green, and blue from patent-medicine men and bottlers of nauseating waters. There were no houses within four or five blocks, but there was a glimmer of sea in the west, and the purple and red folds of the Marin hills, isolated in their ruggedness and lovely coloring, were virgin material to us for endless dreams.

A wild growth appears rapidly on the slightly enriched sand of the city's suburbs, and the next spring alfalfa and bracken and a great quantity of poppies and bluebells and wild tansy gratuitously enriched Zero to the extent of a springful of bouquets. We went to her lot frequently in the early spring mornings, for we belonged to that class of young women which people are finding now to be so unfortunate—young women who are not rich, are not trained to any professional work, are not needed at home, are not particularly helpful or intrinsically attractive beyond their own thresholds, who are idle, negatively content, and quite useless. Far be it from me to pass judgment on my own class of young women; but on these particular days, at any rate, we were very happy and satisfied with ourselves in Zero's little empire, where, in truth, she was most tyrannous.

As we always came at nine, we nearly always rode on the same car, I suppose; at least with the same brace of managers. Mr. Cutts had inculcated in me an interest in poor people. Their world, practically, was as far from mine as the moon is from the earth. Mr. Cutts had described it to me, and presented certain indisputable facts, such as that a broad-based denial was the first stratum in its geologic history; that hunger and scant attire and disease were among the later and more accurately classified strata; and as he was a calculator, he cheerfully calculated that some vaguely sunny perfected epoch was some time to complete the tale of geologic accumulations.

Possessed of these data, I set all bar-headed toilers upon one level of hunger and patches. In my heart I sincerely sorrowed for every shoddy-clad back, every hand that carried a dinner bucket. Upon street sweepers and laborers I spent the first wealth of my pity; principally, I think, because stooping gave me a vertigo. Zero told me so, and said I was too selfish to have any disinterested feeling for anybody. But Mr. Cutts encouraged me.

For some occult reason, I fixed my benevolent interest during these morning rides upon our gripman. He was the sturdiest, ruddiest, tallest, heaviest man, so far as I know, on the line. To be sure, his great coat was cheap, and his hair was not cut by

a barber; and on dusty days he guarded his eyes with a green cotton veil full of holes. I judge, upon reflection, that it was on these details that I based my philanthropic regard.

He came to know and expect us shortly. There were no words between us, for I never could frame the first inquiry into his material condition, and satisfied my conscience with watching the growing evidences of cotton in his great coat. Still there was a mutual eye-flash of greeting. I was much interested in my especial representative of the poor, and was pleased to ride on the dummy, and compute his wages, and wonder how he lived. I was uneasy, even ill-tempered, if we missed him, noting which, Zero grew suspicious.

"What are you watching that great Scotchman for? You are all awry if we don't go out with him."

"Yes," I acknowledged, sturdily; "I am very much awry."

"What do you mean? Are you—" She paused. What suitable word could express her apprehension?

"I am sorry for him. He's poor and ill paid. One of his sleeves is half ripped out."

She made the echoes ring with her hearty laughter. "He won't think of his short-comings, such as rips and tears," she said, heartlessly, "but of his charms. My dear, you are a fool. Mr. Cutts's idealism will sap your wits."

The next time we rode to the lot, she greeted the gripman with an enigmatical but unmistakable smile and nod, and then glanced at me. I was so indignant that I quarreled with her on the car, and we wrangled all day. It was of no use to accuse her of indelicacy, of treachery. She said, masterfully, "I have opened the way for you to do one of two things—begin your operations as Mr. Cutts's working pupil, or take another hour and another car."

"I will keep to my principles," I answered; and we rode with the Scotchman as usual.

About the 1st of May the foundations of a cheap cottage of about four rooms were right beside Zero's lot, and when finished, the house was painted pea green, with red trimmings. Zero was much chagrined, for she had understood that there were to be on the heights only "residences." In June the gay little house was completed.

Zero's lot was now so dry and brown that it was no longer agreeable for us to go there. One Saturday we went for our last morning. We missed the Scotchman. I had never ventured in all this time beyond a nod, though Mr. Cutts would long ago have broached, no doubt, the subject of his material welfare. But where was I to begin, on wages, weather, or torn clothes? Zero advised me to drop a red rose at his feet over the seat back. I should ally myself with his revolvers and regard, and he would immediately know that I was an apostle of plenty and Australian wool.

I had been not a little concerned on noting that whereas he had at first worn no collar, he now regularly wore a very stiff one, whose sharp points curved up steeply, and disappeared in his beard.

Zero, too, saw the collar. "There!" she said; "see what a mute nod from a kind soul can do. The man is denying himself to buy collars. You had better ask Mr. Cutts to counterbalance this unbecoming tendency. Aestheticism is not what you want now, but comfort."

I must have felt that there was truth in Zero's interpretation, for it was with relief that I saw another face lowering under the gripman's visor that Saturday morning.

We found the cottagers in possession of their home; and three children came forth, and stood in the sandy yard and stared at us. We felt awkward, for we were not coming now to a tenement spot, but apparently to sit at somebody's gate.

"I want to see who they are," whispered Zero, "and then we must go away."

At this moment the man of the house came to the door and called the children. It was the Scotchman.

Realizing the facts instantly, and with a malicious glance at me, she continued, "Ah! you own this pretty cottage?"

"Yes," he said, with a Scotch accent. "I've had my eye on this place a long while. It's a good bit for a home. And the view, that's something."

"I'm glad to hear it," Zero responded, pleasantly. "This is my lot. This is where we have been coming all the spring."

"I know it," he answered. "I saw you come here, so I straightened up a bit on the road, for I thought maybe you knew I was to be your neighbor."

"Yes," said Zero, evenly; "we understood."

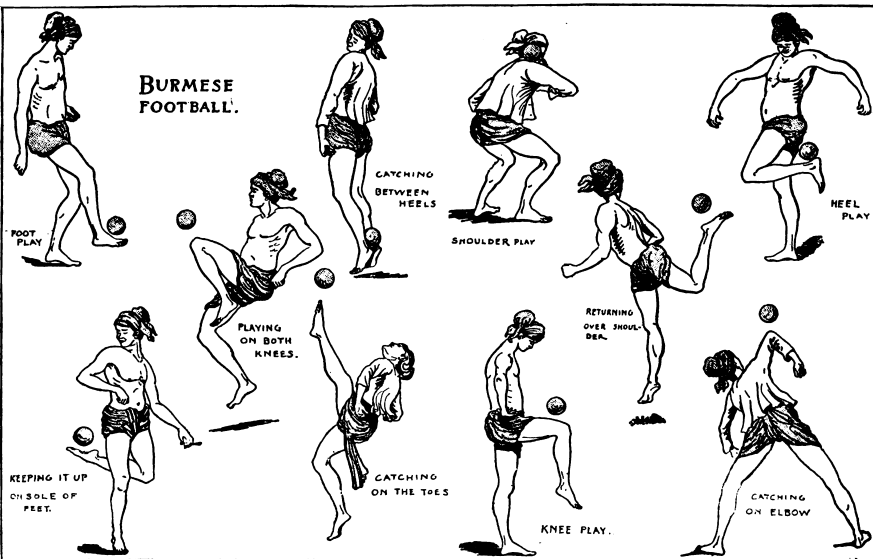
I have been shy of poor people since then, and poor Mr. Cutts thinks me grown more callous than Zero.

HOW THEY DO IT IN BURMAH.

To the uninitiated, "foot-ball" as played nowadays seems to belie its name. In a fierce game the feet are generally kicking wildly in the free and boundless ether, while the ball is located somewhere under a struggling mass of healthy humanity. So, at least, it seems to the casual spectator, who will applaud a well-directed foul, and wonder just what it means when a good play is made. But what the uninitiated chooses to think is of no account whatsoever. In Burmah they play the game in a manner totally unlike the sport as we know it, but they call it foot-ball just the same. Only a few times during the progress of our game does the ball essay an aerial flight, while in poor benighted Burmah the main object of the play is to keep the ball from touching the ground at all. The Burmese ball is made of light bamboo wickerwork—about the size of the knot in the player's turban.

Imagine such a ball in use at a Thanksgiving-day game, with a dozen able-bodied men piled on top, and endeavoring to get hold of it. The result would be a beautiful flat mat of light bamboo wickerwork.

The players "line up" in a circle, each standing about five or six yards from his neighbor. The ball is started as shown in the first position in the illustration, and then the next player has his innings. There is no team-work; the game as played in Burmah is run strictly upon individual principles, and each man has his play all to himself. Knees, elbows, feet, heads, and shoulders play their part, and the main object is to keep the ball in motion, and at the same time to prevent it from touching the ground. Incidentally the players assume positions that would cause a professional contortionist to abandon his calling. As has been remarked, they call it "foot-ball" in the country of the Burmese; but we, who possess civilization and are prone to discriminate, would term it "Juggling." But it is nevertheless a wonderful game, requiring skill and proficiency. When one player has had enough, and exhibited all his particular tricks of play, the ball is passed on, and whoever gets it proceeds at once to have an exhibition on his own account. Thus it is passed all around, and the spectators are duly edified and delighted. The elite of Rangoon society may rejoice in the game, but when the light of advanced civilization has driven away the shadows of that land, and progress is implanted in their midst, then will sure-enough foot-ball gain a footing. And perhaps horns, yellow coaches, and other evidences of enlightenment will then play their part too.





JUDGING FROM WHAT I have seen of Harvard's play during the past week, it appears to be almost a foregone conclusion that Yale must win at Springfield a week from next Saturday, and yet I have not quite given up all hope for Harvard. It is not impossible for the eleven to take such a brace as did the crew last June. Indeed, the eleven is in a very similar condition to what the crew was ten days before the race—splendid material, but lacking the unity which makes a strong and harmonious whole. But it is three men harder to put the finishing touches on an eleven than on a crew, and there are more emergencies to be met, more ingenuity to be exercised, more headwork required. It really seems like hoping against hope that Harvard can pull into form by the 21st; and what a pity it is that so much excellent material is to be sacrificed to—what? What is it about Harvard that seems to stand immutably between her teams and concentrated work? Is the Cambridge air laden with "dissension"? Must we conclude that the class of men drawn to Harvard are of an inferior quality to those entering Yale, or that her instructors are not so wise in their policy? After much struggling, there was a period of harmony last year, of united, intelligent effort, and the eleven, made up of magnificent material, to be sure, was not so good. After last season's experience with policy, etc., the team is not showing more knowledge of the game in its play?

IF IT WERE POSSIBLE to reverse the condition of things, and for Yale and Harvard to trade teams, the men now playing on Holmes Field would win the game at Springfield. Playing as they were when I saw them last, their winning is out of the question, and I do not base my opinion on any one defect, but on their general style. One does not need to study them very closely to discover they are not playing the game they should be showing if they hope to win. Watch them as they line up. They come into position slowly, and their attitudes in line, as this column has set forth before, are weak, and not self-reliant. They stand there like patty-cake men, awaiting their turn to be toppled over, and their turn will certainly come on the 21st, for if they assume such positions on that day, Yale will go through them and sample them with utmost ease. Now, what the matter is, do not appear to know the fundamental principles of blocking. Do they, I wonder, fully appreciate that Harvard won from Yale last year chiefly by her superb blocking? As I stood on the side lines at Cambridge the other day, I groaned in spirit to see the waste of strength and energy. It was every man for himself, and a merry scramble it was. It seemed to me, as I watched them, that when they met Yale it would be eleven men, each tugging away for dear life, against one tremendous fellow, using all his united strength without loss of effort.

WHILE THIS IS ON PRESS, Captain Trafford is very likely learning definitely whether he will be able to use Corbett, Waters, and Mackie (the first two are pretty certain, the last not so much so), and he will be able to at once place his men, and get to work in downright earnest to improve every hour between this and the 21st. I should say it was about time to quit swinging Mason and Emmons "round the circle"; their merit and that of Bond's should be pretty clearly known by this time. Newell and Hollowell and the backs are, of course, safe for their positions, but who will be chosen for the others it is hard to tell. At all events, the men should be chosen, given their places, and kept there from now on. So many different ones have been tried, at different positions, that they have hardly had an opportunity to become familiar with one another's play. Shea has been spending his time on the side lines lately, and is very likely laid off; he is strong enough, but too slow and clumsy. Dexter was tried for a few days, and did as well as could be expected. Several years ago he played centre on his class eleven, and was a fair man. He is a big fellow and strong, but just now untrained, and it is doubtful if he can get into shape to play a hard game, such as he would be called on to do at Springfield. It is not unlikely that Bangs, after all, will fill centre. He is not the most desirable man, but when once he is assigned the place, and has the benefit of John Cranston's entire attention, he should improve.

SHOULD MACKIE PLAY, he will undoubtedly fill right guard; if he does not, Dexter may be placed there, and it will behoove him to turn up strong and fit to make another coat with Heffelfinger. Again, in case of Mackie playing, Dexter may take the other guard; but that would throw out Vail, who thus far is a better man for the place. Cobb and Gage have each had a turn at quarter, and each has some advantages over the other, though the former seems to have the preference. When the men are once chosen, and the final coaching of them individually and of the team begins in earnest, I shall look for great improvement. There is no reason why Harvard should not send out a powerful team. The ends will be quite as strong as

last year; the same is true back of the line, quarter excepted; the candidates for centre and guards are heavy strong men, and with Cranston and Perry Trafford to coach them should become at least fair. Progress has been slow in the centre, because no one man has been given much attention by the coach, and consequently it has been out of the question to expect much. With Cranston, Cunningham, Perry Trafford, George Adams, and George Stewart on Holmes Field every afternoon, the eleven is certainly not wanting for attention.

HARVARD MAY HAVE the most brilliant individual players in the country, however; but if they do not combine their efforts, the crimson will not be "in it." The first thing they should be taught is to brace themselves in line; it seems odd they fail to do this. Their blocking last week was very poor. It's a very important matter for Harvard, and unless improved greatly will result disastrously. Their tackling is much behind last year, and the men are too easily blocked off. Above all, if I were in Captain Trafford's place, I would drill my men so as to get the full benefit of their strength and weight when they wanted to mass them against any portion of the opponent's line. In such plays now, not half the team's strength is brought out; the men go into it separately, and, of course, accomplish very little. With Yale they would gain nothing in that way. The weakness of individual effort as against team-work was clearly demonstrated on Saturday by the way Stagg's much lighter men bucked Harvard's line and gained pound very successfully. I shall look carefully in the coming week for Harvard improvement in this respect. If her coaches are able to make Harvard's line strong enough to hold Yale, the crimson should repeat last year's scoring; otherwise Yale will have sweet revenge in a game score than that by which she was defeated.

NO ONE WILL SAY, after following the University of Pennsylvania's play this season, that they cannot put up a strong, clean game of football. What the team they have this year would accomplish if taken in hand and coached and drilled as are Yale, Princeton, and Harvard, it is hard to predict, but it is pretty safe to say it would make any one of them play their best game to win. The game with Princeton on Saturday at Manheim was not so good a one as that with Lehigh at Bethlehem two weeks before, and the score of 34-0 in Princeton's favor I consider a very lucky one for the orange and black. Princeton did not deserve so many points, for her game throughout was brilliant and loose by turns. To be sure, the loose playing did not result in her opponent's scoring, but it did lose a lot of ground; and it is dollars to doughnuts something would have happened had Camp played the game he did against Lehigh, or Thayer not been knocked out early in the first half. Thayer's loss to the U. of P. was heavy. Martin, who replaced him, although making a couple of very pretty runs, muffed at critical points, one of which eventually cost a goal. The tackling of the U. of P. was superior to that of Princeton, but they were at sea in interference, otherwise Martin might have made a touch-down when only Poe stood between him and the Princeton goal. Mackie, Adams, Fowler, and Schoff played a hard game, and Church made some strong tackles, but used poor judgment in persisting in play that made no gains. There is no least about it, the U. of P. held Princeton's lines well—too well for the latter's prospects with Yale—but when it came to a question of mere beef, the orange and black gained ground by its very weight. This game should be an annual feature at Manheim; the grounds and accommodations are perfect, and Philadelphia turned out at least 15,000 strong, with quality included in quantity.

WHILE ON THE SUBJECT OF THE U. OF P., I hear that Wesleyan, after contracting to play her game on November 21st at Philadelphia, has repudiated the agreement. The football eleven of Wesleyan has not covered the brow of its *alma mater* with laurel wreaths this year, and it would be a pity if it should now add the breaking of its promise to the other casualties of the season. The University of Pennsylvania has shown a very fair spirit in this arrangement of location difficulty, and it ill behooves Wesleyan to attempt now to crawl out of where it marched in with a blast of bugles. We all sympathize with Wesleyan on the hard luck she has had with her team, but there is nothing to be gained by imposing on our good humor and playing the petulant boy.

RETURNING TO PRINCETON'S SHOWING in the game on Saturday, it was very evident that her coaches had been working faithfully, for the team-work was an improvement, and the general play much better than that on election day against Orange. Before writing another word I must congratulate both Symmes and Wheeler on their infinitely improved game. Indeed Symmes held his man well, sent the ball back cleanly, and got through the line once or twice for a tackle. Keep at it, Symmes. Your great fault has always been inactivity after putting the ball in play. Wheeler played hard, and I saw him go through the line a number of times for fine tackles. Riggs likewise. In

fact there wasn't a man on the line or back of the line who did not work hard, and I was greatly pleased at some of Vincent's head work on the end. Warren made two beautiful tackles—reminders of old times—but too often he was blocked off. Both Poe and Homans made pretty runs, and King's interference was very clever. Flint was a battering ram who gained every time he was sent, and shows the making of a great half back, though I shall have some criticism for him later on. The game was an excellent one to test Princeton, and draw out her utmost strength.

CAPTAIN MCLUNG, OF YALE, who was watching the game, must, I am sure, have come to the conclusion that there is no occasion for uneasiness over the Thanksgiving day score unless Princeton improves greatly. And he saw enough to give him confidence. The fumbles and loose plays Princeton made would mean so many points were her opponent Yale. Unless Princeton follows the ball sharper and closer, and is not blocked off so easily, Yale will circle her ends until both Warren and Vincent grow seaisick. Princeton's game is to-day directly the opposite of Yale's. The orange and black play very slowly, breaking through the line just after the proper moment, and following the ball poorly; on the other hand, Yale plays a snappy game, goes through the line like a flash, and after the ball with a determination that is not halted by the first blocking. In the game on Saturday, the U. of P. full back, Martin, was very slow in kicking, and yet no Princeton man ever got within hailing distance of him until the very end of the game, when it was dark. The men in the line must be wide awake and block hard and long, else Yale will go through and stop her kicks every time. Riggs is the only man on the line who tackles hard and low invariably. He held, Holy Wieseler, all tight, high, and there is absolutely no steam in it. They grab their man; they don't tackle. Vincent and Warren can both improve considerably; they are too easily thrown off the runner. Flint works hard, and shows an evident desire to learn, but he tackles very poorly, neither hard nor low, and has, moreover, a tendency to slow up when tackled. He should take a few lessons in this respect from Poe and King, who gain many a yard during a game by going until held fast.

PLAYING AS SHE IS to-day, Princeton would certainly be defeated by Yale; but there are full two weeks in which great improvement can be made, if vigorous and proper coaching is administered. The material is green, but promising, and there is no good reason why, if every man buckles down to do his very best, Yale cannot be held down to a score that will retrieve last year's slaughter. The chief fault with their tackle is that the men are too slow, and the opponent gets through before they are alive to the situation. This and the poor tackling remedied, and there will be something of a team, for there is plenty of strength.

WE NATURALLY EXPECT a great deal from a team having all the advantages Yale possesses in tradition, defined policy, harmonious action, and superior handling. We look for such an eleven to be at least thoroughly versed in the rudiments of the game by November, and certainly former teams from that institution have always shown a drilling in the groundwork equalled by no others. This year they need but not follow their man, and if any two points are important in the present style of play, these two are they. It rather puzzles old Yale players how these men have reached this time of the year so sadly deficient in these elementary principles. But they have, and there are literally more men in line who neglect them than who follow them. They fumble and muffed and frequently lose sight altogether of the play in hand, and a most exasperating feature I noted was the failure to drop on the ball promptly. But while Yale neither blocks nor follows up to her standard, she is yet in advance of both Harvard and Princeton.

AS FOR STILLMAN AT CENTRE, he is about as near a snap back as the oyster-opener in Flynn's saloon is to a conchologist. He sometimes puts the ball in play; he never pretends to do anything else, except to give the scrub eleven five yards for his off-side play. In October one looks leniently at men who are brushing up their weak points, and becoming candidates for a team, but when in November the men who have been really chosen, and are supposed to be the very pick and flower of an entire university, play football as nearly like a parcel of hysterical school girls as anything else, it shows a screw loose somewhere. A team may have a host of glaring faults at the early stage in its development, and yet be worthy a large share of praise. But when it goes to the first week in November without showing any pronounced alteration for the better, it looks as though that team was travelling the road to defeat.

ANOTHER THING THAT IMPRESSED ME was the extremely tender condition of the men. Either they have been used far harder than any team that ever preceded them, or what is more probable, they have been permitted to get the idea into their heads that the slightest scratch or bruise is to be the signal to stop and lie down and be sponged.

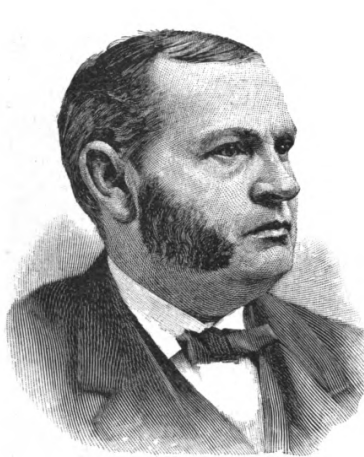
TO NAME THE MEN and positions for a football match more than twenty-four hours previous to the time of the calling of "Play," is always a risky venture, but after looking over the Yale field carefully I am going to be rash enough to make a try at it. Stillman will play centre, flanked by Heffelfinger and Morison; Winter and Wallis will play tackles, and Hinkley and Hartwell ends; Barbour quarter, L. Bliss and McClung halves, and McCormick back. Looking over this combination, I must say that the line work ought to be as good as any displayed last season, but for all that, I don't believe it will be, because there has been too much lolly-coddling of the men, and men who have been nursed so tenderly can never do the hard work that is required in a long hard game. Individually, Heffelfinger and Morison are going to be the strong men of the line, but they are the only ones who really know what hard work means, unless, perhaps, it is Hinkley, who is certainly game to the backbone. The work behind the line, taken as a whole, will not be up to that of last year, because no man there can kick as did Morison. The idea of comparing McCormick with the man who stands behind the Harvard team, in the matter of kicking ability, is ridiculous. An occasional very modest little punt is all of which this youngster is capable. He is rather better on drop kicks, and upon his good days is an accurate though not a hard kicker.

MCLUNG HIMSELF IS QUITE AS CLEVER in running and dodging as he was last year, but he has not had enough playing to make him strong in his tackling and catching. Bliss is playing just the sort of game he showed last year, his progress having amounted to but little. His tackling is rather stronger than McClung's. Winter has not quite upheld the promise he showed earlier in the season, and this is mostly attributable to his playing so little. He has a deal of spirit in his play, but he hasn't had the practice. Wallis has been doing some better playing this week, but whether he can keep it up until the 21st is a decided question. Stillman and Barbour are a slow but steady pair, and if they get enough practice together under the eye of Corbin and Beecher, will certainly be a stronger combination than were Lewis and Barbour last year at Springfield.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE Interscholastic League, which is made up of the biggest schools around Boston, will be virtually decided this week. It will go, if I can judge from the past work of the team, to the Hopkinson School eleven, as this eleven has played seven games this fall, three of them being against the Senior, Sophomore, and Freshman teams of Harvard, and has won every time it has played. Not only has it won, but its team has scored against it; its record so far being 210 points to its opponents nothing. The boys on the team are from sixteen to nineteen years of age, and two of them, Fairchild and Brewer, who enter Harvard next year, might as well order the varsity jackets now. It is not star work that has done this, but the excellent team play, which is due to the judgment and training of Jack Fairchild, the captain. Brewer will be remembered as a very fast sprinter, who won several puts at last year's Interscholastic games.

THE CRESCENT-ORANGE game was a most enthusiastic one and a very clean one, which speaks volumes for the players when the intense rivalry of the teams is considered. Crescent's team-work was superior to Orange, and they went through their opponent's centre whenever and wherever they wished. Hewlett's rushing was terrific, and Beecher worked his long pass to Edwards very cleverly. The Lamarches, Hotchkiss, and Sheldon all did good work, and for Orange Gill and Spier. The score, 28-0, was a great surprise to Orange, who had thought at least make the contest close, but they were outplayed from the start. Outside of the larger college teams, the Crescent is undoubtedly the strongest on the gridiron.—Cornell and Lehigh buried the hatchet on Saturday, and the Ithaca boys buried their opponents by a score of 24-0. It was the biggest day in Cornell's athletic history, and will create great local enthusiasm in the game. Cornell shows surprising form, considering how they have practically worked out their own salvation.—Williams is playing a strong game, and recently defeated Technology, 30-0, in a much better contest than the score indicates. Nelson, Bothwell, and Garsfield are considered as strong in their positions as any in the New England League.—Amherst and Dartmouth's tie, 14-14, makes the New England contest still more interesting. The teams are evenly matched and the rivalry intense. There is as much enthusiasm at these New England League matches as at the Yale-Princeton Harvard game, proportionately.—The necessity that compelled the disbandment of Columbia's eleven, viz., lack of support, is a disgraceful reflection on the undergraduates. If they won't support the eleven, it augurs badly for the extensive new grounds just completed at Williamsbridge.—The eleven of the New York Athletic Club has been a great disappointment, but it received on Saturday, and would probably have held the M. A. C. closer but for the loss of Wurttemberg, who was the captain and life of the team.

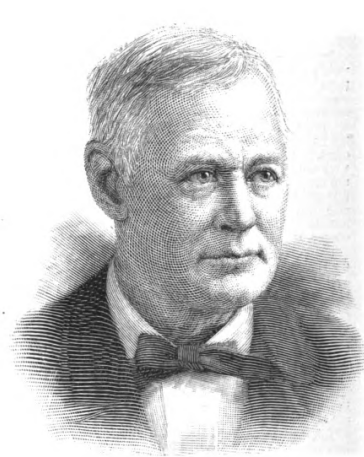
CASPAR W. WHITNEY.



HON. ROSWELL P. FLOWER, GOVERNOR ELECT OF NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 900.]



HON. WILLIAM McKINLEY, JUN., GOVERNOR ELECT OF OHIO.—[SEE PAGE 900.]



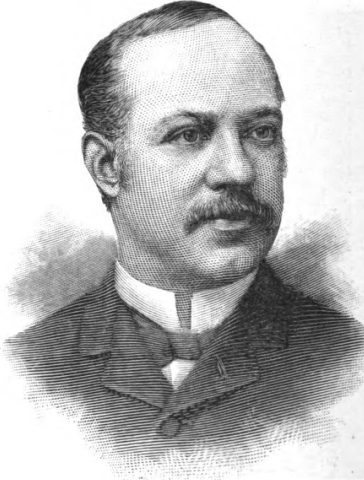
HON. HORACE BOIES, GOVERNOR RE-ELECT OF IOWA. [SEE PAGE 900.]



HON. WILLIAM E. RUSSELL, GOVERNOR RE-ELECT OF MASSACHUSETTS.—[SEE PAGE 900.]



HON. FRANK BROWN, GOVERNOR ELECT OF MARYLAND. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BENDANN, BALTIMORE.—[SEE PAGE 900.]



HON. GEORGE D. McCREARY, ELECTED CITY TREASURER OF PHILADELPHIA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GUTENKUNT.

MR. GEORGE D. McCREARY, OF PHILADELPHIA.

THE race for the City Treasuryship in Philadelphia between Mr. George D. McCreary and Mr. William Redwood Wright excited an amount of interest which kept the voters of the Pennsylvania metropolis on a severe strain for several weeks before the election. The stealings of John Bardsley and his associates had wrought the citizens up to an unwonted degree, and there was a desire manifested by both parties that the person elected to the office which Bardsley held when he robbed the city and State must be a man incapable of dishonesty or official wrong-doing. It therefore came about that each party nominated a man who was beyond reproach. In a very recent issue of the WEEKLY there was printed a sketch of the Democratic candidate, Mr. Wright, who was appointed to the office by Governor Pattison to fill Bardsley's unexpired term. In that article it was said that both of the aspirants were ideal candidates, and that the funds of the city would be in good hands whichever of the gentlemen was elected. At that time Mr. Wright's chances to win were very bright, and many independents, led by Mr. Herbert Welsh, held that there was no better reason for turning a good and capable man out of a non-partisan office than a desire to put another man in. Had this been the only question raised in the canvass, it is likely that Mr. Wright would have been elected. But, unfortunately for him, one of his friends, in a political speech, made an unfortunate remark, which placed the speaker somewhat in the same attitude in which the late Dr. Burchard stood towards Mr. Blaine when he was running for the Presidency. Mr. Samuel Dickson, the law partner of John C. Bullett, who drafted the bill which bears his name, and which defines the functions of the city officers of Philadelphia, spoke disparagingly of Mr. McCreary, because he was born, not with a silver, but a golden spoon in his mouth. The Republicans adopted this remark of Mr. Dickson as their rallying cry during the campaign, and badges with a golden spoon upon it were worn by the McCreary adherents. Mr. McCreary, it may be explained, was born with a golden spoon in his mouth, and has always been a rich man, but he has been most generous in the use of his wealth. Placards and posters showing a large golden spoon were distributed all over Philadelphia, and around the spoon Mr. McCreary's friends told what and how many hungry mouths it had fed. The list was a long one. Almost every public disaster and public charity had received a check from him, and in one

summer alone he had furnished transportation down the river and food to many thousand children of the slums. These facts, made known to the public for the first time, were most effective campaign material. Philadelphia is a Republican city, and it is hard to elect a Democrat to office, but against any other man than Mr. McCreary, and without this testimony which Mr. Dickson's remark called forth, it is likely that Mr. Wright would have been elected.

Mr. McCreary is forty-five years old, and is the son of the late John B. McCreary, the owner of extensive coal properties in Pennsylvania. He has taken, since early manhood, an active part in large business enterprises, and since his father's death, some twelve years ago, has had charge of that estate. He is now First Vice-President of the Market Street National Bank in Philadelphia, and an active director in several large companies. This makes him a busy man, but he has always found time to take an active part in charitable work. He is Vice-President of the Franklin Reformatory Home; President of the Pennsylvania Humane Society; a director of the Sheltering Arms; Treasurer of the Philadelphia Sketch Club; trustee of the Sunday Morning Breakfast Association, etc. He is also an active teacher in one of the mission schools of the Protestant Episcopal Holy Trinity Church. The duties of City Treasurer may compel Mr. McCreary to curtail some of his business occupations, but it is not likely that he will ever give up any part of that voluntary work which has so endeared him to the people of his town.

BOAT-RACING IN THE NAVY.

In a recent issue of the WEEKLY Mr. Zogbaum, who drew the spirited picture which is printed on the front page of this number, described the time-honored custom of boat-racing between crews selected from the sailors of the men-of-war of the American navy. His illustration then was of the challenge of one crew to another, and now we have the sequel in the race itself. While the naval officers do not actively participate in these races, they take a great interest in them, and do what they can to encourage the sport. They serve as starting and finishing judges, and see to it that the contests are conducted with fairness and courtesy. Wherever a squadron of the navy assembles, these races are sure to be rowed, and in them men and officers alike take just as keen interest as do the students and professors of rival colleges in the regattas which wind up the college sports every summer; and it is not at all unusual for little

wagers to be laid on the result of the contests. This very naturally adds to the interest not only in the forecable but in the wardroom and cabin as well. But the sport itself is always the main thing, and your genuine sailor-man is as keen a sportsman as can anywhere be found.

The races are usually four miles straight-away, the finish being somewhere within the anchorage of the squadron. For his picture Mr. Zogbaum has chosen a time just as the boats are approaching the finishing-line, and in a moment more a rifle will be heard indicating that the race is over. The defeated crew will toss their oars in salute to the victors, who will row back to their ship, and as each one climbs over the side, he will be congratulated by officers and men for the good work he has done, and there will be a mighty cheering on all sides. When the contesting crews have nearly reached the starting-point, permission is given to the men to go aloft, and the rigging is soon alive with anxious and excited watchers, who from their lofty perch get a good view of the whole course. Cheer follows cheer from the ship whose boat is ahead, and every man aboard, from captain to dust-hole boy, is proud of the work his crew is doing. When the contesting crews have returned, and been congratulated or condoled with as to their good or bad fortune, order once more reigns aboard ship, and the discipline, which for a little while was relaxed, is now resumed.

There is nothing official in these races, and the crews are made up, as a rule, by general consent. Some old quartermaster is usually made the captain of the crew, and he selects his men after a careful observation of their capacity in drills, and at other times when oars have to be used. These crews do not have to go through a long course of training for these contests, as do the young gentlemen of the colleges. The blue-jackets on a man-of-war are always in training, and are about as ready one day as another for a long pull and a hard race. When the North Atlantic Squadron was near New London last summer, off Fishers Island, the *Chicago* held the championship of the fleet. She was challenged by the crew of the *Newark*, but succeeded in maintaining her supremacy. In the fleet at that time there were the *Chicago*, *Newark*, *Boston*, *Atlanta*, *Yorktown*, *Concord*, *Vesuvius*, and the torpedo-boat *Cushing*. After the victory of the *Chicago* over the *Newark*, a general regatta was arranged, and all the boats, of whatever class, were started at the same time. The *Chicago* again won in her class, but the whale-boat of the *Yorktown* surprised every one by finishing with the cutters. When several fleets are together at one place, races between the crews of

the ships of various nations are not infrequent.

It is pleasant to be able to say that these friendly contests the Yankee tars have always been able to give a good account of themselves. Judged by the yarns told in forecabin and wardroom of American ships, one would think that the Yankees have always won, but it is more than likely that as stories of defeat are not as interesting either to tell or to hear as those of victory, the unlucky contests have been forgotten, and only those of more fortunate ending remembered.

PENNSYLVANIA R.R. CO.'S NEW STATION AT JERSEY CITY.

The Pennsylvania Railroad is just completing a mammoth train-shed and passenger station at Jersey City. For years the crossings through that city were a constant source of terror and anxiety to the residents and the railroad company; and yet when the company sought permission to elevate its tracks it encountered a tremendous opposition, which led to one of the most edifying municipal rowsever known; and while the railroad people finally triumphed, the construction was not back an entire year, during which time several people were killed or maimed at the grade crossings. The improvement really extends out as far as the "Bergen Cut," part of it being an embankment; within a short distance after the road-bed enters Jersey City it becomes an iron structure similar to the elevated road in this city, but twice as heavy. The elevated road in Jersey City is about 3000 feet long over its whole length, extending out as far as Waldo Avenue. All the intermediate streets, such as Brunswick, Monmouth, Varick, Jersey Avenue, Henderson Street, and Newark Avenue, are crossed by a single span. Work was begun on the shed last November, just about a year ago; it is claimed to be the largest unsupported roof in the world. The following figures, too, substantially prove this claim:

The Pennsylvania Railroad span measures 256 feet, larger than the Grand Central span by nearly 50 feet. The St. Pancras span in London is only 239 feet. The height of the Pennsylvania shed is 90 feet to the centre of the span, though 30 feet additional can, properly speaking, be added to it if the ventilator, which runs the length of the building, is included. The length is 6524 feet. The four sections of glass for the roof, including the ventilator, required 9040 square feet of one-quarter-inch rib plate glass, while the sides are filled with ordinary sash glass; the 90,000 feet of glass cost about 14 cents a foot. These lights are not put in in the usual manner, but a patent English frame containing grooves or valleys capped with zinc has been imported expressly for the purpose. The greater part of the glass used in the construction comes from the celebrated Pencoyd Ironworks on the Schuylkill near Philadelphia. It is estimated that about 6,500,000 pounds, or 3250 tons, have been used for the train-shed alone. Each of the twelve girders has eight or more electric lights attached to it, while other lights are distributed about the occasion has demanded. The superstructure of the shed rests upon spiles capped with solid masonry of great strength, there being, all told, twenty-four of these spile foundations.

The floor area is about four acres. The waiting-rooms, which are now in process of construction, will occupy about the same site as the old one, but will be divided into two stories, the lower floor being devoted exclusively to immigrants. This will be a great boon to the travelling public, as a herd of Italian immigrants fresh from sunny Italy and Willis Island do not form very agreeable company while you are waiting for your train. When the old waiting-room burnt down, a temporary structure took its place; now it is claimed the new one is to excel anything in or around New York. Like the shed, it is built upon spile foundations. The old waiting-room burning to the water's edge made it necessary to take up many of the old spiles; this could only be done by the aid of divers, as these spiles are driven right into the river bank. The spiles are driven in clumps of six and four, the latter in the centre, and the clumps of six forming an outer circle; each spile is fifty feet long, and is thoroughly treated with creosote to protect them from the teredo, a small insect which has a fondness for spiles, but a horror of creosote. In all there are 276 of these spiles. Each clump of spiles is capped by a 12x12 inch beam, upon which is bolted a 12x12 inch block; upon this rests an iron upright 7x7 inches, capped by a three-quarter-inch iron plate, upon which rest the 20-inch iron girders; upon these are placed the 14-inch floor beams, and thus is reached the floor of the main waiting-room.

The area of this room is 39x189-5, containing the necessary ticket offices, restaurant, and beer and wine room, lavatories, etc. It is to be finished throughout in dry selected chestnut and quartered oak, the company promising to make it one of the most elaborate and complete waiting-rooms in their service. Passengers will walk right from this room (on a level) to the train platforms, and also to the second story of the double-decked ferry-boats; then crossing by means of bridges at Desbrosses and Cortlandt streets, escape the mud and traffic of West Street. One of the interesting features in the station proper is the two hydraulic baggage elevators, by which means the curious little baggage vans of the company—horse and all

—are lowered to the floor below; their work is simply perfection. What this improvement will cost the company is largely conjecture, as their officials are always exceedingly reticent upon such details, but a fair estimate is about four millions; this, of course, includes the new ferry-boats, new bridges, and all of the new plant in Jersey City and New York. HARRY P. MAWSON.

A WESTERN RAILROAD COLLISION.

SCARCELY a week passes that there is not a more or less serious railroad accident illustrating anew the serious danger of roads crossing each other on the same grade. Where the traffic is very heavy, railroads, for the protection of their own property, lay their tracks over or underneath those of another line which it is necessary to cross, and in some States the laws make it obligatory that this should be done. And still in other States the law stipulates that at railway crossings on the same level each approaching train shall come to a full stop, and reconnoitre the other line, and then go ahead at a reduced rate of speed. Such precautions as these are very wise, and have reduced the number of accidents at crossings where they have been enforced. The accident illustrated by the picture was at the crossing of the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul road with the city road. A belated freight train was trying to make up time, and going at a great rate, as was also the Kansas City passenger train on its way to St. Paul. They ran into each other at the crossing, and the result was that both trains were wrecked, and the lives of several of the train men were lost. This was at four o'clock in the morning, and the passengers were thrown out of their berths and seats by the sudden shock. Fortunately none of these were killed, but that all of them escaped serious injury was a marvel of good luck. Many of the cattle in the freight car were killed.

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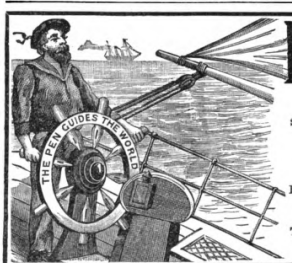
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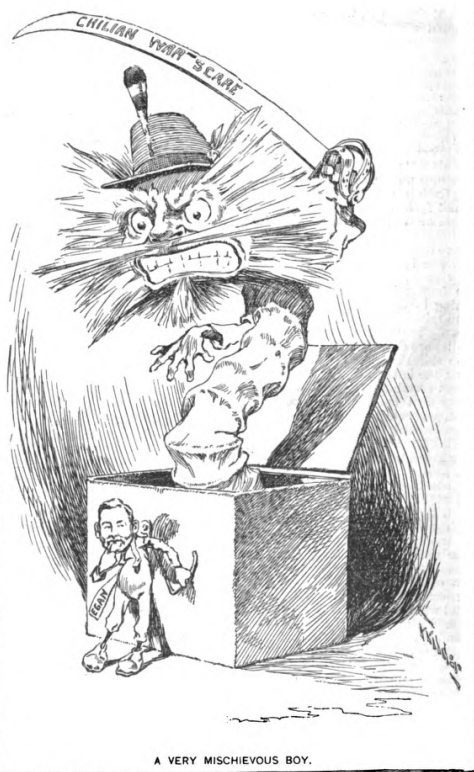
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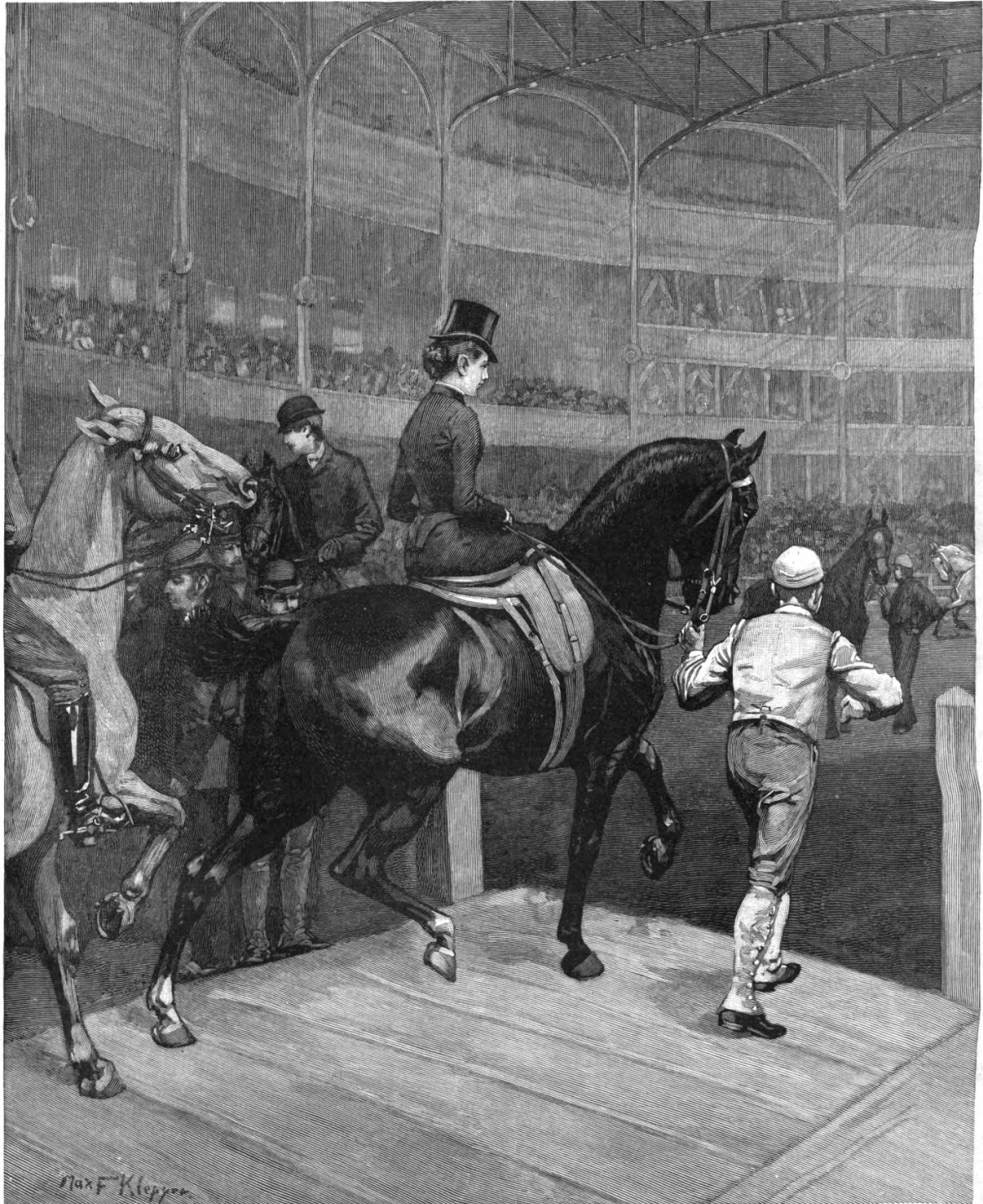
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SKETCHES AT THE HORSE SHOW—ENTRANCE OF SADDLE-HORSES.—DRAWN BY MAX F. KLEPPER.—[SEE PAGE 915.]

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(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

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THE REPUBLICAN PROSPECT.

MR. QUAY feels "gratified if not vindicated" by the great majority for his candidates in Pennsylvania. Mr. SHERMAN thinks that the Republican victory in Ohio means opposition to free silver coinage, and that Republican defeat in New York means rural hostility to Mr. PLATT as the party boss, although the Senator does not use these words. But the general result, he thinks, will not affect next year's election. Mr. McKINLEY thinks that the tariff was the issue in Ohio. Mr. LODGE thinks that the result in Massachusetts is very serious, and that if the State is to be carried by the Republicans next year, the work must begin at once. In other words, Mr. LODGE, the Republican leader in the late active campaign in Massachusetts, thinks that without hard and continuous effort the original and strongest Republican State will support the Democratic candidate for the Presidency next year. These are all interesting opinions. The Democratic advance of last year was not maintained in the elections of this year, but probably no intelligent independent observer considers the Republican prospect to be cheerful. Does the enormous majority in Pennsylvania, in face of the vast system of Republican frauds and in vindication of Mr. QUAY, or the apparent Republican purpose in Ohio to supplant Mr. SHERMAN by Mr. FORAKER, show in the two States which the Republicans carried a condition of the party which promises enthusiasm and victory?

Mr. GEORGE FRED WILLIAMS, in Massachusetts, a Democratic Representative, but bred a Republican, sharply satirized and ridiculed the claim of the Republican party to be morally and patriotically superior to the Democratic party, and the re-election of Governor RUSSELL showed that Massachusetts did not disagree with him. Does the QUAY victory in

Pennsylvania prove that moral superiority? Pennsylvania is now the champion Republican State. But a life-long Pennsylvania Republican writes: "The appeal of independent Republicans to the reason and moral sense of the community is but the voice of one crying in a political wilderness. The only response is the echo of their own cry. If the verdict of the election be as I understand it, a declaration that QUAY and the defaulting State and city officers have done nothing worthy of punishment, then I am no longer a Republican." It is a single voice, but it speaks for a host. Intelligent Republicans must know that their party can no longer appeal to the feelings of the war, to the old and just distrust of a slavery-led Democracy, or to the conscience of the country, and that Governor RUSSELL of Massachusetts, Governor BOIES of Iowa, and Governor CAMPBELL of Ohio, the last two LINCOLN Republicans, and the first born only just before the war, no more represent the old slavery Democracy than QUAY represents the old LINCOLN and SUMNER Republicanism.

Even in New York, where the Democratic party cherishes most tenaciously its old traditions, and instead of leaders like BOIES and RUSSELL and CAMPBELL, prefers the leadership of Tammany Hall and Governor HILL, or Mr. MURPHY and Mr. CROKER, the Republican party has no leader who represents the early character and impulse of the party. In a contest like that of the late election in New York the result would have been very different if the situation had not been felt by so many voters to offer merely a choice of evils. In this political condition it is not surprising that Mr. CLARKSON deplores the drift of the new voters to the Democratic party as the party of progress and of an equitable national policy of taxation, to which the Republican party opposes only a great tradition which rebukes the party itself, and a policy of protection which stimulates political corruption. This is not a promising prospect. The only positive Republican success in the late election was the immense majority for QUAY's candidates in Pennsylvania, for even the two Republican leaders in Ohio, Mr. SHERMAN and Mr. McKINLEY, are not agreed that it was solely a tariff victory in their State. The only positive Republican victory, therefore, is a huge protection majority in Pennsylvania, notwithstanding a Republican protest against vast and notorious Republican frauds. Despite the Tammany victory in New York, there are in the whole Democratic prospect signs of promise. But in the Republican prospect they are not visible.

A DANGEROUS MAJORITY.

WHILE, as we say elsewhere, the general Democratic prospect is brighter than the Republican, there are to intelligent Democrats certain disquieting considerations. The familiar saying among Republicans, "Give the Democrats rope enough and they will hang themselves," was recalled by the anxiety before the autumn campaign opened lest the Democrats should take in New York the same position upon the currency which they took in Ohio and other States, and by such paragraphs as this:

"The last hope of the Republicans is the Democratic House of Representatives. They hope that the Democrats will behave so abominably, with such recklessness and foolishness and lack of political sense, that the country will be repelled from the party. The Democrats ought to take the notice for what it is worth, and bear it in mind through the session. There will be business enough to attend to besides attempting to do all sorts of extreme and useless things to offend the country, and the Democrats should be able to keep the few Republicans fully occupied in defending the acts of scandalous administration officers."

The Louisville *Courier-Journal* expresses the same apprehension. "The next House," it says, "is dangerously Democratic."

The apprehension is doubtless well founded. A majority of 150 in the House is very large, and party discipline is difficult. The first step will be troublesome. As we have already stated, the probable Speaker is an extreme free-silver advocate, and as there will be a probable preponderance of free-silver sentiment, it is by no means certain that Mr. SHERMAN's and Mr. CARLISLE's prediction of the passage of a free-silver bill will not be fulfilled; although, as we said last week, it is less likely in view of the New York and Massachusetts declarations upon the currency. But the ice will be very thin, and very skilful skating will be necessary. At present the prospect is that the paramount issue of next year's campaign will be the tariff. But the tariff is not so pressing a subject as the currency, and Congressional tampering with the currency would instantly change the issue of the national election. There need be no misunderstanding of the silence of the free-silver advocates during the late campaign, and it is idle to suppose that all danger upon that point is passed because of the Democratic platforms of New York and Massachusetts. The Democratic platform of New York was the work of Tammany Hall, and Tammany Hall has no principle but its own profit. It deferred to what it supposed to be the drift of Democratic sentiment in the State, and it wished to secure the active support of Mr. CLEVELAND and his friends. But its ally and spokesman, Senator HILL, would very willing-

ly adjust his action to the general drift of his party; and Senator VEST, of Missouri, a free-silver Democrat, says, and his remark is very suggestive, "We can take up the question of free coinage hereafter, if power can be wrested from the Republicans." That observation does not show that the silver question is extinct.

As the session precedes immediately a national election, there will be undoubtedly a system of investigating committees to provide party material for the campaign. There are certain questions that require investigation. The Chilean business especially ought to be made clear. But general legislation of importance is hardly to be expected, as the two Houses of Congress and the Executive will be playing a game for party advantage. Mr. MILLS is said to be engaged upon a tariff bill. This is probably a doubtful rumor, as he could not expect to gain the support of the Senate or to avoid a veto. The reasonable course in the House, as the *World* points out, would be to propose specific measures for enlarging the free list, not a complete remodelling of the tariff. It would be well, for obvious reasons, if the Democratic majority should heed the counsel of some of the youngest Democrats, the members from Massachusetts, for they represent largely the views and feelings of those from whom the Democratic party must look for the increase of its vote next year.

BRAZIL.

THE news from Brazil is not surprising, because some kind of revolution seems to be the chronic condition of South American republics. An extremely mixed and scattered population, divided into provinces, general ignorance, and the want of the tradition and habit of self-government do not promise peace and order to a republic established by a disaffected army. The late Emperor of Brazil retired before an apparently unanimous movement. Yet in such a community the apparent unanimity is often the order of Warsaw. It is armed supremacy. Against the military overthrow of an existing government in a country where there is no armed organization of citizens there can be no effective protest. The election that follows is like LOUIS NAPOLEON'S plébiscite, or the "voluntary contributions" of government clerks in response to the invitation of the removing officer. The empire of Brazil was overthrown by the army, and the General of the army became head of the state. There arose a difference between him and the Congress. He has dissolved the Congress, and remains military Dictator.

This is the present situation. Its real merits are unknown; but under such circumstances, as in Chili, where the chief of the state and of the army turns the Congress out of doors, it is generally because he finds it troublesome. The presumption is against him, for a Congress of elected representatives without command of armed forces is much less likely to violate the constitution than the General of the army. General FONSECA, it is alleged, has ordered an election for a new Congress. That is the usual way. But if the new Congress should be of the same opinion as the old Congress, and proceed to confirm the acts for which the old Congress was dissolved, the new one would be dissolved by the same power and for the same reason. In any view, General FONSECA remains Dictator, and if the country should remain tranquil, it will be either because it is overpowered, or, more probably, because it is willing that the General should remain Dictator.

It may be fairly doubted whether in Brazil there is a very strong general desire of a republic, or much comprehension of what a republic really is. That it is a system of government based upon the will of the majority, and constitutionally providing for the expression of that will and for the protection of the minority, is a truth which LABOULAYE thought even Frenchmen incapable of apprehending, and therefore supported the empire. There is probably an active republican propaganda in the country, maintained by able newspapers and politicians; but that is very different from a general republican sentiment. It is not easy to know; but if there be such a sentiment it will not submit to a dictatorship, as the reports of the disaffection of some of the provinces show. If the dictatorship continues, the country may enter upon the usual stormy career of South American states, or the recall of Dom PEDRO, or the offer of a crown to one of his family, would not be surprising.

THE LOUISIANA LOTTERY.

UNDOUBTEDLY the greatest evil which threatens the country is the corruption of the ballot. But the most startling illustration of the extent and power of political corruption or bribery is the career of the Louisiana Lottery Company. The meeting just held in New York, and its appeal to the honor and patriotism of the country, have shown the character of the lottery, and the peril and disgrace which threaten a State of the Union. It is substantially a question of the subjugation of the State of Louisiana to a fraudulent monopoly, which secures and maintains its power

by corruption. The Lottery Company was chartered in 1868, at the instigation of a band of gamblers formed in New York, as a monopoly for twenty-five years. The grant was obtained by bribery and corruption, and for ten years the monopoly maintained itself by the same means. In 1879 the charter was repealed by a majority of two votes only, and the repeal was practically nullified by the United States district judge, who held that the immoral bargain of the grant was a sacred compact under the Constitution. The Constitutional Convention that followed, under various arguments, promises, and illicit persuasions, reinstated the charter, and provided, with the pledge of the Lottery Company, that after January 1, 1895, all lotteries should be prohibited in the State.

From the moment of that act, the company, with its vast corruption, has maintained its monopoly and increased its power. The committee say:

"We have the authority of the lottery that ninety-three per cent. of the enormous revenue of \$22,000,000 received from their monthly and semi-annual drawings—a revenue greater than that of any five average States in this Union—comes from the people of this country who live outside of Louisiana; and its advocates urge this fact as an argument for its recharter by the people of that State.

"Through the purchase of stock by its stockholders and friends, it has obtained control of a large portion of the organized capital of the State. Its strong hand on the financial springs of a commercial community is so masterful as to silence the opposition of the cautious, and attract the support of the timid.

"By the force and glitter of its money power it has warped the judgment and blunted the conscience of many good people, making them first apologists for and then desirous of such riches.

"It has captured three-fourths of the Louisiana press. In localities where it could not purchase the local press, it has started a press of its own. To emphasize this assertion, we state the fact that the most vehement anti-lottery papers in the State of a few years ago are the violent lottery partisans of to-day.

"Its iniquitous business is blazoned by advertisements of winnings (oftentimes fictitious), and it has thus created and thus it stimulates a gambling thirst in tens of thousands of ignorant and credulous persons, from whom it monthly receives its enormous ill-gotten gains.

"It is estimated that until checked in its boastful career by the enactments of the last Congress, one-third of the whole local mail that passed through the New Orleans post-office was lottery mail, and that \$30,000 per diem in postal notes and money-orders were paid to its stalking-horse bank."

To confirm its hold upon the State, the Lottery Company has procured the passage of a constitutional amendment, to be voted on next April, granting to one of the original promoters of the company and his unnamed associates the exclusive privilege of drawing lotteries in the State for twenty-five years from January 1, 1894, in consideration of the payment to the State of \$31,250,000 in annual instalments of \$1,250,000. There are no limitations upon the grant, no penalties for its abuse. It is put beyond the regulating power of the Legislature, and all provisions to prevent frauds were voted down. The good name of the State, its public and private morals, the liberty and prosperity of its citizens, are all involved. Like Tammany Hall in New York, the necessary tendency of such a thoroughly organized system of corruption is to extend itself, and by the nature of our institutions it becomes a national concern. The statement of the situation is the most forcible appeal. The committee say, truly, "It is destructive of the sacred sisterhood of the States that one of their number should, for a pittance of revenue, charter a piratical corporation to prey upon the ignorance, the credulity, and the cupidity of the citizens of all the others, and station its creatures throughout the land to violate their laws."

THE NEW EDUCATION.

THE recent vote in the Senate of Cambridge University in England upon the proposition to inquire—not to decide—whether an alternative was desirable for one of the two classical languages, that is to say, for Greek, in the previous examination was 525 nays to 185 yeas. It was a test vote of the force of "the educational reformers," or those who aim at what is called "practical teaching," against the old university tradition of classical teaching. Among the representatives of English Cambridge University men the tendency to the new education is evidently not very strong.

In this country, while the interest in college education was never more general, and when our larger universities are beginning to count their pupils by the thousand, the drift toward the changes contemplated by the educational reformers is decided. In a thoughtful article in the current number of the *Educational Review*, President HYDE, of Bowdoin College, says that "Latin, Greek, and mathematics, having been for generations the traditional requirements [for entering college], have become the objects of superstitious veneration." This is not said to depreciate the value of these studies in mental training, for that is not President HYDE's view. It is only an illustration of his conviction that a change in entrance requirements is impending which will discard the superstition, and "require for admission mathematics and English, as at present, ability to read easy prose at sight in Latin, and either Greek, French, or German, and evidence of a thorough course in experimental science."

In confirmation of this view, the *Evening Post* recently pointed out that of the total increase of 261 students this year at Harvard, there is a gain of 117 only in the academic department; and at Yale, of the estimated gain of 200, only 60 are in the classical department. The Yale classical Fresh-

man class of 259 last year gains 11, but the Freshman class of the Scientific School rises from 137 last year to 201 this year. It would be found, undoubtedly, that the impulse which develops so strongly and rapidly the scientific tendency of study is essentially different from that of the classic or traditional academic tendency. The latter contemplates pure intellectual culture and delight; the former aims more directly at palpable results. The actual situation of the country, its vast material opportunities and prosperity, stimulate the former. The latter chastens a material tendency which needs restraint rather than excitement.

DONNYBROOK.

THE outburst of feeling which followed PARNELL's death was not a sign of returning confidence in the leadership of his followers. The factional rage and riots which have distinguished the election of his successor at Cork have drawn from Lord SALISBURY the remark that "what we have recently seen in Ireland has not altered our policy, nor has it made us think that a domestic legislature in Ireland would be distinguished by peace, or abstinence from the use of blackthorns, or by freedom from the curse of ecclesiastical domination." The election resulted in the overwhelming defeat of the PARNELL faction, and it is now clear that what PARNELL had lost, the real command of the Irish party, no man of his faction is likely to regain.

He has left no successor, no Irishman upon whom the whole party can unite, and while the quarrels continue no progress in the general cause can be expected. Already, also, the consideration of Mr. GLADSTONE's successor as the Liberal leader has begun, and as the condition of Sir VERNON HARCOURT's eyes, which is very serious, apparently removes him from the succession, there is great doubt of the choice. No man is better equipped for the place, probably, than Mr. MORLEY, but his religious views and certain supposed tendencies in his writings would probably injure his prospects.

It is plain, however, that Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. PARNELL have carried the chief Liberal issue, the Irish cause, so far that it must continue to remain a chief issue in British politics until it is settled favorably to Ireland. It is evident that the question will disturb and delay Parliament until some form of local legislature is granted. The by-elections in England show no Tory reaction or apprehension of disaster from the gratification of the Irish wishes. It seems safe to say that unless the danger of a division of the empire can be demonstrated as a result of success of the Irish agitation, it will practically succeed, Donnybrook having its counterpart in many an English election riot.

A FORMER GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK.

THE tendency to erect statues to distinguished men immediately upon their deaths should be restrained for many reasons, and among them is the fact that the sense of loss and the emotion of the moment are not a fair test of the comparative greatness of the man. A community should not cheapen such memorials by turning them into mere mortuary monuments. There are many statues in New York, but many of the really greatest New-Yorkers are yet to be commemorated. At the opening of the new Mercantile Library building, the other day, Mr. HEWITT remarked that in this city the only monument of DE WITT CLINTON, the Governor of New York who did most for the city if not for the State, is Clinton Hall.

The earlier Governor, JOHN JAY, a native of the city, also lacks a statue; and another son, WASHINGTON IRVING, has but a memorial bust. DE WITT CLINTON was a doughty political fighter, and he used all the weapons familiar in party warfare. But he is a very eminent figure in the political history of the State. Among the Governors there are many very much smaller than he, but not many who are much greater.

A day and an event which Mr. HEWITT distinguished by a noble statue; the day of the opening of the Brooklyn Bridge, recalled that other great day in the annals of the city when DE WITT CLINTON poured water from Lake Erie into the ocean water of the bay of New York, symbolic of the work which his persistent energy had accomplished. It is curious how little known is so great a man and so eminent a public officer to this political generation in New York. How many, for instance, of the representatives that the city has just elected to the Legislature have ever heard of DE WITT CLINTON, or could give any account of him? He is probably as much unknown to them as most of them are to the city.

THE BERING SEA ARBITRATION.

THE agreement to submit the Bering Sea dispute to arbitration, which was announced incidentally by the Attorney-General and Solicitor-General during the argument in the *Sagvord* case in the Supreme Court, is a happy but tardy conclusion of the correspondence of about five years between the two governments. During the long controversy there has not been much public interest in it, and very little knowledge of its merits. The interest, indeed, was really so slight that there has been no probability at any time that serious consequences would follow, except as the result of some flagrant insult to the flag of either of the countries.

Nothing is known as we write except the important fact of the agreement to arbitrate. There is a treaty containing the terms of the arbitration which is yet to be submitted to the Senate. But there is no reason to doubt that the Senate will confirm it. This result is very fortunate as another acceptance of a principle of pacific settlement of disputes between the countries. The precedent of the Geneva arbitration is one which this action confirms, and all differences between the two countries ought to be settled in the same manner.

It is a pleasant coincidence that Mr. FRANK B. CARPENTER's picture of "International Arbitration," representing

"the High Joint Commission" of 1871, should be finished and bought and presented to the Queen just as this new instance of the reasonable adjustment of international discussions is announced. Like his picture of "Signing the Emancipation Proclamation," it is a commemoration of one of the most significant events of the time.

A SIGNIFICANT SIGN.

THE first important appointment after the election in this State was that of ex-Senator GRADY as Police Justice in the city. The appointment was made by the Mayor, who is an agent of Tammany Hall. It is not the long term and the high salary, but the total unfitness of the appointment, which is conceded on all sides, that makes its importance to the public welfare.

The character and power of the office of Police Justice, and the necessity of divorcing it from party politics, were clearly and strongly stated by ex-Mayor HEWITT three or four years ago, and this first-fruit of the election gives greater significance to the wise words of Mr. HEWITT, who is certainly not the least able, upright, and public-spirited of New York Democrats, just before the late election—"If we are to give our votes in view of future contingencies, without regard to present conditions, we shall never be able to secure good government."

The appointment of GRADY was a peculiarly ungracious act toward Mr. CLEVELAND, who as Governor had written, in October, 1888, to JOHN KELLY, the late Tammany boss, that he was anxious, not only for his own comfort and satisfaction, but in the interests of good legislation and legislative reform, that GRADY should not be re-elected State Senator. KELLY and Tammany turned upon Mr. CLEVELAND, and GRADY led the opposition to his nomination in the National Convention. Mr. CLEVELAND, for political reasons, thought it best in the late campaign to favor the aims of Tammany, as he did in urging the election of Mr. FELLOWS four years ago. But there is no reason to suppose that he believes Tammany to be his friend, and for the best of reasons, namely, its knowledge that it could not control his official action. Tammany will seek to defeat his nomination if in its judgment circumstances promise the success of such an effort.

PERSONAL.

THE scheme inaugurated some months ago by JOHN ARMSTRONG CHANLER for giving worthy art students of this country a term of foreign study has met with gratifying encouragement. In New York a fund, the income of which—about \$900 a year—is sufficient to pay the expenses of a student in Paris, was subscribed by Mr. CHANLER and his friends, and on the 9th of October a competitive examination was held before a committee of the presidents of the local art societies. The result of the examination was the selection of Mr. BRYSON BURROUGHS, of the Art Students' League, as the candidate most worthy to receive the benefit of the fund for the first five years. Mr. BURROUGHS, taking advantage of his good fortune, will sail for Europe at once.

New-Yorkers who saw CHARLES DICKENS when he visited this country a generation ago are reminded very vividly of him when they meet Sir EDWIN ARNOLD, who resembles no one else so strongly as he does the famous novelist. Sir EDWIN ARNOLD has grown somewhat gray since his former visit to the United States, but his health is no less vigorous. He presents a much more satisfactory appearance on the platform than have most English lecturers and readers. His voice is clear, his gestures free and unaffected, and he reads with great animation.

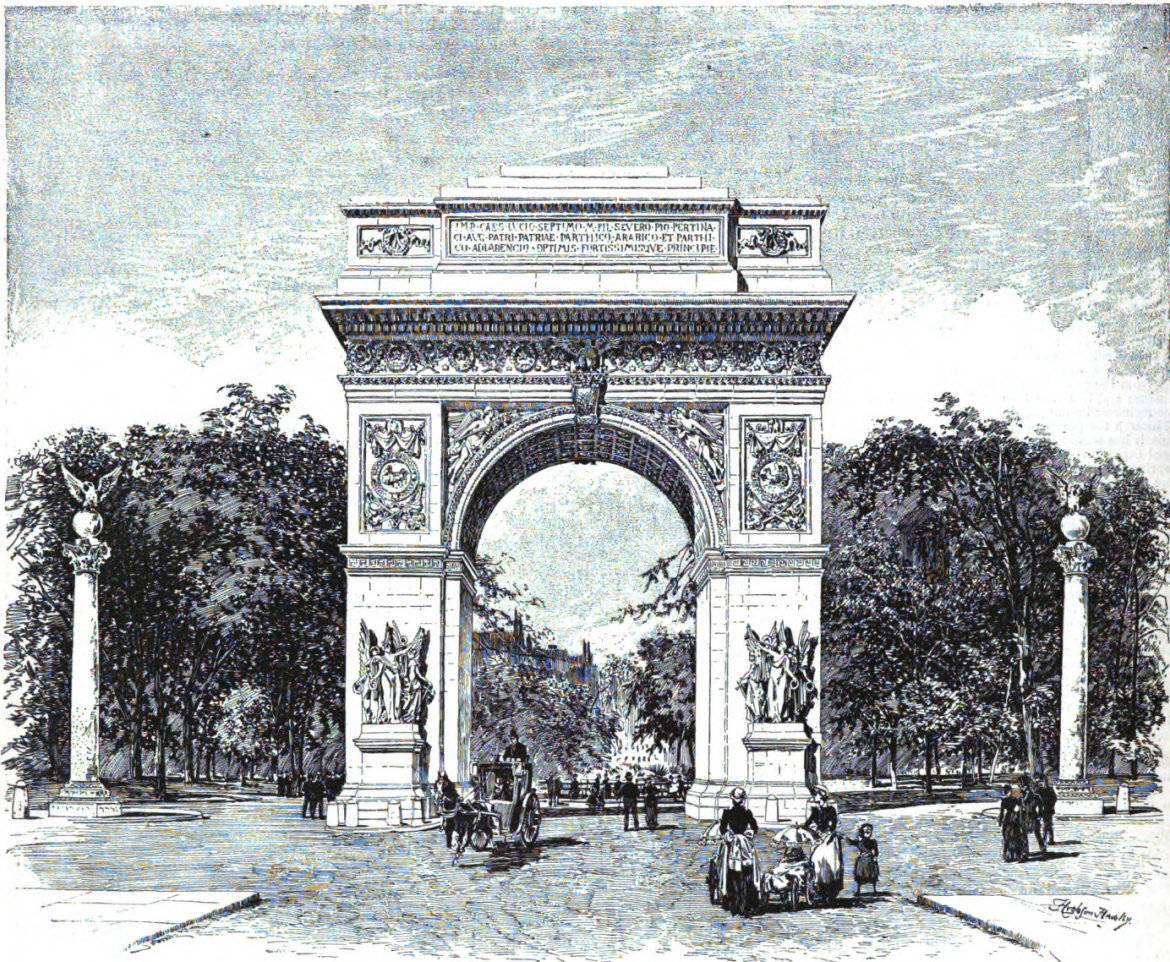
Lady HENRY SOMERSET, President of the British Woman's Temperance Association, and now lecturing in this country, is a woman of very many accomplishments. In addition to her beauty and dignity of character, she is a very clever artist with pencil and brush, and is highly skilled in embroidery. She has the gift of oratory, and her speeches are marked with undeniable eloquence. Besides her large charities among the London poor, she has shown how genuine her interest is in her cause by descending into the mines of Wales to hold services underground.

The elaborate tomb which WAIT WHITMAN has had built for himself in Harleigh Cemetery, near Camden, New Jersey, is a reproduction in solid granite of a portion of King Solomon's temple. The door is a single piece of stone six inches thick, and five broad slabs cover the roof. Within are eight catacombs of marble. No bolts or rods or other ordinary fastenings have been used, the huge blocks of granite being strongly joined together with mortises. The tomb has been constructed to endure for centuries.

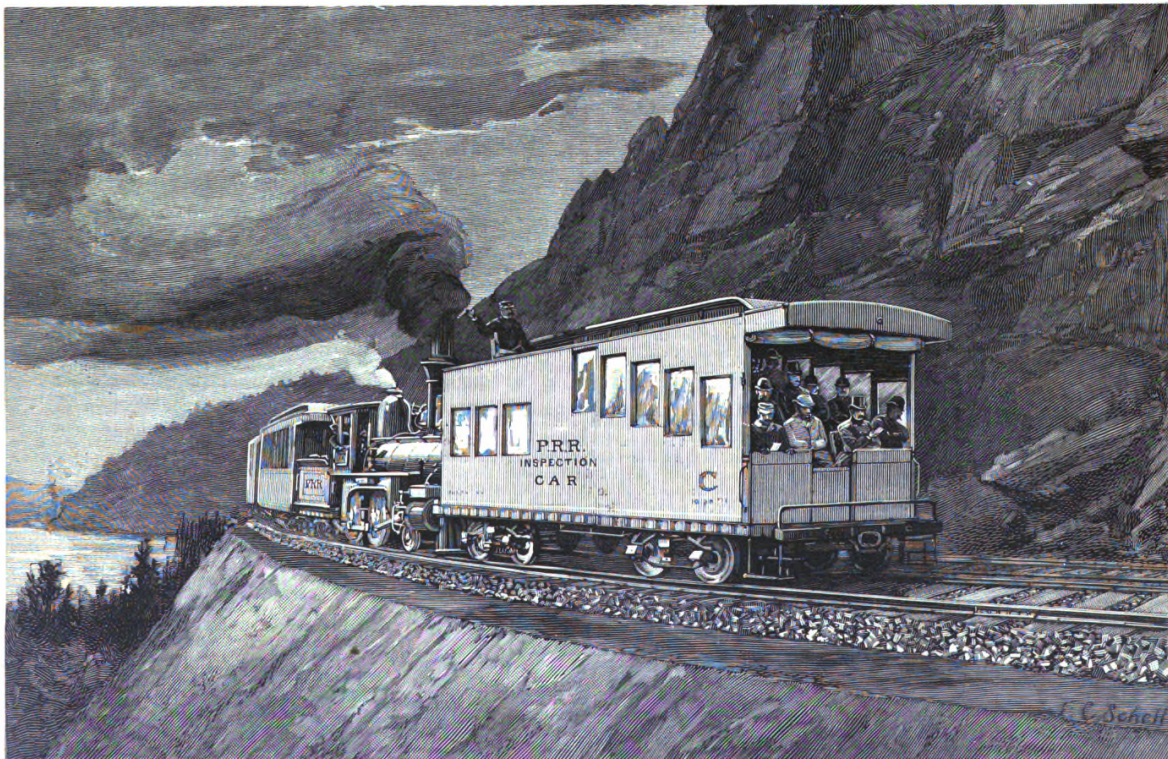
The only American whom the King of Siam has ever deemed worthy to wear the decoration of the Sacred White Elephant is General J. A. HALDERMAN, of Kansas. The rarity of the honor conferred on him is indicated by the fact that only two other English-speaking persons, Queen VICTORIA and Sir EDWIN ARNOLD, have been likewise distinguished by the favor of the Oriental King.

ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR, the English leader, is a bachelor, and about forty-three years old. He has ample means, contributes to the magazines, is fond of society, and has a decided taste for art, his London residence containing a remarkably fine picture-gallery. Thirteen years ago he was Lord SALISBURY's private secretary, and now there is talk of his succeeding his former master. He has a very great fondness for the open-air game of golf.

A familiar figure on the streets of Philadelphia is that of JAMES CAMPBELL, Postmaster-General during President FRANKLIN PIERCE's administration, and the oldest surviving cabinet officer in the country. Among his colleagues during the term from 1853 to 1857 were WILLIAM L. MARCY, Secretary of State; CALVIN CUSHING, Attorney-General; JEFFERSON DAVIS, Secretary of War; and JAMES GUTHRIE, Secretary of the Treasury. The cabinet is said to be the only one in the history of the country to go through an administration of four years without a break. Mr. CAMPBELL is quite vigorous for one eighty years old, and continues to practise law and to preserve a keen interest in politics.



THE WASHINGTON ARCH, WASHINGTON SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.—DRAWN BY HUGHSON HAWLEY.—[SEE PAGE 929.]



AN INSPECTION CAR EN ROUTE.—DRAWN BY F. CRESSON SCHELL.—[SEE PAGE 929.]



A SADDUCEE.

BY EVA WILDER McGLASSON.

THE people who had rented the little red cottage to the right of the Shakers' toll-gate had moved out, leaving things, as usual, much the worse of their brief occupancy.

"I shall take it on myself to cut the grass and mend the front shutter," said Brother Boone Hinson, as he drove past, and saw golden-rod shamelessly flaunting itself among the knee-high weeds in the scrap of a yard.

It was Shaker land clear to the Kentucky River, two miles away, and an inch of unkempt sward was a grievous offence not to be tolerated.

"It is always this way with tenants," sighed Brother Boone. "I wish we didn't have to rent out our unused houses to world's people." He sighed again, casting an austere eye on the toll-gate house, a low-browed dwelling which sat scowling by the green way-side.

The girl who had come a few months ago to live with her aunt, Mrs. Meeks, the toll-gate keeper, looked apathetically at Brother Boone as she swung the pole over his mule's head.

"A working," considered the young man, returning her glance with disapproval, and getting a new idea of wickedness from the curling fluff of red hair over her big eyes. The mule went a little sideways as his driver turned emphatically from the Jezabel in the doorway, her black gown edged at the neck with a wisp of crape.

"Always Shakers!" she thought, following him with weary eyes. "I wish some one else would pass by just now and then."

She kept on looking at Brother Boone. He was a part of it all, a portion of the deadly tranquillity which pervaded the whole secluded settlement, even to this outskirts nook where Mrs. Meeks lived.

The stone walls of the severe Shaker houses just to the southward seemed to Mrs. Meeks's niece like tombs. Centre House, gray and ponderous, weighed her heart down every time her glance struck through the intervening stretch of meadow. There was nothing to hear, nothing to see, except now and then of fine evenings, when some of the Harrodsburg young people dashed by in light buggies—mere fleeting glimpses of gaiety, which only stung Nora to a remembrance of the city. She was new to country ways, and in the midst of the wild freshness of the unbuild earth she pined for the fret of the town, the rush of traffic, the smoke, the clamor of humanity.

"It wasn't clean, of course, in Cincinnati, but I loved it," said Nora.

"Shows how little sense you got," commented her aunt, feeling ill repaid for giving her brother's child a home. "You'd of been in a fine fix if I hadn't taken you in when your paw died—not a cent in the world except what the furniture out of three rooms brought. I don't know what you'd of done, so I don't."

"I could have stood in a store," said Nora.

"Yes, you could!" satirically agreed Mrs. Meeks. "I know how you'd of stood in a store. You wouldn't have lasted a month. You ain't none too robust, noway. I hope

you're grateful to me for bringing you to a good home, where you don't have to do a living thing except tend the toll-gate, and look after the children a little, and do the washing, and such."

"Yes, Aunt Molly."

"They ain't a many widow women would 'a' done it," complacently added Mrs. Meeks. "And me with four of my own to raise." She sighed heavily. She was a large, limp woman, lavishly endowed save in the single item of teeth. Her thin blond hair was always slipping down.

"It would be pretty if you pinned it closer," advised Nora.

"Don't matter none," reasoned Mrs. Meeks. "Sharp ploughs is mighty little use when you got no land to turn. I don't look to marry again, noway. A man'd think twice with all these young ones. And there's nothing around here anyhow but Shakers, and they ain't the marrying kind."

"Why?" asked Nora.

"Against their laws. Don't waste no words on um, Nora, when you turn the pole for um. The women are right soft-spoken, but the men wouldn't take off their hats to a lady to save their lives. That there Brother Boone is the worst of all of um. He's too straitlaced to live."

"I liked his looks best of all," reflected Nora.

He was so unlike the young men in town, who wore narrow shoes and had watch chains draped across their vests, and were collared and cravatd within an inch of their lives, Brother Boone had broad shoulders squarely outlined under his blue cotton coat, and his dust-colored hair curled up under the wide-rimmed hat he wore.

He looked strong and wholesome and happy, and yet he was a Shaker, and had lived always in these quiet uplands where nothing ever happened.

"Shakers?" wondered Nora; "people who don't love or marry or have anything in their lives but work and prayer. Oh, I couldn't!"

She vaguely conjectured what these strange beings thought of when spring came about, and fields were fringed with wild flowers. Did the moonlight arouse no strange imagery in them? Could they look unmoved on the sky when stars stole dimly out one by one, spattering the night with silver dust? She shuddered. Better this weary life, with the four little cousins forever tugging at one's skirts and all the work to do, than a share in the emptiness over yonder where Centre House was.

She began to wonder if Brother Boone really enjoyed his life, if he never yearned to live in town, where you had neighbors handy and everything was cheerful.

A week after, as Brother Boone was laying the grass low in the yard of the untol cottage, he was taken aback to hear himself addressed in an unusual way, after the hollow formula of the civil world.

"Oh, Mr. Hinson!" The toll-gate girl stood at the fence, a blue apron over her head, her sleeves rolled up.

Brother Boone turned in an attitude of rigorous attention. Certainly red hair, though held by many as a mean infliction of nature, is not altogether ugly when the sun smiles through it. And Mrs. Meeks's niece, though one of Adam's evil

brood, had a kind of gentleness in her eyes—a look so warm and compelling that Brother Boone caught himself short in wondering if perhaps Mother Ann Lee might not have appeared thus when she drew men's hearts to the truth. The truth! That meant the abjuration of anything like a kindly feeling for blue eyes ringed darkly.

"What do you want?" demanded Brother Boone, coldly, feeling that attack is often the best mode of defence.

The girl looked scared. "Oh—why—I was going to ask you if you'd always lived here, seeing you pass every day. I kind of wondered if you'd ever lived in town. I'm from Cincinnati myself. Have you ever been there? We lived on the side of Mount Adams. It was real gay there. You could hear the band play in the Highland House up on top." She rushed on: "Crowds go there on summer nights. They drink beer and ginger ale, and sit around listening to the music. But maybe you've been there?"

"Nay," confuted Brother Boone, in a terrible voice. "To a junketing-place where wine-bibbers congregate? Nay."

"Nice people go there," faltered Nora; "not Shakers, of course, but—you know."

"I know little of the world," Brother Boone condescended to explain. "I have been to several Kentucky towns, and nowhere else."

"Don't you get lonesome sometimes over there, where it's so quiet?" ventured the girl.

"Lonesome!" frowned he, dropping the scythe, "among so many holy people—the world's elect? I esteem it a blessed privilege to be one of them. I should be indeed wretched to live in the outer darkness."

"Should you?" said Nora. "Now I would rather work my fingers to the bone in the world than be one of them, a Shaker woman, and wear capes and scuttle-bonnets—"

She stopped short. Mrs. Meeks was calling her.

"Aw, Nora, look at you a-dawdling there while the dish-water cools off, and me with as lame a back as I ever had in my life. You need a good talking to, that's what. I'm too easy with you. Nothing mellers an apple so quick as freezing it."

"Good-by, Mr. Hinson," said the girl, "good-by."

"Brother Hinson," he corrected her. "Good-by."

"She is a frail little thing," he said to himself, snatching the weeds down. "I reckon Jane Meeks makes her work too hard. They are all idle, these world's women, this Nora, no doubt, as idle as the rest if she dared be."

One day when he went by he saw her hanging clothes in the yard. Mrs. Meeks raised the pole for him, her cold nod at variance with the tone in which she bantered a dark-browed man hanging over her porch rail.

"The evil of the human heart is past computing," declared Brother Boone. "I shouldn't wonder if Jane Meeks thinks of marrying again. If she takes up with that Joe Hutton, she will regret it; a trifling scam."

It chanced, on a certain evening in September, that he met the red-haired girl face to face as he took a short-cut through a corn field west of Shakerstown. It was well on for sunset. A languid yellow melted about the earth, golden,

like a ring in which a great topaz blazed. Cow bells tinkled faint and far in the distant roadway. Two bare-legged Shaker boys were walking a stone fence hard by, shouting as they pitched about for balance.

Mrs. Meeks's niece looked whiter than ever, and her threadbare gown hung loose. Her hair was disordered, and made a misty bronze glow behind her head.

"Are you sick?" demanded Brother Boone, bluntly, stopping the way.

"No," she said. And then he saw that she had been crying, that her eyes were wet even now, as he looked into their depths.

Brother Boone had never seen any woman cry, save old Sister Ellen Graybill upon getting word of her son's death. The old woman had sat for days with swollen eyelids, refusing comfort, refusing even to listen when Elder Thomas pointed out to her the evil of sorrowing when earthly ties waxed slack and broke.

Brother Boone had been furtively aware of pitying Ellen Graybill, but it had been with no such wild lifting of the heart as shook him now.

"What is the matter?" he asked, with the urgent sharpness of strong feeling. "What is the matter?"

"Do you care?" She seemed surprised. "And yet I knew you were kind-hearted, for all that way you have, Brother Hinson. It's only that I don't know what—I—" She crept a little nearer, a hunted expression in her eye.

"There's a man named Hutton has been coming to our house a good deal, and my aunt liked it, and I used to fix her hair every day. And then yesterday she told me it was me—you know—me he wanted to marry. She hasn't spoken to me since, my aunt hasn't. Oh, Brother Hinson!"

Brother Boone made a hoarse exclamation. "You are going to marry him? Nora"—he seized her bony little fingers—"would you take such a step, with these examples of holiness so close at hand? No, I thought you were of the base fabric of the world when I saw you first, because—I reckon it was because your face is so fair, and your eyes take the heart with a great warmth; but now you seem to me better and sweeter than any one else on earth. I can't let you walk into this gin that the devil has set to catch your soul, Nora." He drew her forward, folding her brow in his palm as with an instinct of protection.

"I thought Shakers never loved any one," said the girl, looking up at him. "But you, Brother Hinson, you—"

"I?" said he, starting away from her, with a curious pallor about his lips.

Was this indeed he—this man with a tumult in his breast like the swell of a flood? Was it he, a Shaker, or merely one who had been a Shaker till the bubble of his faith burst at the first pointing of love's finger?

"I never thought of marrying him," said Nora. "I don't like him, you know. I couldn't marry any one unless I—"

The blood spoke so eloquently in her cheek that Brother Boone's heart leaped with a comprehension of its meaning. Nora looked across the yellow field.

"He said we would live in the little brick house next to the toll-gate; the one the Shakers own; and just for a minute it seemed to me as if it would be sweet to have a home where I belonged—I can't stay with my aunt any more; and then all at once it came over me that I had seen you cutting grass in the yard of that very house, and—somehow—I knew I couldn't marry him ever—ever!"

The young Shaker's hand trembled on her hair.

"I am going to take care of you," he said, almost sternly, as if he were claiming a right another had infringed.

Was it so wrong, then? Was it not a man's part to shield the helpless? Reason took him down. There were the Shaker folk at a mere stone's throw; he might take the woman he loved to their wide doors, and give her to their charge.

He might; but Nora loathed the austere life of the community. She was made for tenderness, for little household offices. In the swiftness of a lightning flash he saw her sitting by an evening fire, the lamp-light on her pretty unshorn, uncovered hair, her attitude that of a woman who needs only to look up to catch a gentle glance from—Mother Ann? Was it not his own face she seemed to seek? The whole world appeared to fade out. The sun was quite gone down now, and it was very still. And then suddenly a clear sound swung through the hollow twilight.

Centre House raised its gray old walls just to the southward, its tiny window lights as black as if each might held away within. On its square belfry the iron bell careened slowly, giving out the evening hour.

The man in the corn field held his soul fast in his teeth. The woman studying his face read the significance of its strained lines, of the drops of sweat on its temples; and her own face, on which a certain transitory had shone, grew something milder. She drew her hand from her head and kissed the palm.

"I know, dear," she breathed; "you would give it all up for me, wouldn't you—that life you love?" She went on gently, "If I would let you."

She paused, listening. Was that a sound of footsteps crushing the stubble? She turned in time to catch the swaggering advance of a man's figure, its throat bound in a scarlet handkerchief, its dark face gaping with surprise.

"Hello! 'S that you?" accosted Mr. Hutton's voice. "And this—why, blame 'f mind! Bro' Boone Hinson! Heh! heh! Ain't this a little out of your line, Bro' Boone, a-talking to the girls, huh? Bein's I'm going your way, I'll see you home. See Bro' Boone, heard the news, hev you? Me and Nory's got it fixed up. I saw parson today. Come on, sis."

He winked at her cheerfully, but Nora shrank away.

"Not with you," she said—"not with you." And then she made a little gesture toward the Shaker village. "I am going there."

Mr. Hutton's face expressed blank incredulity. "Going whar? Over to Shakerstown? What for?"

"To live," said the girl. "To live!" exclaimed her suitor, in the sinuous accents of amazement. "You ain't got your right mind, hez she, Bro' Boone! The Shakers ain't takin' in any new members no more. You'd better come on home with me. You ain't got your right mind, I keep tellin' you. Come on."

He laid hold of her arm, and then rather suddenly he loosed his grasp, for Brother Boone Hinson set him aside with a forceful hand. "The Shakers will take her in," said Brother Boone, composedly, "and take care of her for me till I can make a home for her in the world."

"THE HONOR OF A GENTLEMAN."

BY C. A. PRATT.

BECAUSE there was so little else left him to be proud of, he clung the more tenaciously to his pride in his gentle blood and the spotless fame of his forefathers. There was no longer wealth nor state nor position to give splendor to the name, but this was the last said in that he himself was the sole survivor of that distinguished line. He was glad that he had no sisters—a girl should not be brought up in sordid ignoble surroundings, such as he had sometimes had to know; as for brothers, if there had been two of them to make the fight against the world shoulder to shoulder, life might have seemed a cheerier thing; but thus far he had gotten on alone. And the world was not such an unkindly place, after all. Though he was a thousand miles away from the old home, in this busy Northwestern city where he and his were unknown, he was not without friends; he knew a few nice people. He had money enough to finish his legal studies; if there had not been enough, he supposed he could have earned it somehow; he was young and brave enough to believe that he could do anything his self-respect demanded of him. If it sometimes asked what might seem to a practical world fantastic sacrifices at his hands, was he not ready to give them? At least, had he not always been ready before he met Virginia Fenley?

She reminded him of his mother, did Virginia, though no two women on God's green earth were ever fundamentally more different. Nevertheless, there was a likeness between the little pearl-set miniature which he cherished, showing Honora Le Garde in the prime of her beauty, and this girl who looked up at him with eyes that the selfsame brown. Surely Virginia should not be held responsible for the fact that a slender graceful creature with yellow hair and dark-lashed hazel eyes, with faint pink flushes coming and going in her cheeks, and the air of looking out at the world with indifference from a safe sheltered distance, was the ideal of womanhood, and that he regarded her, the representative of the type, as the embodiment of everything sweetest and highest in human nature. Virginia's physique, like Roderick's preconceptions of life and love and honor, was an inheritance, but a less significant one; it required an effort to live up to it, and Virginia was not fond of effort.

His feeling for her was worship. Virginia had not been looking on at the pageant (Roderick would have called it a pageant) of society very long, but she was a beautiful girl and a rich one; therefore she had seen what called itself love before.

As an example of what a suitor's attitude should be, she preferred Roderick's expression of devotion to that of any man she knew. He made her few compliments, and those in set and guarded phrase; except on abstract topics, his speech with her was restrained to the point of chilliness; even the admiration of his eyes was controlled as they met hers. But on rare occasions the veil dropped from them, and then—Virginia did not know what there was about these occasions that she should find them so fascinating; that she should watch for them and wait for them, and even try to provoke them, as she did.

Worship is not exactly the form of sentiment which he had in mind, he predicted, but Roderick was human enough to wish that the niche in which his angel was enshrined might be in his own home. He let her see this one day in the simplicity of his devotion.

"Not that I ask for anything, you understand," he added, hastily. "I could not do that. It is only that I would give you the knowledge that I love you, as—I might give you a rose to wear. It honors the flower, you see," he said, rather wistfully.

She lifted her eyes to his, and he wondered why there should flash across his mind a recollection of the flowers she had worn yesterday, a cluster of *Maréchal Niel* that she had raised to her lips once or twice, kissing them with a smile. She made absolutely no answer to his speech, unless the faintest, most evanescent of all her faint smiles could be called an answer. But she was not angry, and she gave him her hand at parting.

In spite of her silence she thought of his words. The little that she had said to say upon the subject she said to her father as they were sitting before the library fire that evening.

John Fenley was a prosperous lumberman, possessed of an affluent good-nature which accorded well with his other surroundings in life. Virginia was his only child, and motherless. She could not remember that her father had ever refused her anything in his life, and certainly he had never done so while smoking his after-dinner cigar.

"Papa," she began, in her pretty, deliberate way—"papa, Roderick Le Garde, among other people, is in love with me."

Her father looked up at her keenly. She was not blushing, and she was not confused. He watched a smoke ring dissolve, then answered, comfortably. "Well, there is nothing remarkable about that."

"That is true," assented Virginia. "The remarkable thing is that I like him—a little." Her eyes were fixed upon the fire. There was a pause before she went on. "I have never liked any of them at all before, as you know very well. I never expect to—very much. Papa, you afford me everything I want; can you afford me Roderick Le Garde?"

"Do you know what you are asking, Virginia, or why?" he said, gravely.

"I have thought it over, of course. Couldn't you put him in charge of one of the mills or somewhere on a comfortable number of thousands a year? Of course I can't serve, you know, and frocks cost something."

"My daughter is not likely to want for frocks," said John Fenley, frowning involuntarily. "You did not take my meaning. I wish your mother were here, child."

"I am sufficiently interested, if that is what you mean," said Virginia, still tranquil. "He is different, papa; and I am tired of the *jeunesse dorée*. Perhaps it is because I am so much *dorée* myself that they bore me. Roderick has enthusiasms and ideals; I am one of them. I like it. You, papa, love me for what I am. It is much more exciting to be loved for what one is not."

Her father knit his brows and smoked in silence for a few minutes. Virginia played with the ribbons of her pug.

"Marylander, isn't he?"

"Something of the sort; I forget just what."

"H'm!"

"Le Garde isn't a business man," John Fenley said at length.

"Is he?" You know enough about it to know how important it is that any man who is to work into my affairs, and ultimately take my place, should know business and mean business, Virgie. It is a long way from poverty to wealth, but a short one from wealth to poverty."

"Yes," said Virginia, "I know; but I also know enough about it to be sure that I could manage the business if it became necessary. You and I are both business men, dear. Let us import a new element into the family."

Fenley laughed proudly. "By Jove! I believe you could do it! A little further ahead, then, 'So your heart is set on this daughter, eh?"

"Have I a heart?" asked Virginia, sedately, rising and leaning an elbow on the mantel as she held up one small daintily slipped foot to the blaze.

II. Long afterward he used to wonder how it had ever come to pass—that first false step of his, the surrender of his profession, and so of his liberty. Before middle life a man sometimes forgets the imperious secret of the springs that moved his youthful actions. In reality, the mechanism of his decision was very simple.

How can I give up my profession?" he asked Virginia.

She smiled up into his eyes, her own expressing a divine confidence. "But how, can you give up me?"

Though his doubts were not thereby laid to rest, the matter was practically settled, and it was understood between them that he was to accept of his father's unnecessarily liberal offer, and take his place in John Fenley's business as his own son might have done. This may have been unwise, but it was not unnatural, and if there was any unwisdom in the proceeding, it was apparent to no eyes but Roderick's own. Other people said what other people always say under such circumstances, that John Fenley was a man who had been spoiled by his good fortune in being loved by Virginia, that was something a man could understand. The gods might envy Virginia's lover, but that he, Roderick

Le Garde, should be congratulated on becoming John Fenley's son-in-law was intolerable.

He by no means pretended to scorn money, however, and he felt as strongly as did Fenley that Virginia must have it. Luxury was her natural atmosphere—any woman's, perhaps, but surely hers. Other men sacrificed other things for the women that they loved. He gave up his proud independence and his proper work, and was sublimely sure that Virginia understood what the sacrifice cost him.

But it was true that he was not a business man by nature, and his first few years in John Fenley's service were not the exacting drill which would have given him what he lacked. Although he conscientiously endeavored to carry his share of the burden and do well what fell to him to do, the fact was that John Fenley was a great deal too energetic and too fond of managing his own affairs to give up any duties to another which he could possibly perform for himself. Thus Roderick's various positions were always more or less of sinecures as far as responsibility was concerned, and he had a large margin of leisure as well as a sufficient amount of money to devote to good books and good horses, pursuits which met the approval of his father-in-law as being the "tastes of a gentleman."

John Fenley did not show his usual foresight, certainly, in encouraging Roderick to be in the business and not of it; but then he confidently expected to live to settle up all his own affairs, and turn his large fortune into a shape in which it would be more easily managed than in its primitive form of timber lands and saw-mills. No one could have anticipated his death, which occurred in the prime of his active life, some five years after his daughter's marriage.

Even then his son-in-law hardly took the position expected of him. His long habit of standing aside was not so easily overcome, and he was not the man who had a taste for affairs, and Mr. Rogers, her father's private secretary, had actually more to do with certain important transactions than the nominal head of the business.

One of these transactions was as follows: "Mrs. Le Garde," said Mr. Rogers, being shown into the library one chilly afternoon in early October. "Macomb has called from Vienna to his agent here to close with us for that tract of Michigan timber, paying the price agreed upon for cash. I have had the papers ready for some time, and they only want signing. If you can come down town at once—"

Virginia looked down at her tea gown, and then at the cheerful little fire on the hearth, and her novel lying face downward on the easiest chair.

"Won't to-morrow morning do as well?" she asked, languidly.

"If you will permit me to say so, by no means. Mrs. Le Garde," said Mr. Rogers, suavely.

Something in his manner attracted her attention.

"Why not?" she demanded.

Mr. Rogers looked at the fire for a moment before replying. "You wish to realize upon the land, you see," he observed, vaguely. "The cablegram was received this morning. Macomb's agent has no choice but to act on it now. By to-morrow, or next day at the farthest, there may be reasons apparent which would justify him in declaring the deal off. It is worth your while, and it *should be made worth mine*," said Mr. Rogers, leaning upon the words, "to see that the matter is settled this afternoon. I have private advices that forest fires have started in northern Michigan about this time, and in this vicinity, and their spread is greatly to be feared. I have not mentioned this to Mr. Le Garde."

Mrs. Le Garde hesitated a moment. It would be charitable to suppose that she did not understand the situation so lightly sketched in, but I am afraid she did. Mr. Rogers did not raise his eyes.

"Oh, well," she said, carelessly, "to-day or to-morrow, it doesn't signify. If you will have a notary and Macomb's agent at Mr. Le Garde's office in half an hour, Mr. Rogers, I will be there."

So it was that the papers were executed and payment made that afternoon. The next day but one, "Forest Fires," was a prominent headline in the morning papers.

When Macomb came home from Vienna to look after his own affairs a month later he found himself the owner of a diminished bank account and some hundreds of acres of smoking pine stumps.

He made a trip to northern Michigan to survey these latter possessions, and while there succeeded in securing some interesting statements which it pleased him to call "facts." Armed with these, he went to Roderick Le Garde, and laid his case before him.

"First of all, I want to say that I have always thought you an honest man, Le Garde," he observed, "and I wish to say that I am bringing no persons in question, but that the case looks black for you. But I know your man Rogers is a d—d scoundrel, though I fail to see how the sale could profit him, apart from its advantages to you. But you will see I have proof that he was well informed on the day the transfer took place that that tract of timber was already on fire in a dozen places, and nothing on earth could save it from destruction. I call that obtaining money under false pretences, and I warn you if you don't desire to repurchase the en-

ture tract at the price I paid for it, that I propose to see to it once what the courts will call it."

"Much obliged for your good opinion of me," said Le Garde, dryly. "I have perfect confidence in Rogers"—this was not strictly true, but Roderick was angry—"and none at all in your so-called 'proofs.' I shall do a little investigating for myself. If I find, as I believe, that Rogers had no other information in the matter than I myself possessed, and that you have no more than I possess in the ordinary course of events, you may bring as many suits as you like, and rest assured that the Penley estate will fight them to the last dollar. If it is otherwise—but nothing else is possible! Good-morning, sir."

III.

"Virginia! Do you mean that Rogers actually approached you in the matter?"

Mrs. Le Garde moved uneasily under the scorching light in her husband's eyes. It was a new experience to see anything but tenderness in his face, but she respected him for the look she resented.

"He had to consult some one, of course. You have given no reason to things to me." Her voice was irritatingly even. "Papa always said you had no head for business."

"Your father was an honest man, Virginia," cried her husband, desperately. "He would have been the last person in the world to attempt to increase his gains dishonestly." "I see nothing dishonest about it," said Virginia, coldly. "I really think, Roderick, under all the circumstances, it would have been more appropriate if you had learned something about money in the last seven years—besides how to spend it."

Nothing dishonest!

"Don't you understand," demanded Le Garde, in a terrible voice, "that the commission you paid Rogers was blackmail, the price of his 'news' and his silence?"

Mrs. Le Garde shrugged her shoulders. Roderick rose dumbly. He knew all that he needed. The room whirled round him. How he made his way out of the house he did not know. Had he served seven years—for this? The fair house of his life, built up on the insubstantial foundations of a woman's silence and her sweet looks, was tumbling about his ears. She whom he had made his wife, who wore the name he honored though it was his own, whom he had worshipped as woman never yet was worshipped, had failed in common honesty, and taunted him with the life he had led for her sake. She had betrayed him into a shameful position. That restitution was an easy matter and might be a secret one did not make the case less hard. He could have defended her had she been disgraced in the world's eyes, but how might he defend her from himself?

It was a raw November night. As he went swiftly on, he felt the river mists sweep soft against his face. He wrung his helpless hands. "Oh, God! It is dishonor! What shall I do? What shall I do?"

No help in the murky sky above him; none in the home whose lights lay behind; none in the river that rushed along beneath the bluff—that was the refuge of a coward and a shirk. Had he not already shirked too much in life?

What must he do? He tried to think collectedly, but in his pain he could not. There were visions before his eyes. He saw Virginia as she had seemed to him seven years ago—five years—yesterday—to-night. Was it true that he had never really seen her till to-night?

Oh, that brave lost youth of his! His strong light-hearted youth, with its poverty, its pride, and its blessed, blessed freedom. If he could but go back to it, and feel himself his own man once more, with his life before him to be lived as he planned it. Was it that he had become entangled with a soul so alien to his own? And what did a man do when he reached a point from which he could not go back, yet loathed to go forward?

He tramped on and on through the drizzling November darkness. Gradually the tumult in his heart was stilled. He became aware that the air was cold, that he was splashed with mud and rain, that he had no hat, and wore only thin evening clothes. He turned at last, his teeth chattering in his head, and plodded back.

Two things grew clear before his mind—he must settle with Macomb to-morrow, and he must henceforth assume the control of John Penley's affairs which he had hitherto nominally possessed. Thank Heaven for the gift of work!

And Virginia? Who was it who said that for our sins there was all forgiveness, but our mistakes even infinite mercy could not pardon? Virginia was a mistake of his; that was all. It was safer to blame himself, not her—not her. That way lay madness.

Perhaps she too had found herself mistaken. Was that the secret he sometimes fancied he saw stirring behind the curtain of her placid eyes? If so, God pity them; and God help him to play the part he had to play.

He had reached his own threshold, and his latch-key faltered in the door. As he stepped into the wide hall, a curious figure in the disarray of his fastidious attire, he caught the odor of roses—they were Marché Niels—floating out from the drawing-room. The rooms were warm and bright and sweet, but

their cheer seemed to him oppressive, and he sickened at the faint perfume of the roses.

His wife came and put the portière aside, standing with one white lifted arm outlined against the heavy folds. Virginia always wore simple evening dress at home for her husband. She had been heard to say that it was one of the amenities that made domestic life endurable.

"How long you have been out!" she said, in just her usual sweet unburied voice, and ignoring his disheveled aspect. "I am afraid you are quite chilled through."

He looked at her an instant curiously—this exquisite piece of flesh and blood that was his second self for time and eternity—realizing that he did not understand her, had never understood her, could never hope or desire to do so again. Then he gathered himself together to make the first speech in the part he had appointed heretofore to play—that rôle of devoted husband, whose cues he knew by heart. As he spoke he was shivering slightly, but surely that was because of the raw outer air.

"What a charming pose!" he said. "Did I ever tell you that throughout Homer 'white-eyed' is used as a synonyme for beautiful?"

FLATTERY.

ONCE on a time there journeyed through the land A wise man, who long years had sought to find One soul too strong for flattery to bind And lead a willing slave at her command. And all in vain; yet finally did stand Before him one of modesty of mind Far-famed. Him long he pined with questions blind.

To prove the jewel sought was now at hand.

At last he said, "You are a humble man."

A pleased look swept across the other's face.

"I trust I am." The wise man cried in pain;

"The thing I sought I have not found, nor can;

The demon pride dwells here its strongest place."

Where lack of vanity hath made one vain."

ERIE L. SWIN.

THE HORSE SHOW.

NEW YORK is just now in the midst of her two most attractive annual shows—the Horse Show and a beauty show. There are over one thousand entries for the Horse Show, and who will say how many faultlessly groomed "exhibits" there are to be in the feminine "class" returned from the summer outing to inaugurate the beginning of the winter social whirl by a week of preliminary skirmishing in the Horse Show? There is only one New York, and but one Horse Show in America where so many prize-winners may be gathered under one roof simultaneously. Socially speaking, the Horse Show is the first event on the season's calendar; from a horseman's point of view, it is an event that fills his sportsman's heart with joy. He sees many incongruous sights—scores of animals exhibited that should never have been given space, and dozens upon dozens entered in classes to which their only claim is one of pretension, but he also sees how the interest is growing every year, how the number and quality of entries have improved in the last one or two, and he hopes for better things, and accepts with thankfulness that which is.

Who that has followed the annual show since it first struggled for popular recognition in '83, can fail to remark upon the great strides we have made in our horsemanship? There were, to be sure, four hundred and forty entries in that first show, but they were not of the kind we shall see this week, nor, indeed, of the kind we saw last year, or even in '88. We are a progressive nation, and horsemen have kept abreast of the times. And the improvement has not been a fictitious one. We have gone abroad in the land, to be sure, for our stock, but we are not obliged to do so now, and possibly the day is not far off when those from whom we purchased originally will come to us in their turn for the improved product. Men like the late August Belmont, Messrs. A. J. Cassatt, W. S. Webb, Henry Fairfax, the Hamliis, S. S. Howland, and Prescott Lawrence, deserve the gratitude of American horsemen. It has been through the money and sportsmanship of these men that our horses have been bred up, and our appreciation for good stock aroused, to a proper degree of value. Of them all, Mr. Belmont's name stands pre-eminent. Few people outside of the horse-racing world have the slightest conception of the wonderful stable Mr. Belmont had in process of development. The prices brought at the sale of the stable after his death have been somewhat of a revelation of its value, but the great value of Mr. Belmont's work will never be fully appreciated until some one thoroughly conversant with the complete history of the Nursery Stud gives it publicity. Had the stable continued intact, it is safe to say it would have bankrupted every other competitor on the track. Mr. Belmont represented an era in American horse-breeding, and his memory should be commemorated by the National Horse Show Association, for his example and his work was one of their most powerful allies.

The Horse Show of this week marks another stage of our advancement in the great display of hackneys. This most useful of all breeds is comparative late comers in our land, but the merit of the animal has made its introduction rapid and thorough. The formation of an association devoted exclusively to the American development of the hackney has been the means, especially in the year just passed, of large importations preparatory to breeding up on this side. Furthermore, the Hackney Association has added twenty-

five hundred dollars to the regular prizes of the Horse Show Association for exhibits in that class, and the display this week is sure to be the finest ever made in this country. From the thoroughbred stallions to the ponies and cobs, the actual pick of the land is to be seen at the Madison Square Garden. For the first time, I believe, Mr. Cassatt will exhibit The Bard, a stallion with a marvellous history on the race-track, and one which, carrying top weight, defeated the then great Hanover. Mr. S. S. Howland's Arab prize-winner Leopard unfortunately will have no competitors, there being no other entries in his class.

The Hamliis' stock will be out in full numbers, and this year has several strong competitors. Mr. Prescott Lawrence's Fashion and Mr. Cassatt's Little Wonder—two animals so familiar, and dear to us too, we never think of passing without a nod of recognition—will occupy their old place in the hearts of the spectators, notwithstanding the great number of their kind that have been added in the past year. We shall not forget that these two have been the American pioneers. There are some rare entries in the class for stallions 15.2 hands or over, and in the coaching stallions Mr. Webb will show Javannais, a beautiful French animal. The display of animals in harness will be the finest of any previous year: singles, doubles, tandems, and fours will all be represented, and the competition for the prizes will be exceptionally close. As for the saddle-horse and hunter entries, the display will be superb. Indeed if we continue to improve as we have in the last year or two, our annual Horse Show will be the finest in the world. The number of entries in each class and the judges are as follows:

Thoroughbreds	3
Arabs	1
Trotters	51

Roadsters	11
Clydesdales	0
Normans	1
Hackneys	97
Coaching stallions	71
Horses in harness	71
Carriage-horses	41
Tandems	14
Four-in-hand teams	6
Cobs, two classes	60
Ponies, two classes	56
Saddle-horses	12
Galloways	26
Pony stallions and broodmares	205
Hunters and jumping classes	14
High jump	0
Police horses	20
Park police horses	269
Miscellaneous	

Messrs. J. G. K. Lawrence, J. H. Bradford, James Galway, Dr. A. Smith, judges of thoroughbred stallions and Arabs.

Messrs. David Bonner, W. B. Dickerman, Courtlandt D. Mass, A. C. Hall, judges of trotters and roadsters.

Messrs. George C. Clausen, E. F. Bowditch, Dr. A. Smith, judges of Clydesdales, Normans, and Shires.

Messrs. Thomas Mitchell, S. S. Howland, and Dr. McEachran, judges of hackneys.

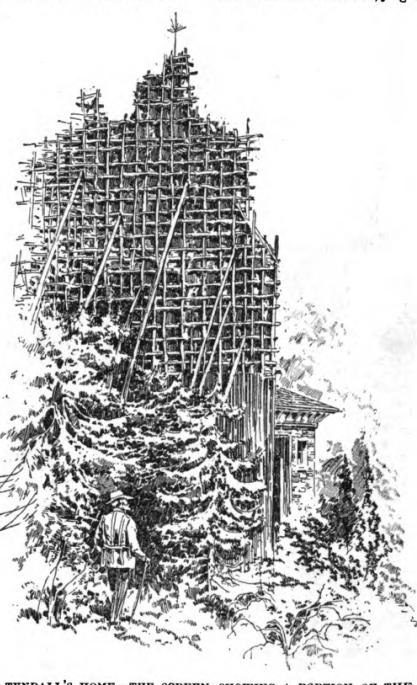
Messrs. Colonel William Jay, A. J. Cassatt, and Colonel S. D. Bruce, judges of coaching stallions.

Messrs. F. K. Sturges, J. R. Roosevelt, G. P. Wetmore, and Fred Bronson, judges of carriage-horses and cobs, and ponies in harness, tandems, four-in-hands, and high steps.

Messrs. H. L. Herbert, Prescott Lawrence, and Alex. B. Duncan, judges of cobs and ponies under saddle, and for breeding purposes.

Messrs. W. C. Gulliver, George C. Clausen, and J. G. K. Lawrence, judges of saddle and police horses.

Messrs. H. L. Herbert, J. D. Cheever, Dr. Green, and W. Austin Wadsworth, judges of hunters.



PROFESSOR TYNDALL'S HOME—THE SCREEN, SHOWING A PORTION OF THE STABLING.

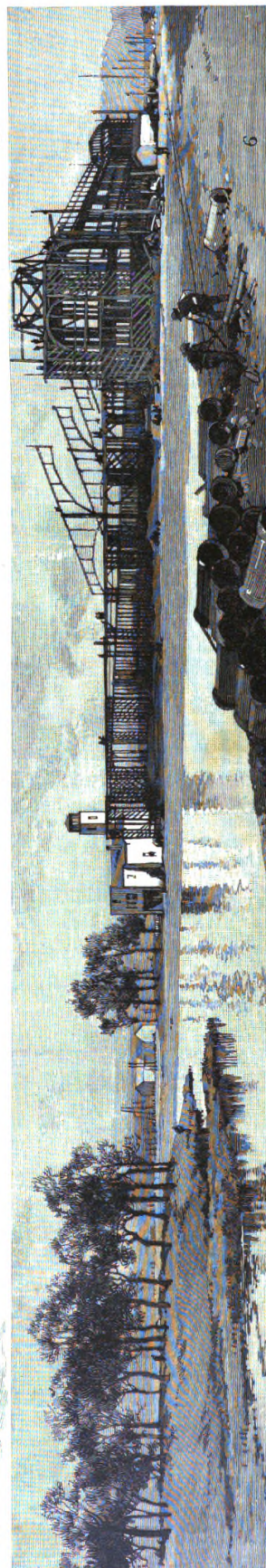
PROFESSOR TYNDALL—HIS SCREEN.

ONE of the privileges of genius is eccentricity; in fact, this blind world often mistakes eccentricity for genius, so often are they allied, but that is a rule that should only work one way. The genius does not pose; he simply doesn't care about conventionalities, and seeks to please his own sweet self without regard for what the world may say. Then public opinion, discarded as a master, shows a spirit of submission, and acknowledges the right of genius to do as it pleases. Once in a while, however, gossip is aroused by some particularly flagrant display which may seem rather selfish.

Professor Tyndall's "screen" is suffering this fate at the present time, and people are saying things not altogether complimentary—certain things that are sure to be left out of his biography. In a recent interview with Professor Tyndall the scientist is reported to have said, "I am by nature a savage"—the writer disclaiming responsibility for this "illiberal accusation." Professor Tyndall has his home at Hind Head, in the Surrey Hills of England. Not far away is the residence of the poet-laureate. Hind Head House, as it is called, is a fine structure, but from one point of view the house is hidden. The nearest neighbor of the scientist is deprived of the outlook, hence the talk. The occasion of this gossip is called the "screen"—a tall

light structure of pine poles, the interstices of the cross-work being filled in with heather. Professor Tyndall is very fond of musing in his garden, "booming science" to himself, as he calls it. Now his neighbor on the south has a stable which adjoins the garden of the scientist. This stable is also to be seen from the study windows. Country landscapes, as a rule, are not improved by a stable thrust prominently in the foreground. If any one wants to "boo" science by himself, it is quite possible that a stable detracts from the pleasure of "booming." Genius is endowed with superfine senses oftentimes, and Professor Tyndall's sense of smell may be abnormally developed—another argument against the close proximity of a stable.

At any rate, the "screen" was built, and stands to-day a prominent figure in the landscape, exciting comment and incidentally immortalizing the stable possessed by the neighbor. Some people may think it is eccentric—perhaps it is—but Professor Tyndall has gained his point, and can "boo" in peace. The "screen" secures him from observation, and it is also used in the interests of science, and perhaps scientific observations may be more useful than a study of the rural landscape. But the stable, nevertheless, did it all in the first place.



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO—THE PRESENT STATE OF THE GROUNDS AND BUILDINGS.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 926.]
 1. Building the Battle Ship. 2. On the Lagoon looking North. 3. Entrance to Mines and Mining Building. 4. Modelling one of the Groups for Electrical Building. 5. Entrance to Transportation Building. 6. View showing Lagoon, Island, and Mines and Mining Building in course of Construction.

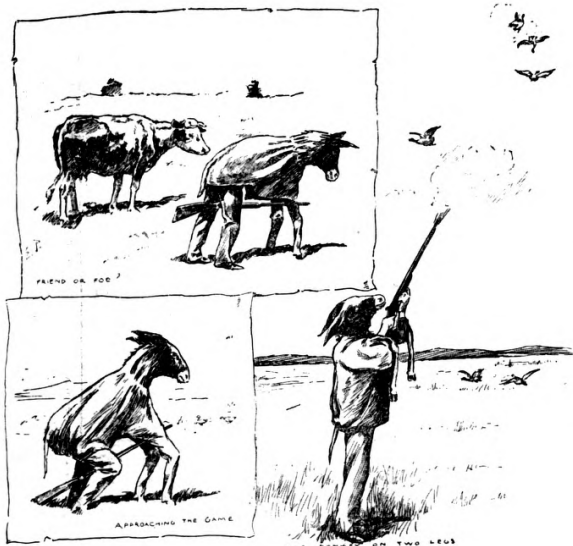
genuine artistic work. Their great rôles are in *Aida*, *Orfeo*, *Lohengrin*, *Scarlatti*, *Huguenots*, and *Il Trovatore*. They have a brother residing in Cincinnati, a well-known physician and Italian consul there.

M. Jean de Reszke, who comes of a noble Polish family, was born at Warsaw, January 14, 1852. He was taught singing by his mother, a distinguished amateur, and at the age of twelve he sang solos in the cathedral there. Later he was given instruction by Claffei, Cotonelli, and Strigalia. Under the name of De Reszke, and classed as a barytone, he made his debut at Venice as Alfonso (*Pavane*), in January, 1874, most successfully. Then, under his own name, he appeared at the Italiens as Fra Meleone (*Forza del Destino*), October 31, 1876. As a tenor he first appeared as Robert, at Madrid in 1879, carrying his audience by storm. His repertoire includes *Lohengrin*, *Aida*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Orpheus*, *Faust*, *The Prophet*, *Der Meistersinger*, *L'Africain*, etc., etc. In Paris, after his debut there in *Le Prophète*, Duprez, one of the greatest tenors the operatic world ever heard, deeply moved by his splendid interpretation of the rôle, exclaimed, "Si ce garçon avait chanté de mon temps, je n'aurais pas existé. Je vais l'embrasser."

Quite recently I had the pleasure of an extended interview with M. de Reszke. He expressed himself charmed at what he had seen of New York, and particularly delighted with the election excitement, which was in full blast during his short stay here. He also declared our light operas were better sung, acted, and staged than in Paris, and marvelled at our theatres. M. de Reszke has been almost universally accepted as the best stage tenor since Mario.

M. Edouard de Reszke, his younger brother, born December 23, 1855, was taught singing by his brother Jean, Claffei, Steller, and Coletti, and made his debut April 22, 1876, as the king in *Aida* on its production at the Italiens, Paris. He has, in all, a repertoire of sixty-six parts, including Marchetti's *Don Giovanni d'Austria*, Ponchielli's *Figliuol Prodigo*, Indra in *Roi de Lahore*, St. Bris, the Count in *Somnambula*, Walter in *Tell*, *Le Cid*, *Putri*, etc., etc. In appearance M. de Reszke bears, it is said, a striking resemblance to the Czar of Russia. Both these gentlemen belong in the very first walks of life, and apart from being great artists are men of breeding, refinement, and education—men of the world in the fullest sense. Both are great patrons of the turf, maintaining an extensive breeding establishment in their native country. They are enormous social favorites wherever they sing, particularly in London; in fact, they are overwhelmed with attentions and are social lions everywhere. Their great popularity is not confined alone to their auditors, but is equally great with their fellow-artists behind the scenes, even to the humblest supe. M. Edouard is married, but M. Jean is still single.

Messrs. Abbey & Grau have certainly gathered together a remarkable company of vocal stars. True to all they undertake, they endeavor honestly to have the best people to carry out their intentions. Now if this gathering proves manageable both artistically and commercially, Italian opera, as it is popularly misnamed, will take a new lease of life with the American public. Let us also hope the financial result will not be of the same nature as when Mr. Abbey opened the Metropolitan Opera-house.



HUNTING WILD-FOWL IN SCOTLAND—THE DUCKS AND THE DONKEY.

HUNTING INCOG.

ONE of the world's earliest short-story tellers was wont to beguile the gilded youth of Athens with a narrative that possessed a moral. The story in question was called "The Ass in the Lion's Skin," and pointed out the futility of disguises, for the animal was not a "roaring success" in his new rôle. But that was long, long ago, when birthdays were reckoned by Olympiads. To-day is different. "Adonis" Dixey danced himself to fame and fortune in the hind legs of a heifer; the young men who composed the articular interior of the elephant of Wang, Prince Regent, gained well merited applause; and the Niblung dragon has to yield to public opinion, and respond politely to vociferous encores. Mr. Assop would have to revise his little tale to-day to make it impressive. In London, where music halls flourish, a certain Mr. Griffiths made himself quite a lion by adopting the furry exterior of a donkey.

His fame has not been confined to the music hall where he sports himself, but the disguise has heretofore been limited to the stage. A certain sportsman, however, conceived an idea that actually dazzles with brilliancy, and is on a par with trout-fishing with nets. This sportsman has donned the robe of a donkey, and utilized the idea in duck shooting. The illustrations given are from photographs. There is a hole cut in the face to see through, and other holes in the legs for the gentleman to use his arms, and thus equipped, he has gone forth to slaughter. An interesting point in natural history is raised by the actions of the cow, proving it to be either a wonderfully intelligent or an extraordinarily suspicious creature. The wily duck, however, proves itself a bird of less discrimination, or else has a fund of confidence that it denies to man in *propria persona*.

SCENES ON A CATTLE-SHIP.

BY GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH.

THE improved cattle-ship is a peculiar institution devised chiefly for the purpose of carrying dumb passengers across the stormy Atlantic to supply the beef-eating British public with the juicy meat of the Western States. Recent legislation on both sides of the water has made the voyage for the cattle comparatively comfortable, and humanitarians need no longer express feelings of sympathy when the live-stock are marched into their small but carefully prepared pens. The former cruelties on board of the immense cattle-ship resulted in loss both to the steamship companies and to the owners of cattle. Shipping sickly animals

created a prejudice on the other side against our beef, and the demand rapidly declined; ill treatment on the voyage frequently made the steers look so poorly that no one cared to purchase them, if they were not already condemned by the health authorities.

The law now requires that animals shall be inspected before they are shipped, and only the healthy ones can be sent across the sea. In the summer-time they are placed on upper and lower decks, but during the winter months the steamship companies are forbidden to carry them on the cold, bleak upper decks. Considering the amount of rolling which the vessel may indulge in before she reaches the other side, the question of penning the animals so as not to get hurt is very important. Instead of being in sep-

arate stalls, five or six are placed in one pen, and tied so as not to be able to gore each other, or to lie upon one another. The space allowed by law for each steer is two feet eight inches wide on the lower deck, and two feet six inches on the upper deck, and eight feet in length. From experience this has been found the best way to pen the animals, and unless the ship encounters a storm, the steers reach the other side often without a bruise or scratch.

The question of feeding on shipboard is also important to the shipper, for the animals have been found to lose a great number of pounds during their trip simply from lack of food and care. About two hundred and twenty-five pounds of hay and ninety pounds of corn meal are now allowed to each animal. Steers fed such a ration generally arrive on the other side in excellent condition, where they bring the highest market prices, and serve to enhance the standard of American cattle in the eyes of the Britisher. As the English law requires that they shall be killed within ten days after arrival, they are generally led to the slaughter-house while in their fat condition. Every hundred head of cattle require four men to care for them during the voyage, and these cattle-men generally receive \$25 for the round trip, including board and a free pass to Europe. But a trip to Europe is not of much importance to them. Some have already made the trip more times than any of our veteran travellers, one claiming to have crossed the Atlantic five hundred times.

During the heavy storms on the sea the cattle-men have their hands full, for the wild steers rebel against their narrow quarters, while the heavy rolling of the vessel threatens to break the pens to pieces. The steers are hurled about from one side to another, often breaking the partitions down, and they utter such shrieks as make the scene horrible. When one succeeds in breaking loose, he rushes through the narrow alleyways, bellowing and rolling about with every toss of the steamer, and making such a general disturbance that none but the expert hands dare approach him. At such times they are worse than when running wild upon the Western prairies. Fear and terror make them blind and heedless, and it is dangerous to approach a wild steer on shipboard without being perfectly prepared to lasso him. After escaping from the pen, they either plunge into the sea or struggle upon the deck, where they create a panic among the sailors and deck hands. A lively chase for the beast is often prolonged, for the howling of the storm and the rolling of the steamer contribute toward making it difficult. Generally the sailors are glad to see the animal plunge blindly into the sea, where the rolling waters soon drown the bellowings.

Several wrecks of cattle-ships have been reported, and one or two have caught fire while on the high seas, causing a panic among the cattle and men that cannot be too vividly pictured. The cattle were let loose as soon as possible, but they made it unsafe to launch the life-boats. They swam around until exhausted, or until overcome by the sea. The partial wreck of a large cattle-ship off Newfoundland in the middle of winter a few years ago resulted in the death of several hundred of the animals. The direct cause was that the animals were packed so closely upon the upper deck that the steamer became top heavy, and when a high sea and a heavy storm arose, she could not weather it. This danger is now averted by legislation, which prohibits close packing upon the upper deck, and compels the steamer company to distribute the cargo evenly over the vessel. Grain, provisions, apples, and general merchandise make up the rest of the cargo, but one steamer will carry from three hundred to a thousand head of cattle.

Owing to the improvements of the shipments, the transatlantic trade in cattle has increased enormously, and during the summer season between three and five thousand cattle are shipped weekly from New York, while Boston and other ports make up a similar amount. Frequently ten and fifteen thousand cattle are shipped from New York in one week, and occasionally the number goes far above these figures. Most of the cattle come from Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Kentucky, and Colorado. They are shipped East in cars which to-day are as much superior to the old-fashioned cattle-car as our modern ocean greyhounds are better than the ocean steamers of half a century ago. Many of the American live-stock cars are veritable Pullman palace cars for the cattle, and arrangements are made for feeding and watering during the railroad trip to the East. The cattle kings of the West begin to understand the importance of using every method to land their stock in New York in excellent condition, and it is due to this that the improvements have been made in the car service. Breed is not counted much by purchasers for European beef, but the short-horn blood and crosses with this breed are more common than others. They must be heavy animals, with large frames and heavy carcasses, the majority weighing between thirteen and fifteen hundred pounds.

When the animals reach their Eastern destination, they are conducted to the cattle-ship, where no more violence is used than if the farmer were driving them to pasture. The upper deck is usually loaded at low tide, when the gang-plank is almost at a level; then, as the tide rises, the middle or "between decks" is loaded; and, finally, the low-

er deck when there is a full tide. The animals are installed in their respective places, and they become quite accustomed to the pens before the ship gets into rough water. The majority of them have a quiet voyage, but in the winter months storms and rough seas often make the trip unpleasant and disagreeable for them.

THE DESIGN FOR THE NEW SILVER COINS.

BY JNO. GILMORE SPEED.

THE mountain has labored and brought forth a mouse. There was much ado last spring as to selecting a design for the new silver coins to be made by the mints of the United States. The Director of the Mint, Mr. Leach, took a great deal of advice from artists, and invited suggestions as to the de-



sign to be adopted, and then chose to have new coins modelled in the department by the engraver of the Mint. The result is now before us, and is another illustration of the truth, which Buckle carefully formulates, that as a rule the good legislative enactments are only those which repeal standing laws made by previous legislatures, and that nearly all new laws are bad. The law of Congress in regard to the new coins contained clauses which did not give a very wide dis-



cretion to the Director of the Mint in the selection of a designer for the new coins, and it also restricted the artist in any work he chose to attempt. The law said, "There shall be upon one side an impression emblematic of Liberty, with an inscription of the word 'Liberty' and the year of coinage, and upon the reverse the figure of an eagle, with the inscriptions 'United States of America' and 'E Pluribus Unum,' and a designation of the value of the coin." The Director of the Mint was further empowered to give \$500 for each accepted model.

He invited a number of sculptors and artists to submit designs, but last spring many of the best men joined in a communication declining to participate in a competition in which even those who were successful would be but poorly paid for the work done. But this was not the only reason which influenced them in declining. If an American artist had felt that he was doing something to prevent his government from making an artistic blunder he would have been willing to waive the question of compensation; but the other conditions were too hard. The time given in which to make the designs was only six weeks, and this was considered too short a period during which first-class work could be done. And, again, these artists were not asked to make designs for the whole coin, but for only one side. Knowing that the department would probably employ some incompetent artisan to make the other side, artists of standing were indisposed to have their work thus spoiled by part of the coin being good, and the rest atrociously bad. The design adopted shows that this is precisely what would have happened, and the artists who foresaw such a probability were wise in their judgment. A painter making a design would have needed to ask the assistance of a sculptor or other designer as to the modelling, and it will readily be seen how very inadequate was the compensation proposed. But this was not, as has been said, the cause which impelled all of them to decline to compete, though, to be sure, some of them could have but poorly afforded to do work for nothing, even when that work was for the United States government. However, many designs were sent in, and all of them were rejected as unsuitable, though it is scarcely possible that there was not among them one or more much better than that which has been adopted, and the pictures of which are printed herewith. This is the work of Mr. Barber, who has held a position in the Mint for some seventeen years, and who is responsible for some of the other coins now in circulation.

There can be no doubt whatever that the mechanical conditions under which coinage

is carried on by modern nations are somewhat adverse to the sculptor's art. That the loss in metal by abrasion shall be reduced to a minimum, the relief must be very low, and not much more than a mere film. This was not required in ancient coins, many of which were in high relief, and admitted of many artistic effects not possible to-day. Indeed, the difficulties in the way of making a good modern coin are so great that Mr. Augustus St. Gaudens did not hesitate to say that in his opinion there were only three or four men in America capable of designing a really admirable coin. "But," said he, looking at a photograph of the new design made by Mr. Barber, "there are a hundred men who could have done very much better than this. This is inept; this looks like it had been designed by a young lady of sixteen, a miss who had taken only a few lessons in modelling. It is beneath criticism, beneath contempt. I told Mr. Leech," he said, continuing, "that if he invited several Frenchmen, whose names I would furnish, to give designs, he would be able to turn out a really 'swell' coin. But it appears that this was not possible under the law. But under the law he could certainly have obtained something better than this." He then offered to give him the names of several Americans, either of whom if given a commission could have made a good design; but this suggestion of mine was not acted upon. I am opposed to going to shops for artistic designs, but he could have done infinitely better by going to either of the great silversmith establishments for his designs. There are hundreds of artists in this country, any of whom, with the aid of a designer, could have made a very respectable coin, which this is not. Indeed, I cannot see that it is any improvement in any regard upon the old coins."

Mr. Kenyon Cox, when shown the photographs of the new design, sniffed the air as though it were foul, and said, impatiently, "Every time the government has anything to do in art matters it shows its utter incapacity to deal with such things." When he was asked to express an opinion of the design, he looked at it a moment and said, "It is beneath criticism," and then added, "I think it disgraces that this great country should have such a coin as this." Mr. Cox was disinclined to say more, for he evidently felt very strongly on the subject, and was too full of disgust at the artistic inferiority of the new design to express himself freely and still preserve his amiable politeness.

Mr. J. S. Hartley, the sculptor, who, when I called at his studio, had just put the finishing touches on his design for the heroic statue of Ericsson to be placed in the Central Park, examined the photographs carefully. Of the reverse side of the coin, which shows a heraldic eagle carrying a shield on its breast, and in its claws an olive branch and a bunch of arrows, Mr. Hartley did not think very badly, though he found nothing particular in it to praise. Of the obverse side, however, with a head of Liberty wearing a Phrygian cap and a laurel wreath, he said that it was evidently the work of an amateur who had mastered very few of the rudiments of modelling. The head he thought uninteresting, and the face even worse, as it suggested that of a disreputable woman just recovering from a prolonged delirium.

Such were the opinions of three distinguished American artists. The photographs were then shown to a dealer in coins, who is a learned numismatist, but whose relations with the Mint in his business made it inexpedient for him to criticise the work of that department in his own name. He said that, compared with really good modern coins, there was little if anything to commend in this, but he thought that after the coins had been seen, and we got accustomed to them, we would probably like them better. He confessed that he rather liked the obverse of the coin, and, as an American, he was glad that Congress had stipulated that the eagle should be preserved on the new coins. The head of Liberty he thought was very poor and unsatisfactory, and much inferior to many of the designs which in time past the government had declined to use. And he saw no reason or propriety in placing the words "In God we trust" on the coin.

Several designers were also visited, and to them were shown the photographs shown. Without exception they pronounced the work to be devoid of merit, and no improvement whatever on the old coins. Such seems to be the universal opinion of the new design of those qualified to judge in such matters. But it has been adopted, and on the 1st of next January the mints will begin stamping the coins with the design of Mr. Barber's design. And so it will continue until Congress does a good act by repealing a bad law, and enable the government officials to secure the services of men competent to make designs more worthy of the country.

A PRIVATE OF INFANTRY.

BY GEO. I. PUTNAM.

WE of the infantry who served in Texas during the seventies never liked to camp at that spring in the cañon over to the west of Dry Lake. The water was good and the camp sheltered, which was more than could be said for Camp Charlotte. Our Camp Lancaster we didn't mind; but Lancaster was abandoned just then, and when we took the trail between Charlotte and Fort Stockton, we had to stop at that spring or make a dry

camp, which was the height of discomfort. The cavalry professed not to mind it; we were willing they should have it. We in the light foot thought it was unlucky. I don't know what the officers thought, though I have seen them look—that way, you know—sometimes when speaking of the place. But the rank and file—the fellows who carried the Springfield and wore the cartridge-belts—shivered at it; all but Armstrong; he laughed. No amount of example had any effect on him. He said it was all superstition. I don't know about that. He had been a college man in the East before he changed his name and enlisted; and some of us didn't know enough to sign our names to the pay-rolls. But we knew, without having been to college, that every infantry command that camped there was sure to strike hard luck somewhere on the march. If it wasn't drowning in the Pecos, it was sunbust on the plains; and if it wasn't an ambush, it was only because the flankers stumbled on it, and were shot in time to save the main body. There was bad luck in the water, and we'd rather have an empty canteen in July than a gallon of it.

So when we marched out of Fort Stockton towards the east one December morning, and the skirmishers spread out to the front and sides like a big fan, of which the main column was the stick, we looked at one another sufficiently to show what was in our minds. Armstrong saw the look, and laughed—that hard reckless laugh of his—and he said he would drink his weight of the water to the success of our trip, whatever its aim might be.

Every man in the company liked Armstrong, and felt like cautioning him, for he was an obliging, kindly chap. But he would fling it off with a laugh, and the next minute volunteer to act as flanker over a particularly bad-looking piece of ground. Then off he'd go on a trot, with his rifle handy at the trail; and we felt safe on that side, for he was cool and quick to act on occasion. He had good judgment, except about that spring. Our experience ought to have counted for more than his book-learning.

We made a thorough scout over the military road. The old Butterfield stages ran by it, and there had been some lively skirmishes with Indians. We cleared the trail for the time, and finally crossed the Pecos River. The next day's march brought us to the spring, and there we cooked our suppers Christmas evening.

There were two troops of cavalry guarding the spring, and we fraternized at once. And the paymaster was there, just arrived from San Antonio. He paid us off along with the cavalry, and each man had two months' pay clinking in his pocket. We felt rich. We would have liked to buy Christmas presents. We would have been glad had we any one to buy presents for. But we were surrounded for a hundred miles by coyotes and Comanches; neither being lovable. So we could only feel the Christmas in our hearts, and smoke our pipes, and think—some of us—of other Christmas pastimes passed in warm homes, not in a bitter north wind; when there was singing, girls' and men's voices in chorus, and not the howling of coyotes; when we heard the pleasant snap of wood burning in an open grate, and not the cold clink of rifle-barrels and picket pins, when little children laughed, and believed any monstrous fairy story they might be told; when there was nothing of this—stern and resolute, girded for battle at a moment's call—but all was relaxed and safe in the happy, peaceful season.

We became almost sentimental over it. I remember Gutter, the little white-haired German recruit, told about finding gifts in his wooden shoes, and cried as he told it. And Hakerson, who could roll out a string of oaths from reveille to taps, started to tell about a Christmas dream he had, and choked off right in the middle of it. For the rest, we stood about sucking our pipes, and the long breaths to show our sympathy, and that we might tell of the past, only it was so very far in the past, and we had gone such a long way from it, that we couldn't put it in words. So we breathed hard, and said nothing. And then Armstrong began.

We had never seen him so irrational, so rattle-headed. I think his gaiety was forced, unnatural. He seemed determined to stop our moaning by his nonsense. He jumped up and declaimed:

"When I was a little boy not quite so big as this,
When Christmas came around I always got a candy
kiss—
A candy kiss,
As big as this,
A present from the good old Kries."

And then, while we threw off our mood, he repeated a long string of verses. He must have made them up as he went along. Some were about Christmas, some were not. I can't remember them. They were all nonsensical, and made us laugh. A lot of the cavalry came straggling over to share in our fun. It wasn't very refined. We were risking our lives at \$13 a piece per month, and had little use for refinement. We were rough and hearty. Finally, Armstrong said he would give us a sample of blank-verse, and explained that it was not the same as blank-verse. He recited:

"We paste a blank over our past life,
The future a blank must be,
And we don't give a blank for the present,
Or jolly blanked fools we'd be."

That is as near profanity as we ever knew

him to get. While we all laughed, a light was struck in the darkness on the bluff, and as it shone steadily, we knew it came from a tent. Armstrong asked what it was. One of the cavalrymen said a couple of gamblers from San Antonio had followed the paymaster close enough to get the benefit of his escort, and were running a game.

Armstrong at once declared he was going up to play. He craved excitement. I believe he was only too glad of anything that would make him forget it was Christmas eve. He never had told us much about his past. He seemed to want to forget it; sometimes when he laughed loudest his face was sorrowful. He disliked to hear us tell about by-gone days; his turn might come. And once, when he forgot I was there, he threw open his arms and fairly hissed, "O God!" as though he had more anguish than he could bear. His face was white and drawn. I got away quietly, and never mentioned it to a soul.

So Armstrong went up to gamble, and some went with him. Every man had money in his pocket that he longed to spend, and there was nothing to buy. The gamblers had every chance to make a sweep, and carry back all the money the paymaster had disbursed. And they played their cards with that end in view. Of course they put up a "skin" game; we didn't expect anything else. But that money burned so hot in our pockets that we really didn't care. And we felt a certain strength in our comradeship that might have deterred them from openly cheating, but it didn't. They intended to lose no time in the plucking.

Everything was done very quickly, and if I had not been speedily stripped and reduced to the passive condition of a looker-on, I should not have seen how the thing happened. But Armstrong had been playing as though neither loss nor gain was anything to him—recklessly as a man might throw good money after bad—and luck had followed him. He had a big pile of chips, but still he played, and joked and laughed as he did so. Several of the boys winked at him to stop, but he would pay no heed. It wasn't money he was after.

There were some women with the gamblers, and one of them had been hanging around Armstrong from the moment he commenced winning; and as he leaned forward to place his bet, she slipped her hand to his stack, and took away some of the chips. Armstrong drew back suddenly and saw it. Instantly he caught her wrist. She screamed, and the gambler whipped out a pistol, and in a moment had shot Armstrong dead.

There was a moment's stillness, and then a tremendous uproar. But we were unarmed,

and with their revolvers, the gamblers held us at a disadvantage. The officers came up, and discipline prevailed. We carried Armstrong's body to the camp, and made no demonstration.

In a day or two the gamblers and women were sent to San Antonio under guard. But that or the subsequent Indian fight, in which, strangely, all but the guard were killed, has nothing to do with this story.

When the surgeon examined Armstrong's body during the night, he took from it a little gold cross, and handed it to the captain. It was engraved, "H. A. I. from M. C. Christmas, 1875."

"From his sweetheart," said the captain, turning it over. "Those are his initials, 'H. A. I.' His name was—" And I didn't catch it. It was an odd name. "He was of a good family back in old New York. But the black sheep—the black sheep."

"Married?" asked the surgeon.

"No," said the captain, very sober. "That's just it."

The next day—Christmas day—was the funeral. The wind had settled into a searching Norther, blowing fine needles of ice in our faces. A shallow grave was scooped, and in it we laid the body. Our captain read the prayer, and a volley was fired. The bugler blew taps, and all was over. A soldier's burial. Armstrong may rest till the last assembly sounds, and nations form for roll-call.

We piled a great many rocks on the grave to keep the coyotes away, and at the head we placed a large rock, on which a cavalryman at great pains had scratched with a hammer and a picket pin this inscription:

H. ARMSTRONG,
Pvt. Inf. U. S. A.



C'mas, '77.

The slabs of limestone lying all about that desolate spot look much like broken tombstones; yet among them Armstrong sleeps alone and undisturbed. Not even a Comanche rides over his grave.

From the chances he took, he might have died a hundred times before he did. Yet if he had not so recklessly dared fate in the shape of that unlucky spring, he might be with us this year, comfortably eating a Christmas dinner in the warm company mess.

And, after all, his laughter and scoffing may only have been assumed. Perhaps he had the same idea about the spring that we had.



AUGUSTIN DALY'S NEW THEATRE IN LONDON, FACING CRANBOURNE STREET, WEST.

MR. DALY'S LONDON THEATRE.

As has already been announced by cable, a new theatre in London, to be built by Mr. Augustin Daly, is an assured thing. The foundation-stone was laid on October 30th, and the building will be finished by the autumn of '92. The theatre will be situated on Cranbourne Street, a few feet out of Leicester Square, and in the main thoroughfare from Piccadilly to Covent Garden. These are the plain sober facts regarding the new venture, and the first interesting chapter of its history was written when the foundation-stone was dedicated. A notable company was present on that occasion, and Miss Ada Rehan took the leading rôle. Mr. George Edwardes, who has charge of the building, began by expressing the hope that the mortal Miss Rehan spread between the two stones might signify the cementing together of the British and American stages. Then Miss Rehan laid the stone, and taking the hand of Mrs. Bancroft, recited a thirty-two-line poem written for the occasion by Clem-

ent Scott. There was no general title, but the first verse ran as follows:

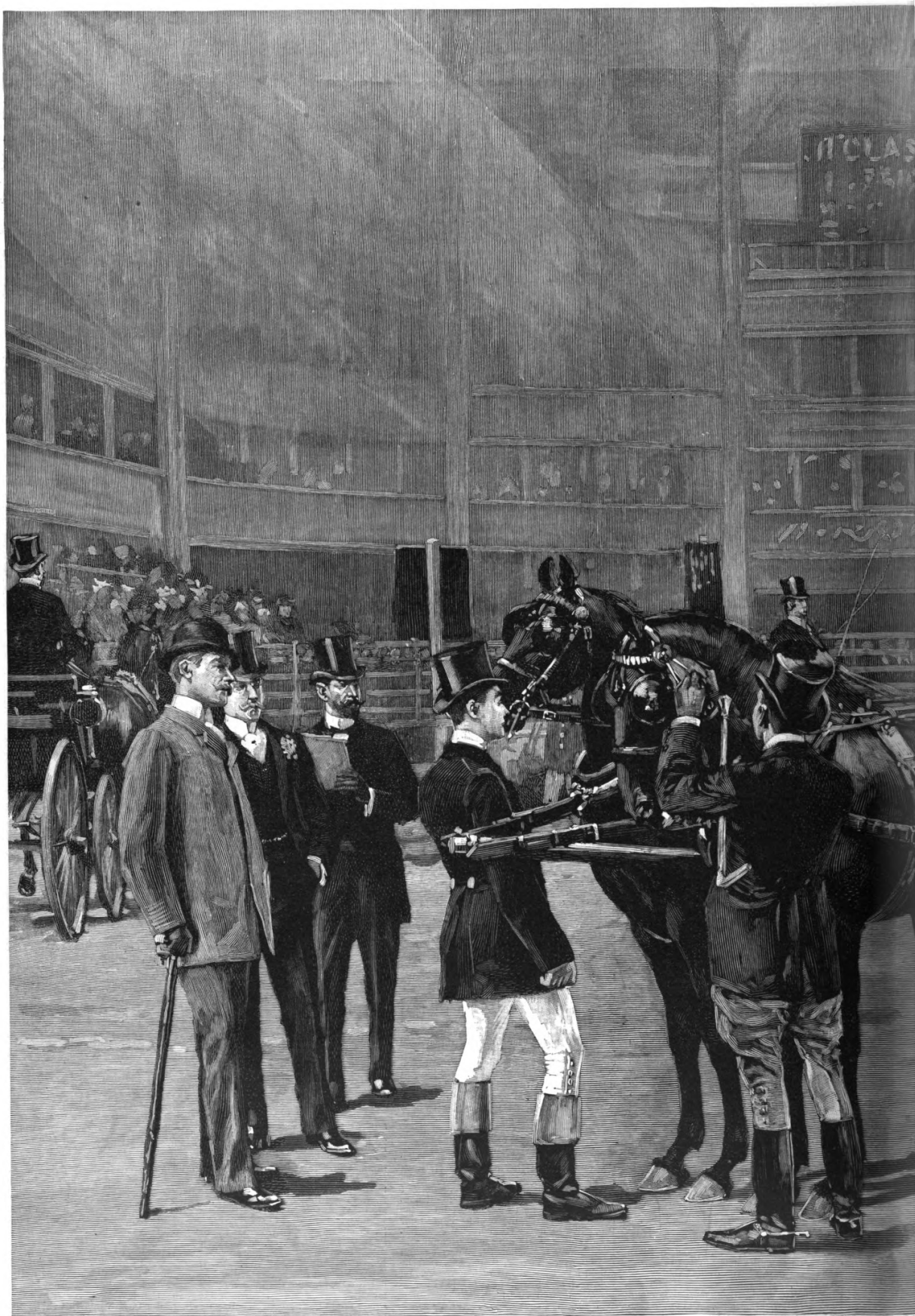
"Brothers and sisters from over the sea,
Send us your blessing before we depart!
Here in this Empire of Cities are we
Building for Time a cathedral of Art;
Art of no country! and Art of no home!
Wanderer free o'er the face of the world!
Warrior Art, when unwilling to roam,
Here is your tent, with your banner unfurled."

The remaining three verses were in the same strain, setting a few mooted questions regarding the stage, and the last two lines affirmed,

"Not for Renown, but for Beauty we pray;
Purist in Art—is the Dearest to God."

The sentiments were well received, and then Mrs. Bancroft came forward to "name" the new theatre. There was but one name for it, Mrs. Bancroft said, and that was apparent, so the name of "Daly's" was duly bestowed. A bottle of champagne was broken over the stone as an appropriate libation, and this office also fell to Mrs. Bancroft.

Original from
PENN STATE



AWARDING A PRIZE AT THE HORSE SHOW, MADISON SQU



ARE GARDEN, NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 915.]



"A YANKEE NOTION."

THE gentleman of mythology who sowed the dragon's teeth from which sprang hordes of armed men is not in the race with the more modern gentleman who first sowed the seeds of "drop a nickel in the slot" machines. The variations that have been played on this instrument have been multitudinous, and the era of mechanical servants seems to have been fairly begun. As yet the machines have been more or less conveniences, but they are conveniences that in this age are shortly become necessities. The latest variation of this scheme is a "lay a parcel on the shelf and have it delivered" apparatus. It is an illustration of mechanical simplicity, and may become a necessity, especially to "shoppers." It is nothing but a parcel express run on mechanical principles. About the city, through the shopping and business districts, these machines are to be distributed, and judging from certain local express statistics they seem to supply a hitherto void.

As shown in the illustration, this new invention is simply an oblong box of polished steel set on end and rounded at the top. In front is a small platform bearing the words, "Step on this," and when the order is obeyed, the top slides open, and a steel shelf comes up, and completely hides the contents of the box below. On this shelf the package

is laid, and a stamp costing fifteen cents being affixed, the sender of the package retires from the platform, and the box closes.

If there is an address on the parcel, the sender may count upon its collection within an hour, and ultimate delivery. With each stamp purchased a coupon is attached, which is regarded as a receipt. A number of wagons make hourly collections, and a dial on the front of the machine indicates when the parcel will be started on its way. Another stock idea of the humorist is thus done away with, for the poor heepled husband can no longer be pictured as lugging an armful of miscellaneous bundles. He can pay fifteen cents at the Battery, and have the cargo delivered at his residence on the banks of the picturesque Harlem. Within the breast of man exists an anti-bundle sentiment that will be fostered by this new machine. The indulgent father at Christmas-time will economize to the extent of fifteen cents per gift, and firmly decline to exhibit himself as a peripatetic Santa Claus in any public vehicle. By mechanical aid man will rise from the life of petty annoyances, and establish himself as a creature of luxury by the expenditure of a few paltry cents. It may make life more expensive; but what is the use of money without comfort? It is only the inventor who becomes rich.

THE LESSON OF THE STRIKE.

BY FLEAVEL SCOTT MINES.

OVER one hundred men were crowded into the little assembly rooms at Mawhaka. The air was redolent with the fumes of bad tobacco that came from numerous pipes, and the hot close room was filled with the smoke. At one end was a platform, upon which stood a dozen chairs and a table, and a score of hard benches scattered about completed the furniture of the room, unless the tiny broken stove in one corner be included. The company assembled there was one of men—sturdy fellows, who puffed doggedly at their black pipes, as though they held some grievance against them. The pipes were certainly not worthy of any particular praise, but to their owners they were all that could be desired as comforters, acting as outlets for their righteous indignation—righteous, that is, according to the ideas of the smokers. The men of the great iron-mill at Mawhaka were dissatisfied. Trouble had been brewing for some time between John Parsons, the young mill-owner, and the operatives, and the friction increased daily. The original cause of the trouble had been forgotten, but trivial things occurring from time to time had served to keep the men inflamed, and they threatened to burst into open rebellion. They considered that they had been ill treated. They had their rights, and they wished them to be recognized, and to this end they had gathered in the hall. Matters would have been brought to a focus before, but the men were not properly organized, or rather they had no leader among themselves. On this night district managers from neighboring towns were to address the men, and bring them to some sort of order; they were ripe for revolt.

About the room were gathered little knots of interested workers, heavy-browed and glum, discussing with heat and the strength of their convictions the right to rebel, and strike a blow at monopoly, plutocracy, aristocracy—anything, in fact, which ran in lines apart from their own lives. The American working-man with his grievance is a formidable thing—a mild hydra-headed dragon, which hurts itself more in the long-run than the interests against which it fights. Liberty is too sharp a sword to be left wholly in the keeping of men who are as children. One by one the knots dissolved themselves,

and the men radiated in all directions. Half a dozen men ascended the platform and took seats, while the others stretched out on the benches. The hum of voices subsided as the foreman of the mill arose and walked forward, and when there was a momentary lull, he rapped fiercely on the table with a stick.

"The meeting will please come to order." Parliamentary rule, like death, is devoid of respect, and consequently all classes are ruled by it. As the foreman spoke the noise subsided, and the silence was broken only by the shuffle of heavy feet.

"A chairman must be appointed for this meeting," said the foreman.

"O! move that Mr. Peters be elected chairman," said a red-faced Irishman on the platform.

"I second it!" "Aye!" "Aye!" came from all parts of the room.

Mr. Peters, the foreman, colored and bowed. "Before I take the chair," he said, "I wish to say a few words. You know I'm with yer every time [cheers and applause], but I've been requested by the boss [a low hiss] to say a few words to you for him. 'Peters,' he says, says he, 'I hear there's goin' to be a meetin' to-night. Now,' he says, 'I want the men to come to an understandin'—I don't want no more of this foolishness—this growlin' that's been goin' on for some months past. Tell 'em to make up their minds one way or 'nother, ter quit growlin' an' go to work, or else they can quit work. There's no half-way business. I'm dead tired of it,' says he, 'an' I want you to tell 'em so.' Now I've told you, and it rests with you. You know how I feel, I'll feller ther crowd. Gentlemen, I'll introduce to you Mr. Murphy, foreman of our district assembly, who won the lock-out in Covertown a few weeks ago."

The chairman sat down, and the Irishman who had before spoken rose to his feet, and came forward rubbing his face with a red handkerchief. The cheers that greeted him told the feelings of the men, for Mr. Murphy was well known as a general "kicker" against any sort of authority.

At the moment of Mr. Murphy's introduction John Parsons and two intimate friends

were laughing and smoking over their post-prandial coffee. Parsons was a young man of about thirty years of age, with a strongly marked, clean-shaven face and a thin, firm mouth. Of independent manner and overbearing to his subordinates, he was much disliked by a number of people; but those who were counted as his intimate friends loved him and believed in him, and beyond them the young man did not care what people thought of him. At his father's death he had come into possession of the mill, and for three years had managed it successfully. A bachelor at the time, he was shortly to be married to a girl of his native town. Fond hopes of moneyed alliances were blighted when this highly eligible party announced his engagement, and many a mother wondered what he saw in Rose Anderson. She had no money, it was true; but John Parsons was not mercenary, and the long line of ancestry on the girl's part would have been far more attractive to him than wealth untold. It was simply a love-match, and all indications pointed to a happy marriage. Parsons traced his lineage back to the days of feudalism, and he glowed in it. He was a curious combination of aristocracy and democracy, and the sentiment of "family" predominated. Strange ideas for a nineteenth-century American to hold, but they were a part of his life.

"I hear that you have had some trouble at the mill," remarked Wakeman, one of his companions, whose prosperous mill did not compare in size with that of his friend.

"Any truth in it?"

Parsons frowned. "Yes," he said, shortly; "but it cannot last. It has to stop, or the mill is closed."

"Can you afford to do so?" asked Tom Foster, a young lawyer, who made up the trio.

"I will afford it," was the answer.

"Have you heard from any of the labor men on the subject?" volunteered Wakeman.

The young owner's fist came down on the table with a crash. "No, sir; I do my business with my employes through no third person. That chuckle-headed Irishman Murphy is to address a meeting that is to be held to-night, and I have sent the men an ultimatum—to shut up or stop work. I will not be dictated to by any third party; it's an outrage that mill-owners stand it."

"But have the men no rights?" questioned Wakeman, who was notoriously weak in his management.

"I do not discuss their rights," rejoined Parsons.

"The question is simply this: will they work as I wish, or will they not? They get their money regularly; they are paid for the time they work; if they are dissatisfied, let them get out, and give others a chance to fill their places. Talk about liberty, a working-man has no more liberty to-day than he had five hundred years ago, and he has a master in the union. I know you will laugh at me, but I tell you that when the land was owned by the aristocracy and ruled by them, when class distinctions existed, man was happier than he is to-day. It is very beautiful in theory, but independence is a poor practice for everybody. Organize liberty, and you remove class distinction, with practically no organization. Start a labor union and class distinctions are formed. What about those men who do not care to join a union, and show true independence by holding aloof? What of them? Why, they starve."

"Quite a sermon," muttered Foster, lighting a cigar.

Parsons laughed. "I do not mean to preach, but once started, I am carried away with the subject. I have often wondered where my ideas came from, for my father was a democrat in the pure use of the word. I think that the spirit of some old feudal ancestor is reincarnate in me, for I have a certain sense of superiority that I have no right to by my own merits. I don't mean the reincarnation of the Buddhists—I wouldn't refrain from kicking a miserable yellow dog because it might contain the soul of my mild old nurse, I'd refrain simply out of consideration for the dog—but what I do mean is the reincarnation of ancestral spirit which may have been latent for generations; heredity, in other words."

"Then if you should meet a man in the street, a man whom you had never seen before, and would feel impelled to strike him, you would believe that some hundred years ago that man's ancestor thrashed one of your forefathers, and you were going to even things up, eh?" suggested Foster, laughing.

"The law would call it simple assault, and the only hereditary question the court might consider would be that of insanity."

"Don't be foolish," cried Parsons. "Let me illustrate by a story. Last year while in England I looked up the branch of our house which remained there while an ancestor of mine emigrated about 1700. I did not make myself known. The family name is the same, but the English branch holds a title, and everybody does not know what the family name is. The immediate family was in London, and I was shown through by an old housekeeper. My pulses thrilled as I trod the old ancestral halls, and I almost bewailed my fate at having a younger brother for an ancestor. I tapped the armor with a sense of pride, and listened to the old woman's story with a feeling of personal admiration, for the men she spoke of were as much mine as the noble lord who lingered in Mayfair. When we reached the portrait gallery, I lingered before each face with

strange sensations, but there was one picture that suddenly attracted me, and as soon as I saw it I seemed to remember the original."

A sniff came from Foster at this point, but Wakeman was evidently thinking out some scheme referring to the mill, which he was intending to submit to Parsons.

"The picture was that of a beautiful girl of about eighteen years of age, and she seemed a queen by the very pose of her head. I was so entranced that my guide noticed it, and began this story—I give it in her own words: She was the daughter of old Sir Francis, who died about 1470. He was a fierce, headstrong man, holding his people in subjection, and feared by all. His only daughter inherited some of the old man's strength, but she was as kind as she was beautiful, and an angel of goodness to all her inferiors and greatly loved. One evening in summer, however, while walking unattended through the park, a rough soldier addressed her. She turned away, but the man caught her in his arms, and tried to kiss her. At this point I interrupted the narrator, and said that I knew the story. I looked at the face again and knew the rest. Her cousin, who was passing, heard the screams, and hastening to her defence, stabbed the man, and left him lying dead. 'La, sir,' said the housekeeper, as I finished, 'that's right; ye must have heard the tale.'"

"Had you?" inquired Foster, interestedly.

"No," replied Parsons, shortly; "I had never heard the circumstances narrated before, but the first words of the housekeeper called up the scene as in a picture. It seemed as though I had heard the scream, and bursting through the bushes had seen the girl struggling in the man's grasp. It was like a memory of a long-ago happening in which I was an actor. Then I saw the girl turn to her rescuer with a smile; the man before her inspired her with no sense of pity, for he had attempted to be her equal."

"Ah! I see," laughed Wakeman; "and you feel as she did; you are probably the reincarnation of the cousin. Did you marry her?"

For a moment the young man's eyes grew angry, and then he answered, quietly enough: "I asked the housekeeper, and she said that he did. The girl was the old man's only daughter, and the young man was his heir, so they were both ancestors of mine. I attempt no explanations of my part of it, but tell you the story as it happened. I do, however, know how the girl felt, and I hold myself as far above the lower classes as did the old knight in his own time. Have I not a right? Perhaps not in these later days, but I cannot destroy the feeling."

A servant entered at that moment. "If you please, sir, Mr. Peters would like to see you."

"Tell Peters to come in. My foreman at the mill," he explained to his friends.

The man walked sheepishly into the richly furnished room.

"Well?" queried Parsons.

"The men are going to strike at noon to-morrow, sir, unless these conditions are agreed to," and Peters held out a paper.

The young mill-owner took the document, deliberately tore it in half, and threw the pieces to one side.

"At noon to-morrow?" he asked, quietly.

"Yes, sir."

"You may tell the men, Peters, that they may declare their strike on now if they desire, as the mill will remain closed until further orders. Good-night."

The young owner kept his word. For six months the forges of the great mill lay silent, and the furnace fires unit. The men lingered about hoping for satisfaction, but to each query, John Parsons replied, I am my own manager; I will open the mill when I please, and close before."

At the end of a month the men were really anxious to go to work, and to explain that desire Mr. Murphy called at Parsons's house. Mr. Murphy made a hurried exit from the house, made no report of his visit, but advised the men to fight until "ould Oireland was free." Money was scarce; the men knew that there was plenty of work waiting at the mill, but the owner was obdurate.

"Did the union suggest this?" asked Parsons, when Peters laid before him some plan.

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"I do not recognize the union," was all the comfort they got.

Again a week dragged by. Winter was near at hand, and the men were suffering. The district tried to organize a general strike with no success, and the spirits of the sufferers fell accordingly.

"Will you ever open up again, sir?" timidly asked Peters one day.

"When I get ready," was the answer of the owner; "and when I do, no union man will come inside the door; the workers will be under contract to me. But why do you ask? The men are free to go where they please; they needn't wait on my pleasure. Does the union not support them?"

"They have no funds, sir," Peters said, sadly, turning away.

And when the men heard this they cursed the young mill-owner with all the bitterness of hate, but then a young Irishman suggested force, and hinted at something else, there was a deep sullen growl—but it was not favorable to the proposal. There were little ones that wanted food and raiment; there were wives that worked through all the lull

in the storm, while the men stood idle and their union failed them for lack of funds.

One evening after dinner Parsons strolled through the village on his way to visit his friends. He had come to the conclusion that he had nearly won the fight, but the surrender of the strikers must be unconditional before he accepted it. The fault was not his; he had given warning. Two of his old workers passed him by, and though they looked at him appealingly, he did not appear to see them. There was a circus in town, and the streets were filled with wagons and people from the country, mixed with that crowd that follows in the wake of a circus. Parsons strolled by the great tent, where the vendors of peanuts and pop-corn were shouting their wares, and then walked on to the house whither he was bound. Miss Anderson was not at home.

"She went out directly after dinner," said her mother, "and promised to return at once. She was bound on an errand of charity, and will surely be back before the darkness."

John Parsons sat on the piazza and smoked his cigar slowly. He was at peace with himself, and in a very good humor with a certain person in his mind. He believed implicitly. Facts were nothing to him if he did not choose to be convinced by them, but he could bring himself into a belief in anything that pleased him. He was thinking that the lesson of the strike would be a good one for his men, and also for other mill owners. He did not notice that the minutes slipped swiftly by, and that Miss Anderson did not return. Suddenly he realized that it had grown quite dark, and looking at his watch, saw that nearly an hour had elapsed since his arrival. He hurried into the house.

"I think that she was going to Barton Street," said the old lady. "She surely ought to have returned."

John started. He recalled the crowded streets, the rough crowds, and his heart sank. He was madly in love with her, but the realization of the fact came at that moment. It was quite dark, and a horrible chapter of possible happenings flashed through his brain. He thought of the gaunt, hollow-eyed men he had refused that day to see, and the idea of revenge suggested itself. As he reached the gate three figures approached, and stopped.

"Good-night," he heard the voice of Miss Anderson say. "I am much obliged." And as two forms disappeared, the girl walked into her lover's arms.

"Who were those men?" he asked, quickly. "Friends, John," she answered. "I was coming home, being detained longer than I thought, and was passing by the headquarters of your strikers—your strikers," she said, softly, "when two men came forward."

"Scoundrels!" cried John Parsons, fiercely, catching the girl's hands in a tight grasp. "No, John, no," she replied, vehemently. "One of them came up and took off his hat. 'Excuse me, miss,' he said, 'but there's a pretty tough crowd in the village to-night, an' Jim and me thought we'd better say as we'd see you home; and they did. They acted as gentlemen—true gentlemen—never saying a word until spoken to; and they came all the way home with me through that horrible crowd. They were so good and kind, and wanted to knock a man down who stared at me."

"Did they mention me?" the young man asked. "They said they knew I was the 'lady as Mr. Parsons was to marry.'"

In one brief moment all that he had ever said against the working-man came into John Parsons's mind, and in that time he thought of the old lady and the men he called his inferiors. Liberty was equality in one way, after all.

The next morning the whistles of John Parsons's iron mill blew lustily at seven o'clock, and when he arrived there half an hour later, he found all the men assembled in the courtyard wondering what was to come.

The young man mounted a box. "Men," he said, "we have probably both been in the wrong. I, at least, have, and I will confess it. The anvils await you, and the forges are lit. Go to work. Let the past be forgotten. We will begin all over again, and work together. To-day is Wednesday; on Saturday you will receive one week's pay. I know that money is scarce, and I want to thank you for having acted as—men."

And the cheers that arose from those honest throats were heartier than those that greeted Mr. Murphy six months before.

"I guess the ghost of my old ancestor is laid effectively now," laughed Parsons to himself. "He couldn't appreciate the era of chivalry and free labor."

IYEMEN'S SHOP WINDOW IN CHICAGO.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

In many States and cities the bans are now published in the newspapers in the form of lists of persons who have taken out licenses to marry. Seeing these lists, so strange to a New-Yorker, in the Chicago dailies every morning led me to investigate the manner in which the happy lovers out West make known their connubial intentions. I was greatly helped to make the investigation by running across a few interesting remarks upon the subject in a Chicago guide-book. There it was stated that 14,200 licenses were issued in 1890. In nearly 700 cases the con-

sent of parents was necessary, so young were the brides or grooms. The youngest maiden was fifteen—an Italian, in all probability—and the youngest boy was eighteen. The oldest woman was fifty-nine, and there was a bridegroom of seventy-one years, who had been married twice before. One man of sixty-five years married a woman twenty-two years old, and more than a score of men remarried wives from whom they had been divorced.

It will be seen that there was much of promise in the distant view that was thus obtained of the marriage license bureau. I found it to be one of many windows in the County Clerk's office—a very commonplace-looking window in front of a long tall desk, and bearing the legend, "Marriage Licenses and Naturalization." A young German was standing before the window, and several men and women stood behind him, as if waiting their turns to be cross-examined by the sprightly, flashing-eyed, black-haired man who faced the window from the other side, and made his pen fly across the papers before him as if he expected this year's 14,000 lovers to appear before him simultaneously that afternoon. I was invited to join him behind the counter; and when I obtained a "Ja, Meinher," in reply, and fell to writing again, quite as if he had another book in hand and the printer was crying for "copy."

The book which he gave me was entitled *From the Marriage License Window*, by M. Salomonson, ex-Marriage License Deputy for Cook County, Illinois. The work looked as if it might prove very interesting, but, of course, the mere glance it got could reveal nothing so novel and peculiar as the fact that the clerk had written it. We have many sorts of clerks in public offices in New York city, but I cannot honestly say that there are many who reveal a fondness for exploiting the romantic sides of their work in book form, or many who even read books. Mr. Salomonson finished with the man in hand, and immediately addressed the next comer in Swedish.

"How many languages do you speak?" I inquired.

"I speak Scandinavian, French, German, and English," said he. "That is to say, I understand longer than I can write, besides speaking their tongues. I got along with the Poles and Bohemians, but though I speak their languages, I am not familiar with their literature—an indispensable requirement in the study of a people."

Unfortunately this very uncommon sort of an official was too busy to talk much; and, I understand, for the reason that our conversation we did have was upon matters not germane to the subject of licenses. It is impossible therefore to estimate the loss that was thus occasioned. His second client, the Swede, was a young man under twenty-one, who had to fetch his father along with him to give his consent to the proposed marriage.

"I am going to be twenty-one," was all that he vouchsafed on the delicate point of his age. But the non-attendant bride, of whom Mr. Salomonson always spoke as "the lady," was eighteen years old, so that her part in the procedure offered no obstacle.

All the time that Mr. Salomonson was putting questions to the applicants he was writing down their answers in the vacant spaces in blanks which read as follows:

State of Illinois, } ss.
COOK COUNTY, }
of, in the County of, and State of, being duly sworn, deposes and says, that
of, is of the age of, years, and that, and State of, is of the age of, years, and that said above-named persons are single and unmarried, and may lawfully contract and be joined in marriage.
Sworn to and subscribed before me, this, day of, A. D. 18,
Clerk of the County Court. By, Deputy.

These blanks were for official retention, to be filed away as public records. When one of these forms was filled out, the clerk held it up before him and took a much larger printed form from a pile in front of him, upon which to copy a part of the record he had entered upon the smaller sheet. The larger blank was to be given to the applicant, to be taken home by him or her. It was completed by a formula which the clergyman or magistrate who afterwards marries the couple is obliged to fill in and sign. This person then returns the whole sheet to the authorities, and bestows upon the newly wedded pair a regular marriage certificate. The little blank which the clerk keeps is as plain as pie crust and is very cheaply gotten up, but the other is a formidable and artistic looking document, having a fancy border and much brave and ornamental type, as befits a paper which an ardent and tender suitor is to bear away to the idol of his affections, in witness of his earnestness and enterprise. When she receives such a testimonial she reads these words:

To any person legally authorized to sol-

emnize marriage, greeting: Marriage may be celebrated between Mr., of, in such a county and such a State, of the age of—, and M—, in such a county and State, of the age of—, witnesses, Henry Wulff, Clerk of the County Court of said Cook County, etc., etc." Then follows the certification that the marriage was celebrated by some one who fills out the rest of the form.

The happy swain who is to receive such a paper does not do so until he has stepped to the next window, labelled "Cashier," where he is to pay one dollar and a half, the fee for the service. Once in a while, Mr. Salomonson says, there happens along a man who does not know that there is anything to pay, and who is not able to meet the charge, although he feels able to marry. In such a case the attaches of the office are very apt to raise the sum among themselves and pay it to the county, because every license is numbered, and there must be found in the safe as many shillings as six times the number of licenses that have been issued each day. Of course it is a rare occurrence for a man to come unprepared to pay the fee. The far commoner cases are those where the happy applicants are moved to throw out their money lightly, with a cigar all around for the clerks, and an invitation to the chief clerk to "come out and smile." This literary official lays down the rule that cigars are always accepted, even when the recipient does not smoke, and that there is never time for the other form of refreshment.

It was on a Friday that I visited the marriage license window, and I was informed that any other day of the week except Sunday would have been better, because those who are even a very little superstitious do not visit the window on that much-slandered day. Very superstitious persons go much farther than that, for one couple, upon hearing a bell pass the window playing the funeral march at the head of a procession, refused to take out the license until another day. And Mr. Salomonson says that on one occasion a young man inquired whether he thought it would rain before night. The sky looked threatening, and the clerk said he thought rain might fall.

"Then I will come on another day," said the timid applicant. "It would be bad luck if it rained on the day I get my license."

I could not help wondering what must be the scene on such unusually busy days as Saturdays or the days preceding national festivals, for though it was Friday, there was no pause in the business at the window. As quickly as one man got his permit, another took his place. Only two women came with their prospective husbands. There is no need for any of the fair sex to go to the window, and, as a rule, it is only the humbler and more ignorant ones who do so, conceiving it to be a necessity.

This fact led to a very peculiar and unlooked-for business that was for a time regularly carried on close before the window. The parties in or partners to this speculation were a justice of the peace and a clergyman, who were daily frequenters of this branch altar of Hymen for purposes of lawful but selfish gain. They managed to clear fifty dollars a week each, it was said. Knowing that only the simplest folk, or those most ignorant of the law, would come in couples where only the man was required to attend, this ingenious pair saw a chance to intrude upon such simplicity with offers to marry the candidates out of hand, as it were. The justice of the peace was an Irish-American, and the clergyman was a German with a smattering of several European tongues. The justice always broke the ice. He met

It would have been wonderful had there occurred such another wedding as one which Mr. Salomonson tells of having witnessed. In that case the bride, a negro girl, took off her hat and collar, and then her dress, and stood revealing to the at first bewildered lookers a complete wedding gown of white, to which she added, from a parcel she had carried, an artificial orange wreath to make the costume complete. In his book he tells of many and many an odd observation and experience. In taking an oath to the truth of what they have said, as all must do, it is noticed that many laborers from Protestant Europe raise three fingers, to represent the Trinity, instead of one hand as we do; but one man, on being asked to raise his hand, lifted both arms above his head. He was a professional criminal, accustomed to being searched by officers of the law. Young Americans are usually in a hurry; they want to know if they can be attended to "right away." They spoil blank after blank in a vain endeavor to sign their full names, and they explain that for years they have abbreviated their signatures in the rush of business until their hands refuse to break the old habit. One man is said to have signed himself "Smith & Co."

The Slaves and the French Canadians are the most illiterate applicants at the window. Many seem to have had no schooling. Irishmen who cannot write are ashamed of the fact. Some appear with their right hands bandaged, while others give the impression of having practised the art of printing merely by the letters of their names and no others. Many of the Hebrews can only write their names in Hebrew characters. They are the most deferential applicants. Oftentimes they knock at the open door, and being bidden to enter, stand at a distance uncovered. They come direct from the synagogues dressed in their best, with their sweethearts beside them. Those who are most strict will not touch pen and ink on Saturday, though they come on that day. Irishmen bring their friends, who are apt to tease them, calling them "victims," and saying that one stroke of the pen will destroy their liberty. The Irish are the ones who most frequently offer to treat the clerk.

When a man strides up and produces his discharge from the army and a double set of certificates of birth and vaccination, the clerk says he knows he is dealing with a German, who will be surprised to learn that a man may marry in America without being vaccinated. The Germans are apt to bring their brides and a group of friends, who laugh and jest all the time, and the sight is being drawn up. The young Bohemian man and his male friends come freshly barbered and with white artificial flowers in their coat lapels. When Italians come, the families of both parties to the match are apt to be with them in a swarm. The women are gay with bright colors, and the bride's mother, while giving counsel for her daughter, is being a daughter to marry, explains that she was still younger when she was married. The Scandinavian men marry their own kind, but the girls and women are more liberal. There are Swedes whose religious zeal will not permit them either to take an oath or to "affirm," and such ones go to distant States, where permit is not required, when they wish to get married.

It was easy to see in one morning's visit that a marriage license window is a queer place, and one at which human nature is bared to official inspection as it seldom is in any other government office. Hither come the gossips to ask whether certain couples whose names were published the other day have yet got married; to ask what sort of a looking man it was who took out a license to wed with Susie Todd, was he tall and light or stout and dark? And hither come angry mothers to say that no permit should have been given for their daughters, who are not so old as was said. They ask how the law can be invoked to punish the offending bridegrooms. But there are other brides who appear to be forty or thirty, yet declare themselves thirty or twenty. Back comes a man to ask if his permit number cannot be changed, because he wants to buy a lottery ticket of the same number as his wedding license, and cannot do so unless a change is made. Old men speak for glibly brides, and ancient wrinkled women lead up very young men, holding their arms as if they might escape. Once a girl came weeping, and said the man she meant to marry lay dying, and there was not a moment to lose. Indeed, it is a queer place, and the whole illimitable gamut that novelists have spanned in many centuries is there at hand still sounding fresh notes and offering new chords.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE SODA FOUNTAIN.

BY MARY GAY HUMPHREYS.

MAN is born thirsty. His first cry is for drink. The natural sources of supply are the kindly milk and the abundant water. But the allotted years of his life are three-score and ten. In this stretch of time both milk and water become monotonous. To prevent this the arts, the sciences, the industries, hot and cold, have been directed. The consequences, industrial and social, are among the most conspicuous features of our civilization, which they have helped both to promote and to retard. According to the formulae of

the purveyor of drinks the world marches. In this light the most important date in the history of events was that on which carbonic acid gas was discovered. Yet to this day no one has erected a statue to Van Helmont.

Curiously enough, the two men who have done most toward satisfying man's all-consuming thirst have been two pre-eminent religious men. Van Helmont in the early alchemist, who in the sixteenth century discovered "fixed air," believed in all his experiments he put himself in the direct channel of inspiration from on high; while Priestley, the dissenting clergyman, two centuries later, studying the Creator in his works, made the first glass of soda-water. To be perfectly truthful, it is necessary to state that the direct experiment depended on the existence of a neighboring brewery, whose vats he utilized, by pouring water alternately from one to the other of two vessels, held in the carbonic acid gas lying on the surface of the fermenting liquor within. At the season of the experiment was suggested by observing the sparkling beauty and the agreeableness of the water in the bottom of a spring where the carbonic acid gas lay heavy. This was in 1767.

Before the close of the century, in Sweden, in Switzerland, and in France, the importance of Dr. Priestley's experiment was realized, and in Switzerland and France carbonating waters had become a commercial enterprise, and was directed toward imitating the waters of the Continental spas for health-giving purposes. It was left to this country to enhance the gaiety of nations by transforming a vicious, deadly compound, an unwholesome chemical mixture, $C_2H_2O_2$, into a sparkling, poetical, and protean beverage.

Soda-water is an American drink. It is as essentially American as porter, Rhine wine, and claret are distinctively English, German, and French. The most interesting fact in the manufacture of soda-water is that it contains no soda. The prominent ingredients are marble dust and sulphuric acid, neither of which is regarded as healthful nor palatable when taken separately. Moreover, to render them so in combination requires a pressure of at least 150 pounds to the square inch—a condition dangerous to life and limb except under proper safeguards and with the strongest machinery. The generator is, in fact, made of gun-metal iron tested to 500 pounds to the square inch. Into this is put the marble dust, to which, from another strong chamber, is led the sulphuric acid. Then the two are cradled, and the gas generated is passed into steel fountains, bubbling, foam-crested liquor, like an enchanted prince from the gloomy death-chamber, to delight and refresh the world.

Whiting formerly was used to furnish the carbonate, and whiting and chalk are still used in England. The use of marble dust, under the pretty name of "flake," is peculiar to this country. We produce our own marble, moreover, and whiting comes under the provisions of the McKinley bill. The chips of the marble cathedral on Fifth Avenue alone supplied twenty-five million gallons of soda-water; thus economically we drink up unavailing bits of buildings (public and private), tombstones, and monuments. Except in the improvement of machinery and in its method of distribution, the manufacture of soda-water remains much the same. The method employed by the distinguished engineer Bramah is still in use. The man, in fact, whose name is most prominently identified with the national drink, this country was an apprentice of Bramah, and has developed his method here. That form of concentration, moreover, that all sorts of enterprises now take was long since a feature of the soda-water industry.

Formerly the actual process took place under the drug-store counter. No one has yet estimated the decrease in percentage in loss of life since the drug-store boy ceased playing with the vitriol, carbonates, and force-pump as if he had a squirt-gun in a hogs-head of water under an eave trough. Explosions of soda fountains do now sometimes occur, but they have ceased to be a national feature, as on reading old English catalogues of rival manufactures they seem once to have been.

In the primitive days of soda-water it was led through the counter and dispersed through a "gooseneck," as the curved pipe which many will remember was called from its shape. Sometimes the goose was a swan with feathers neatly ruffled in metal, and the water issued from its parted beak. The difficulty of keeping the soda-water cool introduced the classic urn, which innocently appeared to contain the liquid that it dispensed, but in fact only held the ice through which the soda-water was conducted.

It is a suggestive fact that no natural food or drink has appealed so widely to the imagination as this purely artificial compound. There are hundreds of thousands of people to whom the soda-water fountain has given their first realizing sense of the beauties of art and the glories of architecture. There are thousands of arid little villages in this country to-day out of whose dull materialism it

raises like the fountain in the desert to refresh the weary eye and soul. Who would forego the recollection of the enchanted world of delights revealed in childhood by its temples resplendent in crystal marble and silver, and its goddesses beautiful as angels? In one well-remembered corner drug-store the cloud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces recently revealed in the crystal seemed to have suddenly materialized in all their unearthly splendor. If we measure causes by the strength of impressions, the unknown architect might have held up his head with the immortal poet.

Some of these old soda-water fountains are still found in odd, out-of-the-way places. In a west-side drug store now, there stands a temple of marble and silver. On top, under a crystal dome, a marble goddess in a continuous shower-bath is surrounded by four nymphs. These are in turn guarded by four bronze knights in armor upholding gas jets. One can only hope that in the universal diffidence of this age, this Faunusism may not dim its glories for the thirsty crowds surging at its base.

To heighten illusion in the national cry for ice in summer, which each year grew louder, the soda-water manufacturers forsook Greece and the goddesses, and the Eros, the Diana, the Helios gave way to the Frost King, the Snow-drop, the Icicle, the Avalanche, the Aurora Borealis, the North Pole, created with frosted nickel plate to simulate the jagged ice of the polar regions, over which scrambled polar-bears.

The success of the arctic idea took such possession of the popular mind that, a large fountain being unobtainable at this period, his monument was made to resemble nothing so much as a marble soda-water fountain, up whose heights scaled polar-bears. This monument may be seen near New York city.

But once the imagination was enchained to give merely material satisfaction, the soda-water fountain became what it remains, simply an ice-box, but an ice-box costly and luxurious to an extent undreamed of in the Olympian period. Soda-water manufacturers say that the change was demanded by the increased consumption. The space must be increased, and every inch of space utilized. To the ideal succeeded architectural styles, worked out in magnificent marbles, inlaid with porcelain tiles, carnelian onyx, overlaid with plated ornament, and known appropriately or significantly as the Persia, the Ionic, the Doric, the Chalet, the Arabia, the Rialto, the France. The corruption of styles became more flagrant even than the native architecture, and the nomenclature held on stupid. The palaces and Greek temples of the earlier period stimulated the untutored imaginations of the populace, and enabled the mind to create its own visions of beauty, but the vulgar and commonplace richness of the architectural period corrupted the public taste.

While this was so the development of the soda-water fountain took another direction. A half-dozen syrups, such as vanilla, lemon, strawberry, pineapple, once satisfied those simple minds and tastes which looked upon the soda-water fountain only as a means of increasing human happiness.

"I sing the fount of soda
That sweetly springs for me;
And hope to make this ode
Delightful melody.
For if Castilian water
Refreshed the tuneful Nine—
Health to the Muse—I've brought her
A bubbling draught of mine."

Thus sang Dick Dowden, as recorded in the pages of Father Prout. The alliance of the fragrant fruit with the "sylph-like draught" was as ideally perfect as moonlight, music, love, and flowers, or any other of those unions that evoke the Muse. On the integrity of these syrups no one can cast a doubt. It is only in these last oleomargarine days that we have learned of butyric ether, acetic ether; that in strawberry syrup we know cochineal, and malva flowers in raspberry; that here we discover aniline, and every where suspect that mysterious and sanguineous new compound "ruddy gore," widely advertised among the trade.

All this was inevitable when the soda-water fountain took up with the drug-store. The first instance of this was at the corner of Third Avenue and Fourth Street. Then it became a veritable fount of joy at Barnum's, on the site of the present Herald building. Its third adoption was at the corner of Eighth Street and Broadway. After which a New Haven doctor, setting up a drug store on the corner of Eighth Avenue and Twenty-seventh Street, established so beguiling a fount that the whole field of commercial rivalry appeared to be involved, and soda-water fountains multiplied like saloons.

The introduction of mineral waters marks an era in the evolution of the soda fountain. There is no natural mineral water that the soda fount cannot supply. The moment a new spring achieves a reputation, its name is inscribed beneath a new and shining spigot. With these the people can scarcely keep pace. When the Seventh Regiment held its fête in the army, then, the soda-water fountain took the form of a huge marble monolith twenty feet high, surmounted by a bronze eagle. An old lady, walking slowly around the base, read the inscriptions, "Geyser," "Vichy," "Clysmic," "Deep Rock," "Kissingen," "Washington," "Saragota," turned to the white-jacketed salesman and asked,

"Did the gallant boys win all those battles?"

"Ma'am?" inquired the astonished salesman.

"And the Seventh Regiment bled on all those battle-fields," she said, solemnly, and turned away with a tear in her eye.

The increase in the consumption of mineral waters, both at home and in public, is enormous. There is as yet no such record as that of Lord Beaconsfield, after whose death, it is said, 4000 bottles, which had once held mineral waters of his consumption, were removed. It is related also of Beckford that during the three days and two nights of continuous work in which he produced *Vathek*, he lived on soda-water. Byron's continual cry for soda-water, and the place B. and S. occupies in English novels, are too well known for comment. But in this country the growth is recent.

According to the confession of a drug clerk the effort to suborn the soda-water fountain in the interest of the drug store has been well considered and successful. The shortest jacketed boy that turns a spigot knows how to combine the aromatic ammonia and the mineral water in the early morning, and how to manipulate the bromides and the phosphates after a few private and quiet questions over the counter. A few years ago a soda-water fountain that would give forth forty brews had reached its limit. There are soda-water fountains now in this city that number over three hundred combinations.

To supply these the entire side of the wall is dedicated and made glorious with California onyx, rare marbles, and plate-glass. Such soda-water fountain, for it retains the name, costs at least \$40,000. Everything about it is exquisite—the cups and cup-holders are beautiful in form, and nymph-like sprays under glass testify to that immaculate purity which the plunge bath under the counter could never assure. In the business parts of town the receipts from these splen-

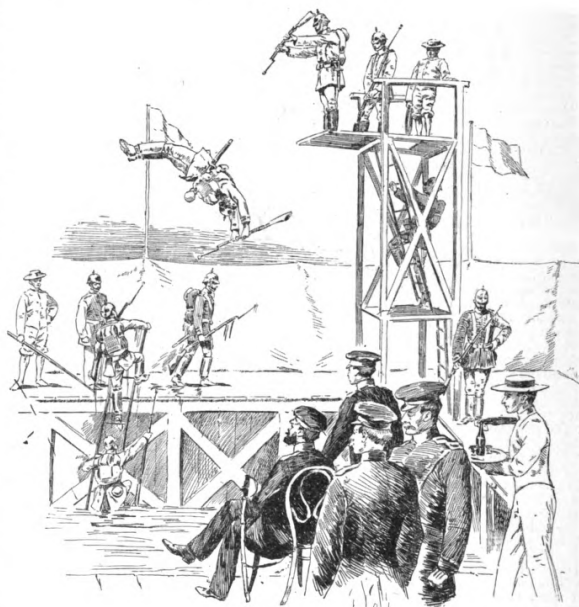
didly equipped wells amount to several hundred dollars a day.

To retain popularity, to guard custom, new combinations are as regular as the seasons. There are fashions in soda-water. This year every one drinks orange phosphate, holding the phosphate to be something like a word in season. Among beverages the newest is "Crème de Russe," a compound of fruits, almonds, and cream; last year it was "Easter punch." Time would fail to tell of all the varieties that these ingenious young soda-water men concoct and set forth.

As a check to the influence of the drug store, a confectioner behought him of ice-cream soda; two magical words, each good to charm with, and in combination wrought all that his wildest hopes could suggest. On a bright, exhilarating day, to achieve a cup of ice-cream soda, a place should be engaged some time in advance. Beauty and fashion surge about the counter. One of the sights of the town is the rows of bright faces, two and three deep, bent over their cups, and fishing within with long-handled spoons.

But the crowning merit of soda-water, and that which fits it to be the national drink, is its democracy. The millionaire may drink champagne while the poor man drinks beer, but both drink soda-water. There is no quarter of this great town so poor that the soda-water fountain, cheaply but ostentatiously erected in marble and plate, does not adorn the street corners, and is not liberally patronized.

The actual cost of a glass of soda-water is one-tenth of a cent; with the syrup added, the cost is increased to a cent and a half. When the dispenser charges five cents he feels himself rewarded; and for him who drinks it is small cost to see the "bubbles winking on the brim," to feel the aromatic flavors among the roots of his hair and exploring the crannies of his brain, and to realize each fragrant drop as it goes dancing down his throat.



AN EXHIBITION AT THE MILITARY SWIMMING INSTITUTE IN BERLIN.

TRAINING GERMAN SOLDIERS.

We have reached a point in this world's history when man is inclined to believe that he is competent to do his own personal thinking. Learning is the foundation of this idea of liberty, and the increase of learning has fostered it. The ordinary citizen of today objects to being led blindly in anything, and in some countries he occasionally overturns time honored institutions that he no longer believes in. Particularly in Germany is there a low muttering that may be interpreted as discontent against certain existing orders of things. Particularly in Germany is there a cry against the widely learned proletariat which crowds the professions, and decimates the ranks of the lower callings in life which are essentially necessary. And opposed to this, in strange contradiction, we find the German soldier—an able-bodied machine. Blind obedience is expected from soldier, but standing armies and professional soldiers must be anachronisms to-day, for even the beautiful Guards in London have of late been getting up little mutinies. But the soldier of Germany, able in his studies, and in the centre of the smouldering fires of socialism, is an intelligent automaton. It is beyond question that they are model soldiers, but we in free America are all capable of being officers, and object to follow blindly

where led. Of course, when our citizens resolve themselves into soldiers in times of need, they are amenable to discipline, but they do some thinking for themselves, and decline to be "bossed" in times of peace.

It is the training of the German soldier that perfects him as a machine. The illustration here given shows the intelligent automaton at work. The exercise of falling from high places into water is not compulsory with all the troops, and it is a training that would not find favor with many other soldiers. It is doubtful whether an officer of the British Guards would care to test the obedience of his men by ordering any such feat. But the young men of the Young Man's army go at it blindly, plunge with the grace of wooden statues, and recover their self assertion in time to swim to the stairs and climb out—a display of intelligence that you would hardly give the gentleman in mid-air credit for. This lofty-tumbling exercise is only intended for exhibition purposes, and the men are marked for prizes as they succeed or fail in these contests. The swimming with accoutrements is, however, compulsory. There was once a time when blind obedience was due to ignorance. To-day another reason must be sought for it—hardly be loyalty. Is it fear or necessity?



MISS EMMA EAMES, SOPRANO.



MLLE MARIE VAN ZANDT, SOPRANO.



MLLE GIULIA RAVOGLI AS "ORFEO," CONTRALTO.



MLLE SOFIA RAVOGLI, SOPRANO.



M. ÉDOUARD DE RESZKE, BASSO.



M. JEAN DE RESZKE, TENOR.

SOME PROMINENT MEMBERS OF THE ITALIAN OPERA COMPANY.—[SEE PAGE 917.]

BY M. A. LANE.

The mere statement of this fact surprises the human imagination. But before the fact itself, in view of the truth of it, the human mind recoils. It is utterly inconceivable. It is true, there can be no doubt of it, and yet it is utterly unthinkable. And it was this that drew from Sir Henry Wood the extravagant expression of praise that came from him when he was driven to Jackson Park and shown over the work being done there. As to the practical part of the

A general outline of the grounds themselves may be of some interest. The site of the fair, as almost every one now knows, is Jackson Park, which lies on the shore of Lake Michigan, seven miles from the City Hall of Chicago. For the sake of the suburban traveler, however, it may be said to be divided into two portions—the improved and the unimproved part. The unimproved portion lies to the south, and embraces from Fifty-ninth to Sixty-seventh streets, and is much larger in area than the improved portion. The improved portion is like anything but a fair park, a long low beach, bounded by a sea wall, and with a promenade, an esplanade or a parade—exactly like the parade of an English watering-place—stretches away to the south, and forms the limit to a large area of lawn, broken here and there with groves. The prospect is perfectly flat. There is not a hill in it. But go away among the groves, and you will find a fine old tree-bench, and you can hear the roar of the waves as they are tossed and beaten and broken against the sea-wall. You can hear, too, if you listen carefully, the hissing of the water that is dashed over the wall, and breaks into foam on the parade or the sand. In summer the wind is blowing over the sea, and the tumult of the waves suggests the American wildness, whose freshness has charmed foreigners, and has made Henry

When, after some disputation, it was finally decided just where each building would be placed, their limits were staked off and the ground lifted to the regulation height, and the foundations were begun. Most of these structures are of wood, as a matter of course. They have not even a brick or a

According to the superintendent, there are 3000 men employed on the grounds. This is perhaps a trifle exaggerated, for 3000 men equal three regiments of soldiers, or a good-sized country town. In Chicago the temperature falls early in the year, and it is possible that the out-door work may be abandoned in December. If, however, the winter be an open one, the grounds will be in reasonable condition by the 1st of March, and from that date on the progress will be most rapid.



THE EXODUS BEFORE THANKSGIVING

THINGS OF THE DAY.—DRAWN BY BERT WILDER.



FROM THE TIME THIS PAPER goes to press until the football eleven of Yale and Harvard meet at Springfield it is one full week. Therefore it is fitting at very long range to attempt to make any prediction as I did last year, when there were but two days between seeing the teams and the publication of my opinion. Moreover, this year it is more difficult than ever it was to say what Harvard can do until her team has played its very last practice game on Jarvis Field. Harvard at the time of this writing is in a condition far from satisfactory, and yet one from which her team is as likely as not to strike a winning pace. A great deal can be accomplished in six or seven days when every man realizes fully that the very last days of preparation are passing, and buckles down to work in earnest. There has been a great deal said about Harvard's poor play, but really when one comes to look carefully over the two teams, weighing the advantages of one against the disadvantages of the other, there is not a great deal of difference between them. The wonder is that there does not exist a considerable difference in Harvard's favor when the wealth of her material is remembered. It was not all yet even stock at the beginning, to be sure, but it had some knowledge of football, and weight and strength to back it.

WITHOUT REFERRING TO ANY particular team or captain, it does seem as though a great deal of valuable time and work is wasted in the way candidates for positions are handled. I do not know that I can better explain what I mean than to cite the team A. A. Stagg has brought out at Springfield as an example of how much can be accomplished in the proper method. Here is a school that contains just forty-two boys, and yet out of these, Stagg succeeded in developing a team that made those of both Harvard and Yale play ball. Of course I acknowledge at once that the school was favored exceptionally in having so thorough a student of the game as Mr. Stagg to lead the work, but are not Yale, Harvard, and Princeton supposed to be, and generally are, provided with expert coaches? The point of the matter is that these boys were taken from the very beginning and thoroughly drilled in the elements of the game and of the positions they were filling. The prime difference between the method pursued by Mr. Stagg and that we are accustomed to seeing elsewhere is that the one picks out the most likely boy for a position, and gives him every possible opportunity for filling it by instruction, theoretical and practical, while the other, rich in candidates, puts one after the other into the line, leaving them to grope along unaided in the most important part of their football education. In other words, could not more skillful teams be turned out and better football played if a choice of men were made earlier in the season, and those men given the benefit of a thorough instruction? Of course every candidate has some idea of the game, but in the early part of the season, when the men line up and bang against one another, he learns very little from the coaches. How much more could be gotten out of them if they were given, each in his position, practical demonstration of the most approved methods, and not left to tumble into them after weeks of hard work! If Stagg, out of a school of forty-two boys, could develop the team he did, what could he have done with eleven such men as will face Yale next Saturday?

AND WHAT WILL HARVARD DO at Springfield on the 21st? That's the question. Some weeks ago, when I made a trip to Cambridge, after the men had gotten a bit in shape, I came to the conclusion, after looking over the material, that Harvard ought to put just as good a team into the field as the one which defeated Yale last year. Each subsequent trip to Cambridge has been a disappointment, for I have expected improvements that I failed to see. I remember last spring, in following the Harvard crew, how impressed I was with the fact that the men appeared to be just outside of a strong united whole, and that if they could only get together it would be a winning pace—indeed, I think I said as much in type just before I predicted their winning. Well, so also the eleven has impressed me. It seems to be just outside the winning pace. Can they reach it in the remaining week of practice? When you look over the Harvard men individually and weigh them up with Yale, the advantage is certainly with the crimson; but individual play is not the game that is being played, and the lack of unity in that respect is likely to cause Harvard's defeat. Certainly Harvard must make some improvement in this last week, but can she make enough to catch up with her rival, who is working in these last few days as she never worked before?

IF HARVARD PLAYS the same kind of a game next Saturday that she put up against Trinity last Wednesday, and the Boston Athletic Association last Saturday, she will be defeated undoubtedly. If, however, in this last week Captain Trafford and the coaches are able to bring the men up to something like team-work, so that he can concentrate their effort on occasions, and put up a

stronger defence, if they can teach them how to block, then it looks as though Yale would be defeated. In other words, if Harvard's forwards can hold up against Yale's rushers, and keep them from getting through, the crimson should again prove victorious. It hardly seems possible for them to so greatly improve in the few remaining days, but stranger things have happened. I can't help thinking that we shall see, through a muffed punt, some scoring that will turn the tide of battle. There is going to be a good bit of kicking, and to stand steady under the descending ball while the ends come thundering down on you requires experience and nerve.

THE HARVARD CENTRE is yet undecided, at least at this writing. Bangs has been playing centre, with Dexter and Mackie as guards, and the result has been far from satisfactory. Shea has lately been putting up a greatly improved game, and shown conclusively what he can do if he only exerts himself. It would not surprise me to see him in centre at Springfield, although Bangs has had the benefit of Cranston's coaching, and it is bad business to change at so late a day. I should like some one to enlighten me as to the advantage of Dexter over Vail at guard. Vail has been at work steadily all the season, and in my estimation plays a better game there than Dexter, whose experience heretofore has been, unless I am much mistaken, at centre. Dexter is a very strong man, and might make a better centre than either Shea or Bangs. If I were in Captain Trafford's shoes I should, assuredly, at this stage of the game, give preference to experience. There is not much difference in physique between any of these men, but the experience is what is needed in Harvard's centre more than beef. Mackie will hold his position, and is counted on to look after Hefflinger, but he will have to be considerably more alive than he has been yet to keep the mighty Yale rusher from getting through the line. In the Trinity game holes appeared to be made through him at will.

SO FAR AS CENTRES GO, the two teams will be fairly matched, neither Stillman, Paine, Shea, Dexter, nor Bangs, whichever ones are finally used, being anything to boast of. There are plenty of men on outside teams who can play with any one of these. In regard to the question in different positions, the best man in his position upon the football field this season, but Mackie will be instructed to take him under the knee when the ball goes, and thus neutralize his work. If Mackie is clever enough to do this unperturbed by the umpire it will go a good way toward preventing Hefflinger's assisting in running. Mackie cannot block so well as Hefflinger, nor get through as well, nor run as fast. Morison and his opponent, whether it be Vail, Dexter, Shea, Highlands, or Bangs, will have a busy time of it, for Morison is a livelier, faster man than he was last year, and although he may be over-matched in weight, will be worth any two of Harvard's candidates in experience.

DESPITE YALE'S LATEST and rather extraordinary move at tackle in changing Wallis over into Winter's place, and putting Winter where he will face Newell, there is no question that Harvard will be far and away the stronger; and upon that position so much of the present game rests that I must say, it makes me think more favorably of Harvard. Waters hardly came up to my expectation at Springfield in the Trinity game, and Wallis will have a far easier task than Winter, but both will wish the game over before the second three-quarter. The popular impression in comparing the teams is, that while Yale is strong in the centre, Harvard's ends are greatly superior—I am not so sure about the last. Hinkley will be something of a novelty for Hallowell at the right end, and in spite of the longer experience and better physique of the Harvard man, the Yale man is putting up the cleverer game. Upon the other end there seems to be some uncertainty at Harvard who will play. Emmons has been at the post lately. Mason laid off with a sore foot. Some favor the present arrangement, on the ground of the likelihood of Mason losing his head, but it seems as though he should have had experience enough to preclude that. He is a hard player and a good tackler. Hartwell has been brought over with Wallis on the Yale end, and whether he meets Emmons or Mason, if he keeps his wits about him, they should make a fair match. In fact, if Hartwell plays at Springfield as he did in the University of Pennsylvania game, he will be more than a match.

IN QUARTERS BARBOUR is a better man than either Gage or Cobb. He has been run down in the newspapers by Yale writers, evidently with the hope of leading him to greater effort. He is slow, as I said two weeks ago, but he is otherwise good, and always plays a better game than he shows in practice. But from the quarter down to the goal post Harvard has much the advantage of Yale. McClung is Yale's star, and he is the best dodging half back on the field. From the beginning of the play to the end, he will gain more ground than any back in the game, but he has not the weight of Lake. Neither of the Blisses can stand the work as Lake and Corbett can, but they are good dodging backs, and generally gain when sent. Trafford will give McCormack or Bliss forty

feet on every punt, and beat them, but he does not make them run that either the other two can, though he bucks the lines for a gain on an emergency.

BOTH HARVARD AND YALE fear a kicking game. In fact, there never yet was a team that did not; because, no matter how proficient the halves and backs are both in catching and kicking, there is always an element of great uncertainty in the wind or weather, and no man can say he is always sure of his catch. Some interference which the umpire fails to see, some change in the strength or direction of the wind, a hundred things, may make all the difference between a catch and a muffed, between a chance to return or a touch-down. So there will be nervous men at Springfield, for there will be kicking.

THE YALE-PENNSYLVANIA game on Saturday showed pretty clearly what kind of play Yale is capable of putting up when necessary. In the first three-quarters several very pretty runs were made by Bliss and McCormack, one especially by the latter that was as clever as any we are likely to see this season, although it would hardly be possible in a big game such as next Saturday, for instance. Yale's interference was very fine, and the work of both ends was excellent. Hartwell especially played a wonderfully good game, only once making an error; in fact, I never saw him do better. If he does as well next Saturday, he will make a reputation for himself that will be one of the football memories of his college. Wallis tackled well until he went off the field with an injured ankle. If Yale should lose him, it would weaken the team, for Mills is by no means his equal. The new play, remaining, is still in the making, and much inferior to Wallis's, and he requires careful coaching. As for Hefflinger, I could hardly do justice to the game this man always plays if I used the most extravagant language. He knows more football than any forward on the field. He plays with his head, and it is a treat to watch him follow the ball. Some features of Pennsylvania's play were stronger than in the game against Princeton—punting, for instance—but there wasn't that dash in their play, that spirit which the possibility of victory gives, and consequently they did not put up so hard a game, though it was a good one. Church showed excellent judgment in handling his game, and the play was pretty tactics. Schoff, right end, and Adams, centre, played very strong games. Schoff is not much behind the best ends on the field, and Adams can hold his own with any centre playing this season. Knipe put up a strong game, and is a half back of considerable promise, I should say. I could not see that Heisman's absence made much difference at left end. McFadden is light, but he comes very near knowing his business. Thayer demonstrated that he is in it with Trafford and Romans in punting, and a surer catch than either of them. He placed his punts with praiseworthy judgment. Yale's play in the second half was very loose, and they added only twelve to the thirty-six points earned in the first half.

IF PRINCETON WILL LEARN the lesson taught by the game on Saturday with Cornell, when by the narrowest squeak she just managed to score six points, it will not have been administered without good results. It is hardly necessary to say that for Princeton to score only six points ten days before her game with Yale against a college which is a novice in the game, without traditions or first-class coaches, is highly discreditable. It reflects great credit on Cornell, but is really disgraceful for Princeton. The Cornell men are big and strong and older, but there is nothing to football but battering up against a team managed by a first-class coach. Princeton went to Eastern Park to give an exhibition of football that was simply execrable; it was little if any better than second class. Among the absurd features of that day was the persistence with which it bucked Yale's centre for no gain. It bucked until its men were worn out and thoroughly discouraged, and it bucked when it had not the smallest chance of gain. Now this year there is every chance to redeem the score of last. Princeton has never in her athletic history had better green material than she has to-day. Captain Warren, by indefatigable work that should have the commendation of both alumni and undergraduates, has gotten together a team that is very promising. With proper handling, it should make Yale play very hard to win on Thanksgiving day.

NOW THAT THE PROSPECTS for a strong team are so good, it would seem a pity to handicap them by adopting an unwise and single style of play. For instance, Princeton has chosen to play in the game shown at Eastern Park last year. The day has gone past when the mere acquisition of beef in the line is an open sesame to the goal. Headwork is what wins nowadays, not only as applied to the play mapped out by coaches, but to that of the individuals as well. If the orange and black are planning to put up such a game as those shown in public thus far, they

can count on Yale running up about twenty points on them. As they have the material, it will be an everlasting shame if the coaches of Princeton do not put their heads together and devise some additional play for the team besides pounding away at the centre.

THE TEAM'S WORK last week was very sluggish and altogether unsatisfactory. Whether the cause was a reaction after the game with Pennsylvania, or what, makes no difference in the result. The serious part of the matter is that there are but ten days remaining before the Yale game, and the team plays very little better than it did two weeks ago. I am inclined to think that they were worked too hard a few weeks ago, and had to go through a small lazy fit. Individually the men have made some improvement. Vincent, under Donnelly's coaching, has put up a better game at end, and Warren, at the other, has likewise tackled lately more like what he used to do before he had the never-ending worry of developing a green team. Holly has been seen in line for several days; he shows the proper spirit, and improves every day; so does Harold. Riggs is playing a very strong game, and will keep Hefflinger much busier than he did last year. Wheeler, aside from the sluggishness which overtook the entire line, has braced up. He is a powerful man, and if he gives the game the attention he should, will make a strong player. Symmes, at centre, is actually doing better than any one on the team; he is showing more improvement, and if he keeps up his play, will do better for Princeton than he did last year by a considerable. Sharp tackling is badly needed, and the blocking is not good; the men are too slow. In the new play, remaining, Princeton should have the best coaching of her old coaches, for unless there is great improvement, there will be no plums in the Thanksgiving pudding of the eleven.

SO MOFFATT AND COPPIN have been chosen for the Springfield game. Both are good. The latter has had the highest compliment that could be paid and was an umpire, namely, that of being chosen by the Advisory Committee (acting, of course, in the interests of their constituents) for every game for which under the rules he was eligible. He is thoroughly well known, having umpired not only a great deal, but particularly Yale-Princeton and Princeton-Pennsylvania contests, where Adams and feeling were intense. He allows no flinches for an instant, and it doesn't make a particle of difference to him whether a touch-down or goal is made, if a player on the side having the ball holds his opponent or uses his hands or arms in interference, the ball comes back, and goes to the other side. He knows the rules and the game and his own mind, and there will be none but straight play under him. We hail an umpire of this kind, for it means everything to the game of the future. Mr. Moffatt is a former Princeton captain, in his time one of the most successful drop kickers who ever stood on any field, and a man thoroughly at home in the points of the game. He has acted both as umpire and as referee in former games, and has the reputation of being a careful and extremely conscientious official.

THE CRESCENT TEAM, by its defeat of the New York Athletic Club eleven on Saturday (18-8), has again won the championship of the Amateur Football Union. I have always remarked on the exceptionally good football this team puts up, and regretted exceedingly this season that limited space prevented my writing more of them. The team is not only well captained by Harry Beecher, but its interests are cared for by its manager, F. W. Lawrence. The Crescent eleven without Beecher and Lawrence would hardly be recognizable. Considerable hard luck in injury to players has followed the team, but it has managed, even with substitutes, to put up a very fair game, and in its full strength has been more than a match for its athletic club rivals. Hewlett especially has distinguished himself, and both Edwards and Sheldon have proved themselves invaluable. Trifling closed her season on Saturday by defeating Technology, 22-0. The team put up by Trinity, with its 125 students, has proved remarkably strong, and played wonderfully good football. Out of ten games this season it has won six, and the four defeats were to Harvard, Yale, Pennsylvania, and Boston A. A. Graves, Kent, Hubbard, Hubbard, and Hall have done particularly well. A game quite as interesting as between any of the larger teams would be one with Cornell and University of Pennsylvania opposed. Exeter's team this year was not able to make so good a fight as usual with Amherst. It was beaten twice, 26-10—Lehigh having downed Lafayette, 6-9, by reason of the latter's wretched judgment in attempting to rush the ball from her goal instead of punting, is somewhat comforted for the walloping U. of P. gave her. Stevens has not won very often this season, but deserves credit for supporting her team rather than permitting it to shamble for want of support, as Columbia did. Williams's steady bucking was too much for Dartmouth Saturday, though the latter put up a strong game. Street and Bothne and Ide and Smith played brilliantly for their respective colleges, 14-6. Notwithstanding they won, Williams's game was not especially satisfactory to her admirers. CASPAR W. WHITNEY.



THE HARVARD FOOTBALL TEAM.



THE YALE FOOTBALL TEAM.

TO MEET AT SPRINGFIELD ON NOVEMBER THE TWENTY-FIRST.

HOW A RAILROAD IS INSPECTED.

The inspection of the Pennsylvania Railroad is made annually usually in the month of October. The President, and as many of the Vice Presidents and directors as can go, precede the rest of the party, and examine not only every foot of their own immediate possessions, but also all branch and connecting lines over which Pennsylvania Railroad through passengers may possibly hold tickets. This takes them as far as St. Louis and Kansas City. This first party do not ride in such a car as is hereby illustrated, but notice the condition of the roads from the back end of Pullman observation cars.

The engineers, managers, superintendents, and lesser officers, down to trackage clerks, to the number of 160, occupy four trains, such as is shown in the illustration on page 928, one train following the distance of the rear of another. These trains of inspectors look after the property of their own road only, and every tie, rail, joint, etc., is seen and passed upon by them, and at the end of the inspection this immense jury decides, upon examining the printed forms upon which it has placed its estimate of every subdivision, which of them are entitled to the prizes so earnestly striven for by the many division superintendents.

The last train, in addition to the baggage, dining, and general passenger coach which are on the other trains, includes also a car which is called the "Trackometer," or indicator car. It is a most complex piece of machinery, and registers and locates every possible imperfection of track and bed, whether of alignment or level, marked on the cylinder rolls as follows: Location; 100 ft. marker; Wide gauge; Gauge 4 ft. 9 in.; Close gauge; Surface of right rail; Elevation $\frac{1}{2}$; Surface of left rail; and Speed.

THE WASHINGTON ARCH IN NEW YORK.

PLACE, position, add effectiveness to the Washington Arch now in process of erection in New York. The arch stands on the north side of Washington Square, just where lower Fifth Avenue begins. Washington Square is of ample area, and becomes the fitting frame for such a monument. Though lower Fifth Avenue at its beginning is not of great length, it has fair width, and so the artistic impression of the arch is not lessened by its surroundings.

The exact appreciation of an arch, the meaning it would convey, may differ with the event it commemorates. Nationalities have various expressions. There is the Arc de Triomphe, the largest of arches. It is grand in conception, fulfills its functions as the monument typical of the glories of France in the past. It imposes by means of its massive qualities, while its decoration tells of battle and conquest. Its title indicates triumph. It may not recall the Caudine Fork of a savage victor, but its vault could give a sound, its echo might be "Vae victis!"

It should be remembered that only supremely great events are considered by mankind as worthy of commemoration by means of arches, and Mr. Charles de Kay has in HARPER'S WEEKLY thoroughly explained their architectural significance. It might be advanced that when sight-seeing Americans look for the first time at arches built by the Romans, through appreciating their architectural proportions, impressed with their historical memories, the small size of these monuments at times dampens enthusiasm. It is then the hugeness of the Arc de Triomphe which makes a lasting effect. It tells of the conquest of the larger portion of Europe by Napoleon, the monument being in proportion to the wonderful events. Still, it leaves an impression of aggressive force.

As has been judiciously remarked in criticisms on the Washington Arch, the architect, Mr. Stanford White, has made his design with perfect appreciation of the surroundings. Such buildings as are in proximity near lower Fifth Avenue, or visible through the trees, can neither be called noble nor impressive. It would be nonsense to say that the arch was asserted to the neighborhood. Mr. Stanford White was too good an artist to lower his conceptions. It will not as an artistic creation stand, however, aloof from its modest neighbors, but it must in time exercise its influence. In the years to come the quiet repose of this portion of New York will have an awakening, perhaps, and then, following the lead of the arch, a better type of buildings will be reared. Committees who select localities for monuments never lose sight of what is in the future. It may, then, be safe to say that just as long as Washington Square exists, and Fifth Avenue begins there, that this special quarter of New York will never lose its importance.

In all ways Mr. Stanford White's plan is excellent, and, above all, is appropriate. An arch may be grave, but never sombre. If it stood bald, unornamented, it would be meaningless. Differing in no way from all other art conceptions, it must tell what it means. An American arch, if it had any idea to convey to us, could never be one of conquest, but reminding us of the superbest of all triumphs—that of freedom. Anything else than this would jar with true republicanism. No one ever dared, when the nation was still young, to think of rearing a pile blatant with our victories over Mexico.

The initial idea of this arch was due to the erection of a temporary wooden one when the celebration of the inauguration of Washington took place. The great event of 1789 was remembered in 1889, and the programme carried out on the 29th of April, 1889, was fully presented in HARPER'S WEEKLY. "Why not," it was at once asked, "have a durable monument as lasting as our country, which shall tell forever the greatness, the goodness, of George Washington?" At once means and ways were thought of, committees were formed, with the result of a handsome sum of money to be devoted to the erection of the arch. On the 30th of May of last year, with appropriate services, the corner-stone of the arch was laid, the orator of the day being Mr. George William Curtis.

The illustration gives a perfect idea of the arch as it will be when finished, with its surroundings. The view through the arch is looking up Fifth Avenue. The two columns holding globes surmounted by eagles give the proper balance, and add to the effective qualities of the arch.

To-day the Washington Arch is finished as far as the cornice, and the work is progressing at a reasonable rate of speed. It will take, however, some time before the decorative portion can be made. To carry out this ornamentation it must be done *in situ*, and such artistic chiselling requires skilful artisans, and these cannot be hurried. As the arch must last, and is built for centuries to come, the stone employed is such as will best resist climatic effects, and is accordingly hard to cut. If the arch is entirely finished in 1892, it will redound to the credit of the builder, Mr. David H. King, Jr., who has contributed in a gratuitous way his services to the Washington Arch.

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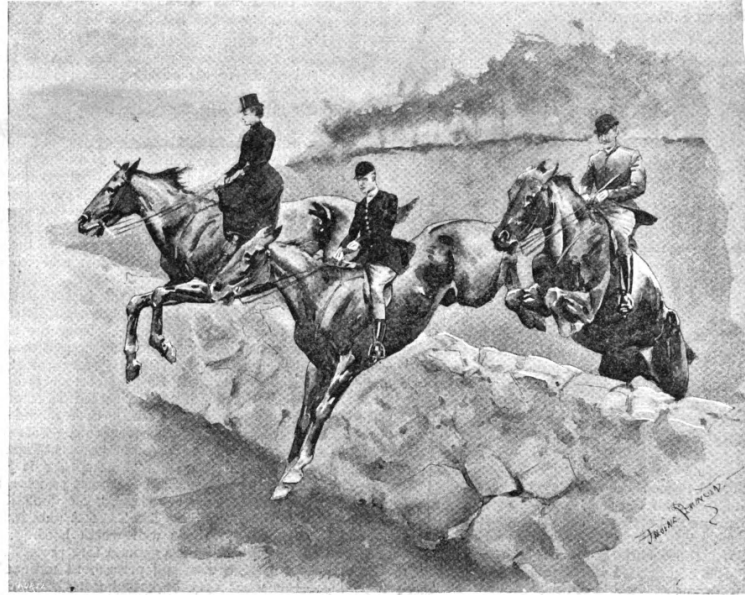
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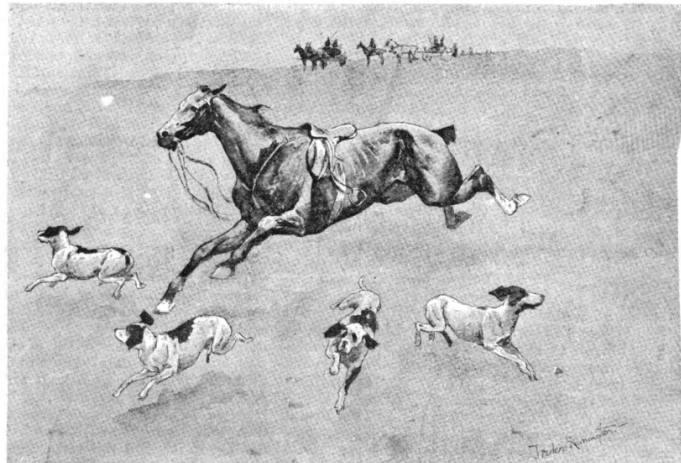
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PUBLISHED

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NECESSARY LEGISLATION.

STATE Senator SAXTON, of New York, who has been the especial champion of ballot reform, says: "It seems to me that the recent elections make it evident that honest elections and honest election laws are the great issues of the day. The ballot law must be purified, and the corrupt practices act strengthened. Besides, we must pass the amendment to the Constitution transferring disputed election cases from the Legislature to the courts." Senator SAXTON states clearly and concisely the chief reform measures that should engage the Legislature this winter. His remarks recall the fact that the main object of good citizens at present is to secure greater political honesty. Tariff reform, ballot reform, civil service reform, the corrupt practices act, and the judicial decision of disputed elections are all efforts to obtain an honest expression of the popular will. The pressing and vital necessity of such measures is shown by the situation in the two largest States at the late election. In Pennsylvania the substantial question was whether the party control under which the most extensive frauds have been accomplished should be approved, and it was approved by an immense majority; and in New York the defeated candidate and a large part of the press that supported him allege that the result was due to wholesale bribery, or, as Mr. PLATT is reported as saying, "The Democrats merely bought their triumph for cash."

The general belief that in a hotly contested and important election both parties buy as many votes as they can raise money to pay for reveals a situation which all sensible men desire to correct. The extraordinary growth of the public sentiment in favor of ballot reform, and the passage of ballot reform laws in State after State, show the general consciousness of the extreme venality of elections, and the readiness to try a remedy. The practically open sale of judgeships by Tammany Hall, as illustrated in the recent statements of Judge PRYOR and Judge INGRAHAM, show how far this cancer has eaten its way. There was no doubt of the election of both these candidates, yet one of them paid \$10,000 and the other \$7000 to Tammany Hall for what its chief boss, Mr. CROKER, facetiously calls "the legitimate expenses" of the election. Judge PRYOR himself, however, calls it an "assessment," which he says that he could ill afford to pay, and that it is an outrage which should be stopped. The first step in stopping it is to remove all excuse for assessing candidates for money to pay "legitimate expenses," and to require of the CROKERS and QUAYS who receive the money to swear to a detailed and itemized statement of its expenditure. To secure this result Governor HILL's dodge of the pasteur should be abolished, and the corrupt practices act extended.

This last measure Governor HILL himself has recommended, probably upon the ground that the Republican bribery fund was the larger. But it would be very difficult to show that any party organization but Tammany ever levied such immense assessments upon candidates. The Republican "fat-frying" process of 1888 was pressure applied to vast interests which for their own advantage could afford liberal gifts much more easily than salaried officials. The reform of the protective system, which stimulates this enormous contribution to dishonest politics, is not the least imperative among those which solicit general public attention. But if Senator SAXTON can induce his party in this State to press unflinchingly the three measures which he mentions, it is not prob-

able that the whole Democratic force in the Legislature would care to unite itself against them. The elaborate Democratic deliverance upon the subject in the State Convention shows the consciousness that effective ballot reform is a measure which the sentiment of the State demands, and Mr. FLOWER's equally elaborate and evasive letter just before the election showed his consciousness that the reform could not be wisely resisted, although it showed with equal clearness that the force which supported him did not desire it. Indeed, Mr. CROKER, in his *World* interview, frankly discloses his view, which is that of the power which he represents—"I do not think that the city or the State should be compelled to pay for even the official ballots." We trust that Mr. SAXTON will lose no time in proposing his measures.

REPUBLICAN HOPES OF DEMOCRATIC FOLLY.

MR. FREDERIC TAYLOR, a public-spirited merchant of New York, who is not in the ordinary sense a politician, although he takes the active part in politics which becomes every good citizen, has written a very interesting and suggestive letter upon the political situation. Mr. TAYLOR is a Republican and a protectionist of the HENRY CLAY school. But he cannot be blind or indifferent to the signs of the times, and his letter itself is one of those signs. In the late campaign in the State Mr. TAYLOR made an eloquent and weighty speech at the last great Republican meeting in the New York Music Hall, and his letter tends to explain in some degree the defeat of the party to which he belongs and which he sought to serve.

It does this by disclosing the fact that there is a very large body of Republicans who distrust the tendencies of their own party. They are necessarily lukewarm and even indifferent; and the key to the indifference of the vast body of rural Republicans in New York, whose neglect to vote defeated the Republican candidate, is, as Mr. TAYLOR states it, although in a different way, their opposition to extreme protection and to boss rule. This feeling is so strong, that to the argument against Tammany, such Republicans replied, "TOM PLATT is just as bad"; and to the argument that next year is a Presidential election, they answered, "We don't like revising the tariff up," as Mr. TAYLOR puts it. This is a sign of the times well worth heeding. The McKINLEY protectionists assume that protection is a good in itself, a wise and permanent national policy. But what may be called the GARFIELD protectionists hold that it is a wise policy only when temporary and "ultimating in free trade." This is not, perhaps, Mr. SHERMAN's view. But Mr. SHERMAN evidently does not regard the result of the Ohio election as a simple victory for the McKINLEY tariff principle. He is inclined to explain it otherwise, and to anticipate, if not to prefer, the currency as the main issue next year.

These are indications that if the Republican platform of next year should declare absolutely for the McKINLEY tariff and principle, and marshal its voters under the familiar bosses, there would be a large body of Republicans who will feel as the rural Republicans in New York felt this year before election, and as Mr. TAYLOR's letter shows that other Republicans felt after election. But the Republican vote of Pennsylvania shows no disposition to discard QUAY, the most notorious of the Republican bosses, and there is little probability that the party pride of the Convention will permit anything but a strong approval of the McKINLEY policy. As the year draws to a close, therefore, the chief Republican hope for the next year is the folly of the Democrats. The new Democrats, like BOIES, RUSSELL, and CAMPBELL, have by no means superseded the old Bourbon Democratic leaders. Tammany Hall is more powerful than at any time since the fall of TWEED. Mr. CLEVELAND was originally nominated not as a representative Democrat, but as a candidate who would attract disaffected Republicans. Even so uncompromising a Democratic paper as the *Louisville Courier-Journal* thinks its great party majority in the House dangerous. That is what Republicans believe, and on that danger they rest their hopes.

SENATOR SHERMAN.

THE threatened displacement of Mr. SHERMAN as Senator from Ohio by Mr. FORAKER has elicited an expression of opinion throughout the country which cannot fail of a decided effect upon the result. It may not suffice to secure the election of Mr. SHERMAN, but it will certainly show to Ohio Republicans the opinion held in all parties out of the State of the possible election of Mr. FORAKER. Mr. FORAKER is reported to have said that Ohio Republicans know their own business, and are entirely capable of attending to it. But this remark omits the fact that the membership of the Senate of the United States is the business of the whole country. The withdrawal of Mr. EDMUNDS is not the concern of Vermont alone, it is a national loss. The withdrawal of a man of the great public ability and experience and

intelligence of Mr. SHERMAN would take from the Senate a personality which belongs to the whole country, and a Senator whose influence upon the legislation which is likely to engage the attention of Congress would be of the highest value. If Mr. SHERMAN, like Mr. EDMUNDS, had declined to return to the Senate, the whole country would have reason to regret it. From a party point of view, and in the competition for public favor, when the Democratic party of New York have contributed Governor HILL to the Senate, would it be "good politics" for the Republican party of Ohio to send Mr. FORAKER instead of Senator SHERMAN?

The general interest in Mr. SHERMAN, however, is not a party interest. It is the kind of national pride which is felt in public men of proved service and conspicuous ability. This is acknowledged in the case of Mr. SHERMAN. He is indeed a strong party man, and he has often given up to party what was meant for the country. But his long public service has been that of a man who is indeed a partisan, but much more. Upon questions of finance, when discussed upon general principles, and not for a party purpose, no vision is clearer and no judgment sounder than that of Senator SHERMAN. Were he President there would be no fear that unwise and crude financial legislation would become law. Upon all such questions, so far as true and safe views are involved, he is easily the leader of the Senate, and were the question of his Republican successor to be left to the vote of intelligent men of all parties in other States, animated only by a patriotic feeling, Mr. SHERMAN would be overwhelmingly preferred.

Is it proposed to supersede him by an abler man, a sounder statesman, of longer experience, of larger intelligence, of ampler equipment? Without detracting from Mr. FORAKER's qualifications, has his career made it evident that Ohio and the country would be more effectively served by him than by Mr. SHERMAN? Does his party think to commend itself more to general respect and confidence by substituting Mr. FORAKER for Mr. SHERMAN? It is true that Mr. SHERMAN has been long in public life. But is "that an objection to his continuance in it? He has served more than one term as Senator. Is that a reason why he should not serve another? He has no vested right in the office of Senator. Has he ever asserted such a right, and is a singularly efficient and experienced servant properly dismissed because he has no vested right in his place? The reelection of Mr. SHERMAN under the circumstances is a national interest. But it involves very much more than a personal result.

INDIAN CITIZENSHIP.

THE annual report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs to the Secretary of the Interior is a very interesting document. It discusses at some length, and with knowledge and intelligence, the question of citizenship, which can be avoided no longer, and it asks of Congress a definite determination of the actual political status of the Indians as a basis of wise legislation and a satisfactory administration of Indian affairs. This is indispensable, for the old fiction that wandering Indian tribes are nations, and to be dealt with on that footing, is now wholly impracticable. Within the last few years not only has the rapid extension of the frontier of civilization changed the whole situation, but the sudden growth of public interest in the Indian question, and the development of an intelligent public opinion on the subject, have produced a distinct demand for a reasonable and becoming policy in the treatment of the Indians. The injustice and the corruption of the course pursued toward them for many years were due very largely to the almost universal public ignorance and profound indifference.

This is now changed, and the impulse which led to the organized public interest in the subject, which the organization in turn stimulated, has resulted in wise Congressional action and a careful consideration of the true policy, of which the present report of the commissioner is a striking illustration. Upon an instructive historical review of the political status of the Indian, Commissioner MORGAN concludes that the Indians have been always regarded as separate communities holding exceptional relations to the general government, with which alone they dealt. They have now ceased to be regarded as independent peoples, and have come to be regarded as wards of the government, and the purpose of the government is now evidently to change them from wards into citizenship. During the period of transition, and until their citizenship shall be completed, they must be regarded as subject to the laws of the country, and under the care of the government. To this end laws and courts should be established among them, assimilated to those of the State or Territory in which the reservation is situated, and the courts should be based upon the existing system of Indian courts. The Indians should no longer be treated as people competent to make war, but as dependent people capable of riot and insurrection, and for the promotion of the general welfare the government should establish schools and compel attendance; for

where the Indians have taken lands in severalty they are prohibited from alienating them for twenty-five years, and being exempted from taxation for that time, their children are excluded from the public schools.

Commissioner MORGAN also suggests whether the time may not be near when the five civilized tribes may be enabled to form a State or Territorial government and be represented in Congress, and he is of opinion that the time has come when, as contemplated by the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, the Pueblo Indians should be admitted to the enjoyment of all the rights of citizens of the United States. There are many other important suggestions in the report, as, for instance, that the mixed system of church schools should be merged in the national system, and the Indian school officers included in the classified civil service. The schools, says the commissioner, "have been largely removed from the sphere of politics, and rendered strictly non-sectarian and non-partisan. It is confidently believed that this action will secure a higher grade of teaching talent and increased efficiency in the entire school service."

PROTECTING GOVERNMENT EMPLOYÉES.

There is a law of the United States which provides "that no person shall in any room or building occupied in the discharge of official duties by any officer or employé of the United States mentioned in this act, or in any navy-yard, fort, or arsenal, solicit in any manner whatever or receive any contribution of money or any other thing of value for any political purpose whatever."

This is a law which politicians and members of party committees hold to be a sop to political lunatics, but really intended not to be enforced. Two years ago the president of the Old Dominion Republican League, in Washington, holding this view, solicited such contributions under such circumstances. The Civil Service Commission interested itself in the enforcement of the law, and in April, 1890, the offending president was indicted. The administration seemed to be disposed to let the matter rest, but this autumn the case was brought to trial, and the president of the league demurred that the law did not make the acts unlawful, and if it did, it was an unconstitutional act, and his counsel contended that the indictment was fatally defective because it did not specify that government employes were solicited.

The Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the District delivered the unanimous opinion of the court, declining to sustain the demurrer. The court holds that the prohibition is a reasonable exercise of the power of Congress to regulate the conduct of persons in government buildings, and that the indictment was sufficient, although it did not specify that the persons solicited were government employes. The section of the act did not infringe upon the guaranteed rights and immunities of citizens, and was not unconstitutional. The fact that the other section of the act relating to political assessments mentioned specifically government employes, and the section in question did not, showed a purpose on the part of Congress to make solicitation from any person, whether a government employé or not, unlawful within any room or building occupied in the discharge of official duties by any employé of the United States.

This is a very important opinion. The decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the case of General N. M. CURTIS held that the law forbidding government employes to solicit from each other was constitutional, but this opinion forbids all solicitations of money for political purposes within government buildings. As Commissioner THOMPSON says, this will practically stop public assessments, and leave public employes the same liberty which other citizens enjoy of giving or not giving, at their pleasure. This would be a happy advance from the situation a few years since, when, to a remonstrance against the outrage of such assessments, the Collector of New York answered, "If any clerk does not wish to give, there are fifty applicants ready to take his place, with all the encumbrances." The president of the Old Dominion League, who is fighting the battle of the spoils system against an honest, self-respecting, and efficient public service, has applied for a writ of error, to prevent if possible the trial of the case, in which he cannot hope for acquittal. The case is further important, like Secretary TRACY's recent emancipation of the navy-yards from the spoilsman, as showing the sure and steady progress of this beneficent reform.

AN APPEAL TO WHITE AMERICANS.

THE wrong of which Mr. DOWNING speaks in the subjoined paper is universally known, but the feeling of those whom it most deeply affects is little considered. It will be but slowly corrected, because of the conditions from which it springs. But one such fervent appeal will be of some service to a righteous end.

108 BELLEVUE AVENUE,
NEWPORT, R. I., November 6, 1891.

RESPECTED SIR:—The colored man's struggle, lately dubbed "The Negro Problem," has a side seldom discussed. While friends at the North who talk of freedom and equality before the law read of the wrong done the colored people of the South, and justly appeal to Heaven. They exclaim, "My God! my God!" but do not seem to realize that great injustice is being done the colored man daily in the North, and that this injustice encourages abuses in the South against which they protest. In fact, the outraging in question differs in the North from that of the South only in degree.

The colored man in the North is almost invariably discriminated against; his life is made miserable; his is a sordid and blighted existence. It matters not if he be industrious, educated, and scrupulously law-abiding. The contempt manifested

discourages, depresses, and embarrasses. I am under the harrow, and know whereof I affirm. This crushing iniquity shuts the colored man out from thrift and elevating pursuits; from your factories, your workshops, sales-rooms, from dignified callings, from positions in political parties that command respect. Professing followers of the meek and lowly Jesus proscribe him invidiously. It is seen in their holy sanctuaries. Let me impress upon you that all of this outrageous stimulus to the abuse of colored men in the South. It is held up by the South as an offset to the North's invocations and exclamations denunciatory of the South. Let the North wash its hands of the too general iniquity, and the South would sooner fall into line.

Education and refinement, with the consequent sensitiveness that go along therewith—both of which are possessed by the colored man of to-day—cause him to realize painfully, acutely, the injustice he encounters at every turn. He does so with feelings that should have no place in the breast of any human being. This is to me a keenly felt reality. It would not be so hard if the colored people were completely degraded and debased. But it is not cruel to throw open your schools and colleges to them, to inspire them with your daily talk as to rights and entitlements, unless you intend to have regard for the resultant feelings upon their part?

I can see the bosoms of a hundred thousand men and women of the North swell and heave. I can hear a hundred thousand and more voices exclaim, "Mr. DOWNING, you speak correctly; great injustice is being done to the colored man in the North and in the South." But here they rest. I feel that they are thus moved, for I am persuaded that deep down in the breast of my fellow-countrymen a sense of justice has its abode. Let me appeal to that sense of justice, to that hundred thousand and more, and entreat the multitude, in the name of fair play, of justice, of the genius of our institutions, of the character and laws of our government, of the professed Christianity of the land, not to rest, but to be troubled about the injustice, to be aggressively active in efforts to free the North from the deep disgrace that dishonors her, that assists in making outrages decent in other parts of the country.

GEORGE T. DOWNING.

THE HORSE SHOW.

THE great horse show at Madison Square Garden is a fashionable entertainment, and attracted this year, as usual, a large crowd. There are always fine horses to be seen there, but the chief impression of all such exhibitions is profound regret that such noble animals are often if not generally so ignobly and ignorantly treated. Doubtless it was the daily spectacle of the abuse of horses which stimulated HENRY BERGOT to the great service which has justly made his name renowned. But the guilt of the abuse is not confined to draymen and teamsters. The ignorance and indifference of wealth and fashion to the treatment of horses are quite as conspicuous, and for obvious reasons much more unpardonable.

The horse, which is one of the most sensitive and delicate of animals, is greatly to be commiserated as he appears in the fashionable drive of Central Park. He is treated as a part of the show of the parade, and he is at the mercy of the owner, who buys horses not because he likes them or knows anything about them, but because he must have an equipage, and he abandons them to the care of grooms and coachmen, whose sole aim is to produce a more "swell" effect than their rivals. For a "stylish" effect the horse is robbed of his natural ornament and defence, and is checked and trussed and tortured by a harness which encumbers his natural action and forces him into an artificial "gait." Human knowledge and skill directed to an auxiliary animal like the horse should aim to develop his natural aptitudes. He should be treated as a humane and skilful gardener treats a tree in our modern landscape-gardening, not as a tree was maltreated by the false and morbid taste of two centuries ago.

Such remarks do not apply to the lovers of horses who care for them with sympathy and intelligence, who comprehend their practical helplessness and acknowledge their faithful service. Such lovers permit in their stables no "fashions" invented by ignorant and inhuman grooms to produce "stylish action" to impress similar ignorance and folly. In such a show as that which has just closed in the Madison Square Garden it is by no means the "showiest" horses which please the true lover. It is the animal whose appearance is not determined by a transitory "fad" of style, but which reveals the affection, the knowledge, and the thoughtful care of the owner. The worst result of such an exhibition is its tendency to confirm ignorance and carelessness in the abuse of horses in order to give them what the same ignorance and carelessness call style.

PERSONAL.

BARON HIRSCH, the rich Austrian rival of the ROTHSCHILDS, whose charities to the persecuted Russian Jews have made his name better known on this side of the Atlantic than even his enormous wealth, is a very lavish entertainer, but personally most abstemious. He spreads a liberal table for his guests, but eats only the plainest food himself, and drinks but little wine. It is his invariable rule to retire to bed before eleven, leaving his company to their own amusements for the rest of the night.

CANON DUCKWORTH, of Westminster Abbey, is said to owe his place in ecclesiastical life and his favor in royal eyes to a slight act of contrespy to the Princesses of Wales. The scene of his graceful gallantry was at Oxford, a number of years ago, when the Princess, on her way with the Prince and a party of friends to embark in a barge on the river, became separated from the others, and stood at the river-side alone and irresolute. A young man who happened to be near by saw her dilemma, and stepping forward assisted her to embark. The Prince, who arrived a moment later, thanked him. Dean LIDDELL, who was in the royal train, noted his gallantry, and within a few years the youth was a favorite with royalty and well on his way to preferment in the Church. Now he is Canon of Westminster.

The cottage in which MILTON wrote "Paradise Lost" is still standing in an ancient little English village within easy reach of London. It is a small gabled house of four

rooms, the outside plastered, but with the blackened beams showing through. In the rear is the garden through which the poet walked. Within the house everything has been arranged just as he left it—the tables on which he wrote, the stools on which he sat, and the hearth before which he felt the genial glow of the fire, even though he could not see it.

The juicy Concord grape takes its name from the town of EMERSON and THOREAU, where it was originally cultivated, and where EPHRAIM BULL, the man who first grew it for the table, is still living, a veteran of eighty-five years. Mr. BULL found the grape growing wild near Concord, in 1843, and after a series of experiments in improving and domesticating it, he succeeded in bringing to market the perfected grape as it is known to-day.

A mulatto servant named ROBERT SMITH, who died in St. Louis recently, had been employed for many years as "bat man" in a hotel, where his surprising memory enabled him to furnish every guest who left the dining-room with his proper head-gear. Though many attempts were made to entrap him, he never made a mistake. His curious gift recalls that of a medieval librarian named MOGLIABROCCHI, who knew the exact place on the shelf of every book in the libraries of Enropa.

Cardinal MANNING, who, at more than eighty years, is one of the hardest-working men in England, is likewise one of the most kindly. His manner is as simple and unaffected as that of the poorest missionary priest, and his hold on the affection of the common people of Protestant England is greater than that of even the Archbishop of Canterbury. Up to a few years ago it was his custom to preach twice on Sunday, and during the week he was always busily engaged until late at night.

Mrs. EVANS, the new "Lady Mayoress," as her official designation goes, of London, was at one time a chambermaid in a country hotel in a small Kentish town, where her future husband, then a London Alderman, used to spend his winters. Her married life has been most happy, and she is now a woman of grace, dignity, and intelligence.

DOMENICO NOCCHIA, an old brigand and murderer, who had spent sixty years in prison, was recently liberated in Italy. He is eighty-three years old, and four murders, and robberies amounting to over a million francs, are credited to him.

Among the Freshmen at Williams College is Prince BESOLOV, the son of an African chief, who is fitting himself for missionary work in his native land.

PATRI, in her Welsh castle, still keeps alive the almost obsolete custom of ringing a curfew bell. When the *diva* is ready to retire for the night she presses an electric button, and a gong rings through the castle the signal "lights out" for the entire household. This is the curfew very much "up to date."

The late King of Württemberg was very stout, as was his grandfather, the first king of the Württemberg family, who had so great a girth at the waistcoat that he could not reach his plate when at dinner, and it became necessary for his accommodation to cut a semicircular piece out of the table at the place where he sat.

The costly palace which the Empress of Austria has had constructed at Corfu to gratify her whim for a new home is one of the most luxurious as well as one of the most curious buildings in Europe. It is a reproduction on an enlarged scale and with modern appliances of one of the patrician dwellings of Pompeii. The frescoes on the wall, illuminated by incandescent electric lamps half hidden in the foliage of the friezes, represent scenes from the mythological legends relating to Achilles, and on the walls are inscribed proverbs and apothegms, some of them borrowed from Lord LYTON's works. The furniture is strictly Pompeian in design.

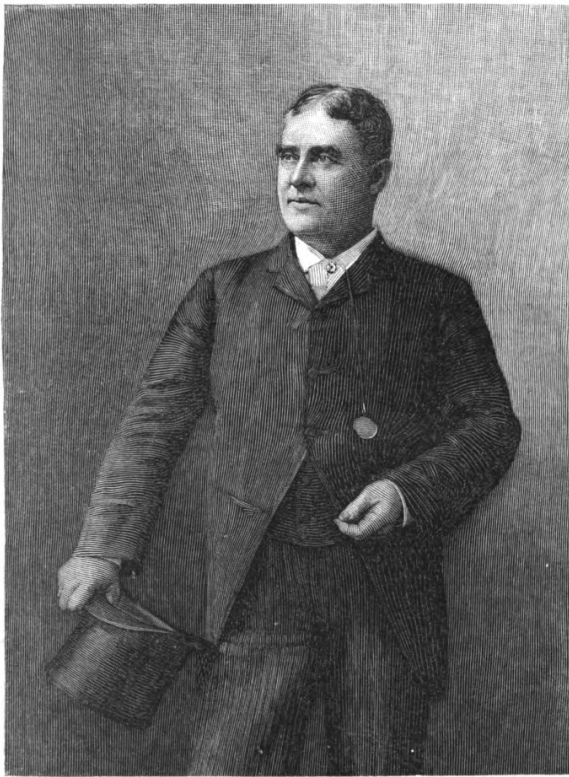
General BOOTH's daughter, "La Marchesale," who is in command of the Salvation Army in France and Switzerland, and is now proselyting in this country, is a tall, slender, and very graceful girl, with a fresh English face, to which the blue bonnet of her order lends an additional attractiveness. She possesses an indomitable spirit, as was shown by the influence she exerted over the rough *canaille* of Paris who attended her meetings. Altogether, she is a most picturesque character for the nineteenth century—a JOAN OF ARC in time of peace.

ALPHONSE DAUDET, the famous French novelist, who is reported to be dying, is one of the "shaggy men," as HENRY WARD BEECHER called them, who, like the Abbé LISZT, BEECHER himself, EDWARD EGLETON, Professor SWING, ISERN, and General ROGER EYROL, have shown that the wearing of long hair is not necessarily a sign of a weak intellect. DAUDET's head is so thickly covered with a luxuriant growth of untrimmed hair, which falls over his shoulders, that his temples and ears are entirely concealed.

The much-mooted question of the birthplace of Madame SARAH BERNHARDT has been settled by the discovery of the proper documents which show that the great actress was born in the noted Latin Quarter of Paris. Her mother was a poor Jewess, of German parentage, who kept a millinery shop in an humble building near the house in which CHARLOTTE CORDAY assassinated MARAT.

Ex-Secretary HAMILTON FIEB is passing his declining years in his historic home on the Hudson, nearly opposite West Point. Though eighty-three years of age, a year older than GLADSTONE or TENNYSON, like them he shows no sign of mental or physical failing. JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG, who visited him recently, says that, except for a slight imperfection in the Secretary's walk, he could see no change in him since 1882. His mind is keen and active, his memory unclouded, and his conversation most interesting.

The steep hill down which PUTNAM made his famous escape from the Indians is occasionally pointed out to visitors to Greenwich, Connecticut. The main road runs at one side of it, and the people on whose property it is have built a stable on the other side. PUTNAM's home and this historic spot are unmarked in any way, although the townspeople have just erected the conventional stone monument to their fellow-townsmen who died in the late war. There are enough millionaires in Greenwich to put up at least a brass plate to this old Revolutionary hero.



[SEE PAGE 935.]

[Handwritten signature]

A. L. Wheeler, '95, Left Guard. J. C. McFarlan, '95, Substitute Guard. J. G. Symmes, '92, Centre.

H. Vincent, Jun., '94, Left End. G. H. Dowkott, '95, Substitute Tackle. F. H. Davis, '95, Substitute Tackle. W. H. Fulper, '95, Substitute Half Back.



SCENE FROM DRAG-HUNTING—THE FINISH.—[SEE FRONT PAGE.]

DRAG-HUNTING.

THE ignorance displayed about drag-hunting by most people is sufficient excuse for the ridicule they delight in heaping upon it. Few outside of the hunting "set" realize the work attendant upon conducting a drag-hunt, while those who do not understand it, or who take no interest in sports, speak contemptuously of the "aniseed bag." Did they but know it, that very expression betrays their lack of knowledge of the subject they so freely criticize. If such scoffers appreciated the judgment and work required to produce the artificiality which they ridicule, they might consider it worthy of something besides sneers. In this article I shall devote myself to those uninitiated.

I shall not speak of a country that has been regularly hunted by some pack of hounds. Such runs are well established, but a few deviations from the accustomed route are necessary now and then to avoid land that is no

longer useful for their purpose. I shall suppose a Master taking his hounds to a country with which he is not familiar, and that may not have been previously hunted over. If he intends hunting twice a week, say Wednesdays and Saturdays, desires to show good sport without accidents, and attends to his duties conscientiously, he will find his time fully occupied.

He must first ascertain in what direction there is open country, then drive to that point, taking with him a man who subsequently will drive the drag wagon. After obtaining a general idea of the lay of the land, he chooses a definite line of country for his first run, and calls the driver's attention to any prominent landmarks or roads which he must remember for the next day's work. He decides where he will "throw in" the hounds, choosing, if possible, an open field that admits

(Continued on page 939.)



M. V. Egan, Jun., '92, Substitute Full Back.

J. B. Egan, '95, Right Guard.

A. F. Harrold, '95, Right Tackle.

B. H. Warren, '95, Right End, Captain.

C. T. Wood, '95, Substitute Half Back.

S. Homans, Jun., '92, Full Back.

J. M. Flint, '95, Left Half Back.

J. P. Poe, Jun., '95, Right Half Back.

V. K. Irvine, '95, Substitute End.

A. F. Holly, Jun., '95, Left Tackle.

F. B. Morse, '95, Substitute Quarter Back.

P. King, '95, Quarter Back.

PRINCETON FOOTBALL TEAM.



“THE CIPHER CODE.”

BY PLEASANT A. STOVALL.

A CROWD had gathered in the government building in Knoxville one morning in January, 1881. There were men of all ages and conditions—old and middle-aged, the maimed and halt—waiting for the payment of quarterly pensions. Every year a large sum of money is disbursed to ten thousand old soldiers of the army of the republic in East Tennessee.

The status of the people in the mountains of Tennessee and North Carolina during the civil war was anomalous. Families were divided, and brothers were ranged on opposite sides. There were sturdy Confederates and stout Union

men in every town. Some fought under Longstreet, while their neighbors opposed them under Burnside. As a class, the natives were plain men, with strong friendships and implacable hatreds. They carried their convictions in hair-triggers, and backed their politics with squirrel rifles. These men were sure shots, and belonged to the kind called “dead game.”

In this group of people waiting their turn at the pension office was an elderly lady, accompanied by an attractive young girl. A brown checked dress, neatly made but not ornately trimmed, reached to the ankle of the little maiden, while a white Shaker bonnet, worn in spite of the severity

of the season, had just been removed, disclosing a shapely head, with auburn curls, pale complexion, and brown eyes. The hair was wavy, while the mouth, remarkably expressive, was large and firm and kindly. She smiled in answer to a remark of the elder lady, but did not open her lips. Essie Taylor had a way of smiling through her eyes, while her mouth remained closed more firmly. Finally, when the face did break, and her pretty teeth were disclosed, the effect was electrical.

This at least was the opinion of the young district attorney, who came up at the moment, after settling some detail in Mrs. Lease's application for a pension. He was not so

immersed in government business as to be blind to the charms of the mountain girl.

"Yes, I have seen Miss Essie at the high school here," he said, pleasantly, in response to Mrs. Lease's introduction. "I am sorry to hear that this is her last term in Knoxville."

When had this well-looking, young attorney seen her at her terms, and how did he know she was not coming back to school?

Miss Estherina Taylor, sixteen and spinster, was not a member of the Grand Army of the Republic. She had come up to the pension office to accompany an old friend who was collecting a little amount due her.

Esie was a resident of Grainger County, forty miles away, and had for the past year been attending the public school in the city. Once or twice she had come up with Mrs. Lease upon this errand, and had been impressed with the sturdiness and significance of the pension.

"I want to ask, Mrs. Lease," said Essie, as the officer and that lady were closing up their business, "why doesn't some one pay the other side a pension?"

"What do you mean, Essie?" gasped the old lady, almost ready to faint at the idea of having her own income divided.

"Oh, I was only thinking wouldn't it be nice to have the government look after every body injured by the war? There was my father, Mrs. Lease," the girl went on, with rare unconsciousness. "He was a good soldier, you know. General Longstreet said so. Why couldn't the Lord make a plan to look after the defeated as well as the others?"

When Essie was really in earnest, and felt her own efforts fail, she frequently called on the Lord. It was natural that Providence should be invoked to supply the pension deficiency. "It isn't that I care, you know. I can take care of myself. But mother's getting old—she must be nearly sixty—and it would brighten her life to have a pension on my father's account."

As the young girl said this a tear stood in the brown eye. The lawyer had smiled at the thought of this little witch "taking care of herself." He turned away after she had finished her sentence, and the old man sitting across the office laid down his paper and wiped his spectacles.

Mrs. Lease was now aware that Essie's manner was making a sensation, so she got ready to take her out, lest the expression of so much "sedition" might disturb the flow of the quarterly stipend.

But Essie was thoroughly ingenious. "You see," she said, turning to the attorney and the old gentleman, "the war is over. Our country, the people say, can afford to forgive and forget, and the best way to make everybody feel comfortable would be to look after the poor widows and brave old soldiers on both sides."

Essie had a great idea of "making people feel comfortable." Hers was a helpful little soul, and her mission seemed to be to assist people in getting along in the world. In fact, she was willing to go before the country on a new issue of fraternity and bounty. The old gentleman who had heard the latter part of the conversation was tall and spare, with long neck, sloping shoulders, and thin beard. His keen gray eyes kindled under the talk of the girl, and after he had transacted his business with his nephew, who was district attorney, he left the room.

The little vale which stretched out at the base of Clinch Mountain had been freshened by a heavy shower. Over on the peaks of Chilhowee the July sun gilded the raindrops, while the distant hills were hidden by the clouds which drifted down the valley of the Holston. The fields were as smooth and fresh as velvet, while bright flowers and tender fern sprays dotted the hill-sides and clustered under the hedges. At the base of the mountain rested an old farm-house, which had been put up with some claims to style in its time. It had two stories—a thing not often seen in that part of the State—and the cornices and hexagon wings had been painted red. The gate was down, and the ground was overrun with weeds. The piazzas were covered with paper bags to protect the grapes from birds.

"Is Thomas going to town to-morrow?" asked the old lady sitting in the doorway. The hair of the speaker was streaked with gray, and the inevitable knitting in her lap disclosed a coarse sock slowly shaping from hose to heel.

"I'm sure I don't know what Tom's going to do, mother. He's so shiftless and uncertain. I don't see what the Lord gave him his superior mind for, when he can't decide what to do with it. Tom might start out to town, and if he were to meet a fishing party on the way, he'd join 'em sure."

The old lady looked up uneasily. The girl was evidently Essie Taylor, taller and browner than when she had been in the pension office six months before. There was a hair of sunlit auburn, smooth at the back of a shapely head, curled and waving at the pale brow. There was the mouth firmly closed as the brown eyes snapped at the thought of her brother's shiftlessness.

"Why wasn't I born a boy, mother?" Essie looked at her parent almost in reproach for this naïve remark. "I wouldn't hold back. Oh, I'd drive and push ahead. There wouldn't be any mortgage on this farm, I can tell you, and people wouldn't be coming over from the hotel making pictures of the broken gate."

Once more tears stood in the brown eyes, and the flexible mouth quivered. Was it sorrow for her fate or anger at the inconsiderate artists who loved the charm of this picturesque spot? Perhaps these visitors came over from Tate Springs to see the young girl under the white Shaker bonnet as she went among the cows or carried in her round white arms her brother Jim's little children up and down the hill.

But Estherina had no notion of being pitted or patronized. The fashionable folk from the Springs liked to look at her. One impudent young fellow had said something about "pretty fingers" while she was tying the grape clusters in brown paper, but Essie did not aspire to be a Maud Muller, or to pose for the admiration of summer travellers.

Her brothers had now driven up the Jerseys, and as Essie repaired to the dairy, she had no time to answer her mother's puzzled looks.

Essie lacked a few months of reaching her seventeenth birthday. She had not lived these years in vain. She was a "sunbeam," her family said; but being a "sunbeam" didn't suit her. She had something of the hardy energy of her mountain ancestors. Her fingers were white, but they were nimble, and her little trim body was perpetual motion. She could milk cows, although she said she preferred not being so familiar with them. All the Jerseys knew her, and even the mule colts were more docile when she was around. The neighbors loved her, and as we have already seen, the artists had drawn upon her long hair and Shaker bonnet, and woven them in with the broken gate.

Essie's great grief was the inefficiency of her younger brother. Her father had been killed with General Longstreet's command while guiding it in retreat through the mountains, and the boy, it seems, had never recovered from the shock. Her eldest brother was a widower, and lived with his mother. His little children were at once a care and a comfort to Essie. Jim worked hard, but barely kept the place together. But Tom, who was bright and lazy, had been the disappointment of her life. He had turned his back upon his school-books with the lordly instinct of a mountaineer.

"Pears like this larnin's nuthin' to me," he remarked, after a year at school; and the teacher did not dispute the point. Tom was good-natured and sensible and tender enough, but there was no intellectual fire under his big slouch hat and tawny hair. He was a fine shot, a clever rider, brave and sincere. He had a perfect genius for trolling in the mountain streets. But it was Tom's talent for sporting which threatened to bring down Essie's auburn curls in silvery sorrow. Essie could not go back to school at Knoxville. Things did not go right at Clinchdale when she was away.

She would make one more appeal to her brother. So the next day she said to him, "He don't you go down and see about the marble, brother?"

Tom had a worried expression in his eyes, but he could not look at Essie without tenderness. The truth was, Tom had risen early, and carried his horse with unusual care; his own looks showed close attention; for he had promised to attend a melon party at Mineral Hill.

He was broader and taller than his sister. He was a "taking" fellow. His eyes were like his mother's, and his hair had inherited its reddish tinge from his father. His mouth was small, and lacked the sweetness and strength of Essie's.

"Oh, brother, if you would only reflect how poor we are! If you would only be a man, and try to work, or sell the marble quarry to the Northern gentlemen who have settled at Lenoir, maybe you might make a fortune."

Tom smiled at his sister's enthusiasm with masculine superiority. He removed the little hand from his shoulder, and put it to his lips. "Well, Essie," he said, "I'll go. I'll go. I'll ride over to Morristown to-day. You shan't be teasing 'bout the marble any more. I told Jim yesterday 'twasn't no good but to build bridges over the creek, but to please you I'll go. So good-by. Don't worry."

Tom was one of those bright, impulsive natures who carry their sympathies in their hands. He would promise anything to keep a woman from crying, and especially Essie. She had such an earnest, tender way about her.

So it happened that once in his life Thomas Taylor started with business-like gait towards the river. He made more good resolutions than would pay the way to the marble quarry. He freed in words a proposition to the Northern Syndicate—an offer which would have startled even that pretentious concern.

"Hello, Tom!" shouted a voice in the bend of the road. Tom had unconsciously "brought up" with a buggy in which were two or three interesting young couples. "You are in a hurry. You don't often ride that fast even to a picnic."

It was Matilda Cann and George Green, both bound for the melon party.

Now this was too much. If there was one girl Tom liked, even better than Essie, it was Tillie. To see her here side by side with Green was intolerable. If Tillie had been sworn in court, and charged to say which one of these boys she liked the best, she could not have told. Tom did not propose to leave this problem entirely to time and chance. Unconsciously his horse followed the buggy,

while Tillie continued to look back over her shoulder.

"The quarry will keep," Tom reasoned. "But Tillie is so uncertain. Oh, well, I'll just go by Mineral Hill, and then I'll drive to town."

Tom's resolutions were becoming complicated, but the truth was a pair of gray eyes and a head of brown curls made up a combination more imposing just then than the millionaires at Lenoir. So when the river was reached, the ferry-boat went over empty, and Tom followed the pleasure party down the wooded gien.

III.
"Yes, I've about decided on it, Walter," said Colonel Lenoir. "I want a portion of my lands set aside for the old Confeds. I hope to realize \$20,000, and I've determined that 'the boys' shall have a pension or so, themselves. That little one in your office 'tother day talked a heap o' sense. Of course I know our boys was agin the government, and can't draw no money from that quarter, but them that's got it ought to share, and I'm goin' to see 'em through."

"Why, uncle, do you mean—?"
"Yes, I mean what I say, boy. There ain't more'n a hundred left o' my ole command, I calculate. I can spare 'em \$200 apiece this time. You see, Walter, it don't do the boys any good to watch 'tother fellows come to Knoxville every quarter and draw their pay. One side votes as he is paid; 'tother side vote as they shot. I was with the boys, Walter, as they walked barefooted through Chilhowee, and signalled through Clinchdale to the troops in the valley. I had a mountaineer, you know, Walter, to tote the heavy end of the log all the time."

So old Colonel Lenoir wrote a letter to his old Confederate friends. He announced that on a certain day in the latter part of November, down on the river, there would be a reunion for survivors. The mountain men had few chances to eat barbecue and mingle their memories of the four years' fighting, and they accepted the invitation as an announcement of something good. They knew that old man Lenoir was a famous host, so nearly a hundred men went down to the Cove. They were there with their rods and rifles, their crutches and sticks. Some walked the whole distance, others rode horseback, and one or two had to be brought on chairs in covered wagons. They were not as young as when they touched elbows at Bean's Station or forded the river with their guns over their heads. But it was a goodly crowd of men, most of them bearing evidences of hard work, and some of them showing signs of poverty itself.

When Colonel Lenoir had gathered around him his friends, he said: "Boys, you all fought faithfully during the war. The thing didn't turn out our way, and the government which would have paid us pensions has gone down the drain. But the good by the old soldiers of the Army of Virginia and Tennessee are not able to help us. It's all right. I'm not pinin' over the result; but it goes agin the grain, boys, when I see the other fellows a-goin' up to Knoxville every month and a-comin' away with fat checks. I only want to say to you I have put aside from my own means \$20,000 for you all, and I have sworn just one time to see my old comrades happy."

"The boys" did not applaud the colonel's speech as they had done his after-dinner talks at an occasional reunion. They sat quietly for a while. One or two men blew their noses violently. There was a mighty hush, and the colonel, who stood by the old soldiers of the Army of Virginia and Tennessee, was not able to help us. It's all right. I'm not pinin' over the result; but it goes agin the grain, boys, when I see the other fellows a-goin' up to Knoxville every month and a-comin' away with fat checks. I only want to say to you I have put aside from my own means \$20,000 for you all, and I have sworn just one time to see my old comrades happy."

IV.

Walter Lenoir had drawn the papers for his uncle's "pension" gifts. He had set aside and sold the best land on the Tennessee River for this purpose, and had himself become much interested in the work. Walter's father had differed in politics and conception of duty from his uncle. He had fought on the Union side during the war, and found himself opposing many old friends and neighbors. The fighting, which had ranged through the Tennessee mountains, had often partaken of guerrilla warfare, and "bush-whackers" were common on both sides.

One afternoon, while the lawyer was examining some old war papers, he found a letter written by his father during the progress of Longstreet through the mountains. It was in the nature of an official report, and gave a history of the movements in East Tennessee. It recited that Jacob Lenoir had commanded a body of scouts in November, 1863, and that he had intercepted, killed, or captured the guides of Longstreet's army. It appeared from this paper that Jacob Lenoir himself had fired upon Thomas Taylor, the chief of these guides, and killed him, and had secured the code of signals used by the Southern army through the mountains in that campaign. This had been of great damage to the Confederate column, for it was only after sharp and bloody skirmishes that Longstreet extricated himself and pushed on through Virginia.

Walter had become fascinated. There was the whole signal code in cipher, with its arcs and circles, its flashes and sigs. He studied it as if it had been Egyptian hieroglyphics. One thing stunned him. Who was Thomas Taylor? Could he be related in any way to the interesting little girl whom he had seen in his office, and of whom he had heard so much? When Essie Taylor left school, Lenoir had made bold to send her a bouquet, with a little note, on Commencement day. Neither had been acknowledged, and the neighbors said the mountain maiden was a creature of little sentiment. Lenoir was disappointed that she had not returned to school. The people at Tate Springs noticed a well-built young fellow, with broad brow, smooth face, and gray eyes, on hand one season, but he did not go up to the little square house with red gables on the mountain. Possibly he did not know that Essie lived there.

Lennox had been very much moved by the young girl's earnestness. Apparently she would be a woman of energy and style. He had only been a few years out of Lebanon law school, and had acquired a subtle contempt for the summer girl of fashionable fibre. He was a young man of ability, and his neighbors recognized his gifts by securing for him the United States District Attorneyship. He could not altogether forget the intense, almost tearful face, and once he had come across a little figure in the sketch-book of a friend which he was certain must be Essie's. Lenoir was now quite sure he had stumbled over a part of her family history.

V.

It is now evident how it happened that Mrs. Thomas Taylor, in January, 1888, came into a "pension" of \$200—a larger sum of money than she had seen at any one time since the war. Essie had heard of the survivors' reunion at the house of Colonel Lenoir, and of the grateful veterans or their widows who had received the old man's bounty. Her eyes glistened at the story and her heart warmed when she found out that somebody had come to appreciate her father's services.

"Now, mother," said Essie, "I want you to let me manage this money. I want to open the quarry—it won't cost much to begin—then maybe we can get some of those rich men to look into it. It makes all the difference if the mines are being worked. You know Tom's not a success as a developer; perhaps I'll go there myself."

"What do you mean, my daughter?"

"Yes, mother, I think I'll go to Knoxville and hunt up with Lenoir syndicate. It can't hurt me; it may help us."

So it happened that in a few months there was unusual activity in the marble quarry at Clinchdale. The neighbors said there was red and black marble there, and that if those Taylors had some "get up" about them, they would have worked it long ago.

Essie was as good as her word. She started out to Knoxville one summer day. She went to the home of a friend—for she was pretty well known in the city—and inquired about this Northern syndicate. It happened in the course of the day that she was directed to the law office of Walter Lenoir, Esq., who represented the company in their Southern business.

Lennox arose at once from his desk. "Why, Miss Taylor, this is an unexpected pleasure. I was afraid you had left the country."

"Why, no! I haven't any idea of leaving the country. I live there, and I love it."

"Do you love all your neighbors, too? I trust you do."

"Well, I have few neighbors now, you see. Our country is very quiet. No one ever comes to see us."

"That's probably your own fault. You run away from your friends, and leave no trace of your whereabouts."

"Mr. Lenoir, I'll tell you. I've come here on the very last talk. I'm here to give a party of gentlemen out to Clinchdale. Doesn't that sound awful?"

"It sounds very well, so far. I hope I shall be one of the favored," he answered.

"I came to you because I thought perhaps you could help me," Essie replied, becoming intensely businesslike.

And then she unfolded in the most direct way her plan to secure the interest of the Lenoir syndicate in the marble mines.

Young Lenoir listened, impressed anew by the energy and resource of the young girl. There is nothing more engaging than to be appealed to by a handsome woman. Lenoir grew as important as if a client were unfolding four thousand dollars. He acknowledged to himself an interest he had never felt in one out of his profession. If the young girl a year ago had charmed him, the maiden now fascinated him. He had never met her but twice. One was by chance; the other was purely a business meeting. Essie had thrown her whole soul into the story. She was talking for the syndicate all unconscious of impressing the lawyer.

"Certainly, Miss Taylor, I shall lay the matter before the directors." There was something more than professional feeling in his voice. "One word," he added, as she arose to go. "Please tell me what your father's name was?"

She looked up quickly. "His name was Thomas Taylor."

Something which Essie noticed swept over his face. She suffered a shock of sadness

and surprise at the lawyer's manner; abruptness and depression had followed his easy, hearty way of a few moments before. What could Mr. Lennox want to know about his father, who had been dead seventeen years?

"Oh, well, Miss Taylor, I may have to examine the deeds to the land, you know; that is all."

Altogether Essie was puzzled, but she was not displeased with the effect of her conversation. There was something in the manner of the lawyer which worried her, but he had shown a disposition to help her, and she believed he would.

Lennox, of course, was fired with energy. He had been drawing up a deed for his uncle, who had just sold a large tract of land to this company. He knew they were looking for investments. Possibly they might be induced to visit this marble quarry.

That night Walter mentioned the whole matter to his uncle. Old Colonel Lennox smiled at the young man's enthusiasm.

"That's the same little girl that talked so pert about the pension that day, my boy. I don't wonder that her eloquence moved you. She would carry a whole bench of judges over to her side."

VI.

The Lenoir Development Company in course of a few weeks sent out its representatives to visit the quarry at Clinchdale. It was a clear frosty morning, and the leaves of the mountain sides were passing through their hues of purple and gold. The peaks towered in blue and black into cloudland; tawny chestnut boughs threw their crackling burrs upon the ground, and brown shadows followed the October gale across the stubble where the fields had buried their summer green. The golden-rod had been succeeded by dogwood bloom; the ferns were close and dead, but nature was in Indian carnival, and the most inspiring season of the year was coming in.

So thought Hon. Walter Lennox, United States District Attorney, who accompanied the prospecting party over the mountain roads. The creaky brake, the jolting hack, the panting mules, the slow-swinging ferry, were no impediments to the young lawyer and pioneer who was piloting a new invasion through the passes of the Alleghany, and who was opening the Northern route to the charms of the sunny South. The party of practical men alighted at Clinchdale.

The marble quarry was a fine well. The experts said so. There were veins of red and black running through the white deposit, and higher up the mountain there were beds of slate. There might be no "boom," but the company concluded to build a railroad through Clinchdale and develop this growing country. No sudden riches loomed up for the Taylors, but time and steady work promised a competency—more than they had realized from their colts and Jerseys. And what was far more important to Lawyer Lennox, Essie was perfectly satisfied.

The young attorney busied himself with papers and deeds for the next three weeks. He made frequent visits to Clinchdale—more often than was necessary, the neighbors said—and a few of the old mountaineers "suspected" that the district attorney was hunting up moonshine distillers. There was some commotion among the men in the neighborhood. But the women thought differently. They shrewdly suspected that there was more than marble or moonshine which led the lawyer to ride these rough roads so often.

As for Essie, she was intensely practical. She looked upon herself as the head and shoulders of this wonderful deal. She treated her new-found friend with civility and buoyancy; still she was manifestly unwilling that anything should mar the thorough practicality of this negotiation between the Taylor heirs on the one part and the Lenoir syndicate on the other. But Essie was grateful, deeply grateful, to Mr. Lennox for his warm interest. She was the creature of impulse, after all, and one day when the survey had been completed and the papers signed, by which it was agreed that the family should secure one-half the net proceeds of the quarry, Essie took the young lawyer's hand in all heartiness, and said:

"It is so good in you. How can I ever pay you?"

"Essie," he said, before he knew it, "I have done this for you because I like you. I would willingly do anything I could. You interested me when I first saw you. Now will you let me confess to a deeper and a stronger feeling?"

He paused a moment, and the hand he held trembled, but did not withdraw. He could not see the earnest brown eyes which had come to be his inspiration, they were turned away, but a crimson flush had risen up the graceful neck to the little curls, and the slender foot beat nervously on the ground.

"But, Essie, I must tell you one thing. It is nothing but right that you should know who I am. I am the son of the man who killed your father in Chilhowee Mountain."

"Killed my father!" the girl gasped, struggling away from him, the big brown eyes, the turned to stone, and ashen pallor had frozen the crimson flush. Her brown eyes blazed, and her figure quivered like an aspen. "Mr. Lennox, how do you know? How dare you tell me this?"

"Because I love you, Essie. I might have

kept the secret. Such memories are harrowing and useless now, and you might never have heard of it; but I would have despised myself and been unworthy of your love."

"O my love!" she repeated, with a shudder. "Well, your confidence, then, Essie. I know it's all over with me now. But remember it was in warfare that the men met. It might have been the other way. Oh! that war was more terrible here than anywhere else, because it often raged between friends and neighbors, even brothers. I have looked out this whole thing. Your father led the retreat of Longstreet's men over the mountain. He had conducted a detachment through the defile, and was signalling to the main corps in the language of the torch code."

"Oh, I've seen the cipher of the code, and have signalled to my brothers out hunting," she said, with bitterness. "I know, I know!"

"Well, he had waded to the right, then to the left, then up and down, the words, 'Come on, the way is clear.' I have reason to believe he was shot at that time by a ball from my father's rifle. My father and his men were trying to intercept the Confederate scouts."

"Oh, Mr. Lennox, this is cruel! I can't hear any more!"

"Essie, we shall never meet again, unless I can do you a service. I know you hate me now."

"You have been so kind and noble, Mr. Lennox, but mother and my brothers would never hear of my liking you, you know."

"I presume not. But, Essie, I am suffering now a thousand times for that rifle shot. A moment more and he was gone. He passed out into the night and mounted his horse. Essie tried to say something kindly to the suffering man, but her heart was in her throat. The sound of the horse's hoofs grew fainter on the turnpike."

There in the silence of the darkness, where the cold shadows lay compact over the bosom of Chilhowee, two hearts were breaking. The feud of the mountain scouts in some mysterious way had descended upon their children, and civil war, with all its bitterness, crowded into these bright young lives. The slain man slept in a soldier's grave; the slayer too had sunk to his mother earth to mingle his dust with friend and foe. Forgotten almost were the enmities of war. The battle-fields had been covered again and again with peaceful harvests, and Northern men had come down to mingle their substance with the increase of the Southern lands.

Essie found herself alone, with the grief of a generation in her heart. Her brothers were just coming in, and her widowed mother sat serenely by the fire with no painful memories filling the sweet evening of her life.

"Oh, I cannot bear this! It's too much for me."

In the past few moments this girl of tremendous energy had been a strange creature of weakness and indecision. Seizing a flaming lantern, she bounded to her room. In twenty minutes the lawyer must reach the bend of the road in the mountain—one mile away. Half of that time had gone, and Essie counted the seconds with her heart-beats. Could he see her now? If he had passed the turn in the road, he would be beyond view of the house. Would he look this way? Could he see the flash of a light or understand the nature of a signal? She turned the lantern up to its full power. Steadily she climbed the ladder to the top of the roof, where she pushed back the trap-door and stepped firmly out upon the eaves. Then she swung the bright light in circles to the right and left and up and down. Three times she repeated the fateful signal, and sank down from nervous exhaustion. Her heart failed her. What had she done? Was she a woman? Was not this disreputable, disloyal? Would her family forgive her? Would God forgive her? Could she forgive herself?

She went back to her room and flung herself upon her knees. She hoped no one, not even he, had seen this foolish performance. Mr. Lennox, after all, must lose respect for such a bold, unwomanly reversal of her feelings. She listened. There was nothing to be heard but the sound of the family going in to tea. She assumed a calmness which only added to her pallor, when the clatter of a horse's hoofs was heard upon the turnpike. The gate opened, and Essie flew out into the frosty air. She was alone again with Walter Lennox.

"I—I beg pardon, sir," he stammered; "I may have imagined it. I thought I saw a signal. Perhaps I am mistaken."

"No, Mr. Lennox; it was I."

He did not get down from his horse, but drew her up to him with one arm, and for one moment held her there.

Then he followed her into the house. Of course the boys insisted that he could not ride back to the station in the night.

The next morning the sun fairly sparkled over the frost-laden hills, the mountains were bald and blue against the bright sky—an ideal Thanksgiving day again. The lawyer once more started down the road, and back against the opening in the fence where the tumbled-down gate had lain, the white Shaker bonnet once more from the big brown eyes. She waved gayly to the departing guest, for the young attorney had completed another interview with the Taylor heirs, and the family understood that when he came again, he was to carry away from Clinchdale the little scout and guardian spirit.

DRAG-HUNTING.

(Continued from page 938.)

of a gallop to the first fence. During his somewhat drive he must look for more country suitable for hunting, and notice if any of the runs could be seen from the road. Such he reserves for Saturdays, when there is frequently a large carriage contingent hoping to see some of the sport, and that must be conciliated, for their subscriptions are a very welcome addition to those of the regular members of the hunt. It encouraged, some of them will probably leave the roads for the fields and fences, often becoming enthusiastic supporters of the hunt they expected only to tolerate. Therefore it is well to stimulate their interest by an occasional "gallery" run.

The day following the first drive, the Master, taking with him the driver of the previous day, and also the man who is to lay the drag, goes to the place already decided upon for the hounds to be "thrown in." Here the Master and dragsman leave the wagon, the former telling the driver to meet them at some point a couple of miles distant, and then across country on foot, either at a jog trot or a walk. Thus they traverse the fields, stopping to examine each fence, wall, or ditch, the take-off, and the landing, and agreeing upon exactly where the scent shall be laid next day. This is done so that treacherous and trappy places may be avoided as much as possible, although there is no shrinking of a jump because it is high or stiff or difficult to negotiate, if only one can see what it is, instead of risking coming to grief at a blind place. On these tours of discovery the Master and dragsman may proceed without hindrance for several miles to find themselves at some point pocketed by wire, corn, a bog, or impenetrable wood, and forced to retrace some part of their way, and try a new line.

When they reach the wagon another rendezvous is appointed, and they continue their work until the distance covered is enough for a run. They plan to finish in a large field, and there the wagon is waiting to take them home. In this field the hounds are to receive a piece of raw meat, or a bagged fox is to be "turned down." In the latter case the scent should end at some underbrush or shrubbery, and for a few fields at least there should be a fair hunting country on all sides, otherwise, when he breaks cover, he is liable to run into all sorts of difficulties, to receive a piece of raw meat, or a bagged fox is to be "turned down." In the latter case the scent should end at some underbrush or shrubbery, and for a few fields at least there should be a fair hunting country on all sides, otherwise, when he breaks cover, he is liable to run into all sorts of difficulties, to receive a piece of raw meat, or a bagged fox is to be "turned down." 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THANKSGIVING DAY IN NEW YORK—AS IT WAS.—DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY.—[SEE PAGE 950.]

THE DAYTON SOLDIERS' HOME, OHIO—GARDEN AND ENTRANCE TO GROTTTO.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 948.]



THANKSGIVING.

It is the song day of the sun.
For once on every toiler's table
God's blessing sanctifies in one
The offerings of Cain and Abel.
Love's solstice in the teeming year
Is hymned as high in household chorus
As when the stockinged pioneer
Baptized it centuries before us.

The old-time tunes are gone; we lack
The hour-long "prayer" at morning meeting;
The huge brick-oven chimney-stove
Has baked its final pumpkin sweeting;
The last Grandfather Jonadab
Is dead; and round the modern fire
Grandchildren Nelly, Max, and Mah
Replace Hope, Peace, and Melahiah.

But to our annual banquet (when
The seasons messmate all together),
With the same gladness, home again
Flies every bird of kindred feather,
And faith for every tone dismissed
Has a new voice that never falters
To chant th' autumnal eucharist
At all our dear domestic altars.

The man may live whose past affords
Of all that earth bequeathed or sold him,
No rustic roach whose attic hoards
The trundle-bed that used to hold him;
But ne'er may son of *Magdalen* race
Be born whose heart cannot remember
The welcome of some fireside face
To the old home-feast of November.

THOMAS BROWN.

PROFESSOR LOUNSBURY'S
"STUDIES IN CHAUCER."

BY CHARLTON T. LEWIS.

THE rapid growth in popular esteem of a poet who has died nearly four hundred years is one of the most characteristic facts of recent literary history. Of editions of Chaucer, "more have been published during the last twenty years than came from the press during the previous three hundred," says Mr. Lounsbury (vol. iii., p. 263); and while he justly ascribes this wonderful resurrection of the father of English literature in part to the scientific interest felt in the earlier periods of our language, and in part to the influence of Mr. Furnivall's Chaucer Society, which began its publications in 1868, he does not fail to perceive that these movements are themselves the symptoms and expression of a profound change in the tastes and instincts of the reading world. Men's minds are touched and satisfied by this grand old story-teller of the fourteenth century as never in any generation since his death. That the change is a healthy one, full of promise for the intellectual life of the times, will be questioned by none who understand what it means. For "of all the English poets no one is so fully the representative of the Hellenic element as Chaucer. No one has felt more keenly than he and expressed more vividly the joy of life as he. In him, too, can be recognized the Hellenic clearness of vision which saw human nature exactly as it was, and did not lack the courage to depict it. Equally in him can be found its freedom from excitement and passion, which to many seems freedom from earnestness" (vol. iii., p. 38). Add to this that the "first warbler" has been surpassed by none in the geniality and delicacy of his humor, by Shakespeare alone in the truth and effectiveness with which he has drawn groups of interesting characters, and by only two or three immortal singers in the melody of his English verse, and we have reason to be glad that the knowledge and appreciation of him are no longer limited to special students, but are extending among all lovers of poetry.

Professor Lounsbury's *Studies in Chaucer* is a large and attractive volume, and covers almost every problem which has been connected with the name of Chaucer, while giving their fullest attention to the questions which lie in the way of true intellectual communion with the poet. We have first a critical reconstruction of the narrative of Chaucer's life, with an account of the evidence for every fact in it which can be positively affirmed; then an amusing and effective dissection of the legendary stories which have grown up around this life, and have deceived many careless or unscrupulous biographers. Chapter iii. discusses the text, its sources and history, and points out the methods by which great progress has already been made in its restoration, affording the hope that we may yet see it in a form which its author "might recognize, even in minute particulars, as essentially his own" (vol. i., p. 353). In chapter iv., on "The Writings of Chaucer," an elaborate attempt is made to draw the line between his genuine writings and the mass of spurious productions which have been ascribed to him. "The Learning of Chaucer" is then considered—the languages he knew, the books he had read, his acquaintance with the literature and the science of his age. His "Relations to the English Language and to the Religion of his Time" are the theme of an essay that is full of interest and abounds in corrections of prevalent errors. The third volume is wholly devoted to "Chaucer in Literary History" and "Chaucer as a Liter-

ary Artist," and if not the last word to be said on either subject, is at least the most complete and intelligent survey of each of them yet made.

Upon many of the questions here investigated, Mr. Lounsbury has reached independent results widely different from those generally accepted. His account of Chaucer's life is largely an exposure of baseless assertions, many of which have been confidently made even by recent editors. Morris himself, in the admirable introduction to his edition of the "Prologue," tells a pathetic story—how "the poet, then probably twenty-one, seems to have fallen desperately and hopelessly in love, probably with a lady above him in rank, who rejected him." For eight years he "seems" to have pined and mourned, "and although the early shadow of disappointed love was still thrown over Chaucer's life, and made him tell of Troilus's sorrow, and sing the complaint of Mars for his lost Venus, yet our poet was henceforth to seek himself out into the open air, and brightness that still draw men to him as to spring sunshine" (pp. viii., ix.). All this is founded not upon evidence, but upon a conjectural interpretation of an obscure passage in "The Boke of the Duchesse." For all such pretences of knowledge "on the part of those who prefer any amount of conjecture, however great, to the acknowledgment of their ignorance, however slight" (vol. i., p. 60), Mr. Lounsbury has only unsparring and deserved ridicule. While little is really known of Chaucer's experiences in life, every ascertained fact is precious as an aid in illustrating his writings and his mind. But the value of these facts is destroyed when they are mingled with such fancies and false traditions as make up the mass of the older Lives of Chaucer, and seriously disfigure most of those now current. Mr. Lounsbury has done a service to the fame of his subject and to historic truth in drawing the line more clearly than any previous writer around the facts which rest on unquestionable proof. It is only within living memory that sound principles of investigation and criticism can be said to have been applied to the curious legend which formerly passed as "Chaucer's Life"; and already the conception of his personality and his career afforded by the fragmentary information thus gathered is far more satisfactory than the confused and inconsistent though much longer story which was current fifty years ago. Most of the new information comes from public records, Chaucer having been for many years in the service of the crown. As the voluminous papers of the time still preserved in public offices have been but rarely searched, "it is possible that any day new discoveries may be made" (vol. i., p. 117) which will at least fill in to some extent the chronology of Chaucer's life in years now blank. But the most singular fact disclosed by these researches is that while there must have been a large store of documents and hundreds of thousands of them signed by him, "not the trace of a line which he wrote can now be discovered" (p. 189). All have been stolen, or separately collected, doubtless by hands long motionless; and Mr. Furnivall, who has spent more time and intelligent labor in this search than all other scholars together, thinks it possible they may yet be found among the unindexed records.

One of the most important questions which faces every reader of Chaucer is the authenticity of "The Romaunt of the Rose," a fragmentary version of about one-third of the famous French poem of the same name, by Guillaume de Lorris and Jean de Meung, and perhaps the most masterful and valuable translation of a foreign poem which the English language possesses. It was included in the first edition of Chaucer's collected works in 1532, and has been retained in subsequent editions; but of late years it has become accepted among students that it is an anonymous work. All admit, upon Chaucer's own authority, that he translated the "Roman de la Rose"; but, says Mr. Skeat, "the only translation of that poem now extant is not his. This point has been obscured by the fact that all the editions contain this anonymous translation, and it has always been associated with his name. But the internal evidence against this hasty conclusion is overwhelming and irrefragable, though the poem will long continue to be considered as genuine by readers unacquainted with Chaucer's metre and grammar." Indeed, in the introduction to "The Prioresse Tale" (4th ed., 1888), from which these quotations are taken, Mr. Skeat declares the question settled, adding that "henceforward to attribute the translation to Chaucer may be left to those who have no sense of the force and significance of such arguments as philology readily supplies." But in a later work, his introduction to the minor poems of Chaucer, Mr. Skeat fully adopts Lindner's conclusion that the two divisions of this translation are by different hands, and is nearly ready to admit that the second fragment, containing 1885 lines, may be Chaucer's own. This partial retraction and total inconsistency of Mr. Skeat, however, has attracted little notice, and his sweeping denial of Chaucer's authorship has been widely accepted as final.

In this state of the question Professor Lounsbury takes it up, and subjects all the internal evidences to a minute and critical scrutiny. Mr. Skeat founds his supposed demonstration that Chaucer cannot have been

the translator upon tests drawn from the dialect, the vocabulary, and the rhymes of the translation. Mr. Lounsbury succeeds in destroying most of the weight of his arguments, and clearly shows that these tests, taken together, do not justify his conclusion. He then presents a vast array of resemblances in style and expression, involving individual peculiarities of language and thought, such as seem almost to exclude any supposition but that of identity of authorship between the "Romaunt" and the unquestioned works of Chaucer. Several of the details in his process of comparison may be questioned. A few of them are too trivial to be of value, and a few seem to be errors. But, after all allowances, the cumulative force of the argument will be felt by the candid reader fully to justify Mr. Lounsbury's conclusion. The weight of evidence is overwhelmingly in favor of Chaucer's authorship of the present version" (vol. ii., p. 104). As the question now stands, and until much stronger reasons have been adduced, are found for rejecting it, Professor Lounsbury is entitled to the credit of having vindicated Chaucer's claim to one of the principal works in early English literature.

A curious and original research has been undertaken by Mr. Lounsbury into "the learning of Chaucer." By the common consent of biographers, Chaucer has been represented as one of the most learned men who ever lived. Leland, the antiquary, about 1540, described him as "acutus dialecticus, dulcis rhetor, lepidus poeta, gravis philosophus, ingeniosus mathematicus, denique sanctus theologus"; and sometimes in more, sometimes in less, extravagant terms, the amazing scholarship of Chaucer has been reiterated in every generation since as a commonplace of literary history. Robert Bell calls him "poet, soldier, and diplomatist, and master of the philosophy and divinity of his time." To Dr. Morris he "was a diligent student and a man of the most extensive learning." His latest editor, Samuel Egerton, says: "The most of the fourteenth century (a few bookworms only excepted) had lost nearly all remembrance or consciousness of the accumulated treasures of philosophy and learning of the ancients; Chaucer brought these treasures back to them so amalgamated with precious gifts of his own, and so incorporated into the national tongue that they could never experience a like fate." In short, it has been the fashion to speak of Chaucer as a scholar in terms which would be exaggerated if applied to Aristotle, Bacon, or Comte. With his keen instinct for idols of the market, Mr. Lounsbury scrutinizes the poet's work for evidence of his knowledge and of its limits, and conclusively shows that his lofty genius and his broad intelligence are not happily characterized by the epithet "learned" or "scholarly." Nothing in it indicates either a wide or an exact acquaintance with science, history, or literature in any of their departments. Chaucer was fond of books, and read many, chiefly those known to all educated men. He had a practical knowledge of the Latin, French, and Italian languages, but no critical scholarship in any. Most of his tales were taken in outline from books still accessible; but in many cases only the framework, the scaffolding, is found there; the proportions of the structure and the wonderful moving details of its beauty were his own, wrought by his own spirit out of his observations on nature and man. Every lover of Chaucer knows him as a seer among men, and not as a bookworm; and by forever driving this mythical notion of special scholarship from its long and absurd association with the popular conception of the poet, Mr. Lounsbury has again done good service to Chaucer and to truth.

The "Canterbury Tales" are not to be approached with the same feelings as articles in a literary cyclopaedia; and they who most honor the achievements of scholarship will be the first to own that the work of creative imagination testifies to a rarer endowment. But the chief value of this essay does not lie in its conclusion; every paragraph of it helps the reader to greater intimacy with the poet's genius. For the details the reader must go to Mr. Lounsbury's pages, where each item elicited of the knowledge and thoughts gathered by Chaucer from previous writers throws light upon the meagrements of his own mind, upon its amazing fertility

ity and dexterity, upon its insight into humanity, upon the grace and naturalness with which it instinctively reforms and expresses all it grasps. Nor has our critic need to fear lest we regard his admirable survey of Chaucer's erudition as an attack upon his fame. It is no libel on the sun to show that he is not the source of starlight.

Mr. Lounsbury's chapters on "The Relations of Chaucer to the English Language and to the Religion of his Time," on "Chaucer in Literary History," and on "Chaucer as a Literary Artist," are the fruits of elaborate research and of sober judgment. They do more to fix and define the place of their subject and to make his character and mind known to us than would the discovery of the completest annals of his life and times. His attitude towards the superstitions of his age is set in a clearer light than ever before; and the materials for an estimate of the value of his works as a whole, and of their influence upon language and thought, are presented so comprehensively and distinctly as to leave little to desire. By criticism of the results would be of value only if made in detail, and would far exceed the limits of this paper. In general, it must be remembered that Mr. Lounsbury writes in a trenchant style, and that in controversy his tone is at times that of an advocate rather than of a judge. In a few instances his zeal has led him into obvious errors, which may perhaps be magnified by hostile critics, but which do not impair the substantial value of his work. It is to be hoped that his labors in a field which he has made his own will be crowned by a complete edition of the works of Chaucer, upon the principles set forth in these *Studies*. The time has come when such an edition will be truly popular, and Mr. Lounsbury has shown himself one of the most competent of living scholars to undertake it.

"OUT OF THE GAME."

SUGGESTED BY THE PICTURE OF W. A. ROGERS.

Over the hardened field we see them surge,
Greeted by college yell and loud acclaim.
We lend our plaudits, too, their strength to urge,
And stand on-looking—we, "outside the game."

We stand apart and watch them forcing on,
Ours life's prosaic aims and comforts now,
Our place achieved, our steady footing won,
"Out of the game" that thrilled us long ago.

Now though blood tingle and the pulse beat fast,
We stand on-looking where we played of yore.
Yet still we thrill at scenes of conquest past,
We "have been" though we seek you goal no more.

Yet some the flush of conflict ne'er have known
In narrow college fields or life's broad ways.
No ball has fortune for their seeking thrown,
No goal to fight for 'neath the world's keen gaze.

We who "have been," who mutely step aside,
Cheering new victors flushed with transient fame,
Remember those unsought and left untried,
Unknown on-lookers, *never* in the game.

H. WICKES.



A NICHE FOR EACH.

DIRECTOR PALACE CAR COMPANY. "He is incurably insane, and this is his office. We pay him five thousand a year." "What? Pay a lunatic five thousand a year?" DIRECTOR. "Yes. He evolves the names for our cars."

THE HONDURAS EXPEDITION.

The hope is strongly renewed among archaeologists that the long desired solution of the mystery of ancient life in Honduras and the adjacent regions which has baffled the successive explorers in that part of the continent is to be worked out in the present fruitful era of scientific investigation. As a preliminary advantage, the investigators of the subject in this generation have gradually reached the due estimate of the difficulties of the task, which appear equal in gravity to that achieved with the discovery of the key to the Egyptian literature.

No one ventures to assert in these days whether the Spanish appellation signifying "depths" (Honduras), given to that interesting portion of the earth when the discovery by Columbus was completed with his visit to the mainland, was suggested by the difficulty of finding anchorage on its coast, or on account of the great inequalities presented in its surface. The entire world, however, would concede the present appropriateness of the name in reference to the vast store of archaeological material existing in that country, with its profound and yet uninterpretable story of anterior civilization.

The exclusive right of exploration, with the privilege of taking away half of all the objects found during the excavations, is the favorable concession granted to the Peabody Museum of American Archaeology and Ethnology of Harvard University by the government of Honduras in a decree recently issued. All the ancient ruins within the borders of that republic will be placed for a period of ten years in the care of the museum, on the part of which the agreement requires that the explorations shall be carried on each year during the term covered by the decree. The proposed work is planned on an extensive scale and as the most exhaustive archaeological research ever undertaken in this country.

The expedition, directed from the Peabody Museum, which is already on the way to Honduras, will begin the work according to the letter of instructions by Professor Putnam which they carry, but without his immediate personal guidance; his duties for the next year as chief of the Department of Ethnology and Archaeology in the Columbian Exposition, in addition to his professional and official work at Harvard, will prevent his leaving this country. One of his two representatives is Mr. Marshall H. Saville, for some time a private student under his instruction, an assistant in the Peabody Museum, and the holder of a museum fellowship. Under the personal direction of Professor Putnam in Ohio and in Yucatan the younger archaeologist has had the benefit of considerable field experience. His appointment as scientific assistant and chief photographer of the expedition is considered as favorable for the success of the work as it is well merited. His associate is John C. Owens, a member of the Graduate School of Harvard, taking the course in Professor Putnam's department. In addition to a full year's course in the laboratory of the museum, he has passed one season in the field in connection with the Hemenway Expedition with Dr. Fewkes. His duties will be as Executive Officer as well as in archaeological work. He has obtained leave of absence from Harvard in order to gain this practical experience from studies in the field, which in the educational system of Professor Putnam is thought of the greatest importance in training expert archaeologists.

From New Orleans the party expect to proceed directly to Izabal, and at that point to meet Mr. H. W. Price, who has been appointed as resident agent for the museum and surveyor and engineer of the expedition. In accordance with Mr. Price's report, his recent visit to Palenque, this assistant proved his superior fitness for the present task. The course of the expedition from Izabal will be by mule train to the ancient city of Copan, a distance of about a hundred miles. As soon as the party is established in suitable living quarters, the investigation of the ruins will begin on that site.

Of the remarkable aboriginal monuments of Honduras transferred to the care of the museum, the most important are those of Copan, in the division of Gracias, near the Guatemala and Salvador boundaries. The vast pyramidal structures described as being of the same type as the *teocallis* of Mexico, with remains of various edifices of stone, are equally a mystery with other relics of peculiar interest in the form of gigantic monoliths elaborately sculptured, and bearing endless groups of hieroglyphic or symbolical figures. If the museum obtains casts of these singular monoliths, the series, as foreseen, will provide an interesting study of the religious symbols of this ancient people, who, according to the reports of travellers, seem to have displayed their greatest skill in these sculptures of their gods and altars. The ruins are scattered over a large area on the right bank of the Rio Copan, and among the rest comprise the walls of the famous edifice supposed to have been a temple, erected as a terrace 624 feet in length, with perpendicular front toward the river rising to the height of 70 feet. The outer walls at the bottom are said to be about 25 feet thick, and it is estimated that more than 26,000,000 cubic feet of stone must have been required for this single structure. In other parts of the ruins, as in the great plain of Sensel, are similar remains, although found in a more ruined condition. Near Comayagua, the capital of the state,

the ruins of the fortified hill of Tenampua have been also noted.

In carrying on the proposed exploration in Honduras for ten successive years, the Peabody Museum expedition will establish a school of American archaeology similar in character to the American school at Athens, which from its foundation has been an example of the highest usefulness and success. Like the School of Classical Archaeology in Greece, that of Honduras will give students from different institutions in the country an opportunity to supplement a course of archaeological study by original investigations.

As agreed to by all concerned, the material collected by the expedition during the year will be exhibited in the World's Columbian Exposition, with such other collections as the Honduras and Guatemalan governments may contribute with his visit to the mainland, was suggested by the difficulty of finding anchorage on its coast, or on account of the great inequalities presented in its surface. The entire world, however, would concede the present appropriateness of the name in reference to the vast store of archaeological material existing in that country, with its profound and yet uninterpretable story of anterior civilization.

THE NATIONAL ASYLUM FOR DISABLED VOLUNTEER SOLDIERS.

BY CHARLOTTE REEVE CONOVER.

MR. ROGERS' sketches this week give us some charming glimpses of the Dayton Soldiers' Home. Officially the title of the institution is as written above, but Daytonians like to call it their "Home," and assume a proprietary interest in its noble buildings, velvet lawns, and six miles of level avenue. All other attractions which we hasten to show to visiting strangers pale before the beauties of the Home, and if the season and the weather lend their support, it is safe to say that the visiting stranger, even if he be a travelled visitor, goes away with the impression that he has seen a very beautiful place, and one a little different from any he has seen before.

The Home embraces six hundred and thirty acres of high land lying some two miles west of Dayton, Ohio, commanding a wide view of the city and the valley of the Miami. It is reached by a turnpike, a driving avenue, two electric car-lines, and two steam railways; one of the latter used exclusively for freight. The buildings number over a hundred, and consist of thirty-five brick barracks, Headquarters, Memorial Hall, library, chapel, hospital, hotel, gasworks, stables, laundry, dining hall, fire department, officers' residences, and numerous property buildings. The general view shows the approach to this little city on a hill by way of Home Avenue. In the foreground is seen a bit of one of the artificial lakes, and farther back, banked in foliage, a row of barracks, the Headquarters, Memorial Hall, the ivy-covered chapel, and lastly the towers of the hospital. Another group of buildings, consisting of a merry-go-round, a switch-back railroad, and some peasant stands have surreptitiously crept into the focus of Mr. Rogers' pencil. These were not erected by a government grateful for the services of her warriors, but are objects of purely private gain outside the grounds, and for the satisfaction of visitors whose taste runs that way. The full-page illustration shows a small bit of the garden, probably the loveliest, though choice were difficult. Here landscape-gardening has reached its fullest perfection. Originally it was the quarry from which the stone used in the construction of some of the buildings was taken. Now it is an artistic wilderness of beauty. Small lakes spanned by rustic bridges and edged with rocks, in whose crevices grow quantities of flowers and hanging vines; foliage beds making fantastic designs with their rich shades of leaves; fountains, cascades, grottos; banks of glorious begonias, fuchsias, and geraniums showing in the distance the one they would bear in any other locality; ponds of rare water-lilies; groups of veterans here and there on the benches enjoying the comforts of a cob pipe; the white gown and parasol on the bridge; over all these the mingled shade of maples, palms, and banana trees—this is the garden at the Soldiers' Home!

The especial glory of this part of the grounds, and the pride of the florist in charge, is the display of rare water-lilies in the aquatic gardens. Three large ponds heated to a temperature of 80° Fahr. are filled with many varieties of tropical water-plants, whose delicate blooms, immense leaves, and unspelling names attract a constant crowd of admirers. Queen among them is the giant *Victoria regia*, with pink or white flowers from six to twelve inches in diameter, and leaves six feet across, with turned-up edges like shallow cake pans. It is said that these leaves will support the weight of a child, a safe assertion to make, as it is not likely to be contradicted by experience. Here are also to be seen the crimson *V. regia*, the star-shaped *Nymphaea dentata*, the *N. sentifolia*, or blue water-lily, the water poppy, water hyacinth, and a score of other too steeply botanical in name for my limited space. In a pond by itself is the royal Egyptian lotus, which has been brought to perfection in the open air by its climate by remarkable care and management. This plant has borne hundreds of tulip-shaped pink and white flowers, and been the admiration of thousands of visitors to the Home. For the cultivation of these floral treasures and the tropical plants, the Home possesses a palm-house 90×88 feet, and 40 high, four greenhouses 120×12 feet, and 300 hot-beds.

Above the garden the ground rises to the campus, a noble lawn with a sweeping pan-

oramic view of city, river, and fields. Here the band gives daily concerts, enjoyed by crowds of the veterans and gay driving parties from town. From the campus branch road, leading to all parts of the Home. The hospital, with accommodations for over 800 patients, lies to the north; beyond it the cemetery, whose beautiful white shaft and marble sentinel overlook the graves of over 4000 men who gave their health or their lives for their country.

Memorial Hall is a well-appointed little theatre, seating 1500. In summer a company is retained for a ten weeks' engagement, and presents two dramatic entertainments a week.

Admission is charged at five and ten cents to the veterans, and twenty-five cents to outside visitors. Of course at such rates the Home cannot be self-supporting. As there is no government allowance to cover this, the excess of expenditure is made up out of the Post Fund, which consists of the revenues from the hotel, Home store, and the beer hall.

This is a good place to say something about the beer hall, over which such an outcry was made last year when it was established in 1887 by General M. R. Patrick, then Lieutenant-Governor of the Home. The General, being an ardent prohibitionist, was bitterly attacked as a renegade by his own friends, and his move was the cause of unspeakable indignation on the part of temperance people all over the country. That the United States government should supply beer to the soldiers seemed an outrage against order and decency. Gradually, however, when the facts became known, public opinion massed itself on the Governor's side, and now that he is gone, one of the most practical tributes to his memory is the improved condition of things which his wise judgment and unflinching firmness have accomplished.

The truth is that the Home is a community of 5500 men, most of them old men, all more or less debilitated by wounds, exposure, or the liquor habit, and some even childlike. These men cannot be kept prisoners within the Home grounds, but must be allowed some outside freedom. In this case, moral suasion is a weak tool. On leaving the Home gates, they find themselves among saloons, groggeries, and low resorts on every corner. Under the former condition of things, emissaries from these dens were constantly on the outlook for soldiers with pension money, and enticed them in. Bad whiskey, with a dash of morphine or a blow on the head, did the rest. The next day the poor victims were found, stupid, freezing, and penniless, in a fence corner. Rows, fights, even downright murders occurred frequently, and there seemed no help for it. The saloons increased, and the value of Dayton property on the west side decreased. Once some years ago, when Colonel E. F. Brown was Governor of the Home, he marched a picked company of men to the south entrance where a saloon had been defiantly erected at the very threshold of the Home. At his command, the soldiers emptied the kegs, smashed the bottles, and tore down the flimsy structure, board by board.

These were strong measures, but, after all, only a drop of relief in the bucket of misery. It was left to Governor Patrick not to cure, but to alleviate. The beer hall was established under strict supervision, and there was less temptation for the men to wander outside. Beer tickets at five cents each were issued, but the men are limited according to their habits. Some are allowed three glasses a day, some five, some as much as they care for, and a few are prohibited altogether. A careful watch is kept over each man's conduct, and his allowance of beer regulated accordingly. The result is not open to the evening. The results are highly satisfactory; in the physical condition of the men, the absence of drunkenness, the increased amount of money sent to their families, and the decrease in the number of saloons outside. Besides this, the profits accruing from the sale of beer instead of being wasted in dissipation outside go to swell the Post Fund, thus enabling the authorities to replenish the library, enlarge the band, and provide many amusements to increase the pleasure and comfort of the men beyond what is provided for by Congressional appropriation.

Two of the noblest gifts which the Home has received are the Putnam and Thomas libraries. The first was given by Mr. Mary Lowell Putnam, in memory of her son, Lieutenant Putnam, who was killed at the battle of Balls Bluff in 1861. Four times a year she sends boxes of books, and on every anniversary of his death a wreath to surround his portrait. The second library is a memorial gift of General George H. Thomas, kept up by private contribution. These two collections of books have been recently moved into the new library building with largely increased facilities.

That department of the Home of greatest interest to housekeepers is the dining-hall and kitchen. Both are contained in one building, the front portion of which is occupied on both the upper and lower floors by two dining-rooms, each 90×180 feet, and together comprising an area exceeding half an acre. The rear one-story portion contains the kitchen, bakery, bread and pie rooms, cooling vaults, and all the paraphernalia necessary to the providing for this vast household. Each dining room seats 1100 men, making 2200 at a sitting; and when the first set is through eating, so large is the force of

waiters and so accurate the discipline that only twenty minutes are required to clear the tables, and prepare them for the second 2000 diners. After the first lot of men have left the hall, a bell rings, and the army of waiters dash in close on each other's heels, but in perfect order, remove the dishes, crumbs, and clean the tables; after them come files of men with heaps of clean plates and bowls which they slap down on the tables regardless of nicks, and with a noise I should think, like artillery. The meat is brought in on long trays, and the coffee served from large tin pots at each end of each table. All this is accomplished by 325 men, part of them regularly paid, and part "detailed" from the outside as help. All the work is done by the veterans, no women being employed at the Home.

A large archway from the dining hall leads into the kitchen, a sanctum presided over by a head cook and thirty-two assistants. Here are to be seen the range, twenty feet long, the vast copper cauldrons for cooking soup and vegetables, and seven coffee boilers, each holding upwards of a hundred gallons, which are filled and emptied twice a day, the water through. In describing this part of the Home there is nothing left to do but to plunge into statistics, or I cannot do it justice. Here are some verified figures of quantities of food used at the Home: It takes seven barrels of mackerel, 54 bushels of potatoes, and 560 gallons of coffee for their Friday breakfast; seven tubs of mashed potatoes, and three whole beefs go to one day's dinner; 45 pounds of tea every night for supper; 1200 dozen eggs for Easter breakfast; 40 sheep go to a pot-pie; and 900 pounds of corned beef, with 30 bushels of potatoes, for one mess of hash. Twelve hundred pies, requiring three tubs of butter to the upper crust, and three tubs of lard for the lower, with 12 barrels of apples for the filling, make one day's dessert. Four hundred square feet of gingerbread are baked twice a week. On Christmas day the veterans are treated to 400 turkeys, seven barrels of cranberry sauce, 1200 mince-pies, and oysters, celery, and other delicacies in proportion. Bread is baked every day, beginning at midnight. It is kneaded by steam, six barrels of flour to a mixing, the machine being filled three times. These eighteen barrels of flour fill a room shelved to the ceiling with fragrant loaves, which are all eaten in one day.

The following is a bill of fare, selected at random from their printed lists:

SUNDAY.

Breakfast—fried ham or sausage, potatoes, bread, butter, and coffee.

Dinner—roast mutton, sweet potatoes, turnips, pickles, bread, butter, coffee, and apple-pie.

Supper—stewed fruit, cookies, bread, butter, and tea.

WEDNESDAY.

Breakfast—corned beef hash, bread, butter, and coffee.

Dinner—roast beef, baked potatoes, onions, bread, butter, and coffee.

Supper—pigs' tongues or tripe, beets, tomato catsup, bread, tea, gingerbread.

The average cost to the government of this boarding-house is twenty cents a day for each soldier; not so expensive when we consider the quality and variety of food used. The Congressional appropriation, covering all expenses of the Home, for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1890, was \$770,306.30.

The laundry in the extreme southwest of the Home grounds will give us figures no less astonishing. The week's work includes an average of 45,000 pieces, or over 2,000,000 in the course of a year. There are two gigantic steam-mangles, eight washing-machines, five steam-wringers, and an immense drying room for use in bad weather. All the clothes are carefully looked over and mended, and I can bear testimony to the neatness of masculine patches. The methods of the Home management are exceedingly thrifty.

Nothing is wasted, and all things are accomplished with the most perfect order and sparseness. The old clothes are sorted out, the best parts saved for dusters and cleaning cloths; the socks ravaged out where not utterly worn out, and the yarn saved to darn the better ones. What is left, being pure refuse, is sold for about \$2000 per annum, and added to the Post Fund. A neat little income of between fourteen and fifteen thousand dollars is realized annually from the sale of kitchen and slaughter-house refuse, including hides and horns, drippings from the kitchen, and waste grease; and of this sum, \$1200 represents the value of the skimmings from the dish-water, which is cooled in tin rollers tanks for that purpose.

Mr. Rogers gives us one sketch which is particularly like—that of the Gun Club. Now, after the legion of clubs for the Advancement of This, That, or The Other, here is a club of which I should really like to be a member. The idyllic routine of duty imposed upon its members seems to be that of lying or lounging in the protecting companionship of one of the big cannon and letting the sun soak through them. Doubtless pipes, and exchange of war experiences form the rest of the order of exercises. There are no rules, no president, no constitution, nothing but the sunlight of warm May mornings and Indian summer afternoons, and the big gun settling lazily down into the greenwood, making 2200 at a sitting; and when the first set is through eating, so large is the force of



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THE DAYTON SOLDIERS' HOME, OHIO.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 943.]

ON THE WESTERN CIRCUIT.

BY THOMAS HARDY,
AUTHOR OF "A GROUP OF NOBLE DAMES," "THE
WOODLANDERS," ETC.

THE man who played the disturbing part in the quiet lives hereafter named—no great man in any sense, by the way—first had cognizance of them on an October evening in the city of Melchester. He had been standing in the close, vainly endeavoring to gain amid the darkness a glimpse of the most homogeneous pile of mediæval architecture in England, which towered and tapered from the damp and level sward in front of him. While he stood, the presence of the cathedral walls was revealed rather by the ear than by the eyes; he could not see them, but they reflected sharply a roar of sound which entered the close by a street leading from the city square, and, falling upon the building, was flung back upon the air.

He postponed till the morrow his attempt to examine the deserted edifice, and turned his attention to the noise. It was compounded of steam barrel-organs, the clanging of gongs, the ringing of hand-bells, the clack of rattles, and the undistinguishable shouts of men. A lurid light hung in the air in the direction of the tumult. Thitherward he went, passing under the arched gateway, along a straight street, and into the square.

He might have searched Europe over for a greater contrast between juxtaposed scenes. The spectacle was that of the eighth chasm of the Inferno as to color and flame, and as to mirth, a development of the Homeric heaven. A smoky glare of the complexion of brass filings, ascended from the fiery tongues of innumerable naphtha lamps affixed to booths, stalls, and other temporary erections which crowded the spacious market square. In front of this irradiation scores of human figures, more or less in profile, were darting allward and across, up, down, and around, like gnats against a sunset.

Their motions were so rhythmic that they seemed to be moved by machinery. And it presently appeared that they were moved by machinery indeed; the figures being those of the patrons of swings, seesaws, flying leaps, above all, of the three steam roundabouts which occupied the centre of the position. It was from the latter that the din of steam-organs came.

Throbbing humanity in full light was, on second thoughts, better than ecclesiology in the dark. The young man, lighting a short pipe, and putting one hand in his pocket, to throw himself into the stream, with his new environment, drew near to the largest and most patronized of the steam-circuses—the roundabouts were called by their owners. This was one of brilliant finish, and it was now in full revolution. The musical instrument around which and to whose tones the riders revolved directed its trumpet mouths of brass upon the young man, and the long plate-glass mirrors set at angles, which revolved with the machine, flashed the gyrating personages and hobby-horses kaleidoscopically into his eyes.

It could now be seen that he was unlike the majority of the crowd. A gentlemanly young fellow, one of those species found in large towns only, and in London particularly, built on delicate lines, well though not fashionably dressed, he appeared to belong to the professional class; he had nothing square or practical about his look, much that was curvilinear and sensuous; he would have been called a man not altogether typical of the middle-class man, and whose low and sordid ambition is the master-passion that seems to be taking the time-honored place of love.

The revolving figures passed before his eyes with an unexpected and quiet grace in a thorough whose natural movements did not suggest gracefulness or quietude, as a rule. By some contrivance there was imparted to each of the hobby-horses a motion which was really the triumph and perfection of roundabout inventiveness—a galloping rise and fall, so timed that of each pair of steeds one was on the spring while the other was on the pitch. The riders were quite fascinated by these equine undulations in this most delightful holiday game of four times. There were riders as young as six and as old as sixty years, with every age between. At first it was difficult to catch a personality, but by-and-by the observer's eyes centred on the prettiest girl out of the several pretty ones revolving.

It was not that one with the light frock and light hat whom he had been at first attracted by; no, it was the one with the black cape, gray skirt, light gloves, and—no, not even she, but the one behind her; she with the crimson skirt, dark jacket, brown hat, and brown gloves. Unmistakably that was the prettiest girl.

Having finally selected her, this idle spectator studied her as well as he was able during her brief transit across his visual field. She was absolutely unconscious of everything save the act of riding; her features were rapt in an ecstatic dreaminess; for the moment she did not know her age or her history or her lineaments, much less her troubles. He himself was full of vague latter-day glooms and popular melancholies, and it was a refreshing sensation to behold this young thing then and there absolutely as happy as if she were in a paradise.

Dreading the moment when the inexorable stoker, grimly lurking behind the glittering rocco-work, should decide that this set of riders had had their pennyworth, and bring the whole concern of steam engine, horses, revolving mirrors, steam trumpets, drums, cymbals, cornets, dulcimers, and other kinds of music to pause and silence, he waited for her every reappearance, glancing indifferently over the intervening scenes, including the two plainer girls, the old woman and child, the two youngsters, the newly married couple, the old man with a clay pipe, the sparkish youth with a ring, the young ladies in the chariot, the pair of journeyman carpenters, and others, till his select country beauty followed on again in her place. He had never seen a fairer product of nature, and at each round she made a deeper mark in his sentiments. The stoppage then came, and the sighs of the riders were audible.

He moved round to the place whereat he reckoned she would alight, but she retained her seat. The stoker's ready refusal, and she plainly was deciding to have another turn. The young man drew up to the side of her steed, and pleasantly asked her if she had enjoyed her ride.

"Oh yes," she said, with dancing eyes. "It has been quite unlike anything I have ever felt in my life before."

It was not difficult to fall into conversation with her. Unreserved—too unreserved—by nature, she was not experienced enough to be reserved by art, and after a little coaxing, she answered his remarks readily. She had come to live in Melchester from a village on the Great Plain, and this was the first time that she had ever seen a steam-circuit; she could not understand how such wonderful machines were made. She had come to the city on the invitation of Mrs. Harnham, who had taken her into her household to train her as a servant if she showed any aptitude. Mrs. Harnham was a young widow lady, who had been Miss Edith White before she married, living in the country near the coast.

She was now very kind to her through knowing her in childhood so well. She was even taking the trouble to educate her. Mrs. Harnham was the only friend she had in the world, and since the loss of Mr. Harnham, some fifteen months ago, had wished to have her near her in preference to anybody else—though she was only lately come—allowed her to do almost as she liked, and to have a holiday whenever she asked for it. The husband of this kind young lady had been a rich wine-merchant of the town, but Mrs. Harnham's uncle lived temporarily with her now; in the daytime you could see the house from where they were talking. She, the speaker, liked Melchester better than the lonely country, and she was going to have a new hat for next Sunday that was to cost fifteen and ninepence.

Then she inquired of her acquaintance where he lived, and he told her in London, that ancient and smoky city where everybody lived who rich and died because they could not live there. He came into Wessex two or three times a year for professional reasons; he had arrived from Winchester yesterday, and was going on into the next county in a day or two. For one thing he did like the country better than the town, and it was because it contained such girls as she.

Then the pleasure-machine started again, and to the light-hearted girl the figure of the handsome young man, the market square with its lights and crowd, the houses beyond, and the world at large began moving round as before, countermoving in the revolving mirrors on her right hand, she being as it were the fixed point in an undulating, dazling, lurid universe, in which loomed forward most prominently of all the form of her late interlocutor. Each time that she approached the half of her orbit that lay nearest him they gazed at each other with smiles, and with that unmistakable expression which means so little at the moment, yet so often leads up to such passion, heart-ache, union, disunion, devotion, over-population, drudgery, content, resignation, as none can foretell.

When the horses slowed anew he stepped to her side and proposed another heat. "Hang the expense for once!" he said. "I'll pay."

She laughed till the tears came. "Why do you laugh, dear?" said he. "Because—you are so genteel that you must have plenty of money, and only say that for fun," she returned.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the young man in unison, and gallantly producing his money, she was enabled to whirl again.

As he stood smiling there in the motley crowd, with his pipe in his hand, and clad in the rough pea-jacket and wideawake that he had put on for his stroll, who would have supposed him to be Charles Bradford Haye, Esquire, stuff-gownsmen, educated at Winchester, called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn, now going the Western Circuit, merely detained in Melchester by a small arbitration after his brethren had moved on to the next county town?

II.

The square was overlooked from its remotest corner by the house of which the young girl had spoken, a dignified residence of considerable size, having several windows on each floor. Inside one of these, on the first floor, the apartment being a large draw-

ing room, sat a lady, in appearance from twenty-eight to thirty years of age. The blinds were still undrawn, and the lady was absently surveying the weird scene without, her cheek resting on her hand. The room was unlit from within, but enough of the glare from the market-place entered it to reveal the lady's face. She was what is called an interesting creature rather than a handsome woman, dark-eyed, thoughtful, and mobile-lipped.

A man brusquely entered the room from behind and came forward.

"Oh, Edith, I didn't see you," he said. "Why are you sitting here in the dark?"

"I am looking at the fair, Uncle Stephen," replied the lady in a languid voice.

"Oh! Horrid nuisance every year! I wish it could be put a stop to."

"I like it."

"H'm! There's no accounting for taste."

For a moment he gazed from the window with her for politeness' sake, and then went off. In a few minutes she rang.

"Hasn't Anna come in?" asked Mrs. Harnham.

"No, m'm."

"She ought to be in by this time. I meant her to go for ten minutes only."

"Shall I go and look for her, m'm?" said the house-maid, alertly.

"No. It is not necessary; she is a good girl, and will come soon."

However, when the servant had gone, Mrs. Harnham arose, went up to her room, cloak- and bonneted herself, and proceeded down stairs, where she found her uncle.

"I want to see the fair," she said, "and I am going to look for Anna. I have made myself responsible for her, and must see she comes to no harm. She ought to be in-doors. Will you come with me?"

"Oh, she's all right! I saw her on one of those whirling things, talking to her young man, as I came in. But I'll go if you wish, though I'd rather go a hundred miles the other way."

"Then please do so, uncle. I shall come to no harm alone."

She left the house, and entered the crowd which thronged the market-place, where she soon discovered Anna seated on the revolving horse. As soon as it stopped, Mrs. Harnham advanced and said, severely:

"Anna, how can you be such a wild girl? You were only to be out for ten minutes."

Anna looked blank, and the young man, who had dropped into the background, came to her assistance.

"Please don't blame her," he said, very politely. "It is my fault that she has staid. She looked so graceful on the horse that I induced her to go round again. I assure you that she has been quite safe."

"In that case I'll leave her in your hands," said Mrs. Harnham, turning to retrace her steps.

But this, for the moment, it was not so easy to do. Something had attracted the crowd to a spot in the rear, and the young widow, caught by its sway, found herself pressed against Anna's acquaintance, without power to move away. Their faces were within a few inches of each other; his breath fanned her cheek as well as Anna's. They could do no other than smile at the accident; but neither spoke, and each waited passively. Mrs. Harnham then felt a man's hand clasping her fingers, and from the look of consciousness on the young fellow's face, she knew the hand to be his; she also knew that from the position of the girl he had no other thought than that the imprisoned hand was Anna's. What prompted her to refrain from a word to him she could hardly tell. Not content with holding the hand, he playfully slipped two of his fingers inside her glove, against her palm. Thus matters continued till the pressure lessened; but several minutes passed before the crowd thinned sufficiently to allow Mrs. Harnham to withdraw.

"How did they get to know each other, I wonder?" she mused, as she retreated. "Anna is really very forward—and he very nice."

She was so greatly struck with the young barrister's manner, voice, with the fascination of his touch, that instead of re-entering the house she turned back again, and observed the pair from a screened nook. Really, she argued (being little less impulsive than Anna herself), it was very excusable in Anna to encourage him, however she might have contrived to make his acquaintance; he was so gentlemanly, so fascinating, had such beautiful eyes. The thought that he was several years her junior produced no sigh.

At length the couple turned from the roundabout towards the door of Mrs. Harnham's house, and the young man could be heard saying that he would accompany her home. Anna certainly had found a lover, apparently a very devoted one. Mrs. Harnham was quite interested in him. When they drew near the door of the wine-merchant's house, a comparatively deserted spot by this time, they stood invisible for a little while in the shadow of a wall, where they separated, Anna going on to the entrance, and her acquaintance returning across the square.

"Anna," said Mrs. Harnham, coming up, "I've been looking at you. That young man kissed you at parting, I am almost sure."

"Well," stammered Anna, "he said if I didn't mind—it would do me no harm—and—and him a great deal of good."

"Ah, I thought so! And he was a stranger till to-night?"

"Yes, m'am."

"Yet I warrant you told him your name and everything about yourself."

"He asked me."

"But he didn't tell you his?"

"Yes, m'am, he did," cried Anna, victoriously. "It is Charles Bradford of London."

"Well, if he's respectable, of course I've nothing to say against your knowing him," said her mistress, prepossessed, in spite of general principles, in the young man's favor; "but I must reconsider all that if he attempts to renew your acquaintance. A country-bred girl like you, who has never lived in Melchester till this month, who had hardly ever seen a black-coated man till you came here, to be so sharp as to capture a young Londoner like him!"

"I didn't capture him. I didn't do anything," said Anna, in confusion.

When she was in-doors and alone, Mrs. Harnham thought that a highly qualified and chivalrous young man Anna's companion had seemed. There had been a magic in his wooing touch, and she wondered how he had come to be attracted by the girl.

The next morning the emotional widow went to the daily service in Melchester cathedral. In crossing the close through the fog she again perceived him who had so interested her the previous evening, gazing up thoughtfully at the high-piled architecture of the nave; and as soon as she had taken her seat, he entered and sat down in a stall opposite hers.

He did not particularly heed her, but Mrs. Harnham was continually occupied with him, and wondered more than ever what had attracted him in her unfledged young maid-servant. The widow was almost unaccustomed as the maiden herself to the end-of-the-age young man, or she might have wondered less. Raye, having looked about him awhile, left abruptly, without regard to the service that was proceeding; and Mrs. Harnham—lonely, impressionable young creature that she was—took no further interest in praising the Lord. She wished she had married a London man who knew the subtleties of love-making as they were evidently known to him who had mistakenly caressed her hand.

III.

The calendar at Melchester had been light, occupying the court only a few hours; and the assizes at Casterbridge, the next county town on the Western Circuit, having no concern for Raye, he had not gone thither at the next assize, they did not open till the following Monday, trials to begin on Tuesday morning. In the natural order of things Raye would have arrived at the latter place on Monday afternoon, but it was not till the middle of Wednesday that his gown and gray wig, curled in tiers in the best fashion of Assize-bass robes, were seen blowing and bobbing behind him as he hastily walked up the High Street from his lodgings. But though he entered the assize building, there was nothing for him to do, and sitting at the blue baize table in the well of the court, he mended pens with a mind far away from the case in progress. Thoughts of a frivolous flirtation, on which a week earlier he would not have believed himself capable of wasting his time, threw him into a state of dissatisfaction.

He had contrived to see again the pretty rural maiden Anna the day after the fair, had walked out of the city with her to the earthworks of Old Melchester, and feeling a violent fancy for her, had remained in Melchester all Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday; by persuasion obtaining walks and meetings with the young girl six or seven times during the interval—had, in brief, won her heart.

He supposed it must have been owing to the seclusion in which he had lived of late in town that he had given play so unrestrainedly to a passing fancy for a young creature so charmingly inexperienced, who had placed herself so trustingly in his hands. Much he deplored trifling with her feelings for the sake of a kiss upon her red lips, and he could only hope that she might not live to suffer on his account.

She had begged him to come to her again; entreated him, wept. He had promised that he would do so, and he meant to carry out that promise. Awkward as such unpromised attachments were, the interspace of a hundred miles—which to a girl of her limited capabilities was like a thousand—would effectually hinder this summer fancy, from greatly presuming on his life; while the thought of her simple love might do him the negative good of keeping him from idle pleasures in town when he wished to work hard. His circuit journeys would take him to Melchester three or four times a year, and then he could always see her.

The pseudonym, or rather partial name, that he had given her as his, had been spoken on the spur of the moment, without any ulterior intention whatever. He had not afterwards disturbed Anna's error, but on leaving her he had felt bound to give her an address at a stationer's not far from his chambers, at which she might write to him under the initials "C. B."

In due time Raye returned to his London chambers, having called at Melchester on his way, and spent a few additional hours with his fascinating child of nature. In town he

lived monotonously every day. Often he and his room were enclosed by a tawny fog from all the world besides, and when he lighted the gas to read or write by, his situation seemed so unnatural that he would look into the fire and think of that simple girl at Melchester again and again. Often, oppressed by absurd fondness for her, he would enter the dim religious nave of the Law Courts by the north door, elbow other juniors habited like himself, and, like him, unretained, edge himself into this or that crowded court where a sensational case was going on, just as if he were in it, though the police officers at the door knew as well as he knew himself that he had no more concern with the business in hand than the patient idlers at the gallery door outside, who had waited to enter since eight in the morning, because, like him, they belonged to the classes who live without working. But he would do these things to no purpose, and think how greatly the characters in such scenes contrasted with the pink and breezy Anna.

An unexpected feature in that peasant maiden's conduct was that she should yet write to him, though he had told her she might do so if she wished. Surely a young creature had never before been so reticent in such circumstances. At length he sent her a brief line, positively requesting her to write. There was no answer by the return post, but the day after a letter in a neat feminine hand, and bearing the Melchester postmark, was handed to him by the stationer.

The fact alone of its arrival was sufficient to satisfy his imaginative sentiment. He was not anxious to open the epistle, and as a matter of fact did not read it for nearly half an hour, anticipating readily its terms of affectionate retrospection to the girl's adoration. When at last he turned his feet to the fire, place and unfolded the sheet, he was surprised and pleased to find that neither extravagance nor vulgarity was there. It was the most charming little epistle he had ever received from woman. To be sure, the language was simple and the ideas were slight; but it was so self-contained so purely that of a young girl who felt her womanhood to be enough for her dignity, that he read it through twice. Four sides were filled, and a few lines written across, after the fashion of former days; the paper, too, was common, and not of the latest shade and surface. But what of those things? Life is a letter, and letters from women who were fairly called ladies, but never so sensible, so human a letter as this. He could not single out any one sentence and say it was at all remarkable or clever; it was the *ensemble* of the letter which won him; and beyond the one request that he would come and see her again soon, there was nothing to show her sense of a claim upon him.

To write again and develop a correspondence was the last thing Raye would have preconceived as his conduct in such a situation; yet he did write a short, encouraging line or two, signed with his pseudonym, in which he cheerfully intimated that he would try to see her again some day, and would never forget how much they had been to each other during their short acquaintance.

IV.

To return now to the moment at which Anna at Melchester had received Raye's letter.

It had been put into her own hand by the postman on his morning rounds. She flushed down to her neck on receipt of it, and turned it over and over. "It is mine!" she said.

"Why, yes; can't you see it?" said the postman, smiling, as he guessed the nature of the missive and the cause of the confusion.

"Oh, yes, of course," replied Anna, looking at the letter, forehead twitching, and blushing still more.

Her look of embarrassment did not leave her with the postman's departure. She opened the envelope, kissed its contents, put away the letter in her pocket, and remained musing till her eyes filled with tears.

A few minutes later she carried up a cup of tea to Mrs. Harnham in her chamber. Anna's mistress looked at her, and said: "How dismal you seem this morning, Anna! What's the matter?"

"I'm not dismal, I'm glad; only I—" She stopped to stifle a sob.

"Well?"

"I've got a letter; and what good is it to me if I can't read a word in it?"

"Why, I'll read it, child, if necessary."

"But this is for me, and nobody else. I don't want anybody to read it but myself," Anna murmured.

"I shall not tell anybody. Is it from that young man?"

"I think so."

Anna slowly produced the letter, saying, "Then will you read it to me, ma'am?"

This was the secret of Anna's embarrassment and flutterings. She could neither read nor write. She had grown up under the care of an aunt by marriage at one of the lonely hamlets on the Great Plain where, even in days of national education, there had been no school within a distance of two miles. Her aunt was an ignorant woman; there had been nobody to investigate Anna's circumstances, nobody to care about her learning the rudiments; though, as often in such cases, she had been well fed and clothed, and not unkindly treated. Since she had

come to live at Melchester with Mrs. Harnham, the latter, who took a kindly interest in the girl, had taught her to speak correctly, and to write a competent hand. Anna showed considerable readiness, as is not unusual with the illiterate, and soon became quite fluent in the use of her mistress's phraseology. Mrs. Harnham also insisted upon her getting a spelling and copy book, and beginning to practise in these. Anna was slower in this branch of her education, and meanwhile here was the letter.

Edith Harnham's large dark eyes expressed some interest in the contents, though in her character of mere interpreter she threw into her tone as much as she could of mechanical passiveness. She read the short epistle on to its concluding sentence, which idly requested Anna to send him a tender answer.

"Now you'll do it for me, won't you, dear mistress?" said Anna, eagerly. And you'll do it as well as ever you can, please? Because I couldn't bear him to think I am not able to do it myself. I should sink into the earth with shame if he knew that." Deep concern filled Mrs. Harnham's eyes at perceiving how the girl's happiness hung on this new-sprung attachment. She blamed herself much for not interfering in a flirtation which had so unsettled the pretty little creature, though at the time of seeing the pair together she had a feeling that it was hardly within her province to nip young affection in the bud. However, what was done could not be undone, and it behooved her now, as Anna's only protector, to help her as much as she could. To Anna's eager request that she, Mrs. Harnham, should compose and write the answer to this young London man's letter she felt seriously bound to accede, to keep alive his attachment to the girl if possible, though in other circumstances she might have suggested the cook as an amanuensis.

A tender reply was thereupon concocted, and set down in Edith Harnham's hand. This letter it had been which Raye had received and delighted in. Written in the presence of Anna, certainly was, and Anna's humble notepaper, and in a measure dictated by the young girl; but the life, the spirit, the individuality were Edith Harnham's.

"Won't you at least put your name yourself?" she said. "You can manage to write that by this time."

"No, no," said Anna, shrinking back. "I should do it so bad, Mr. Harnham, I'd be ashamed of me, and never see me again."

This note, so prettily requesting another from him, had, as we have seen, power enough in its pages to bring one. He declared it to be such a pleasure to hear from her that she must write every week. The same process of manufacture was accordingly repeated by Anna and her mistress, and continued for several weeks in succession; each letter being penned and answered by Edith, the girl standing by; the answer read and commented on by Edith, Anna standing by and listening again.

Late on a winter evening, after the despatch of the latest letter, Mrs. Harnham was sitting alone by the remains of her fire. Her uncle had retired, and she had fallen into that fixity of musing which takes no count of hour or temperature. The state of mind had been brought about in Edith by a strange thing which she had done that day. For the first time since Raye's visit Anna had gone to stay over a night or two with her friends on the Plain, and in her absence had arrived, out of its time, a letter from Raye. To this Edith had replied on her own responsibility, from the depths of her own heart, without waiting for her maid's return and collaboration. The pleasure of writing to her, and the knowledge of her own goodness but her was great, and she had indulged herself therein.

Why was it a pleasure?

Edith Harnham led a lonely life. Influenced by the belief of the British parent that a bad marriage with its aversions is better than free womanhood with its interests, dignity, and leisure, she had consented to marry the elderly wine-merchant as a *pis aller*, at the age of seven-and-twenty—some three years before this date—to find afterwards that she had made a mistake. He had died, and she had still remained a woman whose deeper nature had never been stirred.

She was now clearly realizing that she had become possessed to the bottom of her soul with the image of a man to whom she was hardly so much as a name. From the first he had attracted her by his looks and voice; above all, by his tender touch; and with these as generators, the writing of letter after letter, and the reading of their answers, had insensibly developed on her side an emotion which fanned his; till there had resulted a magnetic reciprocity between the correspondents, notwithstanding that one of them wrote in a character not her own.

They were her own impassioned and pent-up ideas—lowered to money-labour phraseology in order to keep up the disguise—that Edith put into letters signed with another name, much to the shallow Anna's delight, who, unassisted, could not for the world have conceived such pretty fancies for winning him, even had she been able to write them. Edith found that it was these, her own foisted-in sentiments, which the young man mainly responded. The few sentences occasionally added from Anna's own lips made apparently no impression upon him.

The letter-writing of that day Anna never discovered; but Mrs. Harnham did not ven-

ture to repeat the luxury of not consulting her. On Anna's return the next morning she declared she wished to see her lover alone, something, and begged Mrs. Harnham to ask him to come. This Mrs. Harnham did, although she had written but such a short time previously; and the result was that Raye sent a hasty note to say how much he was won by her sweetness; it made him feel that he must run down for a day to see her as requested.

But a week later the girl came to her mistress's room with another note, which, on being read, informed her that, after all, he could not find time for the journey. Anna was grieved, but, by Mrs. Harnham's advice, strictly refrained from reproaches or bitterness on account of this disappointment; one thing being imperative—to keep the young man's romantic interest in Anna alive. Rather, therefore, did Edith, in the name of her *protégée*, request him on no account to be distressed at all about his inability to come. She desired above everything to be no weight upon him in his career, no clog upon his high and noble aims; and she would, if possible, ever, and when he should come again on the spring circuit it would be soon enough to see him.

Anna's own feelings had not been quite in accord with these expressions, but the young widow's judgment had ruled, and Anna had acquiesced. "All I want is that niceness you can so well write into your words, my dear dear mistress, and that I can't make up of my own head, though I mean it and feel it exactly when you've written it down."

Occasionally, when one of these letters had been sent off, and Edith Harnham was left alone, she would bow herself on the back of her chair and weep.

"I wish he were mine—I wish he was!" she murmured. "Yet how can I say such a wicked thing!"

V.

The damps of winter, aggravated, perhaps, by her secret heart-sickness at her lover's appearance, made Anna ill, and by her own confession, she went for a while to the cottage on the Plain. This arrangement led to a consultation with her mistress as to how the correspondence should be carried on; and in the girl's sheer inability to continue personally what had been begun in her name, and in the difficulty of their acting in collaboration, Mrs. Harnham made up her mind. Mrs. Harnham—the only friend she had in the world—to receive the letters and reply to them off-hand, sending them on afterwards to herself on the Plain, where she might get some friend to read them to her at least, though disqualified from replying because she would be writing in the name of the girl, and her box then departed for the Plain.

Thus it befell that Edith Harnham found herself in the strange position of having to correspond under no supervision with a man not her lover, in terms which were those of a devoted sweetheart, the man being one for whom, mainly through the sympathy involved in letters, she had secretly cherished a predilection, subtle and imaginative truly, but strong and absorbing. She opened each letter, read it as if intended for herself, and replied from the promptings of her own heart and no other.

Throughout this correspondence, carried on in the girl's absence, the high-spirited Edith Harnham lived in the ecstasy of fancy, the vicarious intimacy engendered such a flow of passionateness as was never exceeded. For conscience' sake Edith sent on each of his letters to Anna, and at first exact copies of her replies; but later on these so-called copies were much abridged, and consisted of her brief most zest for the subject. He wished the ceremony to be in London for greater privacy; Edith Harnham would have preferred it at Melchester; Anna was passive. His reasoning prevailed, and Mrs. Harnham threw herself with mournful zest into the preparations for Anna's departure. In a last desperate feeling that she must act at every hazard be in at the death of her dream, and see once again the man who by a species of telepathy had exercised such an influence on her, she offered to go up with Anna and be with her through the ceremony—"to see the end of her," as her mistress put it with forced gaiety—an offer which the girl gratefully accepted, for she had no other friend capable of playing the part of companion and witness in the presence of a gentlemanly bridegroom in such a way as not to hasten an opinion that he had made an irredeemable social blunder.

It was a muddy morning in March when Raye, knighted in a four-wheeled cab, came down of a registry office in the S. W. district of London, and carefully handed down Anna and her companion, Mrs. Harnham. Anna looked attractive in the somewhat fashionable clothes which Mrs. Harnham had helped her to buy, though not quite so attractive as an innocent child, she had appeared in her country gown on the back of the wooden horse at Melchester Fair.

Mrs. Harnham had come up this morning by an early train, and a young man—a friend of Raye's—having met them at the door, all four entered the registry office together.

Till an hour before this time Raye had never known the wine-merchant's wife except at that first casual encounter, and in the flutter of the performance before them he had little opportunity for more than a brief acquaintance. The form of marriage at a registry is soon got through; but somehow

feeling to wed her he had at first contemplated the step of retiring from a profession which hitherto had brought him very slight emolument, and which, to speak plainly, he had thought might be difficult of practice after his union with her; but the unexpected mines of brightness and warmth that her letters had disclosed to be lurking in her sweet nature had led him to abandon that somewhat sad prospect.

With her powers of development, after a little private training in the social forms of London under his supervision, and a little help from a governess, if necessary, she would make as good a professional man's wife as could be desired, even if he should rise to the woollack. Many a Lord Chancellor's wife had been less intuitively a lady than she had shown herself to be in her lines to him.

"Oh, poor fellow! poor fellow!" mourned Edith Harnham.

Her distress now raged as high as her infatuation. It was she who had wrought him to this pitch—to a marriage which she could not, yet she could not, in mercy to her maid, do anything to hinder his plan. Anna was coming to Melchester this week, yet she could hardly show the girl this last reply from the young man; it told too much of the second individuality that had usurped the place of the first.

Anna came, and her mistress took her into her own room for privacy. Anna began by saying, with some anxiety, that she was glad the wedding was so near.

"Oh, Anna," replied Mrs. Harnham, "I think we must tell him all—that I have been doing your writing for you—lest he should not know it till after you became his wife, and it might lead to dissension and recriminations."

"Oh, miss, dear miss, please don't tell him now!" cried Anna, in deep distress. "If you were to do it, perhaps he would not marry me, and what should I do then? It would be terrible what would come to me! And I am getting on with my writing, too. I have brought with me a copybook you were so good to give me, and so hard, I shall do it well at last, I believe, if I keep on trying."

Edith looked at the copybook. The copies had been set by herself, and such progress as she had made was in the direction of facsimile of her mistress's hand. But even if Edith's flowing calligraphy were reproduced, the inspiration would be another thing.

"You do it so beautifully," continued Anna, "and say all that I want to say so much better than I could say it that I do hope, you won't leave me in the lurch just now."

"Very well," replied the kindly widow. "But I—but I thought I ought not to go on."

"Why?"

Her strong desire to confide her sentiments led Edith to answer truly, "Because of its possible effect upon me."

"Why, child?"

"Because you are in mourning for your husband," said Anna, with lucid simplicity.

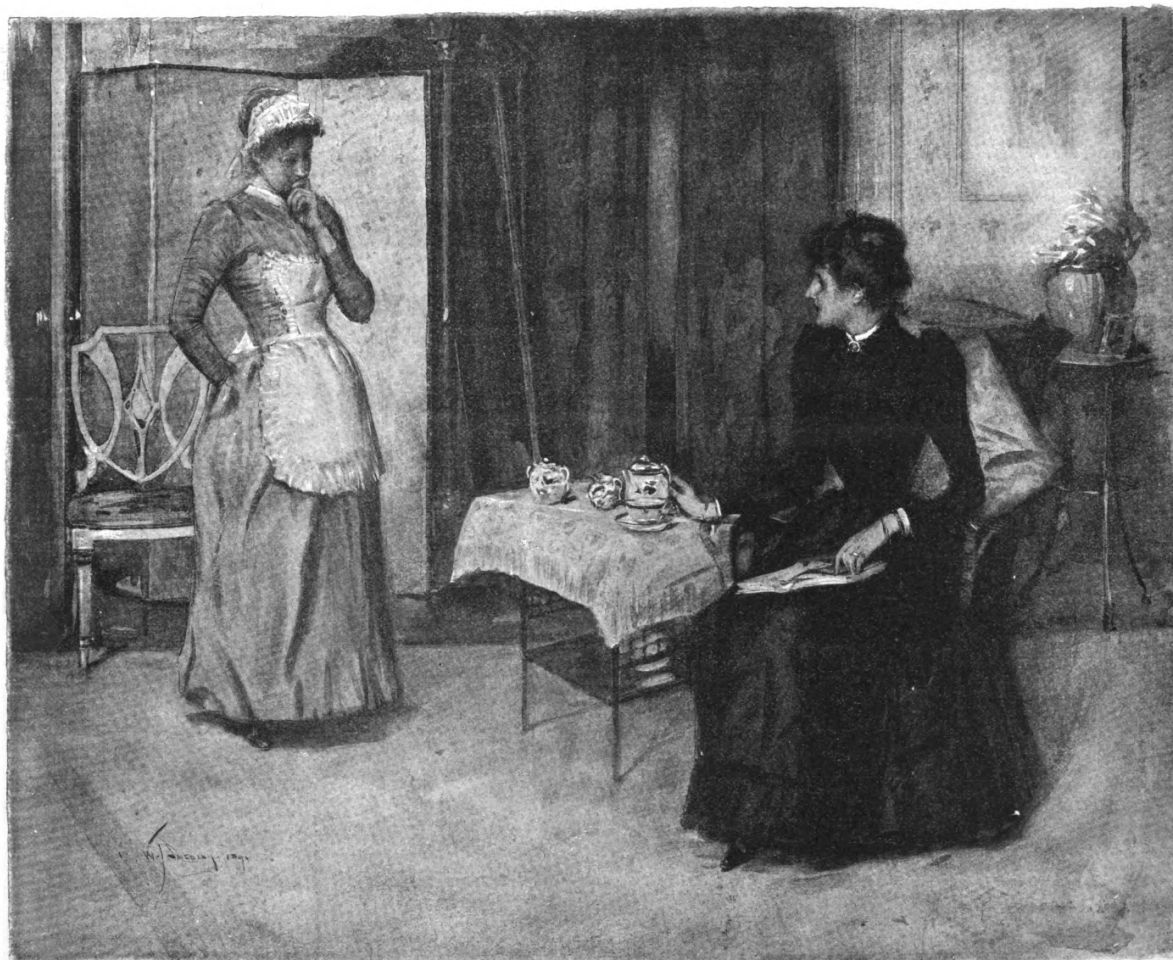
"Of course it can't," said her mistress, hastily; yet glad, despite her mourning, that two or three outpourings and responses still testified to her. "But you must concentrate your attention on writing your name as I write it here."

VI.

Soon Raye wrote about the wedding. Having decided to make the best of what he feared was a piece of romantic folly, he had determined to test for the grand excitement. He wished the ceremony to be in London for greater privacy; Edith Harnham would have preferred it at Melchester; Anna was passive. His reasoning prevailed, and Mrs. Harnham threw herself with mournful zest into the preparations for Anna's departure. In a last desperate feeling that she must act at every hazard be in at the death of her dream, and see once again the man who by a species of telepathy had exercised such an influence on her, she offered to go up with Anna and be with her through the ceremony—"to see the end of her," as her mistress put it with forced gaiety—an offer which the girl gratefully accepted, for she had no other friend capable of playing the part of companion and witness in the presence of a gentlemanly bridegroom in such a way as not to hasten an opinion that he had made an irredeemable social blunder.

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"HOW DISMAL YOU SEEM THIS MORNING, ANNA. WHAT'S THE MATTER?"—DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY.

during its progress Raye discovered a strange and secret gravitation between himself and Anna's friend.

The formalities of the wedding being concluded, the four went in one cab to Raye's lodgings, newly taken in a new suburb in preference to a house, the rent of which he could ill afford just then. Here Anna cut the little cake which Raye had bought at a pastry-cook's on his way home from Lincoln's Inn the night before. But she did not do much besides. Raye's friend was obliged to depart almost immediately, and when he had left, the only ones virtually present were Edith and Raye, who exchanged ideas with much animation, inasmuch that the conversation was theirs only, Anna being as a domestic animal, who humbly heard but understood not. Raye seemed startled at awakening to this fact, and began to feel dissatisfied with her inadequacy.

At last, more disappointed than he cared to own, he said: "Mrs. Harbham, my darling is so hurried that she doesn't know what she is doing or saying. I see that after this event a little quietude will be necessary before she gives tongue to that tender philosophy which she used to treat me to in her letters."

They had planned to start early that afternoon for Tunbridge Wells, to spend a few opening days of their married life there, and as the hour of departure was drawing near, Raye asked his wife if she would go to the writing-desk in the next room and pen a little note to his sister, who had been unable to attend through indisposition, informing her that the ceremony was over, thanking her for her little present, and hoping to know her well now that she was the writer's sister as well as Charles's.

"Say it in the pretty poetical way you know so well how to adopt," he added, "for I want you particularly to win her, and both of you to be dear friends."

Anna looked uneasy, but departed to her task, Raye remaining to talk to their guest. Anna was a long while absent, and her husband suddenly rose and went to her.

He found her still tending over the writing-table, with tears brimming up in her eyes; and he looked down upon the sheet of note-paper with some interest, to discover with what fact she had expressed her good-will in the delicate circumstances. To his surprise she had progressed but a few lines, in the characters of a child of eight.

"Anna," he said, "what's this?"

"It only means—that I can't do it any better!" she answered through her tears.

"Eh? Nonsense!"

"I can't!" she insisted, with miserable, sobbing hardihood. "I—I—didn't write those letters, Charles! I only told her what to write! But I am learning, oh! so fast, my dear, dear husband! And you'll forgive me, won't you, for not telling you before?" She passionately clasped his waist and hid her face against him.

He stood a few moments, abruptly turned, and shut the door upon her, rejoining Edith in the drawing-room. She

saw that something untoward had been discovered, and their eyes remained fixed on each other.

"Do I guess rightly?" he asked, with sad quietude. "You were her scribe through all this?"

"It was necessary," said Edith.

"Did she dictate every word you ever wrote to me?"

"Not every word."

"In brief, very little?"

"Very little."

"You wrote a great part of those pages every week from your own conceptions, though in her name?"

"Yes."

"Did you ever write any of the letters when you were alone, without communication with her?"

"I did."

He turned to the bookcase, and leaned with his hand over his face; and Edith, seeing his distress, became as white as a sheet.

"You have deceived me—ruined me!" he murmured.

"Oh, don't say it!" she cried, jumping up and putting her hand on his shoulder. "I can't bear that!" Her anguish seemed to thrill the very furniture.

"Delighting me deceptively! Why did you do it—why did you?"

"I began doing it in kindness to her. How could I do otherwise than try to save such a simple girl from misery? But I admit that I continued it for pleasure to myself."

Raye looked up. "Why did it give you pleasure?" he asked.

"I must not tell," said she.

He continued to regard her, and saw that her lips suddenly began to quiver under his scrutiny, and her eyes to fill and droop. She started aside, and said that she must go to the station to catch the return train; could a cab be called immediately?

But Raye went up to her, and took her unresisting hand. "Well, to think of such a thing as this," he said. "Why, you and I are friends—lovers—by correspondence."

"Yes; I suppose."

"More."

"Plainer more. It is no use blinking that. Legally I have married her—God help us both!—in spirit I have married you, and no other woman in the world."

"Hush!"

"But I will not hush. Why should you try to disguise the full truth when you have already owned half of it? Yes, it is between you and me that the bond is, not between me and her. Now I'll say no more. But I think I have one claim upon you."

She did not say what, and he went up to her, drew her towards him, and bent over her.

"If it was all pure invention in those letters," he said, emphatically, "give me your cheek only. If you meant

what you said, let it be lips. It is for the first and last time, remember."

She put up her mouth, and he kissed her long.

"You forgive me?" she said, crying.

"Yes."

"But you are ruined!"

"What matter?" he said, shrugging his shoulders. "It serves me right."

She withdrew, wiped her eyes, entered and bade good-by to Anna, who had not expected her to go so soon, and was still wrestling with the letter. Raye followed Edith down stairs, and in three minutes she was in a hansom driving to the Waterloo station.

He went back to his wife. "Never mind the letter, Anna, to-day," he said, gently. "Put on your things. We too must be off shortly."

The simple girl, upheld by the sense that she was indeed married, showed her delight at finding that he was as kind as ever after the disclosure. She did not know that before his eyes he beheld as it were a galleon, in which he, the fastidious urban, was chained to work for the remainder of his life, and she, the unlettered peasant, chained to his side.

Edith travelled back to Melchester that day with a face depicting her miserable sense of the end of her impassioned dream. When at dusk she reached the Melchester station, her uncle was there to meet her, but in his perfunctoriness and her preoccupation they did not see each other, and she went out of the station alone.

She walked mechanically homeward without calling a fly. Entering, she could not bear the silence of the house, and went up in the dark to where Anna had slept, where she remained thinking awhile. She then returned to her drawing-room, and not knowing what she did, crouched down upon the floor.

"I have ruined him!" she kept repeating. "I have ruined him, because I would not deal treacherously towards her!" In the course of half an hour a figure opened the door of the chamber.

"Ah—who's that?" she said, starting up, for it was dark.

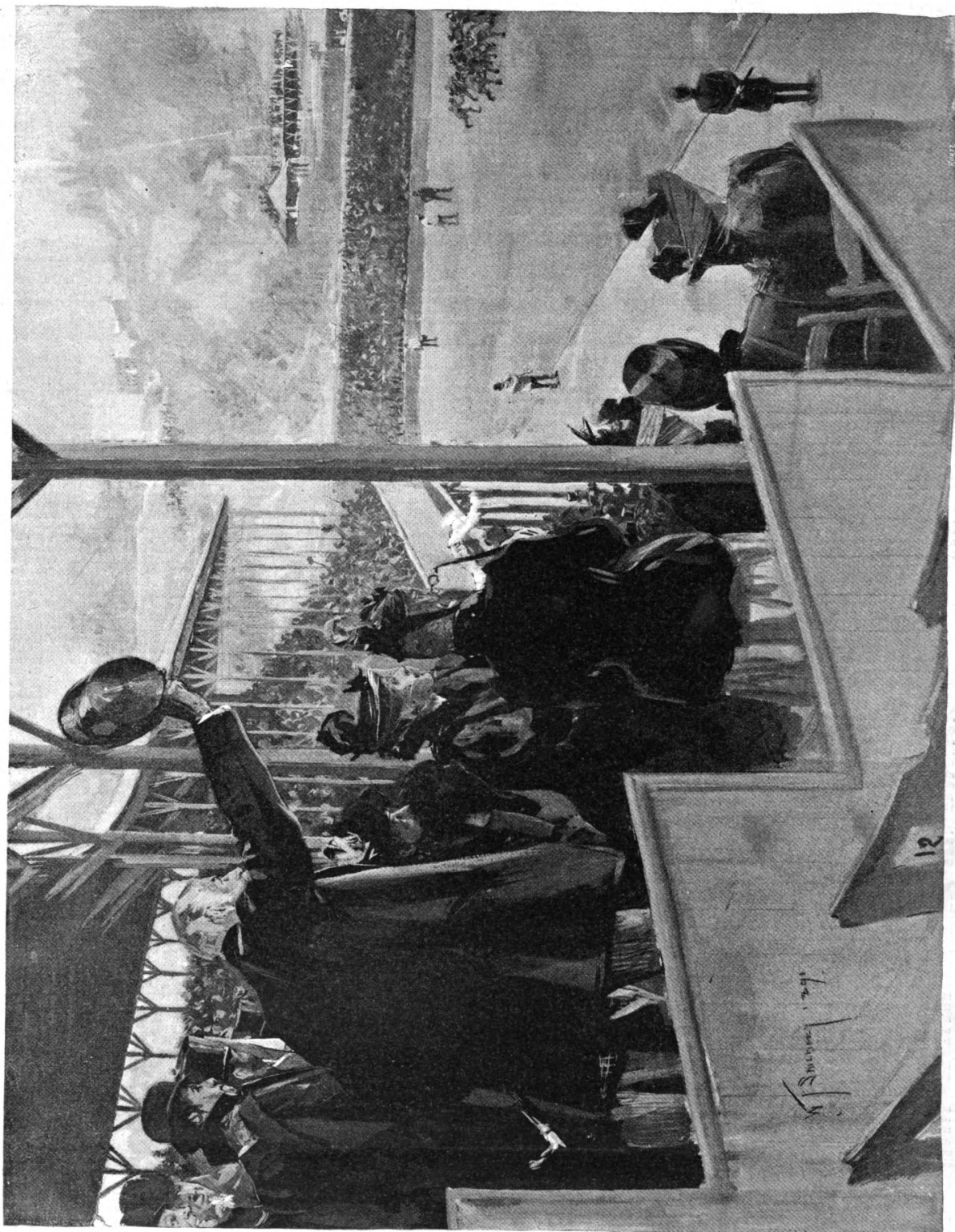
"Your uncle Stephen. Who should it be?" said the worthy merchant. "I missed you at the station. Did you see Anna safely tied up? I hope so, for her own sake."

"Yes; Anna is married," she murmured.

Simultaneously with Edith's journey home, Anna and her husband were sitting at the opposite windows of a second-class carriage which sped along to Tunbridge. In his hand was a pocket book full of creased sheets closely written over. Unfolding one after another he read them in silence, and sighed.

"What are you doing, dear Charles?" she said, timidly, from the other window, and drew nearer to him as if he were a god.

"Reading over all those tender letters to me signed 'Anna,'" he replied, with dry resignation.



THANKSGIVING DAY IN NEW YORK—AS IT IS.—DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY.—[SEE PAGE 950.]

THANKSGIVING DAY IN NEW YORK UP TO DATE.

It used to be that Thanksgiving day in New York was, like the day all over the Eastern part of the country, a holiday which centred around a dinner. This dinner was inevitable, and the families saw each other then that never saw each other in a group at any other time. The prodigal returned for it; the poor relation looked forward to it, and praised it as it progressed heavily through its different courses; and the several members of the family tried to be more polite at that meal than at any other of the three times 365 other meals of the year. There are some who like family dinners; and there are other wicked ones who sympathize with the young woman who assented to having a family dinner by saying, "Yes, and let us have any family but our own!"

It is an awful and solemn ceremony in many homes, and it is made more so, as a rule, by some of the elder of the poor relations, who endeavor to enliven the general gloom by trying to be "the life of the dinner." He does this by growing reminiscent over the younger members, and telling how pretty they were as children, and how they used to make him tell and retell the old story of the roast pig he stole the night before Gettysburg, with which introduction he promptly tells the old story again.

It may not be so elsewhere, but around New York city all this has changed. It is not that the families around the great metropolis love each other less, or that they have less cause for less desire to be thankful; but a great and powerful and fascinating rival has come to take the place of the Thanksgiving day dinner, and it is known not only in New York, but from Texas, or wherever else a Yale man is carrying a transit, to Canada, or wherever else the Princeton man is building a bridge, as The Thanksgiving Day Game.

And now everybody goes out to see Princeton and Yale decide the football championship, and instead of boring each other around a dinner table, grow hoarse and exhausted in shouting for their favorite son or the college of their son. Mr. W. T. 3medley has shown you the old way and the new, and you must all agree that the fresh air and the excitement and the wonderful movement of the great crowd and color of the whole scene are better even than turkey and pumpkin pie. And may the best team win!

THE HORSE SHOW.

SOCIALLY and financially the seventh annual Horse Show, which came to an end last Saturday night, was an unqualified success. The management gave ample evidence of its desire to make both spectators and exhibitors as comfortable as the limits of the crowded Garden would permit, and its employees were both respectful and well trained. I note these matters because, insignificant as they appear, as a matter of fact, in an entertainment extending a week, they become large factors for either good or bad. In the matter of handling its tickets the management was not so successful. Having secured the lavish figure of about \$38,000 for our gold-plated aristocracy for the advance sale of its boxes, and the assurance of an enormous demand for season tickets, it would have been quite the proper thing for the management to follow the example set by a few of our best theatres, and protect its patrons from the speculators. As it was, however, the ticket sharks literally ran the Garden after the out of the advance sales. One could get no desirable seat at the box office for any night; but outside on the sidewalk were speculators by the dozens, with great packages of tickets, a diagram, and an imperturbable air that lent force to their demand of \$3.00 for a \$1.50 seat. This was on Tuesday. The price kept pace with the advancing week at the rate of about a dollar a day, and the air grew calmer and more self-satisfied as the show drew to its close. Speculators are not easily handled, I am aware; but the National Horse Show Association is surely able to cope with an evil that several theatre managements have practically squelched, and as they are playing to a much larger gallery they should be the more alert for its protection. People who pay from four to six hundred dollars for a box, that their friends may have a proper appreciation of their bank account, require no protection; to such as these it would be refined cruelty.

I have spoken of the social and financial success. How about the show as the means of improving the breed of horses in this country? As one looks back on the week one remembers chiefly the hunters and the hackneys. Recollection of all else seems to be crowded out by the extensive and fine displays in these two classes, though I must confess personally I am very distinct in my aversion of the cobs, for a finer display has not been seen in this country. I do not propose to make an argument that the display of hunters and hackneys is too large, for they are always interesting and instructive, but I call attention to the fact that we are running too much to the pleasure horses, to the neglect of the practical every-day work-horse. In all this great show there were but eleven roadsters entered, and most of them were of the Belle Hamlin order, which, although of course a mare that could be used as a roadster, and a remarkably fast one at that, is not

my understanding of a roadster by long odds. The typical roadster, the animal that serves ninety-nine per cent. of the drivers in America, where was he? What is being done to breed up this class? There was not a Clydesdale, a Shire, a Suffolk, and only one Norman. Considering that the dollars of a very large percentage of those that swell around in victorias are made by these horses that drag about their trucks for one kind and another of merchandise—liquid and solid—it would seem as though some interest might be taken in the development of the work-horse.

While we are on the subject of work-horses, and always bearing in mind that this exhibition is the annual show of a national association one of the chief objects of which is to improve the breed of horses in this country, how about the horses that drag about the grocery, butcher, and other light wagons of that description? What of the cab-horses? What are we doing towards breeding up and replenishing our limited stock of cavalry and artillery horses? Suppose we went to war, of what service would be these high-stepping show horses? We should be obliged to draw on the farmers for horses, and what are they doing towards breeding up their stock? I would not be understood as conveying the impression that I advocate setting about breeding up a herd of cavalry and artillery horses—not that; but in our shows through the country we are doing absolutely nothing practical in that line. Why this year we did not even have an exhibition of the only two Troops in our vicinity—the City Troop of Philadelphia and the Troop A in this city. Even an exhibition drill by them and a show of their stock is a step in the proper direction. And as for cavalry horses, ask any member of a Troop you happen to know, whether it is an easy matter to find suitable mounts. I write in this vein of our Horse Show because it is the only horse show in the United States of the magnitude of the annual seeking to undertake these matters as they should be. As the rest of America looks to us to take the lead in all matters financial, so our Horse Show is regarded as the national one. Chicago has made one or two attempts to hold a show, but the ignorance and parsimony of its projectors have caused a collapse financially and otherwise. Boston is too near us, and its attempts have been in the nature of purely local displays of the ordinary lot of carriage and saddle horses. It rests, therefore, on New York to become the national model in this in all other matters. The government requires cavalry and artillery horses constantly, and there is little question that we would co-operate heartily with the Association in an attempt next year to bring out a display of these horses by offering prizes to encourage breeding up.

It is possible I may regard this annual show differently from most people, but I don't believe its sole mission is the display of the stock of a comparative handful of wealthy owners in this vicinity. There are wealthy owners about New York as much interested in the breeding up of horses as the most enthusiastic Kentuckians, but these are the exception. The majority enter their horses in order to be "in it"; and while they are interesting enough in their way, and certainly add to the general interest of the show, the managers of the Association should not permit them to reach numbers out of proportion to the other classes. In other words, there should be a thorough weeding process, and it should begin next year. The Association is strong enough to do this now. There are dozens upon dozens of entries that should be sent to the ring as soon as they enter the show. They only take up space and bore the judges and the spectators as well. "Society" enters numbers of good horses, and it likewise sends a number that are not in the race.

There is just now entirely too much space and time given hunters. These are pleasure horses pure and simple, and belong to the "show" class. I do not wish to be misunderstood. No one loves a hunter better than I do; he is a grand animal and a horse all over. But it is possible to have too much of even a good thing. There is no part of the Horse Show week that attracts more interested attention than the exhibition of hunters in the ring, and their performance over the jumps. A clean jumper, ridden by a man who understands his business, is as pretty a sight as any one wants to see. But who cares to watch a horse go stumbling and falling and bolting about the ring, ridden by some groom, perhaps, who makes the most of his opportunity to do the "gallery act," or some provincial rider, whose sole idea of taking his horse over a jump consists in giving a tremendous yank at the bridle simultaneously with a vigorous dig of the spur?

When a horse can't clear the jumps without falling all over them, he should be stopped and sent out of the ring. It ought to be borne in mind by both spectators and judges alike that the horse-show ring is not a training school, but an exhibition ring, where the best, the pick supposedly, are striving for championship honors. And while I am on the subject it would be a good idea to panel that fence about the ring up to the top, so no inconsiderate mankind could not stick its head and arms through the disturbance of the jumping horse. Another thing—that white gate appears to be a serious stumbling-block, so many good performers rapped it, owing, very likely, to the fence beyond also being white, and the horse

confusing the two. Winding the top bar with straw or rope would remedy that nicely.

I don't see any more reason why a heavy-weight hunter should be entered in a middle-weight class than a heavy-weight boxer should be entered in a bantam class. The Association rule debarbs a winner in the heavy weight from competing in the other class, but owners of heavy-weights enter in both, hoping, if they don't catch a ribbon in their legitimate class, to be more fortunate in the other. It is not right at all, and before another year comes around the ruling should be changed. There is another ruling also that requires attention, and that is the one which permits the entry of the same horse in saddle and harness classes. I have seen in this show just past the same horse exhibited as a hunter, park hack, and driven to a cart. Now will any one tell me that this animal is an ideal in any one of these classes? Bear in mind that this is the National Horse Show, and that the animals entered here are the pick of the land, specialists, not all-round family horses. Of course to a man having a modest stable it's delightful to have so worthy an animal that our mother-in-law may drive it, our children go picnicking with impunity, and we, the head of the family, take a run after the hounds once or twice a week. But all right for us who make no pretensions; we don't claim he is a possible prize winner in either one of these classes; he is a good hack, and earns his keep.

But the Horse Show is different, every animal goes there as a representative of a certain class—at least he should. It is absolutely out of the question for the same horse to be an ideal park hack, hunter, and driver; the conformation of the animal is different, the gait is different, and any man who enters in such a way next year should be mercilessly snubbed by the management. Another thing nearly as bad is driving a horse-show tandem in double, as did Mr. John A. Logan, Jun., and one or two others. Unless I am much mistaken, the absolutely "correct" tandem has a leader somewhat lighter than the wheelers. This being the case, how can the same pair parade before the judges as a prospective winner in the matched pairs? It would be about as sensible as turning out the same cattle to a road four-in-hand as you did to the park four. But Mr. Logan committed a greater breach than he did Mr. Cram—namely, the groom of each indulged in cockades. May be Mr. Logan fancies himself entitled to one on account of the services of his illustrious father to the country, and possibly Mr. Cram considers himself entitled to the insignia of ignorance because he lives on Staten Island! May he don't live on Staten Island at all. At any rate, it's very bad form, and do take them off before either of you turns up at the show next year.

Speaking of tandem driving, I should advise several of those who exhibited this year (I shan't mention names, because the art is in its infancy), for the sake of their personal safety and appearance, to take several lessons in tandem only driving but sitting in the cart. One gentleman I have in mind, who appeared to have an entry in about every class of tandem, doubles, and fours, cut anything but a sportsman-like figure as he sat on the box with his chin down on his chest, his legs dangling straight down in front of the seat, and his heels glued to the box. He was not thin, nor tall either, and he was not a picturesque sight by a long shot! The tandem display shows an encouraging improvement each year; and, who knows, probably by another year our young bloods, who now sit upon the box with such an agonized expression on their faces that they really make the spectators miserable, may be able to get around the corners without the leader getting the traces across his back, or turning around to give the wheelers a discreet but expressive wink. Out of the lot that exhibited, about three or four—I don't recall more—drove properly, and some were so bad they were ludicrous.

One from a city not a great way off had his hands up to his ears about every time he pulled up, and he took in his reins as though he were hauling in rope hand over hand. I liked the way Mr. Bloodgood handled his reins, even if by his turn-out didn't get a prize; and Mr. C. A. Baudouine, Jun., handled his tandem and four in a most workman-like manner. Little Miss Cassatt, however, sent her tandem around the ring as well as the best of them. She has an able teacher in her father, A. J. Cassatt, who is not only an accomplished whip, but one of the most thorough horsemen in the country. Some of the fours were the best shown since the inauguration of the show, but the class was very small compared with the number available in this vicinity. Charles A. Baudouine, W. Seward Webb, F. K. Sturgis, and Bloodgood Stock Farm were all good in their classes.

Of carriage horses there were quite a number; but we saw the same pair so often divided about and hitched to different traps that their qualities palled on us. The fashionable harness horse of the day, trained to get his legs up to the greatest possible height, and to bring them down with the greatest possible racket, does become a monotonous figure in the show ring after a week's sitting. Of horses under the saddle there was no end, and we likewise saw them so often—as hunters, and what not—that one became almost ashamed to look them in the face. Of the *bona fide* hunters, however, there were a lot of good animals. I could not begin, in the space here, to do them justice. There was a

deal of wretched jumping and frightful riding, but a great consideration should be shown in handling horses brought out into the glare of the electric light, with the sea of faces all around them, and everything calculated to excite and rattle them. I was sorry to see horses under five years put over the jumps. It augurs badly. The wonder is they do so well. Transport, Punch, Virginia, Grey Buck, Hempstead, Sweetheart, Honest John, Sir James Countess, Lancer, Chance, Merry Boy, Little Chief, Lady Hampton, Cohasset, Brunette, Ontario, were some of the performers that caught my eye. They didn't all get a prize, and that reminds me of what I thought rather a curious decision in the Ladies' Qualified Hunter Class. Honest John jumped finely, and rightfully received first; Grey Buck, which refused several times, and knocked all the bars down once, got second; Virginia, which should have had second, but got third, made the circuit without touching a thing; and fourth went to Chance, which landed badly, and had no business to be entered, pulled the gate down after him once, and knocked off a bar. Lancer, it seemed to me, did far better than Grey Buck; he neither rushed nor refused, and knocked one bar once at the in and out. I had put him down for third, but the judges, Messrs. Dr. Green, Jack Cheever, and John Cowdin, evidently were not of the same opinion. What has become of the polo-pony exhibit? Strikes me its omission was a curious freak.

I was amused, by-the-way, at some of the entries in the Galloway Class, but then one sees strange sights at a National Horse Show, you know.

I have received over the signature of *Diletante* the following excellent criticism to which I must give space:

In Class 34 of the horses shown to gigs or village carts, the judges surely lacked their accustomed discrimination and judgment in awarding to Mr. Seward Webb's mare the first prize. Her Majesty was in excellent form, and the appointments, etc., were good, but she had no style; all of the gentlemen who judged that class knew full well that a hunter or a dray-horse may be permitted to go with his nose out like a pig, and may have as thick a neck as Her Majesty (I mean the equine importation bearing that name), but that does not entitle a horse (unless perhaps the combination of her name and that of her owner carried a conviction of necessary superiority) to the first prize in a class judged "for quality, style, and action," while A. J. Cassatt's Duke was in every respect her equal as in the respects much the superior of Her Majesty. No, gentlemen, too many of Mr. Webb's horses deserve almost unqualified praise to give him that gig-horse prize in America, where we are supposed to be devoid of the unreasoning prejudices of a monarchical government. Don't do it again, please; the strong undercurrent of sentiment in favor of Revolutionary American stock will frown on your indulgence of Angliomania in the show ring.

There seems to be a tendency to put too small horses before the rather large and high-set carts shown generally at the show, and there are some badly balanced carts, hanging heavy on horses too small for them, and giving an appearance of being broken-backed. I must say a word about the decision in one of the saddle-horse classes on Thursday—Class 101, a special prize offered for the best park hack, "to be judged for soundness, quality, and style of going; manners to be considered while standing, and in the walk, trot, and canter." Eric, the recipient of their favor, was a good horse, but he is not up well mannered as Lauderdale, and by Mr. Eugene Higgins. He was perfect in manners and quality—not thoroughbred quality, but park-hack quality—and, in my opinion, the manners of a park hack should count even for more than quality. He should be a "gentleman," and faultless in his mouth and manners for parade; he should surely not pull, and not show too much of the blood of the thoroughbred. Now Eric was well ridden by Mrs. Beach, but he gave her several strong pulls after warming up to his work, and showed an unpleasant determination to "go," which a park hack of the highest form should always hold in subjection to his rider.

Lauderdale, on the contrary, while having the evenness of gait and good action of his competitors, was also nearly faultless in manners, while being fully as prompt when called on by his rider as Eric. The judges, by their award, increased the value of an inferior horse, while they neglected those requisites of the park hack which the donor of the prize strove by the conditions to exact of the winner.

In the professional coachman class, driving fours, Donnelly handled a rather high-strung team very well in the intricate and short turns of the ring. Mr. Bates's coachman labored at his team as though he were pulling an car in the mud, and got through somehow, and should have been taught to stop such violent exertion, almost equal to the effort necessary for a high jump.

I may appear to be devoting too much time and attention to the professional coachman, but when one reflects that most of our four-in-hand driving is learned of the professionals, and we depend so much upon our servants here that we must look well to our normal schools, as it were—our professional whips—and really this year their performance was indifferent. C. W. W.



BERNIE TRAFFORD, HARVARD'S CAPTAIN, has my sympathy. Not for the 10 to 0 defeat Yale gave him eleven on Saturday at Springfield. That was hard lines on him and his men, of course, after all the six weeks' hard work, but defeat is one of the unhappy contingencies of warfare, mimic or otherwise, and it would have been just as hard lines on Captain McClung and his team had they lost. Mr. Trafford has my sympathy that he should have had such a magnificent lot of men, and not been permitted to teach them more football. I am quite sure I speak advisedly when I say that Trafford has not enjoyed the privileges and prerogatives that are understood to go with the captaincy of anything. He has been a lieutenant possibly, but one that was permitted no insubordination liberties with his superiors. Now, whether Mr. Trafford would make a captain capable of carrying his men through the season from beginning to end, I do not know, nor does any one, for he has not had the opportunity of showing what he can do untrammelled, but it is the impression of those qualified to advance an opinion on the subject that he is entirely competent. No body will deny that in the men composing the vanquished Harvard eleven there are good football possibilities. Five of the men are certainly veterans of acknowledged ability; indeed, considered to be as good men in their positions as there are on the field to-day—Trafford, Lake, Corbett, Newell, and Hallowell. Of the others, Emmons and Waters are certainly first class, while in Dexter, Bangs, and Mackie there is material of the most promising nature.

WE ALL KNOW Harvard did not play football on Saturday. It's quite the usual thing, of course, to heap criticisms on the plays of a defeated eleven—to declare they do not know the game, etc., etc., and it stands to reason that the winning team must always play the better game. But those who read this column understandingly will know enough of the game and of my sentiments to appreciate that the criticism here is no such cavil. Harvard did not play football. Now why? There are but two conclusions—either the men on the team are not so intelligent or so susceptible to instruction as the average player, or they have not been properly instructed. I am disinclined to write the men down as being less intelligent than the rule, partly from my personal knowledge of them, but chiefly from watching them closely in their practice and match games for the past six weeks, and especially after following them in last Saturday's game. Every man on the line and behind it on that day worked hard, and made the best use of that knowledge he had. It appears, therefore, that improper instruction or insufficient instruction must be held accountable for so palpable a display of ignorance in many vital plays of the game.

IT IS NEITHER THE MISSION nor the wish of this column to place the responsibility of Harvard's defeat. The intricate ramifications of her athletic government—its committees and subcommittees, its New England clauses, and others equally convenient for family use—would make tracing the origin of this year's football policy somewhat of a hopeless task. From wherever it emanates, however, this year's lesson has probably shown its fallacy, and the matter for Harvard to now guard against is a repetition. Harvard seems to require a great many hard knocks and bitter defeats before she profits by them. It is only in the last two years that the boasting interests have been emerging from the same "Slough of Despond" that apparently engulfed football when Cumcock's energy was not at hand to inspire every one on the field with an enthusiasm that would not be downed this side of victory. It's the same old story at Cambridge—lack of harmony among those fitted to coach, snubbing of old players who could render valuable assistance to the candidates for the positions they once filled, an undefined policy, and failure to keep abreast of the times. Will there never be an end of this big "I" and little "you"?

AS HARVARD MEN fled off Hampden Park last Saturday, I wonder if a great many of them did not acknowledge to themselves that they had failed to give Cumcock sufficient credit for his work the previous year. I am sure that all those conversant with the fearful and wonderful workings of athletic matters at Harvard must have made a silent appeal to the same captain as they recalled his indomitable pluck. It was Cumcock's energy last year, his untiring zeal, his enthusiasm, which filled every player with confidence, that brooked no opposition, and overcame all jarring influences. There were some things he did that could have been improved on, to be sure. Who of us is not subject to the same criticism, but the fact remains that his personal enthusiasm and never-flagging work swept all before, and won Harvard her only football victory in a number of years. It may not be pleasing knowledge to some of Harvard's athletic potentates,

but it is none the less true, that Arthur J. Cumcock accomplished more practical work for Harvard football than did any of his contemporaries. It seems rather curious that the experience of last year, with its substantial result, had not a greater influence on the management this year. We stare in amazement at Harvard's game, and wonder how those having her football interests in hand could sacrifice such material for want of team play and line interference, especially as they must have seen Yale's game and known what to expect.

AS FOR THE GAME on Saturday, Yale outplayed Harvard at every point. The blocking of her rush line was of a high order, the tackling low and hard, and the interference very effective. Harvard worked the wedge for some gains, and, on the whole, handled her "V" quite as well as if not better than Yale, but it takes something besides mere beef to win at football nowadays. Every man on the Yale team played better than I have ever seen him. McClung was all over the field, and made some beautiful runs, using his arm to ward off very skillfully. Barbour put up a steady game, and worked his plays with good judgment; he made a couple of fumbles, but saved the ball. Sanford for Stillman in centre was a wise change, for he put up a hard game, held Bangs, and made some good gains. Heffelfinger played his usual great game—a little greater, possibly, because he had two men who were looking after him, Mackie and Lake. When he got through Mackie, which was nearly every time he made the attempt, he found Lake ready to pounce on him, and the consequence was that Heffelfinger's breaking through was not so perceptible to the spectators, and I dare say many of them thought Mackie was holding him. It was a wise precaution in Harvard, otherwise Trafford's kicks would have been stopped several times. Stanford Morison played a strong game at the other guard, making some beautiful holes in Harvard's line, and interfering finely.

YALE'S TACKLES played much better than any one expected they would. In fact, they made holes in what was considered the impregnable part of Harvard's line, and both Wallis and Winter tackled well—in fact, I don't recall a missed opportunity. The ends—Hinkey at left and Hartwell at right—outdid themselves. Hinkey's playing was really remarkable when his interference is considered. No one would believe this his first year from watching his play. He is light (145 pounds), but very active, and tackles his man low and hard. I did not see him blocked off but once, and his work throughout the game was of the highest order. Hartwell played the best game I have ever seen him put up, and, as I said last week, will leave a name at New Haven that will be one of the football memories. He was down the field on punts in double-quick order, tackled hard, and lost no opportunities. Bliss astonished me, and, I fancy, some others, by his accurate handling of Trafford's punts and his very effective kicking. He made a couple of fumbles, and lost the ball, but his running was clever, and his tackling very fine. McCormack did not do any kicking, but he made strong runs, and went through Harvard's line for more yards than any other player on the team. He is very clever at finding and squirming through holes that would stop any other back on the field. It may be said that Yale developed much stronger game than was expected, no point being weak.

HARVARD PROVED STRONGER in the centre than was expected, but it was not so strong in reality as it appeared. On the other hand, the ends and tackles were stronger than they appeared. This fact is readily accounted for in the extra efforts made in one direction and the consequent slight relaxation in the other. For instance, Newell and Hallowell on the right were considered particularly formidable, and therefore they were looked after so thoroughly their work only shows now and again. The advances made by the Yale centre were those of avoidance, crushing through by force of its bulk rather than skill. Nevertheless, Dexter, Mackie, and Bangs put up a stronger game than they were expected to show, and with good thorough coaching would make a very formidable centre in the Harvard line. Emmons and Waters both played hard games. Hartwell was a little too much for the former, and I rather fancied Wallis to Waters, strained heel and all, but there was not a great deal of difference in the four. Lake made the most of his opportunities, but could do nothing unaided, though several times he made gains, carrying half the Yale line with him. Corbett made less gain than any of the backs, and was a disappointment. He made five costly fumbles, one of which certainly cost a goal. Trafford made a few good gains, but the very point on which he was considered strongest he proved weakest. His rushing was much better than his kicking, and he appeared able to do very little interfering. His punts were high, did not cover so great a distance, and were much easier to catch than the low long twirlers. His drop kicking proved an *ad lib*. One effort was blocked, and the other, although from about the 25-yard line, went wide.

HARVARD'S TACKLING WAS ABOMINABLE. Is it possible that the team has had the benefit of Mr. Lathrop's instruction in this respect? Harvard heretofore has excelled in that respect. This and the lack of interference for the runners cost Harvard dearly. Time and again Lake and Corbett would get started for the end, and with not a solitary man to guard for them. Whatever they did was individual effort. As I think over that Saturday game, with the eleven men on one side and one great big fellow on the other, it's a wonder to me the big fellow did not, with his combined strength of eleven in one, score more. There was a time in the second half when Harvard, with her turtle-back wedge and "whirligig" movement, shoved Yale down the field, holding the ball, I believe, for twelve consecutive downs. But when Yale finally recovered the ball, Harvard's poor defence was shown up by the way she was driven back by more or less open play.

IT IS ONLY FAIR to give credit for the very successful handling of the vast crowd at the game where it belongs, and that is to Mr. Charles E. Stickney and his associates. The management at the Springfield game was, in many ways, very defective, but this year nothing was left undone. The stands were substantial, and the sections divided one from the other to avoid confusion and make easy handling by the usher stationed in each. Double fencing encircled the field, keeping the crowd off and making it possible for all to see. The most gratifying feature was the presence of 150 policemen—50 being from Boston—who kept strict order and enforced the rules. It was a most pleasing innovation on previous years, and ably managed.

NOW THAT THE YALE-HARVARD game is a matter of history, the question of Thanksgiving day is before us. The best man on the Princeton line is Riggs, and the next best player on the team stands close behind him in the person of King. These two men are backed by a third man in Homans, who is in their class. The three men composing this trio wholly outclass the other members of the team, and each acts as a sort of leader at times. When there is hard smashing to be done by the forwards, Riggs leads them up to it. He stirs up Symmes into something like life, and he never tires or lags. It is a shame that Riggs has never had the support he deserves, for his play, except in a small part of the Princeton-Yale game at the Berkeley Oval in '89, has been by the side of a man to whom he has had to lend frequent aid, and for whom he has been often obliged in a measure to sacrifice his own plays.

RIGGS PLAYS NEARER THE GROUND than any guard of his size I have ever seen, and for that reason is a very hard man to force over or out of the way. To one who imagines that it is as easy to play bent over in this manner as to stand up straight, let me say that the strength required for this stooping over is far greater than that exhibited in playing in the ordinary position, but the results achieved are proportionate. It is this ability to play close to the ground that makes Riggs such an excellent center when he goes in to fill that position. Unlike the majority of guards Riggs is quick on his feet, and not only gets down the field well, but also moves to the sides as an interferer. Riggs's chief weakness is more apparent in minor matches than in important ones, for he is careless not only in his general play, but also in his tackling.

BUT THE MAN whom Riggs must face is a man of equal experience, of greater size and longer reach. He is, in fact, the best-built man for a guard that ever wore canvas. If Riggs can hold his own against Heffelfinger, he will do more than any one could ask. They have more than one other guard, and the advantage is Heffelfinger's. But Riggs was then sore from a recent injury, and hardly able to do himself justice. This year the two will measure more equally, and if both be fit and well, the interest in their comparative work will be intense, and would-be guards can do no better than watch them closely. King is an interfering quater, and that tells the story. He is in nearly every play, and apt to be an integral part of it. His tackling is of the best, he never loses his head, and he is an ugly man to shake off.

HOMANS LOOKS INNOCENT, but, make no mistake, he is full of football. He thinks on the run, and can handle a ball more cleverly than he. He is a runner as well as a kicker, and it is just about as safe to give him a chance to catch the ball and start down a well broken-up field as it was to give "Snake" Ames a similar opportunity. But outside of this trio—Riggs, King, and Homans—there are really no men on the Princeton team who are of much account, and remarkable. Warren has the experience, but his knee last year and the captaincy this season have combined to keep him from putting up anything remarkable in the way of a game. Flint, on the other hand, while doing remarkable work for a new man, lacks the experience that will render him worthy in a year or so of being classed among the leaders. Vincent is brilliant, but his word is not yet gray with football age, and he will not have football instinct before another season. He is a very active man, quite as much as if he were not more than either of the Yale ends, and in

that way will bother Hartwell or whoever is chosen to face him.

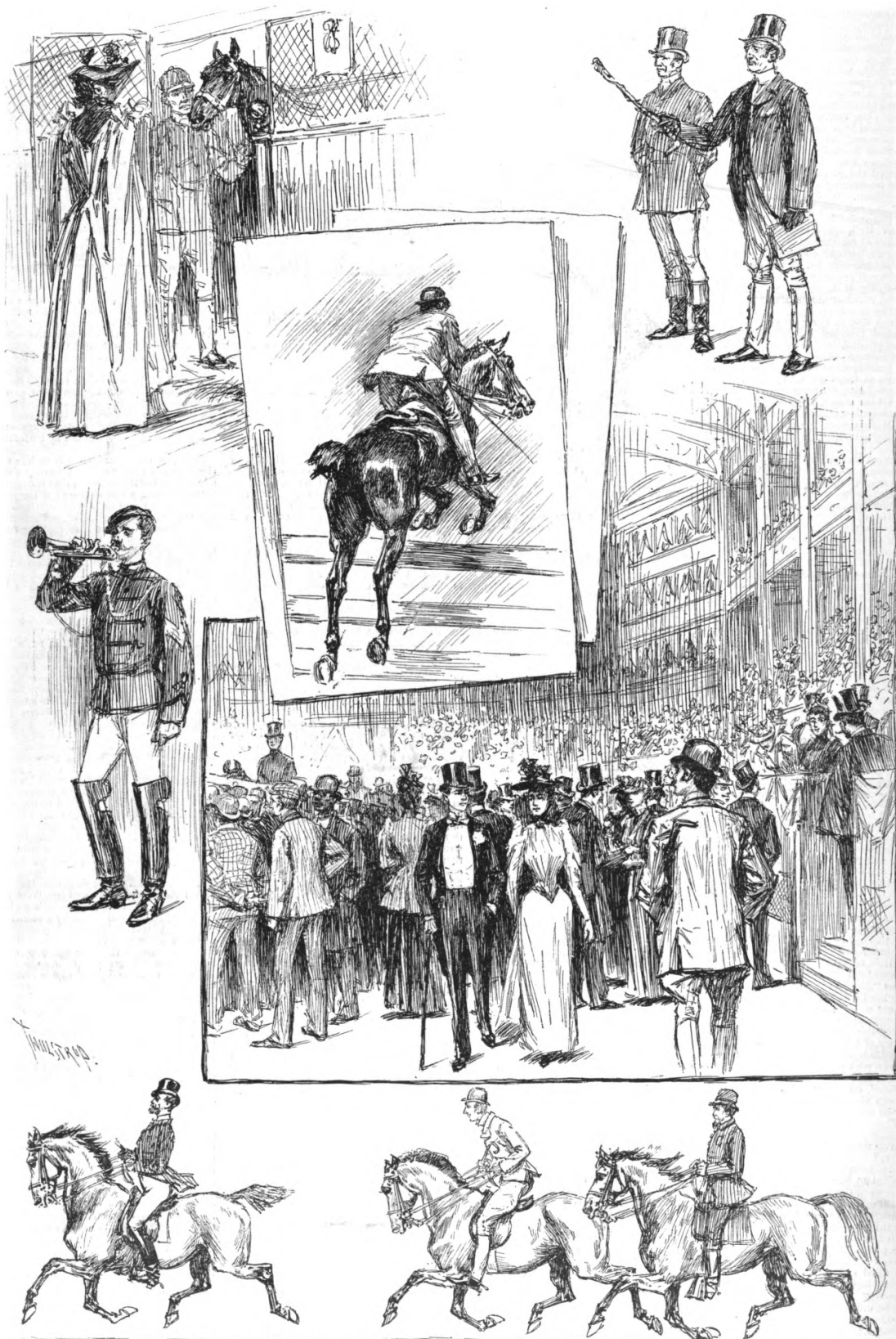
HAROLD AND HOLLY are two men of the class of inexperienced players—men who with time will be good, but have much to learn. Poe is the best of the new men, and his experience has been rather better than usually falls to the lot of a first-year man, on account of his work against the team last year; but, for all that, Poe is a first-year man, and so cannot be classed with Homans. Symmes has had football pounded and banged into him until perseverance has made him what few thought possible, but he can never become a remarkable player. He has been playing an infinitely improved game lately, and will undoubtedly keep Sanford busy. Wheeler promises well, if he will wake up and get some energy into his work. He is hardly a match for Morison, but if he does his best he will surprise Yale's right guard.

THE YALE CAPTAIN will not be able to repeat last year's performance, because the novelty of his style will have been worn off and will not be nearly so surprising to the Princeton team as it was last '91. Hinkey's play, on the other hand, will be a revelation to the Jersey men, and the game he will put up will hurt the Princeton end work materially. Morison has already played his best game against Princeton, and it is doubtful if he can improve upon the work he performed last year. Winter is as new as the Princeton tackles, and not good enough to do more than face his man. If Wallis plays, he will be the same as last season; he has shown no improvement, and will make no great impression upon his place in the line. Barbour, while a better man than last year, is not in King's class, and apart from some clever tackling will not be noticeable.

SANFORD OR STILLMAN will be less experienced than Symmes, but better by natural adaptation for the place, so that the struggle between them, while of no great interest to the spectators, will be highly entertaining to the two participants. Bliss is liable to do some brilliant work, and is a shining runner when in good condition. He is also an effective though by no means a strong punter. McCormack is something of a novelty in the way of a full back, for he cannot punt, in spite of Bull's coaching, and his drop kicking is rather limited. He is a fast runner and a good interferer, both of which may stand out quite prominently if occasion offers.

ALTHOUGH THE YALE TEAM play is far better than Princeton's, the latter has been getting into the proper channel, and had they a week or two longer, would show up very nearly as strong. As it is, there will be times when they will have the requisite swing, but it is hardly possible for them to keep up that swing because it is only so recently acquired. However, I expect to see a much closer game than is generally believed. Princeton tackles better than Harvard, has line interference, is quite as good behind the line as Yale, and can outkick her. Her line is not so strong as Yale's, but I doubt if Heffelfinger will go through as he did last year. I rather expect to see Princeton score, and I don't know any reason why she should not make about as good a fight as Harvard. Individually she is not so good as the crimson, but is stronger in team work. We shall see what we shall see.

THE ANNUAL GAME between the U. S. Naval Academy cadets and the West Point cadets seems likely to fall through, owing to the ridiculous stand taken by Colonel Wilson, U.S.A., who, it is reported, persists in refusing to allow the West Point team to visit Annapolis unless they are officially invited. Fancy a football game requiring the official recognition of the United States army and navy authorities! The sports of cadets are not official, and cannot be made so. Last year the naval cadets visited the Point through such a challenge as they have issued this year, and on an unofficial invitation. The understanding was that this year West Point should go to Annapolis. The Middies have won all but one of the games they have played this season. Can that be the cause of Colonel Wilson's official punctiousness?—Amherst has made a gallant fight for the New England league championship, beating all the other opponents, and playing a tie with Williams. The fact of Williams holding the pennant, however, gives them the championship again this year. Lehigh improved in her second game with University of Pennsylvania, succeeding in making a touch down, and holding Pennsylvania to a touch down. The playing was very good on both sides.—Cornell keeps up a winning pace, and beat Ann Arbor, 52-12, on Saturday. The superiority of their work over strength was shown in the annual Andover-Exeter game. With a much lighter rush line and right end playing on a weakened ankle, the Andover eleven were able to make the score 26-10. The turning point of the game was in the last seven minutes of the first half. After a defence of her goal for 35 minutes, Andover was forced to see the crimson score the first touch-down. Then starting from the 25-yard line, with short quick rushes Andover battled across the field, and never lost the ball till it crossed the line. CARPARK W. WHITNEY.



SKETCHES AT THE HORSE SHOW.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 950]

WILLIAM J. FLORENCE.

A WELL-GRADED actor leaves the stage. Mr. Florence, in his professional capacity, was good in everything, in nothing bad; and in its long history the American theatre has never seen any player so uniformly excellent in so wide a range of parts. No contrasts can be greater than those between his George d'Alroy in *Castle O'Brien*, in *The Ticket-of-Leave Man*, his Bardwell Slope in *The Mighty Dollar*, his Sir Lucius O'Trigger in *The Rivals*, his Fire Laddie in *The Rose at the Lyceum*, his Captain Cuttle in *Domby and Son*, and his Zekiel Homespun in *The Hair at Last*. In each of these Mr. Florence has had few equals, and in none of them, perhaps, has he ever been excelled. It seems curious, fitting that in this last part he should have made his last bow to the public he has served so faithfully and so honestly for so many years. Zekiel Homespun is the epitome of sweetness, simplicity, modesty, and brotherly love—all of them peculiarly characteristic of Mr. Florence himself. Because of them he endeared himself to every man and woman with whom he was ever brought into contact. The world is not so bright as it was a week ago. The stage has lost one of its noblest ornaments, and a host of mourners have lost one of the best of friends.

LAURENCE HUTTON.

William Jermy Florence, whose family name was Conlin, was born in Albany, New York, July 26, 1831. When he was sixteen he came to New York and learned a trade. He showed early a taste for the theatre, and devoted his leisure hours to the amateur stage. At eighteen he became a professional actor, and, as far as the record goes, made a first regular appearance in Richmond, Virginia, in the part of Peter in the melancholic *The Stranger*. Peter is the low comedy part in this lugubrious play, and here was Florence's first poor opportunity. In the old stock companies of 1850 rôles were not assorted to actors. The lout of yesterday was expected to play the hero of to-morrow. There is no question but that the many parts the young actor took then gave him that versatility for which in after-days he was so distinguished. A school of practice is the making of a player who has not even genius, but only industry, and Mr. Florence was the most painstaking of artists.

What resulted from Mr. Florence's Virginia debut is not exactly known. If he sought employment in New York, he soon found it. That in 1850 he did some writing as a reporter for a New York paper is authentic. It is much to this actor's credit to insist that he had become before he was twenty-five a fairly well educated man, for he wrote good, clear, and sharp English. Chippendale and Brougham were then the leading actors at Niblo's, and in the spring of 1850 Florence took a subordinate part in Brougham's *Home*. Brougham had all the talents excepting the commercial one, and never retained his hold long on Niblo's. During the season at Niblo's Mr. Florence certainly acquired the higher finish brought about by contact with such strong performers as Charlotte Cushman, John Sefton, and Burton.

Before the close of the year Mr. Florence took a small part in a farce which ridiculed the fads of those days, but though he brought forth the laugh, hardly any professional advance was made. He was considered good, but not better than many other young aspirants. In 1851 Brougham adapted a French idea, where actors are distributed between the stage proper, the boxes, and the pit, and in *A Rose at the Lyceum* Florence as a fireman made his first decided hit. No man ever enjoyed a merry joke more than Florence, and he acted the part to the life. Brougham, however, was luckless, and soon lost the Lyceum, and Florence was once more adrift. In 1853 he held a position, rather of the utility kind, under Marshall, in the old Broadway Theatre. He was ready to take anything, and his range was wide in many subordinate parts. At the old Broadway Theatre Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams were the stars then, and Mrs. Williams's sister, Miss Malvina Pray, won his heart, and he married Miss Pray on New Year's day, 1853.

Mrs. Florence was of material assistance to her husband in his profession. The lady had been a danseuse, with decided histrionic talents. The two soon devised certain parts assorted to their abilities, and at Purdy's National Theatre in 1853 a success was scored in *The Irish Boy and Yankee Girl*. A good vein had been struck worth following up, one the public liked very much, and so many pieces, with strong positions and stronger dialects, were played by the two. Tyrone Powers had, however, left reminiscences of the Irish man which were difficult to efface in the United States forty years ago, and yet *The Irish Emigrant* showed those powers which made Florence a phenomenon. The man and wife, were strong enough and popular enough to find an engagement in England. Their American repertory was played by them for over two months at Drury Lane in 1856, the honors being divided.

Returning to New York, a good many years passed without giving Mr. Florence marked prominence. When in *The Ticket-of-Leave Man*, as Bob Brierly, the reputation of the actor was made. It ran for months in New York, and was repeated all over the

United States. Mr. Florence's method had broadened. He was no longer wedded to Irish parts. Cap'n Cuttle, as Florence played it, was no servile copy of Burton, but was steeped in an originality quite his own. *Castle followed*, which was fairly successful. In 1868 *Oberreizer* was a positive creation of Mr. Florence's. In 1875 came the piece, *The Mighty Dollar*, which will always be associated with his name. Bardwell Slope was a carefully studied bit of art, and full of cunning, replete with delicate strokes.

In 1880 Mr. Florence went to London, and played there with fair success. Coming home in 1883, he took a leading part in *Facts*, in *Our Governor*, and in the *German Professor*. Then came his association with Mr. Joseph Jefferson. This, though but of yesterday, was the crowning period of Mr. Florence's life. The fine old comedies of the past found in Florence and Jefferson their best American interpreters. Zekiel Homespun was a masterpiece. Mr. Florence was playing in Philadelphia this month when taken ill. His was a severe case of pneumonia. He died November 19th.

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AFTER CHRISTMAS.—DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY.

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THE SPEAKERSHIP.

THE preliminary contest over the Speakership shows how strong is the absorbing tendency of national politics. Incidentally it illustrates the want of prescience at the time of the formation of the Constitution, when precisely the reverse tendency was anticipated. The State election of this autumn in New York was carried under the cry that the result would determine practically the Presidential election of next year. Ballot reform and every other reform and all local legislation were not to be thought of in view of the national result in 1892. We have pointed out that as this argument is always applicable to a State election, it would always subordinate State questions and important local reforms to national politics. In the contest for the Speakership this argument subordinates all considerations except that of the Presidential election next year. The contest has been waged upon this ground. Mr. MILLS has been urged as the CLEVELAND candidate, and the anti-CLEVELAND sentiment is understood to have favored Mr. CRISP. These gentlemen and their advocates have been very active in canvassing the members of the new House. The State Democratic delegations also have assembled to discuss the question, and still the main consideration has been the election of next year.

The Speakership of the House is the second office of importance in the government. Under the rules of the House, legislation is determined by the committees, and the Speaker appoints the committees. The power of his office, therefore, is very great. He may determine easily the character of legislation upon subjects of vital importance. Supported by a party majority, like Mr. REED in the last Congress, he may exercise arbitrary powers. Mr. REED's theory was apparently that the country loves pluck, and that a display of mastery in the Speaker's chair would be exceedingly impressive and popular. The country does love pluck, but it loves fair play better, and the despotism of the Speaker and of the majority in the last Congress affected the country as the old slave-holding Congressional despotism affected it forty years ago. At that time it strengthened the conviction and the party which excluded the despotic majority from power for more than a quarter of a century. It is by no means the MCKINLEY tariff only which has given the Democratic party a dangerously large majority in the new House. It was the gross abuse of the power of the majority in the last House.

The Speakership requires profound knowledge of the rules, a disposition to interpret them fairly, inflexible integrity, large public experience, quickness, courtesy, courage, good humor, and, above all, a tranquil and judicial temperament. The Speaker, indeed, belongs to a party as a judge belongs to a party. But when he seats himself in the chair of the House, like a judge seating himself upon the bench, if he is worthy of the place, he leaves party behind. In the House he knows only its members, and beyond the House he regards only the country. This was well illustrated in the most critical moment in the history of the House, when, in 1877, the Democratic Speaker, RANDALL, by acting as a mere partisan, could have easily produced a catastrophe. In that emergency both Mr. TILDEN and Mr. RANDALL were patriots, not partisans. The character and qualification of the Speaker for his great trust, not his preference for a Presidential candidate, are the essential considerations. The election, probably, will not be determined by them, but the tendency to subordinate every question of importance to that of a Presidential candidacy, however excellent or desirable it may be, is an excess of party spirit which ought to be vigorously discountenanced, not encouraged.

"STEALING" A LEGISLATURE.

SINCE the election in New York there has been a charge on each side that the other was trying to "steal" the Legislature. The only public advantage ever likely to result from a politically discordant Legislature and Executive is that party excess will be restrained. But in the case of the late Legislature and Governor the discord resulted in a mere game for party advantage. Under ordinary circumstances it is better that the whole administration should be controlled by one party, for there is then a definite responsibility. Had the Legislature recently elected in this State been Democratic by

an unquestionable majority, the Democratic party could be held to account for what should be done or left undone during the session. But such a majority is to be made by the voters, not by election boards, and as the voters did not do it in the case of the Senate, certain election boards seem to have undertaken to do it. The election laws of the State are admirable, but under all such laws there will be opportunities for cheating, and evidently they have been largely improved.

The main object of the canvass of the votes is to ascertain the real will of the people. If, for instance, John Smith is a candidate and no other Smith, a ballot for John Smyth must be held fairly to be a vote for the candidate. Or if the candidate's name is DAVID A. MUNRO, and a ballot appears for D. A. MONROE, there is no honest doubt for whom it is meant. To throw out such a ballot is to defeat the purpose of the law, and so far to deprive the people of their fundamental right. This reformation is precisely what was attempted in one of the districts of the State. The inspectors certified that certain votes had been cast for D. A. MONROE and DAVID A. MONROE, when the candidate was DAVID A. MUNRO, Jun. The obvious and honest course was to return the returns for correction of a clerical error. But the Board of Canvassers decided that such votes should not be counted for the candidate for whom they were obviously intended, and that consequently the opposing candidate was elected. This is a course which hurts only those who take it. It is annulling an honest election and defeating the will of the majority. It was the act of a Board of Canvassers in Syracuse, in which the Democrats had a majority. The vote was 17 Democrats to 16 Republicans.

Similar transactions are reported in other parts of the State. The *Times*, which ardently supported the Democratic ticket during the campaign, publishes a letter which says that the Republicans succeeded in electing seventeen Senators out of thirty-two, and that "the instant the fact was established that the Republicans would control the Senate, Governor HILL, with all the cunning of an unscrupulous politician, began to contrive and manoeuvre to overturn the result, and to capture the Senate and turn it over to his successor in office." It also says that "many citizens of this State are convinced that Governor HILL is determined to steal the Senate." Governor HILL is unquestionably the chief leader of his party in New York. In concert with Tammany Hall he controls "the machine," and that is one of the difficulties of the Democratic party. With such a dual-headed party machine in the most important State, and with such performances as those of the canvassing boards in certain districts of the State, intelligent Democrats may well feel troubled. Since Tammany's famous message to know how many votes were wanted, and the earlier Plaquemine frauds in Louisiana, and the reports of Southern returning boards in 1876, tampering with the results of elections has not been unknown in this country, nor is it confined to one party. But in a time of peculiar independence of party such proceedings as those recently reported in this State are certainly of no benefit to the party which is responsible for them.

AN ANTI-REFORM LEAGUE.

THE report is not surprising that the opponents of civil service reform have at last begun to organize. The steady progress of reform, of which the latest illustration is the rescue of the navy-yards from the spoilsmen by Secretary TRACY, forecasts the overthrow of the system which practically excludes the great body of the people from the civil service by making entrance to it dependent upon the favor of a few party bosses. It is not merit but influence which secures appointment under the spoils system. To arrest this reform an "Anti-civil Service League" is announced as organized in Washington, although why the civil service itself should be abolished because of opposition to reform in the civil service is not stated. Lodges, it seems, are to be organized throughout the States, and charters are to issue from the central society. This enterprise to abolish proved merit as a qualification for the public service, and to substitute the favor of a boss, is at least frank. Even if the report be exaggerated such a movement is probable, and it would be welcome as an unquestionable proof of the actual effect of reform. It would demonstrate plainly that civil service reform is not a humbug. Those who are not hurt do not cry out, and the new league to protect the spoils system is the evidence that it is in peril.

The methods of the league are to be practical. It will demand that the nominating conventions shall ignore the law in their platforms, and rolls of voters will be presented for the contemplation of the convention who are pledged not to support any party or "element" "endorsing the law" or aiding appropriations for its maintenance. This is fair notice, and if the war should come up to the manifesto, as Mr. WEBSTER used to say, it will give the nominating conventions pause. Mr. C. SOLOMON STEVENSON, the secretary of the New York Association of the District of Columbia, is called "virtually the father

of this movement." But we should suspect it might be Rip Van Winkle, for we observe that the chief reason for the organization of the repeal league is the fine old blunder that the benefits of the law are "derived almost wholly by a class of young school-boy graduates of no practical or general knowledge of government business." The fact is that the average age of those who pass the examinations is twenty-seven years, and the testimony of the highest officers in the service, from the Secretaries of the Treasury and collectors and postmasters to the heads of bureaus and offices, attests both the character and the superior practical efficiency of the employees whose fitness has been tested by examination and actual probation.

The only safe course for the repeal league is to abstain from offering reasons, and to confine itself to appeals to ignorant prejudice. In the lists of intelligence and common-sense its cause has been already overthrown. Even the renowned cry that reform is an English aristocratic scheme has been hushed by the knowledge that the English reform has destroyed the control of patronage by a few great families, and opened to the poorest youth without rank or influence an equal opportunity with the sons of the nobility and gentry to enter the public service. The fact is worth the attention of the repeal league that the sure progress of the reform in this country is due to the fact that it is in the true sense a popular and Democratic reform, because it introduces fair play into the civil service, and gives the man who is qualified, but without a "pull" of any kind, an equal chance with the "heeler" and his "boss."

NEW YORK SCHOOLS.

THE committee of the Board of Education in the city of New York which was appointed to examine the school systems of other cities for the purpose of ascertaining what improvements are desirable in the city school system has made an interesting report. The conviction is universal that the schools of New York are not what they should be, and the feeling is equally general that it will be very difficult to improve them. It is, then, faith in the value of the public schools which inspires the recommendations of the committee, and they do perhaps even more than justice to the extremely liberal disposition of the taxpayers, who, as they say, demand the best school-houses in the world, with the best teachers and equipment, at any cost. The reason, therefore, for the failure of the schools to reach the highest standard—which the committee acknowledges to be the fact—is not a niggardly community. The explanation is given by a teacher. "We are what the officers of the New York school system make us."

It is a saying which expresses a truth proved by experience, that the teacher is the school. A fundamental consideration, therefore, in any scheme of improvement must be the method of appointing the teachers. Of these there are more than four thousand, who, according to the report, "are in the main a body of faithful, well-educated, and conscientious men and women." But there are also "too many in this great corps who are incompetent and unfitted for their work." This result the report attributes to the method rather than to the officers. It is a courteous suggestion; but the method would be undoubtedly changed if the officers were desirous of changing it. The system of appointment is, as the committee say, "radically wrong." "Given a license to teach and influential friends"—in other words, a political "pull"—"and the possessor is likely to secure a position for life in our public-school system under our present methods." This is a notorious evil of the system, and the first abuse to be corrected. The committee wisely recommends that no candidate should be admitted to the service at all without a certificate of sound physical health from physicians designated by the board, and by a competitive examination to which all licensees shall be eligible; nor permanently appointed until after a probation of three years in a city school, and then only upon a certificate from the Superintendent of satisfactory examination. This would throw the final responsibility upon the Superintendent, and introduce common-sense into the system of appointment. But it also recognizes the fact that the Superintendent is the chief and most important of the officers who make the teachers what they are. This, of course, is the truth. As there is no more important officer in the State than the Superintendent of Public Instruction, there is none of more vital importance in the city than the Superintendent of Schools.

Under such a Superintendent the system of appointment recommended by the committee would be very effective. No formal examination, indeed, can show certainly the necessary qualities of a good teacher. They can be determined only by trial, and it is for that purpose that probation is provided. But an examination will determine the probability of such qualities in an applicant infinitely better than the fancy or favor of a party boss or a politician with a "pull." The method suggested by the committee is the holding by the Superintendent of those examinations during the year of all persons holding

licensees to teach, and all applicants who reach a minimum of 85 upon a scale of 100 shall be registered as "the preferred teachers' list," all of whom shall be eligible to appointment as probationary teachers. This, however, would leave a wide range for the pressure of "influence" in selection, and we see no good reason why the choice should not be made from the three or four at the head of the list, as in similar competitions in other branches of the public service. Removal upon the report of the Superintendent and the trustees should be made, in the opinion of the committee, by a vote of the majority of the board, and not of two-thirds of the members as now, which naturally prevents proper removals; and at the age of sixty-five every teacher should be examined to test his efficiency, and at seventy should retire from the service. It will be seen that the report makes some important recommendations, which must be substantially adopted if the school system in the city is to become what it should be. But, as in all schemes of the kind, to be what it should be, and to produce the result desired, the chief officer should be most carefully selected.

DOMINANT POWER AND BALLOT REFORM.

It is evident that whether Governor HILL succeeds or fails in "stealing" the Legislature of New York—an attempt of which he is accused by some of the most ardent of his co-workers in the late campaign—the HILL-Tammany power will prevent ballot reform. Nobody, we presume, who remembers Mr. FLOWER's letter upon the subject on the eve of the election, supposes that any project for actual reform will be recommended by him or would be approved by him. His election may or may not have promoted the chance of tariff reform next year, but it has certainly defeated ballot reform this year. Mr. CROKER, the Tammany boss, whose success in State politics seemed to many excellent citizens to be the condition of tariff reform, has frankly expressed himself not only in favor of the paster, but against the printing of ballots at the public expense. That is to say, he is strongly opposed to ballot reform.

However the campaign of Governor HILL against the results of the election may issue, the two Houses of the Legislature will be either Democratic or politically divided. If the Republicans should hold one of them, and unite upon a proper ballot reform bill, the Democrats in the other House would not accept it. But even should an effectively amended reform bill reach the Executive Chamber, it is not to be doubted that the Governor's action would be determined by influences hostile to reform. Thus the most important of recent political reforms, and a most effective measure for honest elections, which had begun well in the State, and to which one of the contesting parties was absolutely pledged, has been baffled and suspended by the result of the election. Mr. HAWTTRY's wise remark cannot be too often repeated nor too carefully considered—"If we are to give our votes in view of future contingencies, without regard to present conditions, we shall never be able to secure good government."

The friends of ballot reform in the Legislature should offer the most carefully matured bill, and stand to it. That is the way reforms are carried. The reform bill in England was pressed in Parliament until it became law; and when the slavery restrictionists had but a handful in Congress, they demanded the restriction of slavery. The ballot reformers in this State are a host. One of the great parties has declared for the measure, not in general terms, but in specific details. Every independent citizen will support heartily the effort to present to the State a thorough bill. It may not be passed at this session, but experience with Governor HILL shows the futility of attempting a compromise.

A CONTEST OF CITIES.

THE contest of cities for the National Conventions is the latest "wrinkle" in politics. Deputations of citizens, politicians, hotel-keepers, and orators attend the meeting of the National Committee, and distinguished public men deliver speeches to set forth the superior claims of this or that town upon grounds of party interest and individual comfort. There would seem to be no question that if the most ample comfortable accommodation, the greatest variety of entertainment, and the finest hall for the purpose were conclusive considerations, New York would be selected by acclamation.

But the argument of party interest seemed to prevail in determining the Republican choice. The speech of Senator WASHBURN was in effect a cry that the Republican Northwest is in danger, and that the Convention by coming to Minneapolis would greatly help to encourage and stimulate the party. Mr. FASSETT, also, rested his argument for New York upon the interest of the party. But it is not easy to see how the party gains by the place of meeting, although a candidate may gain by it because of the cheers of the galleries.

The occasion served as a review of eminent party leaders. Mr. McKIMLEY, Mr. FASSETT, ex-Governor FORAKER, Mr. CLARKSON, Senators HAWLEY, WASHBURN, and HINCHOCK, and ex-Senator EDMUNDS were there, and all of them spoke. It is not stated whether Mr. EDMUNDS had left before Mr. FASSETT called Mr. BLAINE "the grandest Republican of us all" amid a tumult of acclamation. An allusion by Mr. SHEPARD to the President aroused no enthusiasm. Ex-Governor FORAKER praised Mr. SHERMAN, and Mr. CLARKSON, the chairman, called a colored substitute to the chair when he left it for a short time. There was a histrionic air in the whole performance. The result was that the Republican Convention was called to meet at Minneapolis on the 7th of June.

SOUTH AMERICAN POLITICS.

THE recent news from Brazil and reports of the situation in Chili at the close of the armed struggle are very suggestive. We say news, but there is such uncertainty in regard to every report that nothing can be trusted. FONSECA undoubtedly overthrew the Brazilian government, and the province of Rio Grande undoubtedly revolted against him, and he has been compelled to resign his Dictatorship, but beyond this little is certain. There were rumors of a new republic or a distinct organization of some kind in the north. All the probabilities point to grave disturbance, if not anarchy. But every day up to Fonseca's fall the Brazilian minister in Washington announced the most pacific accounts, describing entire tranquillity and acquiescence, except in the remote southern province of Rio Grande, which FONSECA was about either to conciliate or crush.

There are stories from Valparaiso also of frightful excesses there of the soldiers of the Junta at the end of the contest. They are rumors, or only excited and bitter partisan narratives. But what they describe is not improbable. It is, indeed, the old South American story. For nearly seventy years it has been told in various forms. Firm, equitable, peaceful republican government and tranquillity are not the burden of the tale. A republic cannot be improvised. In Brazil an army and a highly centralized government made revolution by the army practicable. But an army overthrowing a government with the cry of republic does not establish popular government. How many soldiers or officers in the army that seized in Rio de Janeiro the machine of administration and banished FONSECA to abdicate, knew or know now what constitutes a republic?

It is not for us who do know, and who are chiefly sprung of the race that has organized the political fabric of constitutional liberty, to be taught by every cry of republic, or by a military republican form. Our precedents and traditions of recognition are those of wisdom and prudence, and the government justly moves with caution. When a revolution is plainly made by an army, and a republic proclaimed by it without an equally plain, intelligent, popular initiative, we may well reflect that what an army swiftly does, it may as swiftly undo, and that republics are not founded upon armies, but upon an intelligent people. The present situation in the two most advanced states of South America is full of instruction as well as of interest. It need not chill our sympathy with people striving for political progress, but it should not blind us to the truth that demagogues and despots may masquerade as popular leaders.

OUT OF DATE.

AT the recent meeting of the Republican Committee in Washington to decide where the nominating Convention should be held, ex-Senator EDMUNDS was present and said a few words to the committee. After incalculating harmony and alluding to the contesting cities, he concluded:

"No matter which it is, no matter who your next candidate will be, we may say, as my dear old friend Senator ARTHUR of Rhode Island once said to me, that the poorest Republican in the United States was better for the prosperity and happiness of this republic than the best Democrat who ever lived." (Laughter and applause.)

MATTHEW QUAY, and Governor RUSSELL of Massachusetts, for instance. Isn't the time a little passed for this kind of remark?

THE CHRISTMAS "HARPER."

THE Christmas HARPER is a magazine which appeals to as great a variety of tastes as Santa Claus himself. The names of old favorites, as the play-bills call them, salute the reader cheerfully from the title-page, bright harbingers of the holiday literary feast beyond, and artists and authors have combined to make a number which worthily maintains the tradition of the Christmas HARPER. Distinctions of excellence among the contributions to the banquet would be unbecoming from us. But we may properly remark that grace is said by an interesting and valuable paper upon the Annunciation, by the Rev. HENRY VAN DYKE, profusely illustrated by several hands from the most noted old pictures, while MESSRS. DU MAURIER, HOWARD PYLE, ABBEY, REINHART, FREDERICK REMINGTON, SNEEDLEY, GIBSON, ALFRED PARSONS, WAGUELIN, and RICKETTS illustrate poems and papers by LOWELL, ALDRICH, Mrs. SPOFFORD, ANDREW LANG, MARK TWAIN, RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, Mrs. FIELDS, WALTER BESANT, GILCHRIST, RALPH, M. E. M. DAVIS, MILLET, McLENNAN, HOWELLS, WARNER, and LAURENCE HUTTON. It is a remarkable number, and illustrates the constantly renewing value of the Christmas gift which consists of a subscription to the MAGAZINE.

THE WATER FAMINE.

THE alarm of New York and the peril of Brooklyn caused by the fear and the fact of water famine should prevent the recurrence of such a situation. Nothing but an earthquake should be able to deprive a city of its water supply, because such a catastrophe can be prevented, and because its consequences would be so ghastly. The fault of the situation in New York lay with the water authorities. As long ago as August those who are familiar with the subject apprehended trouble unless there were frequent and copious rains. It was soon evident that there were not to be such rains, but, on the contrary, that there was a drought.

That was the time to take decisive steps by official warning and action to prevent a waste of water, and, if necessary, to restrict its use. Had the drought continued longer, and had the supply of water been practically exhausted in New York, or had it been impossible to repair the interruption of the supply in Brooklyn for two or three weeks, it is not pleasant to reflect upon the consequences. A citizen of Brooklyn said that the situation in that city on its black Monday showed how readily a hostile army could bring a city to

terms. But the arrest of the supply would be worse than a hostile army.

The situation during the last few weeks should assure placing the city, at any cost, beyond the fear of so great a calamity as an actual water famine. Private inquiries, which were instituted because politics were suspected in the alarming reports, showed that the situation was even worse than reported. It is already proved that New York cannot keep itself in such order as many other great cities are kept, but with ample resources and engineering ability and common-sense, it certainly ought to be able to keep itself supplied with water.

PERSONAL.

THE vicissitudes of public life in the United States are illustrated to a remarkable degree in the career of EDMUND G. ROSS, once Senator from Kansas, and now an editor in a small way in Deming, New Mexico. ROSS succeeded the famous "JIM" LANE in the Senate, and gave promise of prominence, until his vote against the impeachment of ANDREW JOHNSON dealt a death-blow to his political prospects. At once, after leaving Washington in 1871, ROSS, like his colleague, the late Senator POMEROY, began to fade from public view, and he is now rarely heard of outside of his immediate neighborhood, though Mr. CLEVELAND made him Governor of the Territory. The journal which he edits for others is issued weekly from a little room in Deming, and in addition to furnishing the reading matter for it, he sets the type and does all the mechanical work of printing it.

—They are telling a story about Prince GEORGE of Wales, the sailor, who is said to be a very intelligent, pleasant boy, though somewhat bumptious. Being recently in the company of a famous journalist, who was talking about his old school, the Prince said, cheekily, "Was that where you were sent to learn to write for the *Times*?" "No," said the journalist, quietly; "I was sent there to learn manners." And the young gentleman smiled, and nodded his appreciation of the reply.

—CASPAR W. WHITNEY, of this paper, was burnt in effigy last week by the students at Cornell, who did not like some criticisms he made of their football team. This is funny.

—The young officers of the Lifeguards at Berlin do not like the German Emperor's craze for playing at being an admiral, as shown in his going up and down the Spree on a torpedo-boat, and have nicknamed him "Gondola Willie."

—A pupil of Madame MARCHESI, writing to a St. Paul newspaper, says that the famous Parisian teacher of vocal music, who has trained many voices for the operatic stage, is a woman of medium height, with gray hair, a thin drawn face, sharp prominent nose, and tightly compressed lips. Her eyes are small and restless. She has the appearance of a shrewd business woman. American girls who go to her for instruction, flushed with the compliments of indulgent friends, frequently find their experience unpleasant, for she is frank even to the point of rudeness, and when she tries a voice and found it unpromising she says so bluntly.

—In addition to General J. A. HALDEMAN, who is credited with being the only American citizen to be honored with the decoration of the Order of the White Elephant of Siam, Colonel THOMAS W. KNOX, whose *Boy Travellers* have made him widely known to fame, has also received its rare mark of the Asiatic potentate's favor. Colonel KNOX has also been decorated with the Order of Nishan el Iftakar by the Bey of Tunis, and with the Royal Order of Cambodia by the king of that country. These honors were given in recognition of the accuracy, so the brevets state, of Colonel KNOX's accounts of the different kingdoms through which his boy travellers journeyed. The Order of the White Elephant has also been conferred upon FRANK VINCENT, the author of *The Land of the White Elephant*.

—WILLIAM BLACK, the novelist, completed a half-century of existence last week, and in recognition of this event JAMES R. OSGOOD gave him a dinner at the Reform Club, at which many other men distinguished in the literary world were present, including JOHN R. ROBINSON, editor of the *News*, wherein BLACK began his journalistic career; JOHN PETTIE, R. A.; COLIN HUNTER, R. A.; GEORGE H. BOUGHTON, R. A.; BRET HARTE, GEORGE DU MAURIER, FRANK D. MILLET, EDWIN A. ABBEY, FRANK WHITE, CLARENCE W. MCLVAIN, and J. PIERPONT MORGAN.

—Chancellor VON CAPRIVI has refuted General Lord WOLSELEY's attack on Count VON MOLTKE's history of *The Franco-German War of 1870-71* by a letter to one of the translators of the work, in which he expresses his admiration for it. The German Emperor has purchased copies of the book for his private library.

—CHARLES R. DEACON, who is pleasantly known in Philadelphia as the press representative of the Reading Railroad, and as the secretary of the Clover Club, has perhaps the largest collection of autographs of living celebrities in this country. These come to him through his Clover Club duties, and include the names of almost every individual who has been prominent within the last five or six years, and who has either accepted or has had to decline the Clover Club's invitation.

—Mrs. AMELIE RYVES-CHAMLER is devoting her time at present to the construction of a studio at her country home in Virginia. It is her intention to divide her time equally between art and literary work, devoting six months of the year to her brush and six to her pen. She aspires especially to excel in portrait-painting.

—The Rev. Dr. STORRS, who has recently celebrated the forty-fifth anniversary of his installation as a pastor in Brooklyn, is a man of seventy years, of dignified and even stately carriage. He is considerably above medium stature, of large frame and strong features. He is an untiring student, and his carefully prepared sermons have won him the reputation of being, as one admirer phrases it, the most brilliant pulpit rhetorician of modern times.

—In the East Miss HARRITT MONROE, the poet-laureate of the World's Fair, is known chiefly from her magazine verse, which has been good enough to win the praise of the critics. She is also the author of *Valeria*, a rather extensive dramatic tragedy of five acts and a prologue, with the scene laid in Italy in the fourteenth century. She is a lawyer's daughter, a young woman of very prepossessing appearance, and a hard student of poetry and *belles-lettres*.



M. IGNACE-JAN PADEREWSKI.—After a photograph by Elliot & Fry, London.
(See Page 976.)

THE RECENT TORNADO.

A SEVERE wind and rain storm swept the coast from New York to North Carolina on Monday, November 23d, and passing through Baltimore and Washington, did much damage in the interior of Pennsylvania and Virginia. The height of the storm was reached at Baltimore and Washington, the latter city suffering especially. It was shortly after noon that the approach of the storm was made apparent in this section by the growing darkness. In an incredibly short time the light had faded into a yellow dusk, suggestive of a midsummer evening thunder-storm, and with the passing of the light the storm of wind and water burst. The rain was exceedingly heavy, and driven before the fierce wind with awful force. It lasted but a short time, but during its passage artificial light had to be resorted to, and the streets were cleared. When the storm had passed, the sky was quickly cleared and the sun shone brightly. During the transit of the tornado, however, much injury was inflicted upon signs, chimneys, show-cases, unfinished buildings, and roofs. A large building, called the Metzgerott Music Hall, situated on Twelfth Street, N.W., near F Street, Washington, was in course of construction. The walls of this building were toppled over by the wind, and crashed into the rear of several stores on F Street. These structures were

demolished, and three persons buried beneath the ruins. The firemen arrived promptly, and before long had rescued a girl, who reported that another girl and the "boss" were still buried. The latter, who was George White, was taken out dead, but the girl was found to be merely bruised. This man was the only one found to be killed, although several persons were injured in other parts of the city. The tornado had no respect for the government buildings, playing serious pranks at the Pension Office, and ripping a stone balustrade from the White House, cutting off the telephone and telegraph wires. At Baltimore a man was blown from a house-top into the river, whence he was picked up by a passing tug. Narrow escapes from death were reported from all sections, to which were added accounts of damage to property and stock.

CHARLES L. TIFFANY.

FIFTY-FOUR years ago, away back in the thirties, a young man of five-and-twenty years started out from a little village in the Nutmeg State to seek a future in the metropolis; he had the good-will of his parents, and with a little material backing from his father, together with a large fund of ambition and business qualities, he started a little fancy-goods and stationery shop on Broadway near Warren Street. He took in with him as partner the son of a neighbor from home; a few years later another partner was added to the firm; and then the four years of hard toil, with a very promising future opening before him, kindled fonder thoughts in his bosom—those that are associated with all that is beautiful in life—the companion-ship of another partner, this time not for business, but one to share his joys and sorrows. The fiftieth anniversary of this happy union was celebrated on Monday evening, November 30th. It was the golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Tiffany. Surrounded by their family and a few immediate friends, the event was celebrated in their home on Madison Avenue in the same quiet unostentatious manner that has marked the entire career of this remarkably successful man. He has grown up with the city, and from a mere nothing built up a business whose fame extends all over the world. Starting in 1837 with a little store at 259 Broadway, stocked with a few imported novelties, fancy goods, and stationery, he is to-day the active head of the greatest jewelry and high-art establishment in existence, to which the world looks for its standard in everything produced from their workshops, from the plain gold ring with which fond hearts "plight their troth," to a chain of the costliest gems, or a service of silver or gold worthy of the greatest artists of our time.

The founder of this firm is still its president and active head, though nearly fourscore years, his hair and beard whitened by age, but his ruddy features aglow with vigor and health. He has for over half a century weathered sunshine and storm, and even all through the famous blizzard of '88 he did not miss a single regular attendance at his



CHARLES L. TIFFANY.

business. Every morning at half past nine he enters the big glass doors of his establishment, where he opens and reads his own mail and newspapers regularly, without the aid of any eye-glasses, and finds enough executive duties to keep him there among the last at six o'clock in the evening.

The blizzard recalls an interesting incident. Mr. Tiffany had the novel experience of seeing the sales of his several hundred employees drop lower than on the day when he first started in business, and the two young partners were the only stockholders and clerks in the place; when, at the conclusion of their first day's business, on the evening of September 21, 1837, they counted up their cash, they found it amounted to four dollars and ninety-eight cents; but the blizzard of March 12, 1888, brought a single customer, whose purchases amounted to just eighty cents.

Of the 1500 employees connected with the establishment, there are clustered about him in every department men who have grown up with the house since the day they left school. Mr. Charles T. Cook, the vice-president, himself started there as a boy forty-three years ago, and to-day ranks next to Mr. Tiffany in the management of those vast interests. How warm the feeling of affection and devotion is of this army of employees to their venerable chief, whose prosperity they have shared, was expressed in several testimonials of esteem and affection lavished upon the happy pair. That from employees of the Union Square house took the nature of a massive medal of pure gold cast for the occasion, and over three inches in diameter. Circling the profiles of Mr. and Mrs. Tiffany on the front are the words: *Fifty Years of Married Life Spent Happily Together, 1861.*

On the other side, enclosed in a wreath of ivy and linden leaves, the raised inscription reads:

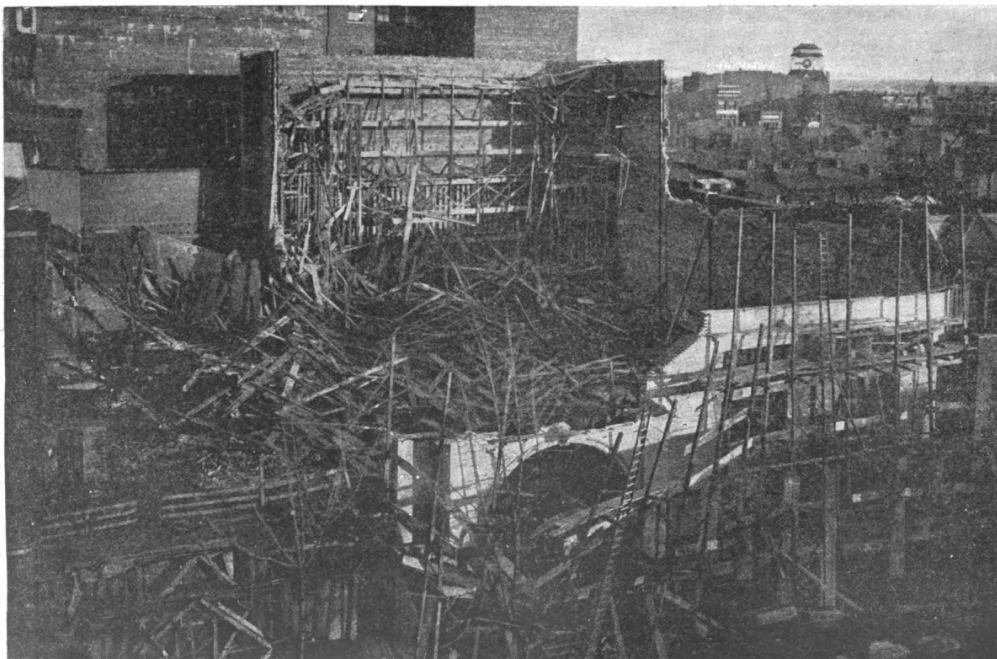
Presented to Charles L. Tiffany, in Commemoration of the Fiftieth Anniversary of his Wedding Day, by Employees of the House of Tiffany & Co., with their Congratulations. Nov. 30th, 1891.

From the executive staff of the Prince Street Silver-Works came an illuminated address in a vellum book with a beautifully chased gold cover; the address was signed by the heads of

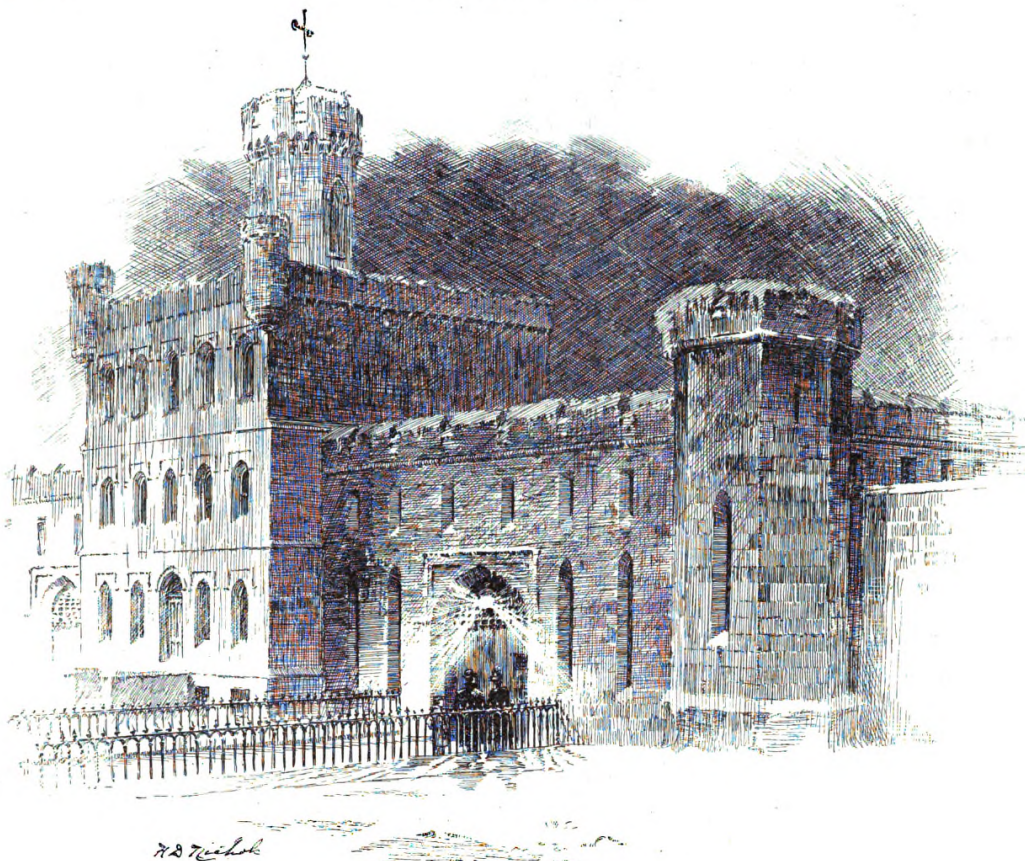
the several departments. In addition to this, the general employees of the Silver-Works, some 400 in number, sent a loving cup nine inches high, of pure gold, and weighing about fifty-five ounces. In form and decoration it bore out in mute symbols the story of the fruits and the blessings of Mr. and Mrs. Tiffany's happy life, and bespoke the fond thoughts, hopes, and well wishes of the donors.

Mr. Tiffany has always been a liberal patron of art, and in his quiet and unostentatious way devoted large sums to charity every year. His firm received the highest awards at every international exhibition since 1876. In 1878 Mr. Tiffany was decorated with the Legion of Honor, the highest tribute given by the Paris Exposition. He is a trustee of the American Museum of Natural History, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and a member of most of the leading clubs and societies in the city. Mr. and Mrs. Tiffany have four children—Louis C., the well known artist; another son, in the art department of the Union Square house; and two daughters. On February 15th next he will be an octogenarian, and this event is already being looked forward to with much pleasure.

GEORGE F. HEYDT.



THE RUINS OF THE METZEROTT MUSIC HALL, WASHINGTON.—From a photograph by Bell.



"IT STANDS LIKE A GREAT FORTRESS OF THE MIDDLE AGES."

OUTSIDE THE PRISON.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

IT was about ten o'clock on the night before Christmas, and very cold. Christmas eve is a very much occupied evening everywhere, in a newspaper office especially so, and all of the twenty and odd reporters were out that night on assignments, and Conway and Bronson were the only two remaining in the local room. They were the very best of friends, in the office and out of it, but as the city editor had given Conway the Christmas eve story to write instead of to Bronson, the latter was jealous, and their relations were strained. I use the word "story" in the newspaper sense, where everything written for the paper is a story, whether it is an obituary, or a reading notice, or a dramatic criticism, or a descriptive account of the crowded streets and the lighted shop windows of a Christmas eve. Conway had finished his story quite half an hour before, and should have sent it out to be mutilated by the blue pencil of a copy editor; but as the city editor had twice appeared at the door of the local room, as though looking for some one to send out on another assignment, both Conway and Bronson kept on steadily writing against time, to keep him off until some one else came in. Conway had written his concluding paragraph a dozen times, and Bronson had conscientiously polished and repolished a three-line "personal" he was writing concerning a gentleman unknown to fame, and who would remain unknown to fame until that paragraph appeared in print.

The city editor blocked the door for the third time, and looked at Bronson with a faint smile of sceptical appreciation.

"Is that very important?" he asked.

Bronson said, "Not very," doubtfully, as though he did not think his opinion should be trusted on such a matter, and eyed the paragraph with critical interest. Conway rushed his pencil over his paper, with the tip of his tongue showing between his teeth, and became suddenly absorbed.

"Well, then, if you are not very busy," said the city editor, "I wish you would go down to Moyamensing. They release that bank-robber Quinn to-night, and it ought to make a good story. He was sentenced for six years, I think, but he has been commuted for good conduct and bad health. There was a preliminary story about it in the paper this morning, and you can get all the facts from that. It's Christmas eve, and all that sort of thing, and you ought to be able to make something of it."

There are certain stories written for a Philadelphia newspaper that circle into print with the regularity of the seasons. There is the "First Sunday in the Park," for an example, which comes on the first warm Sunday in the spring, and which is made up of a talk with a park policeman who guesses at the number of people who have passed through the gates that day, and announcements of the repainting of the boat-houses and the near approach of the

open air concerts. You end this story with an allusion to the presence in the park of the "wan-faced children of the tenement," and the worthy working men, if it is a one-cent paper which the working-men are likely to read, and tell how they worshipped nature in the open air, instead of saying that in place of going properly to church, they sat around in their shirt sleeves and scattered egg-shells and empty beer bottles and greasy Sunday newspapers over the green grass for which the worthy men who do not work pay taxes. Then there is the "Hottest Sunday in the Park," which comes up a month later, when you increase the park policeman's former guess by 15,000, and give it a news value by adding a list of the small boys drowned in bathing.

The "First Haul of Shad" in the Delaware is another reliable story, as is also the first ice fit for skating in the park; and then there is always the Thanksgiving story, when you ask the theatrical managers what they have to be thankful for, and have them tell you, "For the best season that this theatre has ever known, sir," and offer you a pass for two; and there is the New-Year's story, when you interview the local celebrities as to what they most want for the new year, and turn their commonplace replies into something clever. There is also a story on Christmas day, and the one Conway had just written on the street scenes of Christmas eve. After you have written one of these stories two or three times, you find it just as easy to write it in the office as anywhere else. One gentleman of my acquaintance did this most unsuccessfully. He wrote his Christmas-day story with the aid of a directory and the file of a last year's paper. From the year-old file he obtained the names of all the charitable institutions which made a practice of giving their charges presents and Christmas trees, and from the directory he drew the names of their presidents and boards of directors, but as he was unfortunately lacking in religious knowledge and a sense of humor, he included all the Jewish institutions on the list, and they wrote to the paper and rather objected to being represented as decorating Christmas trees, or in any way celebrating that particular day. But of all stale, flat, and unprofitable stories, this releasing of prisoners from Moyamensing was the worst. It seemed to Bronson that they were always releasing prisoners; he wondered how they possibly left themselves enough to make a county prison worth while. And the city editor for some reason always chose him to go down and see them come out. As they were released at midnight, and never did anything of moment when they were released but to immediately cross over to the nearest saloon with all their disreputable friends who had gathered to meet them, it was trying to one whose regard for the truth was at first unshaken, and whose imagination at the last became exhausted. So, when Bronson heard he had to release another prisoner in pathetic descriptive prose, he lost heart and patience, and rebelled.

"Andy," he said, sadly and impressively, "if I have written that story once, I have written it twenty times. I have described Moyamensing with the moonlight falling on its walls; I have described it with the walls shining in the rain; I have described it covered with the pure white snow that falls on the just as well as on the criminal; and I have made the blood hounds in the jail-yard howl dismally—and there are no blood-hounds, as you very well know; and I have made released convicts declare their intention to lead a better and a purer life, when they only said, 'If you put anything in the paper about me, I'll lay for you'; and I have made them fall on the necks of their weeping wives, when they only asked, 'Did you bring me some tobacco? I'm sick for a pipe'; and I will not write any more about it; and if I do, I will do it here in the office, and that is all there is to it."

"Oh yes, I think you will," said the city editor, easily. "Let some one else do it," Bronson pleaded—"some one who hasn't done the thing to death, who will get a new point of view—" Conway, who had stopped writing, and had been grinning at Bronson over the city editor's back, grew suddenly grave and absorbed, and began to write again with feverish industry. "Conway, now, he's great at that sort of thing. He's—"

The city editor laid a clipping from the morning paper on the desk, and took a roll of bills from his pocket.

"There's the preliminary story," he said. "Conway wrote it, and it moved several good people to stop at the business office on their way down town and leave something for the released convict's Christmas dinner. The story is a very good story, and impressed them," he went on, counting out the bills as he spoke "to the extent of \$55. You take that and give it to him, and tell him to forget the past, and keep to the narrow road, and leave jointed jimmies alone. That money will give you an excuse for talking to him, and he may say something grateful to the paper, and comment on its enterprise. Come, now, get up. I've spoiled you two boys. You've been sulking all the evening because Conway got that story, and now you are sulking because you have got a better one. Think of it—getting out of prison after four years, and on Christmas eve! It's a beautiful story just as it is. But," he added, grimly, "you'll try to improve on it, and grow maudlin. I believe sometimes you'd turn a red light on the dying gladiator."

The conscientiously industrious Conway, now that his fear of being sent out again was at rest, laughed at this with conciliatory mirth, and Bronson smiled sheepishly, and peace was restored between them.

But as Bronson capitulated, he tried to make conditions. "Can I take a cab?" he asked.

The city editor looked at his watch. "Yes," he said; "you'd better; it's late, and we go to press early to night, remember."

"And can I send my stuff down by the driver and go home?" Bronson went on. "I can write it up there, and leave the cab at Fifteenth Street, near our house. I don't want to come all the way down town again."

"No," said the chief; "the driver might lose it, or get drunk, or something."

"Then can I take Gallagher with me to bring it back?" asked Bronson. Gallagher was one of the office-boys.

The city editor stared at him grimly. "Wouldn't you like a type-writer, and Conway to write the story for you, and a hot supper sent after you?" he asked.

"No," Gallagher will do," Bronson said.

Gallagher had his overcoat on and a nightgown at the door when Bronson came down the stairs and stopped to light a cigar in the hallway.

"Go to Moyamensing," said Gallagher to the driver.

Gallagher looked at the man to see if he would show himself sufficiently human to express surprise at their visiting such a place on such a night, but the man only gathered up his reins impassively, and Gallagher stepped into the cab, with a feeling of disappointment at having missed a point. He rubbed the frosted panes and looked out with boyish interest at the passing holiday-makers. The pavements were full of them and their bundles, and the street as well, with warring lines of medical students and clerks blowing joyfully on tin horns, and pushing through the crowd with one hand on the shoulder of the man in front. The Christmas greens hung in long lines, and only stopped where a street crossed, and the shop fronts were so brilliant that the street was as light as day.

It was so light that Bronson could read the clipping the city editor had given him.

"What is it we are going on?" asked Gallagher.

Gallagher enjoyed many privileges; they were given him principally, I think, because if he had not been given him he would have taken them. He was very young and small, but sturdily built, and he had a general knowledge which was entertaining, except when he happened to know more about anything than you did. It was impossible to force him to respect your years, for he knew all about you, from the number of lines that had been cut out of your last story to the amount of your very small salary; and there was an awful simplicity about him, and a certain sympathy, or it may have been merely curiosity, which showed itself towards every one with whom he came in contact. So when he asked Bronson what he was going to do, Bronson read the clipping in his hand aloud.

"Henry Quinn," Bronson read, "'who was sentenced to six years in Moyamensing Prison for the robbery of the Second National Bank at Tacony, will be liberated to-night. His sentence has been commuted, owing to good conduct and to the fact that for the last year he has been in very ill health. Quinn was night watchman at the Lebanon bank at the time of the robbery, and as was shown at the trial, was in reality merely the tool of the robbers. He confessed to complicity in the robbery, but disclaimed having any knowledge of the later whereabouts of the money, which has never been recovered. This was his first offence, and he had, up to the time of the robbery, borne a very excellent reputation. Although but lately married, his married life had been a most unhappy one, his friends claiming that his wife and her mother were the most to blame. Quinn took to spending his evenings away from home, and saw a great deal of a young woman who was supposed to have been the direct cause of his dishonesty. He admitted, in fact, that it was to get money to enable him to leave the country with her that he agreed to assist the bank-robbers. The paper acknowledges the receipt of \$10 from M. J. C. to be given to Quinn on his release, also \$2 from Cash and \$3 from Mary.'"

Gallagher's comment on this was one of disdain. "There isn't much in that," he said, "is there? Just a man that's done time once, and they're letting him out. Now, if it was Kid McCoy, or Billy Porter, or some one like that—eh?" Gallagher had as high a regard for a string of aliases after a name as others have for a double line of K. C. B.'s and C. S. I.'s, and a man who had offended but once was not worthy of his consideration. "And you will be in the blood-hounds again, too, I suppose?" he said, gloomily.

The reporter pretended not to hear this, and to doze in the corner, and Gallagher whistled softly to himself and twisted luxuriously on the cushions. It was an hour later when Bronson awoke to find he had dozed in all seriousness, as a sudden curren of cold air cut in his face, and he saw Gallagher standing with his hand on the open door, with the gray wall of the prison ringing behind him.

Moyamensing looks like a prison. It is solidly, awfully suggestive of the sternness of its duty and of the hopelessness of its failing in it. It stands like a great fortress of the Middle Ages in a quadrangle of cheap brick and white dwelling-houses, and a few mean shops and tawdry saloons. It has the towers of a fortress, the pillars of an Egyptian temple, but more impressive than either of these is the awful simplicity of the bare uncompromising wall that shuts out the prying eyes of the world and encloses those who are no longer of the world. It is hard to imagine what effect it has on those who remain in the houses about it. One would think they would sooner live overlooking a graveyard than such a place, with its mystery and hopelessness and unending silence, its hundreds of human inmates whom no one can see or hear, but who one feels are there.

Bronson, as he looked up at the prison, familiar as it was to him, admitted that he felt all this by a frown and a slight shrug of the shoulders. "You are to wait here until twelve," he said to the driver of the nightgown. "Don't go far away."

Bronson and the boy walked to an oyster saloon that made one of the line of houses facing the gates of the prison on the opposite side of the street, and seated themselves at one of the tables where Bronson could see out towards the northern entrance of the jail. He told Gallagher to eat something, to make them welcome and allow them to remain, and Gallagher climbed up on a high chair, and heard the man shout back his order to the kitchen with a faint smile of anticipation. It was eleven o'clock, but it was even then necessary to begin to watch, as there was a tradition in the office that someone with influence were sometimes released before their sentence was quite fulfilled, and Bronson eyed the "released prisoners' gate" from across the top of his paper. The electric lights before the prison showed every stone in its wall, and turned the icy pavements into black mirrors of light. On a church steeple a block away a round clock face told the minutes, and Bronson wondered, if they dragged so slowly to him, how tardily they must follow one another to the prison, who could not see the clock face. The office-boy finished his supper, and went out to explore the neighborhood, and came back later to say that it was growing colder, and that he had located the driver in a saloon, but that he was, to all appearances, still sober. Bronson suggested that he had better sacrifice himself once

again and eat something for the good of the house, and Gallagher assented listlessly, with the comment that one "might as well be eatin' as doin' nothin'." He went out again restlessly, and was gone for a quarter of an hour, and Bronson had re-read the day's paper and the signs on the wall and the clipping he had read, and was, as was thinking of going out to find him, when Gallagher put his head and arm through the door and beckoned to him from the outside. Bronson wrapped his coat up around his throat and followed him leisurely to the street. Gallagher halted at the curb, and pointed across to the figure of a woman pacing up and down the glare of the electric lights, and making a conspicuous shadow on the white surface of the snow.

"That lady," said Gallagher, "asked me what door they let the released prisoners out of, an' I said I didn't know, an' that I knew a young fellow who did."

Bronson stood considering the possible value of this for a moment, and then crossed the street slowly. The woman looked up sharply as he approached, but stood still, as if she had no other place to go.

"If you are waiting to see Quinn," Bronson said, abruptly, "he will come down to the upper gate, the green one with the iron spikes over it."

The woman stood motionless, and looked at him doubtfully. She was quite young and pretty, but her face was drawn and weary-looking, as though she were a convalescent or one who was in trouble. She was of the working class.

"I am waiting for him myself," Bronson said, to reassure her.

"Are you?" the girl answered, vaguely. "Did you try to see him?" She did not wait for an answer, but went on nervously. "They wouldn't let me see him. I have been here since noon. I thought maybe he might get out before that, and I'd be too late. You are sure that is the gate, are you? Some of them told me there was another, and I was afraid I'd miss him. I've waited so long," she added. Then she asked, "You're a friend of his, ain't you?"

"Yes, I suppose so," Bronson said. "I am waiting to give him some money."

"Yes? I have some money, too," the girl said, slowly. "Not much." Then she looked at Bronson eagerly and with a touch of suspicion, and took a step backward.

"You're no friend of him, are you?" she asked, sharply.

"Her? Whom do you mean?" asked Bronson.

But Gallagher interrupted him. "Certainly not," he said. "Of course not."

The girl gave a satisfied nod, and then turned to retrace her steps over the beat she had laid out for herself.

"Whom do you think she means?" asked Bronson, in a whisper.

"His wife, I suppose," Gallagher answered, impatiently. "The girl came back as if giving some comfort in their presence. 'She's inside now,' with a nod of her head towards the prison. 'Her and her mother. They come in a cab,' she added, as if that circumstance made it a little harder to bear. 'And when I asked if I could see him, the man at the gate said he had orders not. I suppose she gave him their orders. Don't you think so?' She did not wait for a reply, but went on as though she had been watching alone so long that it was a relief to speak to some one. 'How much money have you got?' she asked."

Bronson told her. "Fifty-five dollars!" The girl laughed sadly. "I only got \$15. That ain't much, is it? That's all I could make—I've been sick—that and the fifteen I sent the paper."

"Was it you that—did you send any money to a paper?" asked Bronson.

"Yes, I sent \$15. I thought maybe I wouldn't get to speak to him if she came out with him, and I wanted him to have the money, so I sent it to the paper, and asked them to see he got it. I give it under three names: I give my initials, and 'Cash,' and just my name—'Mary.' I wanted him to know it was me give it. I suppose they'll send it all right. Fifteen dollars don't look like much against \$55, does it?" She took a small roll of bills from her pocket and smiled down at them. Her hands were bare, and Bronson saw that they were chapped and rough. She rubbed them one over the other, and smiled at him wearily.

Bronson could not place her in the story he was about to write; it was a new and unlooked-for element, and one that promised to be of moment. He took the roll of bills from his pocket and handed them to her. "You might as well give him this too," he said. "I will be here until he comes out, and it makes no difference who gives him the money, so long as he gets it."

The girl smiled confusedly. The show of confidence seemed to please her. But she said: "No, I'd rather not. You see, it isn't mine, and I did work for this," holding out her own roll of money. She looked up at him steadily, and paused for a moment, and then said, almost defiantly, "Do you know who I am?"

"I can guess," Bronson said.

"Yes, I suppose you can," the girl answered. "Well, you can believe it or not, just as you please—as though he had accused her of something—'but, before God, it wasn't my doings.' She pointed with a wave of her hand towards the prison wall. 'I didn't know it was for me he helped them get the money until he said so on the stand. I didn't know he was thinking of running off with me at all. I guess I'd have gone if he had asked me. But I didn't put him up to it, as they said I'd done. I knew he cared for me a lot, but I didn't think he cared as much as that. His wife'—she stopped, and seemed to consider her words carefully, as if to be quite fair in what she said—"his wife, I guess, didn't know just how to treat him. She was too fond of going out, and having company at the house when he was away nights watching at the bank. What they was first married she used to go down to the bank and sit up with him to keep him company, but it was lonesome there in the dark, and she give it up. She was always fond of company and having men around. Her and her mother are a good deal alike. Henry used to grumble about it, and then she'd get mad, and that's how it begun. And then the neighbors talked too. It was after that that he got to coming to see me. I was living out in service then, and he used to stop in to see me on his way back from the bank, about seven in the morning, when I was up in the kitchen getting breakfast. I'd give him a cup of coffee or something, and that's how we got acquainted." She turned her face away, and looked off at the lights further down the street. "They said a good deal about me and him that wasn't true." There was a pause, and then she turned her face to them again. "I told him he ought to stop coming to see me, to make it up with his wife, but he said he liked me best. I couldn't help his saying that, could I, if he did? Then he—then this come," she nodded to the jail, "and they blamed me for it. They said that I stood in with the bank-robbers, and was working with them; they said they used me for to get him to help them."

She lifted her face to the boy and the man, and they saw that her eyes were wet and that her face was quivering. "That's likely, isn't it?" she demanded, with a sob. She stood for a moment looking at the great iron gate, and then at the clock face glowing dully through the falling snow: it showed a quarter to twelve. "When he was put away," she went on, sadly, "I started in to wait for him, and to save something against him coming out. I only got \$3 a week and my keep, but I had saved \$180 up to last April, and then I took sick, and it all went to the doctor and for medicines. I didn't want to spend it that way, but I couldn't die and not see him. Sometimes I thought it would be better if I did die and save the money for him, and then there wouldn't be any more trouble, anyway. But I couldn't make up my mind to do it. I did go without taking medicines they laid out for me for three days; but I had to live—I just had to. Sometimes I think I ought to have given up, and not tried to get well. What do you think?"

Bronson shook his head, and cleared his throat as if he was going to speak, but said nothing. Gallagher was looking up at the girl with large open eyes. Bronson wondered if any woman would ever love him as much as that, or if he would ever love any woman so. It made him feel lonesome, and he shook his head. "Well?" he said, impatiently.

"Well, that's all; that's how it is," she said. "She's been living on there at Tacony with her mother. She kept seeing as many men as before, and kept getting pitied all the time; everybody was so sorry for her. When he was took so bad that time a year ago with his lungs, they said in Lebanon that if he died she'd marry Charles Oakes, the conductor. He's always going to see her. Then that new fellow knew me, and I got word about how Henry was getting on. I couldn't see him, because she told lies about me to the warden, and they wouldn't let me. But I got word about him. He's been fearful sick just lately. He caught a cold walking in the yard, and it got down to his lungs. That's why they are letting him out. They say he's changed so. I wonder if I'm changed much?" she said. "I've fallen off since I was ill." She passed her hands slowly over her face, with a touch of vanity that hurt Bronson somehow, and he wished he might tell her how pretty she still was. "Do you think he'll know me?" she asked. "Do you think she'll let me speak to him?"

"I don't know. How can I tell?" said the reporter, sharply. "I was strangely nervous and upset. He could see no way out of it. The girl seemed to be selling the truth, and yet the man's wife was with him and by his side, as she should be, and this woman had no place on the scene, and could mean nothing but trouble to herself and to every one else. 'Come,' he said, abruptly, 'we had better be getting up there. It's only five minutes of twelve.'"

The girl turned with a quick start, and walked on ahead of them up the drive leading between the snow-covered grass-plots that stretched from the pavement to the wall of the prison. She moved unsteadily and slowly, and Bronson saw that she was shivering, either from excitement or the cold.

"I guess," said Gallagher, in an awed whisper, "that there's going to be a scrap."

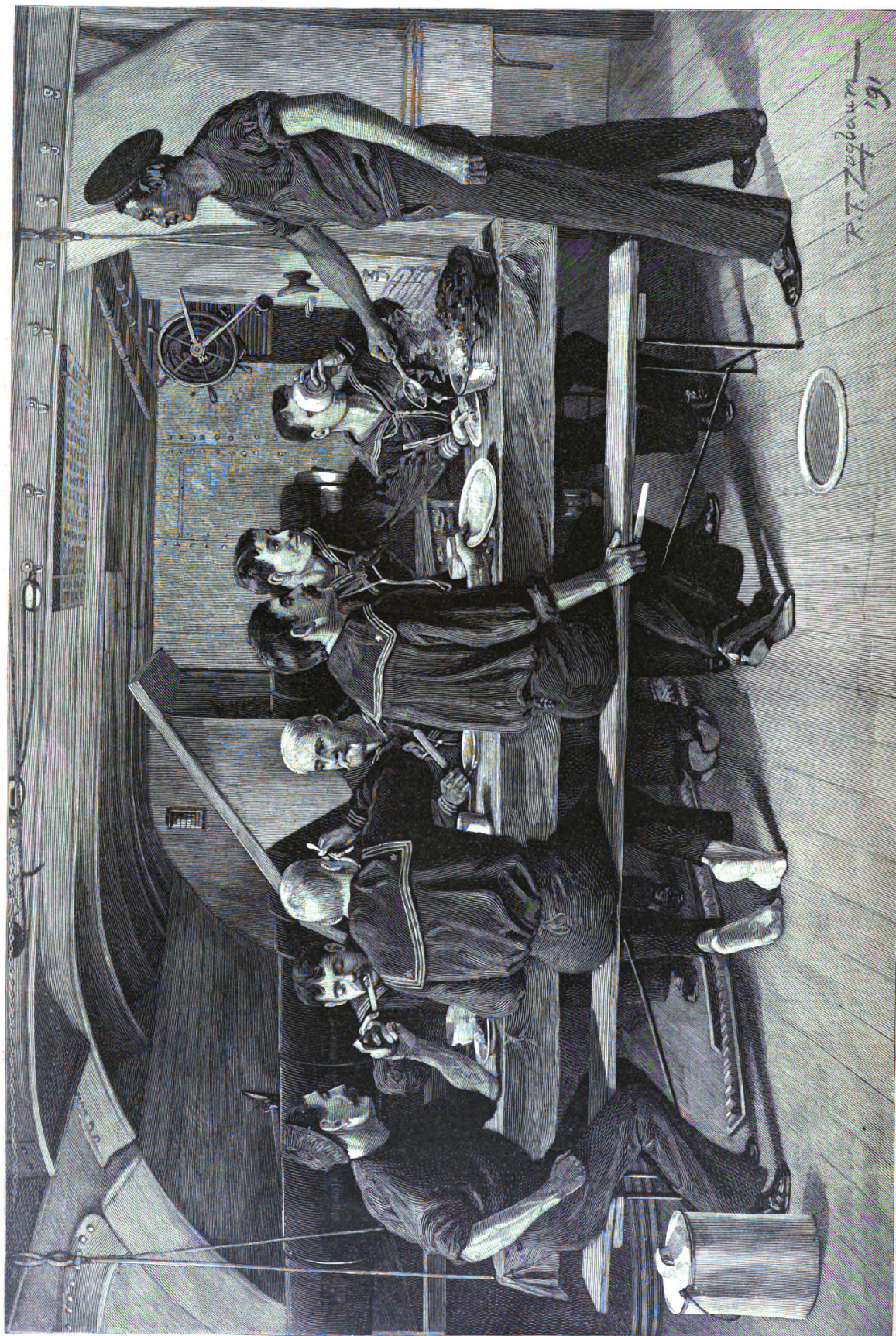
"Shut up," said Bronson. "They stopped a few yards before the great green double gate, with a smaller door cut in one of its halves, and with the light from a big lantern shining down on them. They could not see the clock-face from where they stood, and when Bronson took out his watch and looked at it, the girl turned her face to his appealingly, but did not speak."

"It will be only a little while now," he said, gently. He thought he had never seen so much trouble and fear and anxiety in so young a face, and he moved towards her and said, in a whisper, "as though those inside could hear him, 'Control yourself if you can,' and then added, doubtfully, and still in a whisper, 'You can take my arm if you need it.' The girl shook her head dumbly, but took a step nearer him, as if for protection, and turned her eyes fearfully towards the gate. The minutes passed on slowly but with intense significance, and they stood so still that they could hear the wind playing through the wires of the electric light back of them, and the clicking of the iceicles as they dropped from the edge of the prison wall to the stones at their feet."

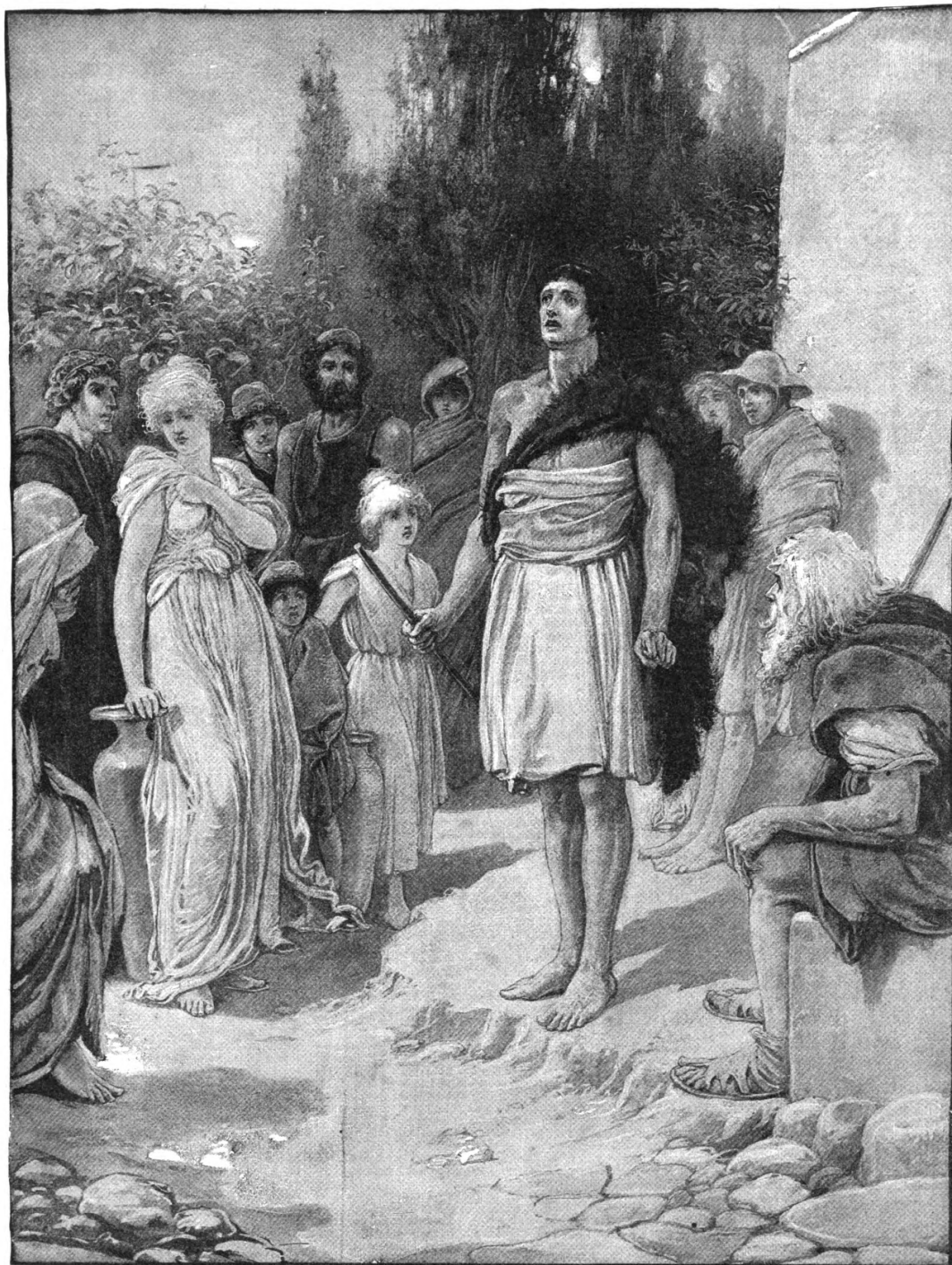
And then slowly and laboriously, and like a knell, the great gong of the prison sounded the first stroke of twelve; but before it had counted three there came suddenly from all the city about them a great chorus of clanging bells and the shrieks and tooting of whistles and the booming of cannon. From far down town the big bell of the City Hall, now with its prestige and historic dignity back of it, tried to give the time, but the other bells raced past it, and beat out on the cold crisp air joyously and uproariously from Kensington to the Schuylkill; and from far across the Neck, over the marshes and frozen ponds, came the dull roar of the guns at the navy-yard, and from the Delaware the hoarse tootings of the ferry-boats, and the sharp shrieks of the tugs, until the heavens seemed to rock and swing with the great welcome.

Gallagher looked up quickly with a queer awed smile. "It's Christmas," he said, and then he nodded doubtfully towards Bronson and said, "Merry Christmas, sir."

It had come to the waiting holiday crowd downtown around the State-house, to the captain of the tug fog-bound on the river, to the engineer sweeping across the white fields and sounding his welcome with his hand on the bell cord, to the prisoners beyond the walls, and to the children all over the land watching their stockings at the foot of their beds. And then the three were instantly drawn down to earth again by the near sharp click of opening bolts and locks, and the green gates swung heavily in before them. The jail yard was light with whitewash, and two great lamps in front of round reflectors shone with blinding force in their faces, and made them sway and stagger as they went. Gallagher was first caught in the act and held in the circle of a policeman's arm. In the middle of the yard was the carriage in which the prisoner's wife and her mother had come, and around it stood the wardens and turnkeys in their blue and gold uniforms. They saw them dimly from behind the glare of the carriage lamps that shone in their faces, and showed the horses moving slowly towards them, and the driver holding up their heads as they slipped and slid on the paving-stones. The girl put her hand in Bronson's arm and clung to it with her fingers, but her eyes were on the advancing carriage. The horses slipped nearer to them and passed them, and the lights from the lamps now showed their backs and the paving-stones beyond them, and left the cab in partial darkness. It was a four-seated carriage with a movable top opening into two halves in the centre. It had been closed when the cab first entered the prison, as a fine horse before, but now its top was thrown back, and they could see that it held the two women, who sat facing each other on the further side, and on the side nearer them, stretching from the forward seat to the top of the back, was a plain board coffin, prison-made and painted black.



JACK'S CHRISTMAS DINNER—PLUM-DUFF.—DRAWN BY R. F. ZOGBAUM.



"LEO WENT DOWN THE ROAD, COLLECTED HIS LITTLE KNOT OF LISTENERS, AND BEGAN THE SONG OF THE GIRL."

"THE CHILDREN OF THE ZODIAC."

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

In the hush of an April dawning, when the streets were velvety still,
The High Gods quitted Olympus, and lighted on Ludgate Hill;
The esphodel sprang from the asphalt, the amaranth opened her eyes,
And the smoke of the City of London went up to the stainless skies.

"Now whom shall I kiss?" said Venus, and "What can I kill?" said
Jove,
And "Look at the Bridge," said Vulcan, and "Smmt's on my wings!"
said Love.

The High Gods relished their glories to walk with the children of men.

In the hush of an April twilight, to the roar of the Holborn train,
The High Gods sprang from the pavement and went to their place again;
And I heard, tho' none had told it, as a great portcullis falls,
In the rear of their wheeling legions, the boom of the bell of St.
Paul's.

THOUSANDS of years ago, when men were greater than
they are to-day, the Children of the Zodiac lived in the
world. There were six Children of the Zodiac—the Ram, the
Bull, the Lion, the Twins, and the Girl; and they were afraid
of the Six Houses which belonged to the Scorpion—the Bal-

ance, the Crab, the Fishes, the Sea Goat, and the Waterman.
Even when they first stepped down upon the earth and
knew that they were immortal Gods, they carried this fear
with them, and the fear grew as they became better acquaint-
ed with mankind and heard stories of the Six Houses. Men
treated the Children as Gods, and came to them with prayers
and long stories of wrong, while the Children of the Zodiac
listened and could not understand.

A mother would fling herself before the feet of the Twins
or the Bull, crying: "My husband was at work in the fields,
and the Archer shot him and he died, and my son will also
be killed by the Archer. Help me!" The Bull would lower
his huge head and answer, "What is that to me?" Or the
Twins would smile and continue their play, for they could
not understand why the water ran out of people's eyes. At
other times a man and a woman would come to Leo or the
Girl, crying: "We two are newly married, and we are very
happy. Take these flowers." As they threw the flowers
they would make mysterious sounds to show that they were
happy, and Leo and the Girl wondered even more than the
Twins why people shouted "Ha! ha! ha!" for no cause.

This continued for thousands of years by human reckon-
ing, till on a day Leo met the Girl walking across the hills,

and saw that she had changed entirely since he had last seen
her. The Girl, looking at Leo, saw that he too had changed
altogether since their last meeting. Then they decided that
it would be well never to separate again, in case even more
startling changes should occur when the one was not at hand
to help the other. Leo kissed the Girl, and all Earth felt
that kiss; and the Girl sat down on a hill and the water ran
out of her eyes; and this had never happened before in the
memory of the Children of the Zodiac.

As they sat together a man and a woman came by, and
the man said to the woman:

"What is the use of wasting flowers on those dull gods?
They will never understand, darling."

The Girl jumped up and put her arms round the woman,
crying: "I understand. Give me the flowers, and I will give
you a kiss."

Leo said to the man beneath his breath, "What was the
new name that I heard you give to your woman just now?"

The man answered, "Darling, of course."

"Why of course?" said Leo; "and if of course, what does
it mean?"

"It means 'very dear,' and you have only to look at your
wife to see why."

"I see," said Leo; "you are quite right," and when the man and the woman had gone on he called the Girl "darling wife"; and the Girl went again from sheer happiness.

"I think," she said at last, wiping her eyes—"I think that we two have neglected men and women a great deal too much. What did you do with the sacrifices they made to you, Leo?"

"I let them burn," said Leo; "I could not eat them. What did you do with the flowers?"

"I let them wither. I could not wear them, I had so many of my own," said the Girl; "and now I am sorry."

"There is nothing to grieve for," said Leo, "now that we belong to each other."

As they were talking the years of men's life slipped by unnoticed, and presently the man and the woman came back, both white-headed, the man carrying the woman.

"We have come to the end of things," said the man, quietly. "This that was my wife—"

"As I am Leo's wife," said the Girl, quickly, her eyes staring.

"—was my wife, has been killed by one of your Houses," the man set down his burden, and laughed.

"Which House?" said Leo, angrily, for he hated them all equally.

"You are Gods, you should know," said the man. "We have lived together and loved one another, and I have left a good farm for my son; what have I to complain of except that I still live?"

As he was bending over his wife's body there came a whistling through the air, and he started and tried to run away, crying, "It is the arrow of the Archer. Let me live a little longer—only a little longer!" The arrow struck him, and he died. Leo looked at the Girl and she looked at him, and both were puzzled.

"He wished to die," said Leo. "He said that he wished to die, and when death came, he tried to run away. He is a coward."

"No, he is not," said the Girl. "I think I feel what he felt. Leo, we must learn more about this for their sakes."

"For their sakes," said Leo, very loudly.

"Because we are never going to die," said the Girl and Leo together, still more loudly.

"Now sit you still here, darling wife," said Leo, "while I go to the Houses whom we hate, and learn how to make these men and women live as we do."

"And love as we do," said the Girl.

"I do not think they need to be taught that," said Leo; and he strode very angry away, with his lion-skin swinging from his shoulder, till he came to the House where the Scorpion lives in the darkness, brandishing his tail over his back.

"Why do you trouble the children of men?" said Leo with his heart between his teeth.

"Are you so sure that I trouble the children of men alone?" said the Scorpion. "Speak to your brother the Bull, and see what he says."

"I come on behalf of the children of men," said Leo. "I have learned to love as they do, and I wish them to live as—as we do."

"Your wish was granted long ago. Speak to the Bull. He is under my special care," said the Scorpion.

Leo dropped back to the Earth again, and saw the great star Aldebaran, that is set in the forehead of the Bull, blazing very near to the earth. When he came up to it he saw that his brother the Bull, yoked to a countryman's plough, was toiling through a wet rice field with his head bent down and the sweat streaming from his flanks. The countryman was urging him forward with a goad.

"Gore that insolent to death," cried Leo; "and for the sake of our family honor come out of the mire."

"I cannot," said the Bull; "the Scorpion has told me that some day, of which I cannot be sure, he will curl his tail over his back and sting me where my neck is set on my shoulders, and that I shall die laughing."

"What has that to do with this disgraceful exhibition?" said Leo, standing on the dike that bounded the wet field.

"Everything. This man could not plough without my help. He thinks that I am a stray bullock."

"But he is a naked, mud-crusted reptile with long hair," insisted Leo. "We are not meant for his use."

"You may not be; I am. I cannot tell when the Scorpion may choose to sting me to death—perhaps before I have turned this furrow." The Bull flung his bulk into the yoke, and the plough tore through the wet ground behind him, and the countryman goaded him till his flanks were red.

"Do you like this?" Leo called down the dripping furrows.

"No," said the Bull over his shoulder, as he lifted his hind legs from the clinging mud and closed his nostrils.

Leo left him scornfully and passed to another country, where he found his brother the Ram in the centre of a crowd of country people, who were hanging wreaths round his neck and feeding him on freshly plucked green corn.

"This is terrible," said Leo. "Break up that crowd and come away, my brother. Their hands are spoiling your fleece."

"I cannot," said the Ram. "The Archer told me that on some day of which I have no knowledge he would send a dart through me, and that I should die in very great pain."

"What has that to do with this disgraceful exhibition?" said Leo; but he did not speak as confidently as before.

"Everything in the world," said the Ram. "These people never saw a perfect sheep before. They think that I am a stray, and they will carry me from place to place as a model to all their flocks."

"But they are greedy shepherds; we are not intended to amuse them," said Leo.

"You may not be; I am," said the Ram. "I cannot tell when the Archer may choose to send his arrow at me; perhaps before the people a mile down the road have seen me."

The Ram lowered his head that a yoked newly arrived might throw a wreath of wild garlic leaves over it, and waited patiently while the farmers touched his fleece.

"Do you like this?" cried Leo over the shoulders of the crowd.

"No," said the Ram, as the dust of the tramping feet made him sneeze, and he sniffed at the fodder piled before him.

Leo turned back, intending to retrace his steps to the Houses, but as he was passing down a street he saw two small children, very dusty, rolling outside a cottage door, and playing with a cat. They were the Twins.

"What are you doing here?" said Leo, indignant.

"Playing," said the Twins, calmly.

"We cannot play on the banks of the Milky Way?" said Leo.

"Did you," said they, "till the Fishes swam down and told us that some day they would come for us and not hurt us at

all, and carry us away. So now we are playing at being babies down here. The people like it."

"Do you like it?" said Leo.

"No," said the Twins; "but there are no cats in the Milky Way," and they pulled the cat's tail thoughtfully. A woman came out of the doorway and stood behind them, and Leo saw in her face a look that he had sometimes seen in the Girl's.

"She thinks that we are foundlings," said the Twins; and they trotted in-doors to the evening meal.

Then Leo hurried as swiftly as possible to all the Houses one after another; for he could not understand the new trouble that had come to his brethren. He spoke to the Archer, and the Archer assured him that so far as that House was concerned Leo had nothing to fear. The Waterman, the Fishes, and the Sea Goat gave the same answer. They knew nothing of Leo, and cared less. They were the Houses, and they were busy in killing men.

At last he came to the very dark House where Cancer the Crab lies so still that you might think he was asleep if you did not see the ceaseless play and winnowing motion of the feathery branches round his mouth. That movement never ceases. It is like the eating of a smothered fire into rotten timber in that it is noiseless and without haste.

Leo stood in front of the Crab, and the half-darkness allowed him a glimpse of that vast blue-black back and the motionless eyes. Now and again he thought that he heard some sobbing, but the sobbing was so smothered that he could not hear it.

"Why do you trouble the children of men?" said Leo. There was no answer, and against his will Leo cried: "Why do you trouble us? What have we done that you should trouble us?"

This time Cancer replied: "What do I know or care? You were born into my House, and at the appointed time I shall come for you."

"When is the appointed time?" said Leo, stepping back from the restless movement of the mouth.

"When the full moon falls to call the full tide," said the Crab, "I shall come for the one. When the other has taken the earth by the shoulders, I shall take that other by the throat."

Leo lifted his hand to the apple of his throat, moistened his lips, and recovering himself, said: "Must I be afraid for two, then?"

"For two," said the Crab; "and as many more as may come after."

"My brother the Bull had a better fate," said Leo, sullenly; "he is alone."

A hand covered his mouth before he could finish the sentence, and he found the Girl in his arms. Woman-like, she had not said where Leo had left her, but had hastened off at once to know the worst, and passing all the other Houses, had come straight to Cancer.

"That is foolish," said the Girl, whispering. "I have been waiting in the dark for long and long before you came. Then I was afraid. But now—" She put her head down on his shoulder and sighed a sigh of contentment.

"I am afraid now," said Leo.

"For two," said the Girl. "I know it. I know it, because I am afraid for your sake. Let us go, husband."

They went out of the darkness together and came back to the Earth, Leo very silent, and the Girl striving to cheer him.

"My brother's fate is the better one," Leo would repeat from time to time; and at last he said: "Let us each go our way and live alone till we die. We were born into the House of Cancer, and he will come for us."

"I know; I know. But where shall I go? And where will you sleep in the evening? But let us try. I will stay here. Do you go on."

Leo took six steps forward very slowly, and three long steps backward very quickly, and the third step set him again at the Girl's side. This time it was she who was begging him to go away and leave her, and he was forced to comfort her all through the night. That night decided them both never to leave each other for an instant, and when they had come to this decision they looked back at the darkness of the House of Cancer, high above their heads, and with their arms round each other's neck, laughed "Ha! ha! ha!" exactly as the children of men laughed. And that was the first time in their lives that they had ever laughed.

Next morning they returned to their proper home, and saw the flowers and the sacrifices that had been laid before their doors by the villagers of the hills. Leo stamped down the fire with his heel, and the Girl flung the flower wreaths out of sight, shuddering as she did so. When the villagers returned, as of custom, to see what had become of their offerings, they found neither roses nor burned flesh on the altars, but only a man and a woman, who were frightened white faces, sitting hand in hand on the altar steps.

"Are you not Virgo?" said a woman to the Girl. "I sent you flowers yesterday."

"Little sister," said the Girl, flushing to her forehead, "do not send any more flowers, for I am only a woman like yourself."

The man and the woman went away doubtfully.

"Now what shall we do?" said Leo.

"We must try to look cheerful, I think," said the Girl. "We know the very worst that can happen to us, but we do not know the best that love can bring us. We have a great deal to be glad of."

"The certainty of death?" said Leo.

"All the children of men have that certainty also; yet they laughed long before we ever knew how to laugh. We must learn to laugh, Leo. We have laughed once already."

People who consider themselves Gods, as the Children of the Zodiac did, find it very difficult to laugh, because the Immortals know nothing worth laughter or tears. Leo rose up with a very heavy heart, and he and the Girl together went to and fro among men; the fear of death behind them. First they laughed at a naked baby attempting to thrust its own fat toes into its foolish pink mouth; next they laughed at a kitten chasing her own tail; and then they laughed at a boy trying to steal a kiss from a girl, and getting his ears boxed. Lastly they laughed because the wind blew in their faces as they ran down a hill-side together, and broke panting and breathless into a knot of villagers at the bottom. The villagers laughed too, at their flying clothes and wind-reddened faces; and in the evening gave them food and invited them to a dance on the grass, where everybody laughed through the mere joy of being able to dance.

That night Leo jumped up from the Girl's side crying, "Every one of those people we met just now will die—"

"So shall we," said the Girl, sleepily. "Lie down again, dear."

Leo could not see that her face was wet with tears.

But Leo was far from being the field, driven forward by the fear of death for himself and for the Girl, who was dearer to him than himself. Presently he came across the

Bull, drowsing in the moonlight after a hard day's work, and looking through half-shut eyes at the beautiful straight furrows that he had made.

"Ho!" said the Bull. "So you have been told these things too. Which of the Houses holds your death?"

Leo pointed upwards to the dark house of the Crab and groaned. "And he will come for the Girl too," he said.

"Well," said the Bull, "what will you do?"

Leo sat down on the dike and said that he did not know.

"You cannot pull a plough," said the Bull, with a little touch of contempt. "I can, and that prevents me from thinking of the Scorpion."

Leo was angry, and said nothing till the dawn broke, and the cultivator came to yoke the Bull to his work.

"Sing," said the Bull, as the stiff, muddy ox-bow creaked and strained. "My shoulder is galled. Sing one of the songs that we sang when we thought we were all Gods together."

Leo stepped back into the canebrake, and lifted up his voice in a song of the Children of the Zodiac—the war-wail of the young Gods who were afraid of nothing. At first he dragged the song along unwillingly, and then the song dragged him, and his voice rolled across the fields, and the Bull stepped to the tune, and the cultivator barked his flanks out of sheer light-heartedness, and the furrows rolled away behind the plough more and more swiftly. Then the Girl came across the fields looking for Leo, and found him singing the same song. She joined her voice to his, and the cultivator's wife brought her spinning into the open and listened with all her children round her. When it was time for the nooning, Leo and the Girl had sung themselves both thirsty and hungry, but the cultivator and his wife gave them rye bread and milk, and many thanks; and the Bull found occasion to say:

"You have helped me to do a full half field more than I should have done. But the hardest part of the day is to come, brother."

Leo wished to lie down and brood over the words of the Crab. The Girl went away to talk to the cultivator's wife and baby, and the afternoon ploughing began.

"Help us now," said the Bull. "The tides of the day are running down. My legs are very stiff. Sing, if you never sang before."

"To a mud-spattered villager?" said Leo.

"He is under the same doom as ourselves. Are you a coward?" said the Bull.

Leo flushed, and began again with a sore throat and a bad temper. Little by little he dropped away from the songs of the Children and made up a song as he went along, which was a thing he could never have done had he not met the Crab and baby, and the afternoon ploughing began.

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Leo flushed, and began again with a sore throat and a bad temper. Little by little he dropped away from the songs of the Children and made up a song as he went along, which was a thing he could never have done had he not met the Crab and baby, and the afternoon ploughing began.

"Help us now," said the Bull. "The tides of the day are running down. My legs are very stiff. Sing, if you never sang before."

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hedge-rows, forgetting the meaning of the stars above them. Other singers and other talkers sprang up in the course of the years, and Leo, forgetting that there could never be too many of these, waited them for dividing the applause of the children of men, which he thought ought to be all his own. The Girl would get angry too, and then the songs would be broken, and the jests fall flat for weeks to come, and the children of men would shout: "Go home, you two gypsies. Go home and learn something worth singing."

After one of these sorrowful, shameful days, the Girl, walking by Leo's side through the fields, saw the full moon coming up over the trees, and she clutched Leo's arm, crying: "The time has come now. Oh, Leo, forgive me!"

"What is it?" said Leo. He was thinking of the other singers.

"My husband!" she answered, and she laid his hand upon her breast, and the breast that he knew so well as his hand as stone. Leo groaned, remembering what the Crab had said.

"Surely we are Gods still," he cried.

"Surely we are Gods still," said the Girl. "Do you not remember when you and I went to the House of the Crab and were not very much afraid? And since then... we have forgotten what we were singing for—we sang for the peace, and, oh, we fought for them!—we, who are the Children of the Zodiac."

"It was my fault," said Leo.

"How can there be any fault of yours that is not mine too?" said the Girl. "My time has come, but you will live longer, and..." The look in her eyes said all she could not say.

"Yes, I will remember that we are Gods," said Leo.

It is very hard, even for a Child of the Zodiac who has forgotten his Godhead, to see his wife dying slowly, and to know that he cannot help her. The Girl told Leo in those last months of all that she had done among the wives and the babies at the back of the road-side performances, and Leo was astonished that he knew so little of her who had been so much to him. When she was dying she told him never to fight for peace or quarrel with the other singers; and, above all, to go on with his singing immediately after she was dead.

Then she died, and after he had buried her, he went to a village that he knew, and the people hoped that he would begin quarrelling with a new singer that had sprung up while he had been away. But Leo called him "my brother." The new singer was newly married—and Leo knew it—and when he had finished singing Leo straightened himself, and sang the Song of the Girl, which he had made coming down the road. Every man who was married, or hoped to be married, whatever his rank or color, understood that song—even the bride leaning on the new husband's arm understood it too—and presently when the song ended, and Leo's heart was bursting in him, the men sobbed. "That was a sad tale," they said at last, "now make us laugh." Because Leo had known all the sorrow that a man could know, including the full knowledge of his own fall who had once been a God—he, changing his song quickly, made the people laugh till they could laugh no more. They went away feeling ready for any trouble in reason, and they gave Leo more peacock feathers and pence than he could count. Knowing that pence led to quarrels and that peacock's feathers were hateful to the Girl, he put them aside and went away to look for his brothers, to remind them that they too were Gods.

He found the Bull goring the undergrowth in a ditch, for the Scorpion had stung him, and he was dying, not slowly, as the Girl had died, but quickly.

"I know all," he groaned, as Leo came up. "I had forgotten too, but I remember now. Go and look at the fields I ploughed. The furrows are straight. I forgot that I was a God, but I drew the plough perfectly straight, for all that. And you, brother?"

"I am not at the end of the ploughing," said Leo. "Does death hurt?"

"No; but dying does," said the Bull, and he died. The cultivator who owned him then was much annoyed, for there was a field still unploughed.

It was after this that Leo made the Song of the Bull who had been a God and forgotten the fact, and he sang it in such a manner that half the young men in the world conceived that they too might be Gods without knowing it. A half of that half grew impossibly conceited, and died early. A half of the remainder strove to be Gods and failed, but the other half accomplished four times more work than they would have done under any other delusion.

Later, years later, always wandering up and down, and making the children of men laugh, he found the Twins sitting on the bank of a stream waiting for the Fishes to come, and carry them away. They were not in the least afraid, and they told Leo that the woman of the house had a real baby of her own, and that when that baby grew old enough to be mischievous, he would find a well-educated cat waiting to have its tail pulled. Then the Fishes came for them, but all that people saw was two children drowned in a brook; and though their foster-mother was very sorry, she hugged her own real baby to her breast, and was grateful that it was only the foundlings.

Then Leo made the Song of the Twins who had forgotten that they were Gods, and had played in the dust to amuse a foster-mother. That song was sung far and wide among the women. It caused them to laugh and cry and hug their babies closer to their hearts all in one breath; and some of the women who remembered the Girl said: "Surely that is the voice of Virgo. Only she could know so much about ourselves."

After those three songs were made, Leo sang them over and over again, till he was in danger of looking upon them as so many mere words, and the people who listened grew tired, and there came back to Leo the old temptation to stop singing once and for all, and never to make another joke. But he remembered the Girl's dying words, and persisted.

One of his listeners interrupted him as he was singing. "Leo," said he, "I have heard you telling us not to be afraid for the past forty years. Can you not sing something new now?"

"No," said Leo; "it is the only song that I am allowed to sing. You must not be afraid of the Houses, even when they kill you."

The man turned to go, wearily, but there came a whistle through the air, and the arrow of the Archer was seen skimming low above the earth, pointing to the man's heart. He drew himself up, and stood still waiting till the arrow struck him.

"I die," he said, quietly. "It is well for me, Leo, that you sang for forty years."

"Are you afraid?" said Leo.

"I am a man, not a God," said the man. "I should have run away but for your songs. My work is done, and I die without making a show of my fear."

"I am very well paid," said Leo to himself. "Now that I see what my songs are doing, I will sing better ones."

He went down the road, collected his little knot of listeners, and began the Song of the Girl. In the middle of his singing he felt the cold touch of the Crab's claws on the apple of his throat. He lifted his hand, choked, and stopped for an instant.

"Sing on, Leo," said the crowd. "The old song sounds as well as ever it did."

Leo went on steadily till the end, with the cold fear at his heart. When the song was ended, he felt the grip on his throat tighten. He was old, he had lost the Girl, he knew that he was losing more than half his power to sing, he could scarcely walk to the diminishing crowds that waited for him, and could not see their faces when they stood about him. None the less, he cried angrily to the Crab,

"Why have you come for me now?"

"You were born under my care. How can I help coming for you?" said the Crab, wearily. Every human being that the Crab killed had asked him the same question.

"But I was just beginning to know what my songs were doing," said Leo.

"Perhaps that is why," said the Crab, and the grip tightened.

"You said you would not come till I had taken the world by the shoulders," gasped Leo, standing back.

"I always kept my word. You have done that three times, with three songs. What more do you desire?"

"Let me live to see the world know it," pleaded Leo.

"Let me be sure that my songs—"

"Make men brave?" said the Crab. "Even then there would be one man who was afraid. The Girl was braver than you are. Come."

Leo was standing close to the restless, insatiable mouth. "I forgot," said he, simply. "The Girl was braver. But I am a God too, and I am not afraid."

"What is that to me?" said the Crab.

Then Leo's speech was taken from him, and he lay still, dumb, watching death till he died.

Leo was the last of the Children of the Zodiac. After his death there sprang up a breed of little mean men, whimpering and flinching and howling because the Houses killed them and theirs, and they wished to live forever without any pain. They did not increase their lives, but they increased their own torments, and there were no Children of the Zodiac to guide them, and the greater part of Leo's songs were lost.

Only he had carved on the Girl's tombstone the last verse of the Song of the Girl, which runs:

"Though thou love her as thyself,
As a self of purer clay,
Though her parting dim the day,
Stealing grace from all alive,
Heavily know
When just Gods go
The Gods arrive."

One of the children of men, coming thousands of years later, rubbed away the lichen, read the lines, and applied them to a trouble other than the one Leo meant. Being a man, men believed that he had made the verse himself; but they belong to Leo, the Child of the Zodiac, and teach, as he taught, that what comes or does not come, we must not be afraid.

OWEN MEREDITH.

The author of "Lucille" is dead. In America, at least, the nobleman and ambassador who concealed his rank under the *nom de plume* of Owen Meredith, and wrote those love-poems which twenty years or so ago were read by all the young men and maidens, was known much more as a poet than in any other capacity. And although the Earl of Lytton rose to a higher rank in the peerage than any of his race had done before him, and also filled greater public posts than had been given to any of them, he was better pleased to be thought of as a man of letters than to receive consideration for the work which was his serious business in life. The first Earl of Lytton was the son of Lord Bulwer-Lytton, the celebrated novelist, who was made a Baronet in 1838 and a Baron in 1866. Every reader of Thackeray will remember the merryman which Bulwer's first social promotion excited. The son, however, went one step higher up the ladder, and was made an Earl after he had served as Viceroy in India, and had got into no end of political difficulties there. The Earl of Lytton entered the diplomatic service when he was nineteen years old, and came to Washington as an aid to his uncle, Sir Henry Bulwer, then English Minister to the United States. This uncle, who was a man of ability, will be remembered as the person who negotiated on the part of Great Britain the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, which is always alluded to when any international question arises affecting American and English interests and obligations in Central America. For more than forty years Lord Lytton has continued in the diplomatic service, and has served or represented his country



EARL LYTON ("OWEN MEREDITH").

In nearly all the great capitals of Europe, besides being the Governor-General of India. When he died the other day of heart-failure he was English Minister in Paris. This position he has held since the death of Lord Lyons several years ago, and it is considered the most desirable post in that branch of the English service in which his life was spent.

In the unfortunate quarrel between the elder Bulwer and his wife, the son who has just died took sides with his mother, but he did not quarrel with his father, with whom he always retained friendly relations, and to whom, when he himself came before the world as an author, he dedicated his best-known work, "Lucille." The Earl of Lytton, after the death of his father and mother, edited a volume of letters which spread before the world many of the details of the sad differences which had separated his parents. This was a singular lack of tact and good taste, and can only be accounted for on the ground that the son thought his father so wonderfully great that the world had a right to know all about him. But he could not have been a very tactful man at best, for the only time he was called upon to exercise his own discretion as Governor-General of India he got things into a sad mess, and the government needed to send out as his successor the ablest man in the diplomatic service, Lord Dufferin.

Personally the Earl of Lytton was a most charming man. He was accomplished, amiable, and witty, and as a society man had few if any equals in any of the European capitals. His successor in the earldom is a lad of sixteen, and has heretofore been known as Lord Knebworth.



AT THE SIGN OF THE "BLACK HORSE."*

BY FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

WHERE the turnpike, slightly bending,
Leaves the ancient church behind,
Like a memory unending
Swings a sign-board in the wind.

It is old, and fashioned quaintly:
There the "Black Horse" proudly rears;
He is seen to-day but faintly,
And is gray with passing years.

Many are his years of labor,
And the tavern of renown
Has departed, with its neighbor
O'er the way, "The Rose and Crown."

At the Black Horse Inn the strangers
Made their home—Lord Howe the host—
There the Queen's red-coated Rangers
Met at eventide to boast.

Often times each oaken rafters
With the midnight revel sang,
Echoed back the empty laughter
And the songs the soldiers sang.

London youths in golden glory,
Exiles from their native shore,
Told again some London story
That was new the year before.

There they counted not of losses,
Succored at glories to be won
From the hungry ragged forces
Under General Washington.

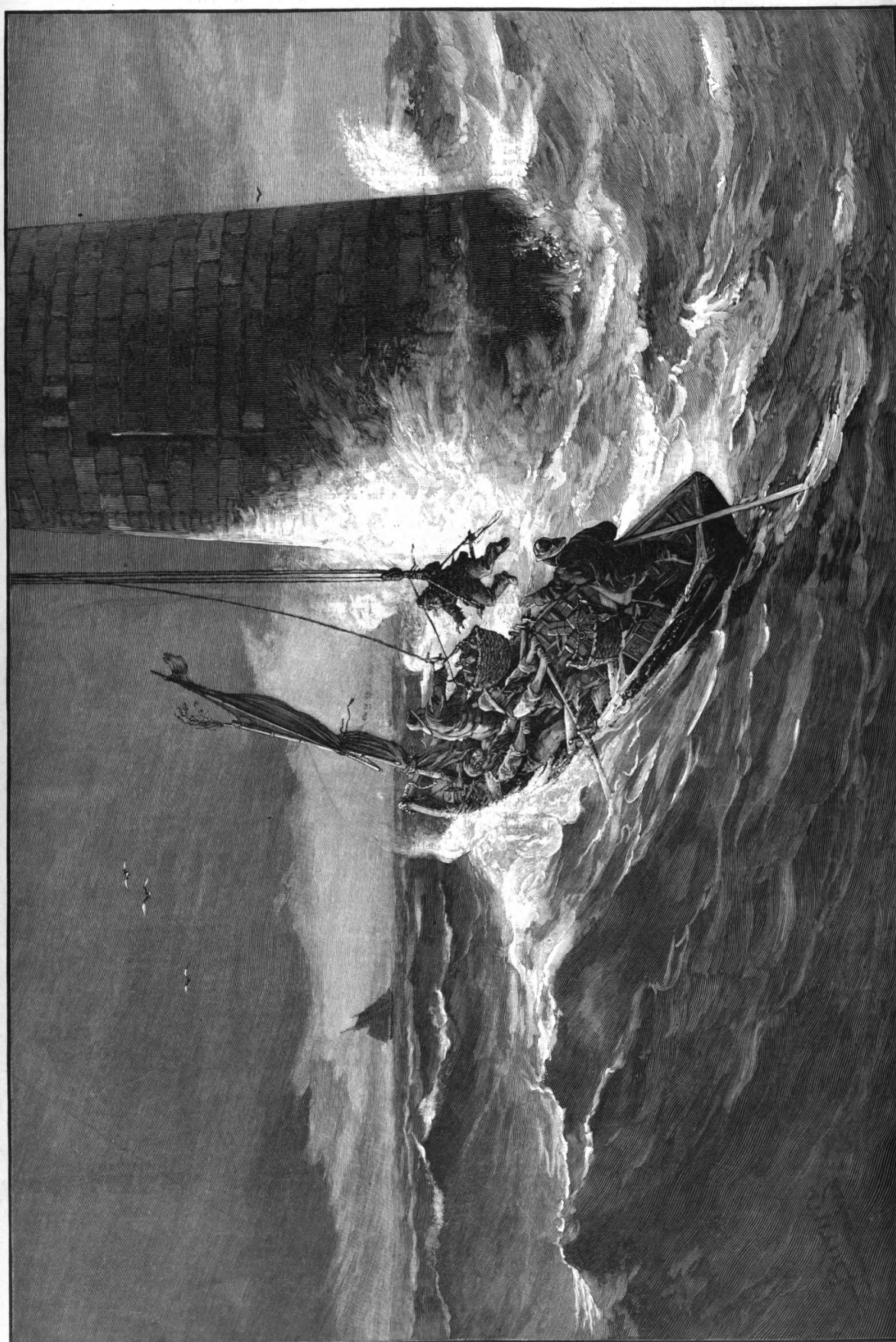
All this time the sign was swinging
Just outside the tavern door,
Where to-day it creaketh, bringing
Memories of days of yore,

By a veil of dreams surrounded.
There imperturbable it stood
When they brought the captain wounded
From the duel in the wood.

And to-day the rusty creaking,
As it swingeth in the wind,
Seems like some old minstrel speaking
Of the days that lie behind.

Gray with years—so old and jaded—
Worn by wind and rain and sun,
Stands the Black Horse wellnigh faded,
For his race is nearly run.

* This sign now stands on the road to the county-seat of Richmond, Staten Island. The references are historical.



THE KEEPER'S CHRISTMAS DINNER.—DRAWN BY M. J. BURNS.

THE SPECTRE COOK OF BANGLETOP.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.—ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. FROST.

FOR the purposes of this history, Bangletop Hall stands upon a grassy knoll on the left bank of the River Dee, about eighteen miles from the quaint old city of Chester. It does not in reality stand there, nor has it ever done so, but consideration for the interests of the living compels me to conceal its exact location, and so to befog the public as to its whereabouts that its identity may never be revealed to its disadvantage. It is a rentable property, and were it known that it has had a mystery connected with it of so deep, dark, and eerie a nature as that about to be related, I fear that its usefulness, save as an accessory to romance, would be seriously impaired, and that as an investment it would become practically worthless.

The hall is a fair specimen of the architecture which prevailed at the time of Edward the Confessor; that is to say, the main portion of the structure, erected in Edward's time by the first Baron Bangletop, has that square, substantial, stony aspect which to the eye versed in architecture identifies it at once as a product of that enlightened era. Later owners, the successive Barons Bangletop, have added to its original dimensions, putting Queen Anne wings here, Elizabethan ells there, and an Italian Renaissance facade on the river front. A Wisconsin water tower, connected with the main building by a low Gothic alleyway, stands to the south; while toward the east is a Greek



A DEPARTING COOK.

chapel, used by the present occupant as a store room for his wife's trunks, she having lately returned from Paris with a wardrobe calculated to last through the first half of the coming London season. Altogether Bangletop Hall is an impressive structure, and at first sight gives rise to various emotions in the aesthetic breast—some cavil, others admire. One leading architect of Berlin travelled all the way from his German home to Bangletop Hall to show that famous structure to his son, a student in the profession which his father adorned; to whom he is said to have observed that architecturally, Bangletop Hall was "cosmopolitan and omnipresent, and therefore a liberal education to all who should come to study and master its details."

In short, Bangletop Hall was an object-lesson to young architects, and showed them at a glance that which they should ever strive to avoid. Strange to say, for quite two centuries had Bangletop Hall remained without a tenant, and for nearly seventy-five years it had been in the market for rent, the barons, father and son, for many generations having found it impossible to dwell within its walls, and for a very good reason: no cook could ever be induced to live at Bangletop for a longer period than two weeks. Why the queens of the kitchen invariably took what is commonly known as French leave no occupant could ever learn, because, male or female, the departed domestics never returned to tell, and even had they done so, the pride of the Bangletops would not have permitted them to listen to the explanation. The Bangletop escutcheon was clear of blots, no suspicion even of a conversational blemish appearing thereon, and it was always a matter of extreme satisfaction to the family that no one of its scions since the title was created had ever been known to speak directly to any one of lesser rank than himself, communication with inferiors being always had through the medium of a private secretary, himself a baron, or better, in reduced circumstances.

The first cook to leave Bangletop under circumstances of a Gallic nature—that is, without known cause, wages, or luggage—had been employed by Fitzherbert Alexander, seventeenth Baron of Bangletop, through Charles Mortimer de Herbert, Baron Peddington, formerly of Peddington Manor, at Dunwoodie on the Hike, his private secretary, a handsome old gentleman of sixty-five, who had been deprived of his estates by the crown in 1629 because he was suspected of having inspired a comic broadside published in those troublous days, and directed against Charles the First, which had set all London in a roar.

This broadside, one of very few which are not preserved in the British Museum—and a greater tribute to its rarity could not be devised—was called, "A Good Suggestion as to ye Proper Use of ye Chinnie Whisker," and consisted of a few lines of doggerel printed beneath a caricature of the King, with the crown hanging from his goatee, reading as follows:

"Ye King doth sporte a pious grey goatee
Upon ye chinne, where every one may see,
And since ye Monarch's head's too small to holde
With comfort to himselfe ye crown of gold,
Why not enuise and looke ye goatee rare,
And lette ye British crown hang down from there?"

Whether the Baron of Peddington was guilty of this traitorous effusion no one, not even the King, could ever really make up his mind. The

charge was never fully proven, nor was De Herbert ever able to refute it successfully, although he made frantic efforts to do so. The King, eminently just in such matters, gave the Baron the benefit of the doubt, and inflicted only half the penalty prescribed, confiscating his estates, and letting him keep his head and liberty. De Herbert's family begged the crown to reverse the sentence, permitting them to keep the estates, the King taking their uncle's head in lieu thereof, he being unmarried and having no children who would mourn his loss. But Charles was poor rather than vindictive at this period, and preferring to adopt the other course, turned a deaf ear to the petitioners. This was probably one of the earliest factors in the decadence of literature as a pastime for men of high station.

De Herbert would have starved had it not been for his old friend Baron Bangletop, who offered him the post of private secretary, lately made vacant by the death of the Duke of Algeria, who had been the incumbent of that office for ten years, and in a short time the Baron of Peddington was in full charge of the domestic arrangements of his friend. It was far from easy, the work that devolved upon him. He was a proud, haughty man, used to luxury of every sort, to whom contact with those who serve was truly distasteful; to whom the necessity of himself serving was most galling; but he had the manliness to face the hardships Fate had put upon him, particularly when he realized that Baron Bangletop's attitude toward servants was such that he could with impunity impose on the latter seven indignities for every one that was imposed on him. Misery loves company, particularly when she is herself the hostess, and can give generously of her stores to others.

Desiring to retrieve his fallen fortunes, the Baron of Peddington offered large salaries to those whom he employed to serve in the Bangletop ménage, and on pay-day, through an ingenious system of fines, managed to retain almost seventy-five per cent. of the funds for his own use. Of this Baron Bangletop, of course, could know nothing. He was aware that under De Herbert the running expenses of his household were nearly twice what they had been under the dusky Duke of Algeria, but he also observed that repairs to the property, for which the late Duke had annually paid out several thousands of pounds sterling, with very little to show for it, now cost him as many hundreds with no fewer tangible results. So he winked his eye—the only unaristocratic habit he had, by-the-way—and said nothing. The revenue was large enough, he had been known to say, to support himself and all his relatives in state, with enough left over to satisfy even Ali Baba and the forty thieves.

Had he foreseen the results of his complicity in financial matters, I doubt if he would have persisted therein.

For some ten years under De Herbert's management everything went smoothly and expensively for the Bangletop Hall people, and then there came a change. The Baron Bangletop rang for his breakfast one morning, and his breakfast was not. The cook had disappeared. Whither or why she had gone, the private secretary professed to be unable to say. That she could easily be replaced, he was certain. Equally certain was it that Baron Bangletop stormed and raved for two hours, ate a cold breakfast—a thing he never had been known to do before—and then departed for London to dine at the club until Peddington had secured a successor to the departed cook, which the private secretary succeeded in doing within three days. The Baron was informed of his manager's success, and at the end of a week returned to Bangletop Hall, arriving there late on a Saturday night, hungry as a bear, and not too amiable, the King having negotiated a forcible loan with him during his sojourn in the metropolis.

"Welcome to Bangletop, Baron," said De Herbert, unceremoniously, as his employer alighted from his coach.



"WELCOME TO BANGLETOP."

"Blast your welcome, and serve the dinner," returned the Baron, with a somewhat ill grace.

At this the private secretary seemed much embarrassed. "Ahem!" he said. "I'll be very glad to have the dinner served, my dear Baron, but the fact is I—er—have been unable to provide anything but canned lobster and apples."

"What, in the name of Chaucer, does this mean?" roared Bangletop, who was a great admirer of the father of English poetry; chiefly because, as he was wont to say, Chaucer showed that a bad speller could be a great man, which was a



PAY-DAY.

condition of affairs exactly suited to his mind, since in the science of orthography he was weak, like most of the aristocrats of his day. "I thought you sent me word you had a cook?"

"Yes, Baron, I did; but the fact of the matter is, sir, she left us last night, or, rather, early this morning."

"Another one of your beautiful Parisian exits, I presume?" sneered the Baron, tapping the floor angrily with his toe.

"Well, yes, somewhat so; only she got her money first."

"Money!" shrieked the Baron. "Money! Why in Liverpool did she get her money? What did we owe her money for? Rent?"

"No, Baron; for services. She cooked three dinners."

"Well, you'll pay the bill out of your perquisites, that's all. She's done no cooking for me, and she gets no pay from me. Why do you think she left?"

"She said—"

"Never mind what she said, sir," cried Bangletop, cutting De Herbert short. "When I am interested in the table-talk of cooks, I'll let you know. What I wish to hear is what do you think was the cause of her leaving?"

"I have no opinion on the subject," replied the private secretary, with becoming dignity. "I only know that at four o'clock this morning she knocked at my door, and demanded her wages for four days, and vowed she'd stay no longer in the house."

"And why, pray, did you not inform me of the fact, instead of having me travel away down here from London?" queried Bangletop.

"You forget, Baron," replied De Herbert, with a deprecatory gesture—"you forget that there is no system of telegraphy by which you could be reached. I may be poor, sir, but I'm just as much of a Baron as you are, and I will take the liberty of saying right here, in what would be the shadow of your beard, if you had one, sir, that a man who insists on receiving cable messages when no such things exist is rather rushing business."

"Pardon my haste, Peddington, old chap," returned the Baron, softening. "You are quite right. My desire was unreasonable; but I swear to you, by all my ancestral Bangletops, that I am hungry as a pit full of bears, and if there's one thing I can't eat, it is lobster and apples. Can't you scare up a snack of bread and cheese and a little cold larded fillet? If you'll supply the fillet, I'll provide the cold."

At this sally the Baron of Peddington laughed, and the quarrel was over. But none the less the master of Bangletop went to bed hungry; nor could he do any better in the morning at breakfast-time. The butler had not been trained to cook, and the coachman's art had once been tried on a boiled egg, which no one had been able to open, much less eat, and as it was the parlor-maid's Sunday off, there was absolutely no one in the house who could prepare a meal. The Baron of Bangletop had a sort of sneaking notion that if there were nobody around he could have managed the spit or gridiron himself, but, of course, in view of his position, he could not make the attempt. And so he once more returned to London, and vowed never to set his foot within the walls of Bangletop Hall again until his ancestral home was provided with a cook "copper-fastened and riveted to her position."

And Bangletop Hall from that time was as a place deserted. The Baron never returned, because he could not return without violating his oath; for De Herbert was not able to obtain a cook for the Bangletop cuisine who would stay, nor was any one able to discover why. Cook after cook came, staid a day, a week, and one or two held on for two weeks, but never longer.

Their course was invariably the same—they would leave without notice; nor could any inducement be offered which would persuade them to remain. The Baron of Peddlington became, first round-shouldered, then deaf, and then insane in his search for a permanent cook, landing finally in an asylum, where he died, four years after the demise of his employer in London, of softening of the brain. His last words were, "Why did you leave your last place?"

And so time went on. Barons of Bangletop were born, educated, and died. Dynasties rose and fell, but Bangletop Hall remained uninhabited, although it was not until 1799



THE BARON'S BREAKFAST WAS NOT.

that the family gave up all hopes of being able to use their ancestral home. Tremendous alterations, as I have already hinted, were made. The drainage was carefully inspected, and a special apartment connected with the kitchen, finished in hard-wood, handsomely decorated, and hung with rich tapestries, was provided for the cook, in the vain hope that she might be induced permanently to occupy her position. The Queen Anne wing and Elizabethan ell were constructed, the latter to provide bowling alleys and smoking rooms for the probable cousins of possible culinary queens, and many there were who accepted the office with alacrity, throwing it up with still greater alacrity before the usual fortnight passed. Then the Bangletops saw clearly that it was impossible for them to live there, and moving away, the house was announced to be "for rent, with all modern improvements, conveniently located, spacious grounds, especially adapted to the use of those who do their own cooking." The last clause of the announcement puzzled a great many people, who went to see the mansion for no other reason than to ascertain just what the announcement meant, and the line, which was inserted in a pure spirit of facetious bravado, was probably the cause of the mansion's quickly renting, as hardly a month had passed before it was leased for one year by a retired London brewer, whose wife's curiosity had been so excited by the strange wording of the advertisement that she travelled out to Bangletop to gratify it, fell in love with the place, and insisted upon her husband's taking it for a season. The luck of the brewer and his wife was no better than that of the Bangletops. Their cooks—and they had fourteen during their stay there—led after an average service of four days apiece, and later the tenants themselves were forced to give up and return to London, where they told their friends that the "all was 'aunted,'" which might have filled the Bangletops with concern had they heard of it. They did not hear of it, however, for they and their friends did not know the brewer and the brewer's friends, and as for complaining to the Bangletop agent in the matter, the worthy beer maker thought he would better not do that, because he had hopes of being knighted some day, and he did not wish to antagonize so illustrious a family as the Bangletops by running down their famous hall—an antagonism which might materially affect the chances of himself and his good wife when they came to knock at the doors of London society. The lease was allowed to run its course, the rent was paid when due, and at the end of the stipulated term Bangletop Hall was once more on the list for rent.

II.

For fourscore years and ten did the same hard fortune pursue the owners of Bangletop. Additions to the property were made immediately upon request of possible lessees. The Greek chapel was constructed in 1608 at the mere suggestion of a Hellenic Prince, who came to England to write a history of the American rebellion, finding the information in back files of British newspapers exactly suited to the purposes of picturesque narrative, and no more misleading than most home-made history. Bangletop was retired, "far from the gadding crowd," as the Prince put it, and therefore just the place in which a historian of the romantic school might produce his *monstrous epics* without disturbance; the only objection being that there was no place whither the eminently Christian sojourner could go to worship according to his faith, he being a communicant in the Greek Church. This defect Baron Bangletop immediately remedied by erecting and endowing the chapel, and his youngest son, having been found too delicate morally for the army, was appointed to the living and placed in charge of the chapel, having first embraced with considerable ardor the faith upon which the soul of the princely tenant was wont to feed. All of these improvements—chapel, priest, the latter's change of faith, and all—the Bangletop agent put at the exceedingly low sum of forty-two guineas per annum and board for the priest; an offer which the Prince at once accepted, stipulating, however, that the lease should be terminable at any time he or his landlord should see fit. Against this the agent fought nobly, but without avail. The Prince had heard rumors about the cooks of Bangletop, and he was wary. Finally the stipulation was accepted by the Baron, with what result the reader need hardly be told. The Prince staid two weeks, listened to one sermon in classic university Greek by

the youthful Bangletop, was deserted by his cook, and moved away.

After the departure of the Prince the estate was neglected for nearly twenty-two years, the owner having made up his mind that the case was hopeless. At the end of that period there came from the United States a wealthy shoemaker, Hankinson J. Terwilliger by name, chief owner of the Terwilliger Three-dollar Shoe Company (Limited), of Soleton, Massachusetts, and to him was leased Bangletop Hall, with all its rights and appurtenances, for a term of five years. Mr. Terwilliger was the first applicant for the hall as a dwelling to whom the agent, at the instance of the Baron, spoke a spirit of absolute candor. The Baron was well on in years, and he did not feel like getting into trouble with a Yankee, so he said, at his time of life. The hall had been a thorn in his flesh all his days, and he didn't care if it was never occupied, and therefore he wished nothing concealed from a prospective tenant. It was the agent's candor more than anything else that induced Mr. Terwilliger to close with him for the term of five years. He suspected that the Bangletops did not want him for a tenant, and from the moment that notion entered his head, he was resolved that he would be a tenant.

"I'm as good a man as any baron that ever lived," said Terwilliger, "and if it please Hankinson J. Terwilliger to live in a baronial hall, a baronial hall is where Hankinson J. Terwilliger puts up."

"We certainly have none of the feeling which your words seem to attribute to us, my dear sir," the agent had answered. "Baron Bangletop would feel it a highly honored and so distinguished a sojourn in England as yourself occupy his estate, but he does not wish you to take it without fully understanding the circumstances. Desirable as Bangletop Hall is, it seems a fatal error to have it occupied because it is thought to be haunted, or something of that sort, the effect of which is to drive away cooks, and with-

out cooks life is hardly an ideal." Ghosts and me are not afraid of each other," he said. "Let 'em haunt, I say; and as for cooks, Mrs. H. J. T. hasn't had a liberal education for nothing. We could live if all the cooks in creation were to go off in a whiff. We have daughters too, we have. Good smart American girls, who can adorn a palace or grace a hut on demand, not afraid of poverty, and able to take care of good round dollars. They can play the piano all the morning and cook dinner all the afternoon if they're called on to do it; so your difficulties ain't my difficulties. I'll take the hall at your figures; term, five years; and if the Baron'll come down and spend a month with us at any time, I don't care when, we'll show him what a big lap, luxury can get up when she tries."

And so it happened. The New York papers announced that Hankinson J. Terwilliger, Mrs. Terwilliger, the Misses Terwilliger, and Master Hankinson J. Terwilliger, of Soleton, Massachusetts, had plunged into the dizzy

Jun., of Soleton, Massachusetts, had plunged into the dizzy whirl of English society, and that the sole of the three-dollar shoe now trod the baronial halls of the Bangletops. Later it was announced that the Misses Terwilliger, of Bangletop Hall, had been presented to the Queen; that the Terwilligers had entertained the Prince of Wales; that Bangletop, in fact, the Terwilligers became an important factor in the letters of all foreign correspondents of American papers, for the president of the Terwilliger Three-dollar Shoe Company, of Soleton, Massachusetts (Limited), was now in full possession of the historic mansion, and was living up to his surroundings.

For a time everything was plain sailing for the Americans at Bangletop. The dire forebodings of the agent did not seem to be fulfilled, and Mr. Terwilliger was beginning to feel aggrieved. He had hired a house with a ghost, and he wanted the use of it; but when he reflected upon the consequences belowstairs, he held his peace. He was not so sure, after he had staid at Bangletop awhile, and had had his daughters presented to the Queen, that he could be so independent of cooks as he had at first supposed. Several times he had hinted to the agent that the old New England home-made flapjacks would be most pleasing to his palate; but since the Prince had spent an afternoon on the lawn of Bangletop, the young ladies seemed deeply pained at the mere mention of their accomplishments in the line of griddles and batter, nor could Mrs. Terwilliger, after having



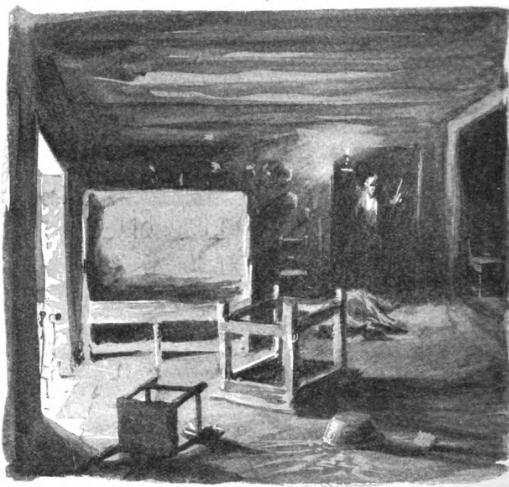
TERWILLIGER TO THE RESCUE.

to the Queen, that he could be so independent of cooks as he had at first supposed. Several times he had hinted to the agent that the old New England home-made flapjacks would be most pleasing to his palate; but since the Prince had spent an afternoon on the lawn of Bangletop, the young ladies seemed deeply pained at the mere mention of their accomplishments in the line of griddles and batter, nor could Mrs. Terwilliger, after having

tasted the joys of aristocratic life, bring herself to don the apron which so became her portly person in the early American days, and prepare for her lord and master one of those delicious platters of poached eggs and breakfast bacon, the mere memory of which made his mouth water. In short, palatial surroundings had too obviously destroyed in his wife and daughters all that capacity for happiness in a hotel of which Mr. Terwilliger had been so proud, and concerning which he had so eloquently spoken to Baron Bangletop's agent, and he now found himself in the position of Damocles. The hall was leased for a term, entertainment had been provided for the county with lavish hand, but success was dependent entirely upon his ability to keep a cook, his family having departed from their republican principles, and the history of the house was dead against a successful issue. So he decided that, after all, it was better that the ghost should be allowed to remain quiescent, and he uttered no word of complaint.

It was just as well, too, that Mr. Terwilliger held his peace, and refrained from addressing a complaining missive to the agent of Bangletop Hall; for before a message of that nature could have reached the person addressed, its contents would have been misleading, for at a quarter after midnight on the morning of the date set for the first of a series of grand banquets to the county folk, there came from the kitchen of Bangletop Hall a quick succession of shrieks that sent the three Misses Terwilliger into hysterics, and caused Hankinson J. Terwilliger's sole remaining lock to stand erect. Mrs. Terwilliger did not hear the shrieks, owing to a lately acquired habit of hearing nothing that proceeded from belowstairs.

The first impulse of Terwilliger père was to dive down under the bedclothes, and endeavor to drown the fearful sound by his own labored breathing, but he never yielded to first impulses. So he awaited the second, which came simultaneously with a second series of shrieks and a cry for help in the unmistakable voice of the cook; a lady, by-the-



"COOK!" HE WHISPERED.

way, who had followed the Terwilliger fortunes ever since the Terwilligers began to have fortunes, and whose first capacity in the family had been the dual one of mistress of the kitchen and confidante of madame. The second impulse was to arise in his might, put on a stout pair of the Terwilliger three-dollar brogans—the strongest shoe made, having been especially devised for the British Infantry in the South—and garments suitable to the occasion, namely, a mackintosh, a pair of broadcloth trousers, and go to the rescue of the distressed domestic. This Hankinson J. Terwilliger at once proceeded to do, arming himself with a pair of horse-pistols, murmuring on the way below a soft prayer, the only one he knew, and which, with singular inappropriateness on this occasion, began with the words, "Now I lay me down to sleep."

"What's the matter, Judson?" queried Mrs. Terwilliger, drowsily, as she opened her eyes and saw her husband preparing for the fray.

She no longer called him Hankinson, not because she did not think it a good name, nor was it less euphonious to her ear than Judson, but Judson was Mr. Terwilliger's middle name, and middle names were quite the thing, she had observed, in the best circles. It was doubtless due to this discovery that her visiting cards had been engraved to read, "Mrs. H. Judson Terwilliger," the hyphen presumably being a typographical error, for which the engraver was responsible.

"Matter enough," growled Hankinson. "I have reason to believe that that jackass of a ghost is on duty to-night."

At the word ghost a pseudo aristocratic shriek pervaded the atmosphere, and Mrs. Terwilliger, forgetting her social position for a moment, groaned, "Oh, Hank!" and swooned away. And then the president of the Terwilliger Three-dollar Shoe Company, of Soleton, Massachusetts (Limited), descended to the kitchen.

Across the sill of the kitchen door lay the culinary treasure whose lobster croquettes the Prince of Wales had likened unto a dream of Lucullus. Within the kitchen were signs of disorder. Chairs were upset; the table was leg up on its back, with its four legs held rigidly up in the air; the kitchen library, consisting of a copy of *Marie Antoinette's Dream-Book*; a yellow-covered novel bearing the title *Little Lucy, or the Kitchen-maid who became a Marchioness*; and *Sixty Soups, by One who Knows*, lay strewn about the room, the *Dream-Book* sadly torn, and *Little Lucy* disfigured forever with cake batter. Even to the uninitiated it was evident that something had happened, and Mr. Terwilliger felt a cold chill mounting his spine three sections at a time. Whether it was the chill or his concern for the prostrate cook that was responsible or not I cannot say, but for some cause or other Mr. Terwilliger immediately got down

on his knees, in which position he gazed fearfully about him for a few minutes, and then timidly remarked, "Cook!"

"There was no answer,"
"Mary, I say," Cook," he whispered, "what the deuce is the meaning of all this?"

A low moan was all that came from the cook, nor would Hanksinson have listened to more had there been more to hear, for simultaneously with the moan he became uncomfortably conscious of a presence. In trying to describe it



THE PRESENCE HAD ASSUMED SHAPE.

afterwards, Hanksinson said that at first he thought a cold draught from a dank cavern filled with a million eels, and a rattlesnake or two thrown in for luck, was blowing over him, and he avowed that it was anything but pleasant; and then it seemed to change into a mist drawn largely from a stagnant pool in a malarial country, floating through which were great quantities of finely chopped sea-weed, wet hair, and an indescribable atmosphere of something the chief quality of which was a sort of stale clamminess that was awful in its intensity.

"I'm glad," Mr. Terwilliger murmured to himself, "that I ain't one of those delicately reared nobles. If I had anything less than a right-down regular republican constitution I'd die of fright."

And then his natural grit came to his rescue, and it was well it did, for the presence had assumed shape, and now sat on the window-ledge in the form of a hag, glaring at him from out of the depths of her unfathomable eyes, in which, despite their deadly greenness, there lurked a tinge of red caused by small specks of that hue semi-occasionally seen floating across her dilated pupils.

"You are the Bangletop ghost, I presume?" said Terwilliger, rising and standing near the fire to thaw out his system.

The spectre made no reply, but pointed to the door.
"Yes," Terwilliger said, as if answering a question.
"That's the way out, madame. It's a beautiful exit, too. Just try it."

"H'I knows the way hout," returned the spectre, rising and approaching the tenant of Bangletop, whose solitary look also rose, being too polite to remain seated while the ghost walked. "H'I also knows the way hin, Ankinson Judson Terwilliger."

"That's very evident, madame, and between you and me I wish you didn't," returned Hanksinson, somewhat relieved to hear the ghost talk, even if her voice did sound like the roar of a conch-shell with a bad case of grip. "I may say in your that aside from a certain uncanny satisfaction which I feel at being permitted for the first time in my life to gaze upon the lineaments of a real live misty musty spook, I regard your coming here as an invasion of the sacred rights of privacy which is, as you might say, 'hinx-cussable.'"

"Hinxvasion?" retorted the ghost, snapping her fingers in his face with such effect that his chin dripped for the next five minutes. "Hinxvasion? H'I'd like to know 'oo's the hinxvader. H'I've hoccupied these 'ere 'alls for hover two 'undred years."

"Then it's time you moved, unless perchance you are the ghost of a mediæval porker," Hanksinson said, his calmness returning now that he had succeeded in plastering his iron gray lock across the top of his otherwise bald head. "Of course if you are a spook of that kind, you want the earth, and maybe you'll get it."

"H'I'm no pig," returned the spectre, indignantly. "H'I'm simply the shade of a poor hallowed cook 'oo's hafter revenge."

"Ah!" ejaculated Terwilliger, raising his eyebrows. "this is getting interesting. You're a spook with a grievance, eh? Against me? I've never wronged a ghost that I know of."

"No, h'I've no 'ard feelinks against you, sir," answered the ghost. "Hin fact h'I don't know nothink about you. My trouble lies with the Bangletops, and h'I'm a-pursuin' of 'em. H'I've cut 'em hout of nearly two 'undred years of rent 'ere. They might better 'ave paid me me waiges 'im full."

"Oho!" cried Terwilliger; "it's a question of wages, is it? The Bangletops were hard up?"

"'Ar'd up? The Bangletops?" laughed the ghost. "When they gets 'ard hup the Bank of Hengland will be in h'all the sixty soups mentioned in that book."

"You seem to be up in the vernacular," returned Terwilliger, with a smile. "I'll bet you are an old fraud of a modern ghost."

Here he discharged all six chambers of his pistol into the body of the spectre.

"No takers," retorted the ghost, as the bullets whistled through her chest, and struck deep into the wall on the other side of the kitchen. "That's a noisy gun you've got, but you can't lay a ghost with cold lead hany more than you can lay a corner-stone with a chicken. H'I'm 'ere to stay until h'I gets me waiges."

"What was the amount of your wages due at the time of your discharge?" asked Hanksinson.

"H'I was gettin' ten pounds a month," returned the spectre.

"Geewhittaker!" cried Terwilliger, "you must have been an alfred fine cook."

"H'I was," assented the ghost, with a proud smile. "H'I cooked a boar's 'ead for 'is Royal 'ighness King Charles when 'e visited Bangletop 'All as which was the finest 'e lever tasted, so 'e said, hand 'e'd 'ave knighted me hon the spot, honly me sex wasn't suited to the title. 'You can't make a knight hout of a woman,' says the King, 'but give 'er my compliments, and tell 'er 'er monarch says as 'ow she's a cook as is too good for 'er station.'"

"That was very nice," said Terwilliger. "No one could have desired a higher recommendation than that."

"My words hexactly when the Baron's private secretary told me two days later as 'ow the Baron's heggs wasn't done proper," said the ghost. "H'I says to him: 'The Baron's heggs be blowed. My monnch's hopinion is worth two of any ten Barons's livin', and Mister Bangletop (h'I allus called 'im mister when 'e was ugly) can get 'is heggs cooked helsewhere if 'e don't like the way h'I boils 'em.' Hand what do you suppose the secretary said then?"

"I give it up," replied Terwilliger. "What?"

"'E said as 'ow h'I 'ad the big 'eads."

"How disgusting of him!" murmured Terwilliger. "That was simply low."

"Hand then 'e accused me of being himpudent."

"No!"

"'E did, hindeed; hand then 'e discharged me without me waiges. Hof course h'I wouldn't stay hafter that; but h'I says to 'im, 'Hif h'I don't get me pay, h'I'll 'aunt this place from the day of me death,' hand 'e says, 'aunt away.'"

"And you have kept your word."

"H'I 'ave that, hand h'I've made it 'ot for 'em."

"Well, now, look here," said Terwilliger. "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll pay you your wages if you'll go back to Spookland and mind your own business. Ten pounds isn't much when three-dollar shoes cost fifteen cents a pair and sell for two walles. Is it a bargain?"

"H'I was sent off with three months' money owin' me," said the ghost.

"Well, call it thirty pounds then," replied Terwilliger.

"With hinterest—compound hinterest hat six per cent.—for two 'undred hand thirty years," said the ghost.

"Phew!" whistled Terwilliger. "Have you any idea how much money that is?"

"Certainly," replied the ghost. "Hit's just 63,609,609 pounds 6 shillings 4 pence. When h'I gets that, h'I flies; huntil h'I gets it h'I stays hand h'I 'aunts."

"Say," said Terwilliger, "haven't you been chumming with an Italian ghost named Shylock over on the other shore?"

"Shylock?" said the ghost. "No, h'I've never 'eard the name. Perhaps 'e's stoppin' at the hother place."

"Very likely," said Terwilliger. "He is an eminent saint alongside of you. But I say now, Mrs. Spook, or whatever your name is, this is rubbing it in, to try to collect as much money as that, particularly from me, who wasn't to blame in any way, and on whom you haven't the spook of a claim."

"H'I'm very sorry for you, Mr. Terwilliger," said the ghost. "But my vow must be kept sacred."

"But why don't you light on the Bangletops up in London, and squeeze it out of them?"

"H'I can't. H'I'm bound to 'aunt this 'all, and that's h'all there his about it. H'I can't find a better way to lay them Bangletops low than by attachin' of their income, hand the rent of this 'all is the honly bit of hincome within my reach."

"But I've leased the place for five years," said Terwilliger, in despair; "and I've paid the rent in advance."



THEY SHOOK HANDS AND PARTED.

"Carn't 'elp it," returned the ghost. "Hif you did that, hit's your own fault."

"I wouldn't have done it, except to advertise my shoe business," said Terwilliger, ruefully. "The items in the papers at home that arise from my occupancy of this house, together with the social cinch it gives me, are worth the money, but I'm hanged if it's worth my while to pay back salaries to every grasping apparition that chooses to rise up out of the moat and dip his or her clammy hand into my surplus. The shoe trade is a blooming big thing, but the profits aren't big enough to divide with tramp ghosts."

"Your tone is very 'aughty," Ankinson J. Terwilliger, but hit doesn't haffect me. H'I don't care 'oo pays the money, hand h'I 'aven't got you into this scrape. You've done that yourself. Hon the hother 'and, sir, h'I've showed you 'ow to get hout of it."

"Well, perhaps you're right," returned Hanksinson. "I can't say I blame you for not pertering yourself, particularly since you've been dead long enough to have discovered what the probable consequences would be. But I do wish there was some other way out of it. I couldn't pay you all that money without losing a controlling interest in the shoe company, and that's hardly worth my while, now is it?"

"No, Mr. Terwilliger; hit is not."

"I have a scheme," said Hanksinson, after a moment or two of deep thought. "Why don't you go back to the spirit world and expose the Bangletops there? They have spooks, haven't they?"

"Yes," replied the ghost, sadly. "But the spirit world his as bad as this. The spook of a cook can't reach a spook of a baron there hany more than a scullery-maid can reach a markis 'ere. H'I tried that when the Baron died and came over to the hother world, but 'e 'ad 'is spook bunks on 'and to tell me 'e was hout-'drivin' with the ghost of William the Conqueror and the shade of Solomon. H'I knew 'e wasn't, but what could h'I do?"

"It was a mean game of bluff," said Terwilliger. "I suppose, though, if you were the shade of a duchess, you could simply knock Bangletop silly?"

"Yes, and the Baron of Peddlington too. 'E was the private secretary as said h'I 'ad the big 'ead."

"H'm!" said Terwilliger, meditatively. "Would you—er—would you consent to retire from this haunting business of yours, and give me a receipt for that bill for wages, interest and all, if I had you made over into the spook of a duchess? Revenge is sweet, you know, and there are some revenges that are simply a thousand times more balmy than riches."

"Would h'I?" ejaculated the ghost, rising and looking at the clock. "Would h'I?" she repeated. "Well, rather. If h'I could henter spook society as a duchess, you can wager a year's hincome hon it that the Bangletops wouldn't be hin it."

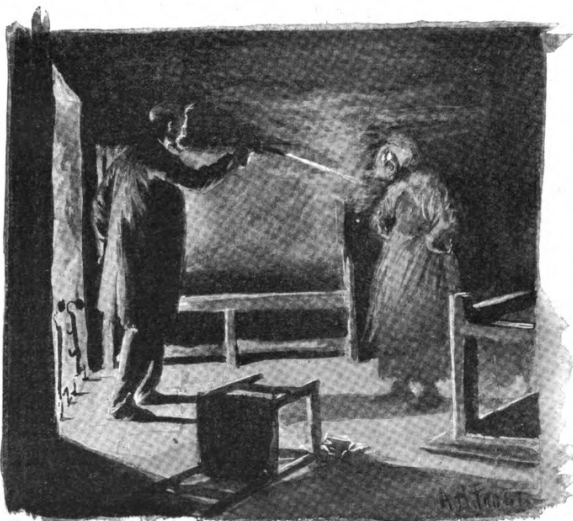
"Good! I am glad to see that you are a spook of spirit. If you had veins, I believe there'd be sporting blood in them."

"Thanks," said the ghost, dryly. "But 'ow can it hever be did?"

"Leave that to me," Terwilliger answered. "We'll call a truce for two weeks, at the end of which time you must come back here, and we'll settle on the final arrangements. Keep your own counsel in the matter, and don't breathe a word about your intentions to anybody. Above all, keep sober."

"H'I'm no cannibal," retorted the ghost. "Who said you were?" asked Terwilliger.

"You intimated as much," said the ghost, with a smile. "You said as 'ow h'I must



"NO TAKERS," RETORTED THE GHOST.



"A DUKE IS A DUKE THE WORLD OVER."

keep sober, and 'ow could h't do hotherwise hunless h'I swallered some spirits?"

Terwilliger laughed. He thought it was a pretty good joke for a ghost—especially a cook's ghost—and then, having agreed on the hour of midnight one fortnight thence for the next meeting, they shook hands and parted.

"What was it, Hankinson?" asked Mrs. Terwilliger, as her husband crawled back into bed. "Burglars?"

"Not a burglar," returned Hankinson. "Nothing but a ghost—a poor, old, female ghost."

"Ghost!" cried Mrs. Terwilliger, trembling with fright. "In this house?"

"Yes, my dear. Haunted us by mistake, that's all. Belongs to another place entirely; got a little befogged, and came here without intending to, that's all. When she found out her mistake, she apologized, and left."

"What did she have on?" asked Mrs. Terwilliger, with a sigh of relief.

But the President of the Three-dollar Shoe Company, of Soleten, Massachusetts (Limited), said nothing. He had dropped off into a profound slumber.

III.

For the next two weeks Terwilliger lived in a state of preoccupation that worried his wife and daughters to a very considerable extent. They were afraid that something had happened, or was about to happen, in connection with the shoe corporation; and this deprived them of sleep, particularly the eldest Miss Terwilliger, who had danced four times at a recent ball with an impecunious young Earl, whom she suspected of having intentions. Ariadne was in a state of grave apprehension, because she knew that much as the Earl might love her, it would be difficult for them to marry on his income, which was literally too small to keep the roof over his head in decent repair.

But it was not business troubles that occupied every sleeping and waking thought of Hankinson Judson Terwilliger. His mind was now set upon the hardest problem it had ever had to cope with, that problem being how to so enable the spectre cook of Bangletop that she might outrank the ancestors of his landlord in the other world—the shady world, he called it. The living cook had been induced to remain partly by threats and partly by promises of increased pay; the threats consisting largely of expressions of determination to leave her in England, thousands of miles from her home in Massachusetts, deserted and forlorn, the poor woman being insufficiently provided with funds to get back to America, and holding in her veins a strain of Celtic blood quite large enough to make the idea of remaining an outcast in England absolutely intolerable to her. At the end of seven days Terwilliger was seemingly as far from the solution of his problem as ever, and at the grand fete given by himself and wife on the afternoon of the seventh day of his trial to the Earl of Mugley, the one in whom Ariadne was interested, he seemed almost rude to his guests, which the latter overlooked, taking it for the American way of entertaining. It is very hard for a shoemaker to entertain earls, dukes, and the plainest kind of every-day lords under ordinary circumstances, but when in addition to the duties of host the maker of soles has to think out a receipt for the making of an aristocrat out of a deceased plebe, a polite drawing-room manner is hardly to be expected. Mr. Terwilliger's manner remained of the kind to be expected under the circumstances, neither better nor worse, until the flunky at



THE EARL OF MUGLEY.

the door announced, in stentorian tones, "The Earl of Mugley."

The Earl of Mugley seemed to be the open sesame to the door between Terwilliger and success. Simultaneously with the entrance of the Earl the solution of his problem flashed across the mind of the master of Bangletop, and his affronting demeanor, his preoccupation and all disappeared in an instant. Indeed, so elegantly enthusiastic was his reception of the Earl that Lady Maud Sniffles, on the other side of the room, whispered in the ear of the Hon. Miss Pottleton that Mugley's creditors were in luck; to which the Hon. Miss Pottleton, whose smiles upon the nobleman had been returned unopened, curved her upper lip spitefully, and replied that they were indeed, but she didn't envy Ariadne that pompous little error of nature's, the Earl.

"Howdy do, Earl?" said Terwilliger. "Glad to see you looking so well. How's your mamma?"

"The Countess is in her usual state of health, Mr. Terwilliger," returned the Earl.

"Ain't she coming this afternoon?"

"I really can't say," answered Mugley. "I asked her if she were coming, and all she did was to call for her salts. She's a little given to fainting spells, and the slightest shock rather upsets her."

And then the Earl turned on his heel and sought out the fair Ariadne, while Terwilliger, excusing himself, left the assemblage, and went directly to his private office in the crypt of the Greek chapel.

Arrived there, he seated himself at his desk and wrote the following formal card, which he put in an envelope and addressed to the Earl of Mugley:

"If the Earl of Mugley will call at the private office of Mr. H. Judson Terwilliger at once, he will not only greatly oblige Mr. H. Judson Terwilliger, but may also hear of something to his advantage."

The card written, Terwilliger summoned an attendant, ordered a quantity of liqueurs, whiskey, sherry, port, and lemon squash for two to be brought to the office, and then sent his communication to the Earl.

Now the Earl was a great stickler for etiquette, and he did not at all like the idea of one in his position waiting upon one of Mr. Terwilliger's rank, or lack of rank, and, at first thought, he was inclined to ignore the request of his host, but a combination of circumstances served to change his resolution. He so seldom heard anything to his advantage that, for mere novelty's sake, he thought he would do as he was asked, but the question of his duty rose up again, and shoving the note into his pocket he tried to forget it. After five minutes he found he could not forget it, and putting his hand into the pocket for the missive, meaning to give it a second reading, he drew out another paper by mistake, which was, in brief, a reminder from a firm of London lawyers that he owed certain clients of theirs a few thousands of pounds for the clothing that had adorned his back for the last two years, and stating that proceedings would be begun if at the expiration of three months the account was not paid in full.

The reminder settled it. The Earl of Mugley graciously concluded to grant Mr. H. Judson Terwilliger an audience in the private office under the Greek chapel.

"Sit down, Earl, and have a *crème de ment* with me," said Terwilliger as the Earl, four minutes later, entered the apartment.

"Thanks," returned the Earl. "Beautiful color that," he added, pleasantly, smacking his lips with satisfaction as the soft green fluid disappeared from the glass into his inner Ear.

"Fine," said Terwilliger. "Little unripe, perhaps, but pleasant to the eye. I prefer the hue of the Marashino, myself. Just taste that Marashino, Earl. It's A1; thirty-six dollars a case."

"You wanted to see me about some matter of interest to both of us, I believe, Mr. Terwilliger," said the Earl, declining the proffered Marashino.

"Well, yes," returned Terwilliger. "More of interest to you, perhaps, than to me. The fact is, Earl, I've taken quite a shine to you, so much of a one in fact, that I've looked you up at a commercial agency, and H. J. Terwilliger never does that unless he's mightily interested in a man."

"I—er—I hope you are not to be prejudiced against me," the Earl said, uneasily, "by—er—by what those cads of tradesmen say about me."

"Not a bit," returned Terwilliger—"not a bit. In fact, what I've discovered has prejudiced me in your favor. You are just the man I've been looking for for some days. I've wanted a man with three A blood and three Z finances for 'most a week now, and from what I can gather from Burke and Bradstreet, you fill the bill. You owe pretty much everybody from your tailor to the collector of pew rents at your church, eh?"

"I've been unfortunate in financial matters," returned the Earl; "but I have left the family name untarnished."

"So I believe, Earl. That's what I admire about you. Some men with your debts would be driven to drink or other pastimes of a more or less tarnishing nature, and I admire you for the admirable restraint you have put upon yourself. You owe, I am told, about 27,000 pounds."

"My secretary has the figures, I believe," said the Earl, slightly bored.

"Well, we'll say 30,000 in round figures. Now what hope have you of ever paying that sum off?"

"None—unless I—er—well, unless I should be fortunate enough to secure a rich wife."

"Precisely; that is exactly what I thought," rejoined Terwilliger. "Marriage is your only asset, and as yet that is hardly negotiable. Now I have called you here this afternoon to make a proposition to you. If you will marry according to my wishes I will give you an income of 5000 pounds a year for the next five years."

"I don't quite understand you," the Earl replied, in a disappointed tone. It was evident that 5000 pounds per annum was too small a figure for his tastes.

"I think I was quite plain," said Terwilliger, and he repeated his offer.

"I certainly admire the lady very much," said the Earl; "but the settlement of income seems very small."

Terwilliger opened his eyes wide with astonishment. "Oh, you admire the lady, eh?" he said. "Well, there is no accounting for tastes."

"You surprise me slightly," said the Earl, in response to this remark. "The lady is certainly worthy of any man's admiration. She is refined, cultivated, beautiful, and—"

"Ahem!" said Terwilliger. "May I ask, my dear Earl, to whom you refer?"

"To Ariadne, of course. I thought your course somewhat unusual, but we do not pretend to comprehend you Americans over here. Your proposition is that I shall marry Ariadne?"

I hesitate to place on record what Terwilliger said in answer to this statement. It was forcible rather than polite, and the Earl from that moment adopted a new simile for degrees of profanity, substituting "to swear like an American" for the old forms having to do with pirates and troopers. The string of expletives was about five minutes in length, at the end of which time Terwilliger managed to say:

"No such d— proposition ever entered my mind. I want you to marry a cold, misty, musty spectre, nothing more or less, and I'll tell you why."

And then he proceeded to tell the Earl of Mugley all that he knew of the history of Bangletop Hall, concluding with a narration of his experiences with the ghost cook.

"My rent here," he said, in conclusion, "is 5000 pounds per annum. The advertising I get out of the fact of my being here and swelling it with you nabobs is worth 25,000 pounds a year, and I'm willing to pay, in good hard cash, twenty per cent, of that amount rather than be forced to give up. Now here's your chance to get an income without an incumbrance and stave off your creditors. Marry the spook, so that she can go back to spirit land a countess and make it hot for the Bangletops, and don't be so afraid proud. She'll be disappointed enough I can tell you, when I inform her that an earl was the best I could do, the promised duke not being within reach. If she says earls are drags in the market, I won't be able to deny it; and, after all, my had, a good cook is a greater blessing in this world than any earl that ever lived, and a blamed sight rarer."

Your proposition is absolutely ridiculous, Mr. Terwilliger, replied the Earl. "I'd look well marrying a draught from a dark cavern, as you call it, now wouldn't I? To say nothing of the impossibility of a Mugley marrying a cook. I cannot entertain the proposition."

"You'll find you can't entertain anything if you don't watch out," fumed Terwilliger, in return.

"I'm not so sure about that," replied the Earl, haughtily, sipping his lemon squash. "I fancy Miss Ariadne is not entirely indifferent to me."

"Well, you might just as well understand on this 18th day of July, 18— as any other time that my daughter Ariadne never becomes the Earless of Mugley," said Terwilliger, in a tone of exasperation.

"Not even when her father considers the commercial value of such an alliance for his daughter?" retorted the Earl, shaking his finger in Terwilliger's face. "Not even when the President of the Three-dollar Shoe Company, of Soleten, Massachusetts (Limited), considers the advertising sure to result from a marriage between his house and that



"TO ARIADNE, OF COURSE."

of Mugley, with presents from her Majesty the Queen, Prince Albert Victor acting as best man, and telegrams of congratulation from the crowned heads of Europe pouring in at the rate of two an hour for half as many hours as there are thrones?"

Terwilliger turned pale. The picture painted by the Earl was terribly alluring. He hesitated.

He was lost. "Mugley," he whispered, hoarsely—"Mugley, I have wronged you. I thought you were a fortune-hunter. I see you love her. Take her, my boy, and pass me the brandy."

"Certainly, Mr. Terwilliger," replied the Earl, affably. "And then, if you've no objection, you may pass it back, and I'll join you in a thimbleful myself."

And then the two men drank each other's health in silence, which was prolonged for at least five minutes, during which time the Earl and his host both appeared to be immersed in deep thought.

"Gone," said Terwilliger at last. "Let us go back to the drawing-room, or they'll miss us, and, by-the-way, you might speak of that little matter to Ariadne to-night. It'll help the fall trade to have the engagement announced."

"I will, Mr. Terwilliger," returned the Earl, as they started to leave the room; "but I say, father-in-law elect," he whispered, catching Terwilliger's coat sleeve, and drawing him back into the office for an instant, "you couldn't let me have five pounds on account this evening, could you?"

Two minutes later Terwilliger and the Earl appeared in the drawing-room, the former looking haggard and worn, his eyes feverishly bright, and his manner betraying the presence of disturbing elements in his nerve centres; the latter smiling more affably than was consistent with his title, and jingling a number of gold coins in his pocket, which his intimate friend and old college chum Lord Dufferton, on the other side of the room, marvelled at greatly, for he knew well that upon the Earl's arrival at Bangletop Hall an hour before his pockets were as empty as a flunky's head.

(Continued on page 974.)



"ALTHOUGH THE YALE TEAM PLAY is far better than Princeton's, the latter has been getting into the proper channel, and had they a week or two longer, would show up very nearly as strong. As it is, there will be times when they will have the requisite swing, but it is hardly possible for them to keep up that swing, because it is only so recently acquired. However, I expect to see a much closer game than is generally believed. Princeton tackles better than Harvard, has line interference, is quite as good behind the line as Yale, and can out-kick her. Her line is not so strong as Yale's, but I doubt if Heffelfinger will go through as he did last year." (HARPER'S WEEKLY, November 28th.)

The "requisite swing" was indeed there, and made a very apparent impression on Yale as well as on the thirty-five thousand spectators. It lasted through the first half of the game, but its "so recently acquired" form went to pieces before Yale's sharp onslaught shortly after the beginning of the second half. The popular impression was to the effect that Princeton would be able to make little or no showing whatever against Yale, and as the game progressed it developed two tremendous surprises for the on-lookers. Having gone to Manhattan Field prepared to see Princeton slaughtered, and possibly staked some money on such a result, they received shock number one when the first forty-five minutes passed with no goal to Yale's credit. Shock number two was administered when Yale in double-quick order scored a touch-down thirteen minutes after the beginning of the second half, another seven minutes later, and, greatest of all surprises, a goal from the field a short time afterwards. That "swing" in the first half had betrayed the uninformed into believing it would last through the second.

THESE ON-LOOKERS WONDERED, I suppose, why on earth Princeton could not do as well in the second half as they had done in the first, especially as they were in prime physical condition, and did not weaken, as some of the published reports have stated. Well, at first blush it does seem puzzling to the superficial observer, but it is simply personified after a word or two of explanation and a few moments' serious consideration. On the one side was strength, with just enough skill to give it direction; on the other, were equal strength, highest skill, and that confidence born of experience. Did any one ever witness a struggle between the two that turned out differently from that on Thanksgiving day? In whatever battle we may find ourselves, whether a solitary struggle across the mountains on snow-shoes in a grim contest with starvation, or circling the end of an opposing rush line, with thousands to applaud and a prospective touch-down to incite to greatest effort, the advantages of skill and experience are the same. A team may swing along in a game for a while, carried on by its very strength, but there comes a time when, like a boxer who has left an opening for a more skillful opponent, it receives a blow that staggers, and before it can recover, its experienced rival deals another and another, confusing it the more with each one, until finally it receives its "knock-out," pugilistically speaking, and the other side scores a touch-down.

YALE KNEW TOO MUCH FOOTBALL for Princeton last Thursday. She broke up her wedge, went through the line, and downed her backs in their attempts to get around the ends. In thirty-five attempts, twenty-four through the center and eleven around the ends, Princeton gained only eighty-two yards, against which Yale made one hundred and one attempts, thirty-five around the ends and sixty-six through the center, and earned a total of five hundred and sixteen yards. Princeton's defensive work was much better than her offensive. Her men got through in much cleaner shape than any one believed they would, and twenty-seven times downed Yale's runners without a gain. On the other hand, Yale succeeded in tackling Princeton's runners eleven times without gain. This goes to show, of course, that what ground Princeton did gain was by the magnificent punting of Homans. His kicking was certainly very fine, and cost Yale a good bit of ground every time; later, in the second half, when the rain and muddy ground made the ball very slippery, his work was at a disadvantage; it sent the ball out of bounds several times for small gain, and made a little of the only opportunity for a drop goal. There is little doubt that Princeton would have had five points to her credit had it not rained; but all the "ifs" in the English language can't change the score now, and, moreover, it must be remembered that McCormick when he kicked his field goal handled the same slippery ball.

BUT HOMANS DID NOT HAVE the same impregnable line in front of him as did McCormick, nor the same wonderful system that rarely permitted Princeton to connect in a play. Moreover, it was not expected that Princeton would have; but it was disappointing just the same that a punter of such ability as Homans should not have the best of support, that his team might have the full benefit of his work. As it was, he made the most of every opportunity. There is no telling to what heights the score might have climbed but for his kicking. If Princeton has Heffelfinger in the line against her next year, she has probably will (for the mighty guard has not yet played five years, and it can be depended upon that Yale will not let him go until compelled to do so), it will be wise for her to profit by Harvard's example, and give some one behind the line the particular job of tackling Heffelfinger in case of his breaking through on kicks. At Springfield, Lake devoted himself to the Yale guard, and when ever Heffelfinger got through, with one costly exception, Lake had him pinned to the neck with a display of warmth that would have melted the heart of the Prodigal Son. I commend this play to Princeton's consideration; not the clasp about the neck, however, for a good old-fashioned tackle about the knees is worth a dozen convulsive hugs. The tackle may not appeal so strongly to sympathetic spectators, but it is remarkably effective on the "have-beens" and the substitutes on the side lines.

SPEAKING OF TACKLING Heffelfinger behind the line reminds me of Johnny Poe, who made several courageous and nearly successful efforts to down him; but what impression can one hundred and forty pounds make on two hundred when moving along with the power and energy that characterize Heffelfinger's rushing. I well remember the feeling of deep respect with which Edgar Allen Poe, Johnny's brother and Princeton's ex-captain, inspired me, when I saw him on Eastern Park last year tackle Heffelfinger and bring

him down. Such tackling is not often seen on the field, and such tacklers as Edgar Allen Poe are not often made either. Johnny bids fair, however, when he has had the experience of another season, to equal his brother in this respect. His work on Thursday was highly commendable. He was the only one who could get through Yale's line for a gain, and though it was small, the feat was behind his own runners, he failed to make holes for him. He was also the only one who did not lose a yard throughout the game. His tackling and that of King's were features of the game. I did not count the times these two met Yale's backs as they came through Princeton's line for a run, but it was very often. Twice at least Poe's pretty tackling kept Yale from a long run down an open field, and several times I saw King thread his indomitable way through Yale's interferers and down a runner back of the line. At quarter King played a good steady game, making the best of his opportunities and getting every pound of endeavor out of his men. The two unfortunate fumbles must have been due to the slippery ball.

FLINT SHOWED HIS INEXPERIENCE, as was to be expected, by missing several excellent chances for a tackle, though I did not think that the fault was entirely his own. He gave great promise for his future. Flint is the man, by the way, who should have given his attention to Heffelfinger back of Princeton's line, for he is heavy enough—178 lbs.—to be of service in this respect. In the times he got the ball, he lost about as many yards as he gained. The strongest criticism I have to make of Flint is that he starts much, very much, too slow, and is too easily brought down. I put it down to his inexperience, for, considering it is his first season, he has shown up astonishingly well. With his weight and speed and grit I fully expect to see him one of the greatest ground-gainers on the field next year.

ON THE LINE Princeton did infinitely better than ninety men out of a hundred expected she would. The line was not strong in offensive work simply because it had not the experience, gained nearly as many yards as the thumps of Yale's centre plays, which were sent against it with the single direction and irresistible power of a battering-ram. That they should have held Yale so long as they did is, considering the difference in their style of play, remarkable. It is not to be wondered at that in the first few moments of the second half down near their goal the Princeton line, dazed by the skilled team-work of their opponents, was swept before the concentrated force of the Yale rushers. Foremost on Princeton's rush line was Riggs, on whom devolved the duty of facing Heffelfinger; and he not only faced him, but played him so evenly that but for Yale's play, which gives her left guard the opportunity of doing great work in interfering for the runner, there would be little to choose between the two men. Heffelfinger did not get through very often, and I saw Riggs twice get through and tackle a runner back of Yale's line. Riggs put up the game of his life; he was all over the field, and did a yeoman's work on the line; but with green tackles and fellow-guard, he and Symmes were unequal to keeping Yale from making holes at will through the centre. Symmes more than held his own, and played the best game he has ever shown; he sent the ball back clean to King, he did not permit Sanford to interfere with his play, while, on the contrary, he made the Yale centre's life rather unhappy several times, and once got through and partly stopped a kick. Symmes is a greatly improved man, and another year, if he keeps on, will find him very formidable.

WHEELER, HOLLY, AND HAROLD, at guard and the tackles, put up the best game they knew how, which was a considerable amount of physical energy mixed with some knowledge of football. Morison must have been a bit stiff the day following the game, for Wheeler, who is a powerful fellow, pushed him at will, and Holly did what he pleased with Wallis; but while the two Princeton men were physically too much for their opposites, both Morison and Wallis never relaxed their attention a moment from the game; they never forgot they were playing football, and consequently caught Wheeler and Holly napping again and again, and went through them whenever they pleased. The inexperience of Wheeler and Holly did not permit of their taking advantage of their strength. Wheeler is not so lively a man on his feet nor so quick to seize an opportunity as Holly, but I expect to see him work into a first-class guard next year. Application and another season's experience will make him as good as there is. O Holly I expect great things. With more experience, he will be one of the best tackles on the field; he went through Wallis a number of times and made some pretty tackles. Harold played a steady game, and got through Winter for a few good tackles, but Winter returned the compliment more frequently.

WARREN AND VINCENT on the ends had too much to contend against. With Hinkley and Hartwell and Yale's interference, it seemed impossible for them to get in on the runner. Unassisted as they were by their own rushers, they were unable to stem the current; but both made some very difficult tackles, and aided by more experienced tackles, could have kept Yale from gaining a great many yards she did. Both tackled low and hard. I have devoted considerable space to Princeton, because I consider that with six first-year men and irregular coaching, Captain Warren deserves great credit for what he has accomplished, and his men likewise deserve every encouragement. Messrs. Edwards, Moffatt, Poe, and Harris succeeded in making the most of what coaching they gave their *alma mater*, but next year some arrangement should be made whereby a defined policy be laid down at the start, and some one of them at Princeton all the time during November. On this line Princeton should be able to make a very close fight next year with both Yale and Harvard, for I have little doubt, if I gave you the latter better arranged. There is a great deal to do, however, and much for the excellent green material to learn.

AS FOR YALE—well, "what's the matter with Yale?" as the wife of one of her best-beloved sons asked me after the game. Nothing, I reply, taking off my hat, and including in my salutation the coaches, Messrs. Bull, Camp, Stagg, Rhodes, Corbin, and Knapp. Such another team has never played on the gridiron field. There have been teams that contained more stars, but no eleven has ever given such an exhibition of team play as that which these men have developed, and Captain McClung led through the season without having a point scored against it. McClung has proved himself to be an able captain, and the snappy play of the team is due to his unflagging energy, that tolerated no drones. Yale's great strength has been in her wonderfully strong team play in offensive work, and her sharp

aggressive play in defensive work. Supplement this with the greatest interference ever seen on the field, and you have a team that is about as invincible as they are made. The drilling of the team was simply superb. There was no halting over signals. Once heard, every man knew his business, and lost no time in getting about it. When Yale's "V" went into an opposing line, every pound of the men composing it went with it simultaneously. The work did not rest upon one or two of the spasmodic efforts of half a dozen. It was a mighty heave all together. When holes were made the interferers poured through with irresistible force, and when they guarded the runner, they did not *bump* into opposing tacklers. They knocked them down, or went down themselves in the attempt.

EVERY MAN ON THE TEAM played his game Thanksgiving day. Heffelfinger I acquire greater consideration for the oftener I see him play. He knows more football than any man on the field, I fully believe. On Thursday, when Riggs was proving a match for him in the line, his headwork was a treat; he never forgot the game for a moment, and always had his eye on the ball. Morison also played a heady game, and was so many times gained nearly as many yards as he lost. Winter played a first-class game, and his rushing was very strong. Hartwell has fulfilled my prediction, and will leave a reputation at New Haven, that will live among the memories of Yale's great end players. Nothing got away from him in the Princeton game; he accepted every chance, and scored. Hinkley, the silent man of Yale, on the other end, pushed the veteran for first honors. The amount of football this young man has absorbed into his system this season is quite remarkable, and as he has four years more to play, it is hard to say what he will have done for Yale ere he dons the canvas jacket.

McCLUNG and Bliss both played brilliantly, the former showing the greatest judgment and precision in finding the holes made by his forwards, while the latter, although not running so many yards, was nearly as successful in his success in circling the ends. Barbour did a great deal for his runners by his clever interference; his passing was steady, and his judgment in handling the men good. McCormick made a reputation for himself by his rushing that is not likely to fade. He never failed to gain when sent, and that is more than can be said of either McClung or Bliss, and his drop goal from the field was the more surprising because of his failure to give any previous public exhibition of such ability. Bliss did all the punting in the Harvard game; once Morison tried his hand, or rather foot, but McCormick, never a try; he was being saved for a Thanksgiving-day offering. Yale is crafty sure enough.

THE CHICAGO-CORNELL match presented the strongest argument of the season for umpires that know the game and have the courage of their convictions. If Umpire E. A. Sawyer, Cornell, '91, had been such a man, the disgraceful slugging to which the spectators were treated Thanksgiving day would have been impossible. Cornell played a strong game, but the punting of Chicago was too much for her. The kicking and running of Ames and Crawford were superb, and the tackling of Donnelly and Hafferty hard and sure. For Charles Morison and Osgood kicked, and ran brilliantly, and Galbreath, Tolous, and Griffith made the rush line so strong, Chicago could not get through it.

THE MANAGEMENT OF THE GAME by the Manhattan Athletic Club was all that could be asked. No expense had been spared nor diligence relaxed to handle the tremendous crowd satisfactorily, and the club officials having the matter in charge may congratulate themselves on a result. The ease and lack of confusion with which thirty-five thousand people got into their places were really astonishing. The ushers understood their business, and the distribution of police was most effective. To Mr. S. J. Cornell, the M.A.C. captain, is due the success of the huge undertaking. It was through his enterprise the club secured the game, and by his efforts, seconded by C. C. Hughes, that it passed into history as the greatest and best-managed affair on record. Wesleyan evidently took its cue from the Crescent Athletic Club in holding back its best team for the game with Pennsylvania, as the Brooklyn men had saved themselves to annihilate Orange. Pennsylvania won, but by a score of 18-10, rather than by some 60 or 70 points, as was generally believed she would. It was a good game and a clean one, chiefly interesting from the unexpected strength shown by Wesleyan. For Martin Case, Thurman, and Scholten were notable for U. of P. while Gordon, Newton, and Meredith did great work for the other side. Wesleyan's rush line was irresistible at times, and got through U. of P.'s centre frequently. After many rumors one way and the other, the eleven of the United States Military Academy did actually reach Annapolis last Saturday for its annual match with the Naval Academy team. Whether the "official invitation" was forthcoming, or not, but rather than with Colonel Wilson is too sensible and sportsman-like to hang over so absurd a trifle; at any rate, the West Point eleven went down, and rather astonished the Middles by giving them a 32-16 beating. Last year was the first of a game between the two, and Annapolis won with a score something like 24 to 0, I believe. In the mean time, West Point has been quietly learning the game, and mastering some of the tricks of the college elevens. The Annapolis eleven was lighter and tougher than their rivals, but played a plucky brilliant game. The tricks and superior team-work of West Point, however, were too much for them. The game is to be an annual feature, and created as much enthusiasm as the Yale-Princeton match. It should not be forgotten that these two government schools are conducted on very different principles from those of our colleges. No cadet may have his name on the rolls and pursue a course of football to the exclusion of any single study. He must take the same studies, undergo the same drills, and be treated in every way exactly as are his classmates. As the cadets' daily work begins at 8 A.M. and lasts till 5.30 P.M., there is little time left for football, except on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. Symington, Beuret, Macklin, and Hasbrouck did great work for Annapolis; and Smith, Timberlake, Michil, and Clark, for West Point. Cornell's very strong showing this year undoubtedly was due to her admission into the Association with Yale, Princeton, U. of P., and Wesleyan. This column will contain something on the subject later, when there is more space. The editors of the *Harvard Crimson* have the sincere congratulations of this column on the very able, sportsman-like, and philosophical editorial in their issue of November 23d. Such a spirit is worthy of success.—There was entirely too much holding in the line in the Yale-Princeton game, and too free use of hands and arms in interference. CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS IN A SIBLEY
TEPPE.

BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

"Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die." Not a good excuse, but it has been sufficient on many occasions to be true. The soldier on campaign passes life easily. He holds it in no strong grip, and the Merry Christmas evening is as liable to be spent in the saddle in fierce contact with the blizzard as in his cozy tepee with his comrades and his scant cheer. The jug containing the spirits of the occasion may have been gotten from a town fifty miles away on the railroad. It is certainly not the distillation of the summer sunlight, and is probably "tough" enough stuff to mingle naturally with its surroundings, but if one "drinks no more than a sponge" he may not have the jaded, retrospective feeling and the moral mending on the day to come. To sit on a camp chest, and to try and forget that the soldier's quart cup is not filled with best in the market, and then to enter into the full appreciation of the picturesque occasion, is to forget that long marches, "bull meat," and sleepless, freezing nights are in the background. Pleasant hours sit so nicely in their complimentary surrounding of hard ones, since everything in the world is relative. As to the eating in a cavalry camp on campaign, it is not overdone, for beans and coffee and bacon and coffee and coffee and beans come round with sufficient regularity to forestall all gormandizing. The drinking is not the prominent feature either, but helps to soften the asperities of a Dakota blizzard which is raging on the other side of the "ducking." The Sibley tent weaves and moans and tugs frantically at its pegs. The Sibley stove sighs like a furnace while the cruel wind seeks out the holes and crevices. The soldiers sit in their camp drawing-room buttoned up to the chin in their big canvas overcoats, and the muskrat caps are not removed. The freemasonry of the army makes strong friendships, and soldiers are all good fellows, that being a part of their business. There are just enough exceptions to prove the rule. The cold, bloodless, compound-interest snarler is not in the army, and if he were, he would be as cheerful on a damp evening as he would in a fight. One man is from Arizona, another from Washington, and the rest from the other corners of Uncle Sam's tract of land. They have met before, and memory after memory comes up with its laughter and pathos of the old campaigns. One by one the "shoulder straps" crawl in through the hole in the tepee. And, mind you, they do not walk in like a stage hero, with dash and abandon and head in the air; they prostrate themselves like a Turk at prayer, and come crawling. If they raise the flap ever so much, and bring company of the Dakota winds, they are met with a howl of protests. After gaining erectness, they brush the snow from their clothes, borrow a tin cup, and say, "How! how!"

The chief of scouts buttons up to his eyes, and must go look after his "Inguns"; the officer of the day comes in to make his papers, and if he keeps the flying jokes out of his statistics, he does well enough. The second lieutenant, fresh from West Point, doesn't hesitate to address the grizzled colonel of twenty campaigns, nay, he may even deign to advise him on the art of war; but that is unsatisfactory—the advising of colonels—because the colonel's advice to the sub has always to be acted upon, whereas the sub's advice to the colonel is mostly nullified by the great powers of discretion which are vested in the superior rank. The life-story of a sub should be to appear like the cuckoo-bird in a German clock—at the proper moment; and when he appears at wrong intervals, he is repaired. Colonels are terrible creatures, with vast powers for promoting happiness or inflicting misery. If he will lend the moderating influence of his presence, it is well; but if he sends his man around to "present his compliments, and say that the d— row will immediately cease," his wishes if not his personality are generally respected.

It is never a late evening, such a one as this, it's just a few stolen moments from the "demnition grind." The last arrival may be a youngster just in from patrol, who explains that he just "cut the trail of forty or fifty Sioux five miles

below, on the crossing of the White River"; and you may hear the bugle, and the bugle may blow quick and often, and if the bugle does mingle its notes with the howling of the blizzard, you will discover that the occasion is not one of merriment. But let us hope that it will not blow.

The toasts go around, and you use your tobacco in a miserly way, because you can't get any more, since only to-day you have offered a dollar for a small plug to a trooper, and he had refused to negotiate, although he had pared off a small piece as a gift, and intimated that generosity could go no further. Then you go to your tepee, half a mile down the creek at the scout camp, and you stumble through the snow-laden willows and face the cutting blast, while the clash and "Halt!" of the sentinel stop you here and there. You pull off your boots and crawl into your blankets quickly before the infernal Sibley stove gives its sigh as the last departing spark goes up the chimney and leaves the winds and drifting snows to bellow and scream over the wild wastes.

A GREAT MASTER AT THE PIANO.

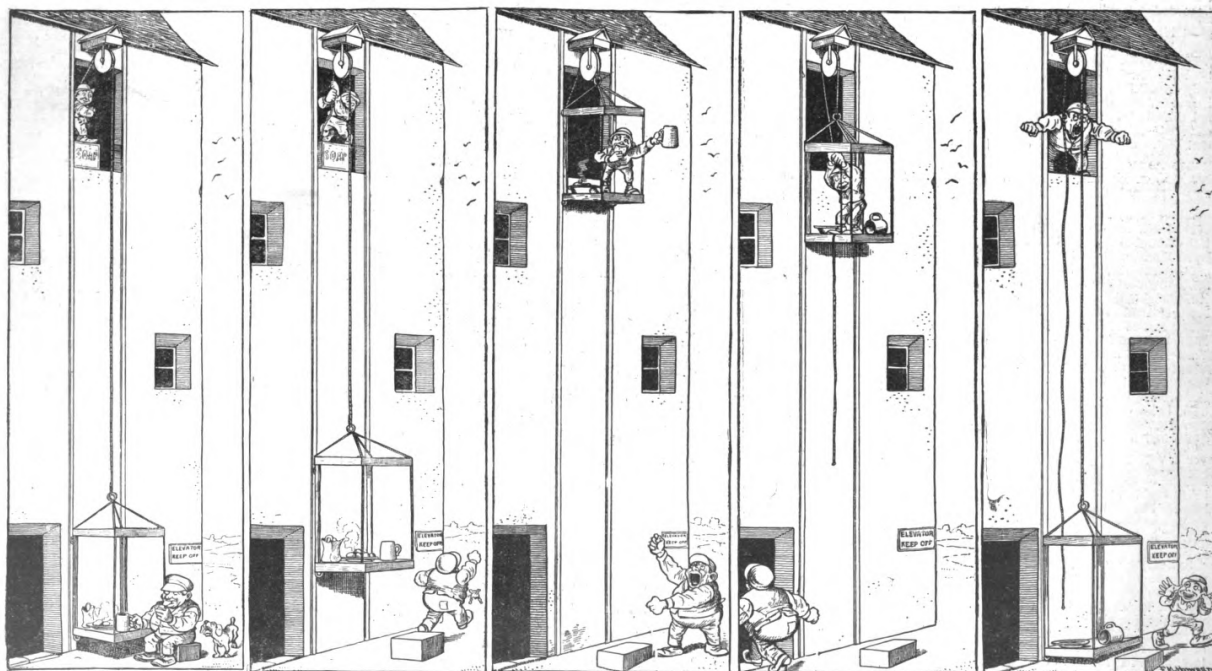
In looking back over the growth and development of piano-forte playing in the past hundred years, we find that the rupture between the school of Mozart (called by Fétis "les pianistes harmonistes") and that of Clementi ("les pianistes brillants") took place about 1780. Beethoven, whose first piano compositions were published between 1790 and 1800, appears as a connecting or mediating link between these schools; with Carl Maria von Weber romantic expression comes in the foreground; whilst Franz Schubert inclined more towards the lyrical phase. After this time (1830-40) the technical school appears entirely in the ascendant; Mendelssohn and Schumann then succeeded in diverting attention towards their poetical and classical tendency; whilst the genial Pole Frederic Chopin refines and polishes the technical material, and reintroduces the charming effect of a sweet, supple, and singing style of playing. With Liszt and Thalberg, Rubinstein and Tausig, the brilliancy of technical execution reached its culminating point. A great deal of this wonderful dynamic playing is made possible only by the marvellous improvement in the mechanism of the piano-forte; there would, too, be more finished artists on this instrument were they fully acquainted with the construction of the instrument upon which they play; whereas every player on the flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, horn, violin, or violoncello is intimately acquainted with the interior of his instrument. "Three things are necessary," said Mozart, and he pointed significantly to his head, his heart, and to the tips of his fingers, as symbolical of understanding, sympathy, and technical skill. In the elaboration of the last department there is frequently a tendency to acquire a meretricious and extravagant manner at the instrument, instead of repose, dignity, grace, and a lack of self-consciousness. In all these best and most necessary qualities M. Ignace-Jan Paderewski excels. This splendid artist was born November 6, 1860, at Podolia, in Russian Poland, descended from an eminent family of the Polish nobility. His father was a prominent member of the Polish court, but during the last Polish upheaval lost estates, position, and rank. He was, however, an amateur musician of remarkable cultivation, and it is from him that his son inherits his genius. His musical talents developed themselves at a very early age, but he was in the main self-taught until, at the age of twenty-one, he went to Berlin, and studied composition under the late Frederic Hiel, one of the most distinguished masters of counterpoint and fugue, belonging, indeed, to that race of modern musicians founded by Moritz Hauptmann.

M. Paderewski did not at first intend to devote himself to the arduous duties of a piano virtuoso, but inclined rather towards composition pure and simple. It was not until he was twenty-four that he finally decided to devote himself to the piano, as a performer on which he has since won such remarkable distinction. His principal instructor has been M. Leschetizky, the husband of that eminent pianiste Ma-

dame Essipoff. For the past three years M. Paderewski has adopted the career of what Schumann called the "reissender virtuoso." He made his first appearance in London May 9, 1890, at St. James Hall, and his success on the Continent was at once duplicated by his English audiences, with whom he has become a genuine favorite. He has played before her Majesty the Queen and all the royal family, receiving from each member of it and the Queen valuable presents as tokens of the delight they took in his playing. His début in the United States was made on the evening of the 17th of November at Music Hall, with the assistance of the Symphony Society's orchestra under the direction of Mr. Walter Damrosch. Upon this occasion he offered as the *pièces de résistance* the Saint-Saens concerto No. 4, in C minor, and his own concerto No. 1, Opus 17, besides six selections of Chopin's. Just why he should choose the Saint-Saens concerto for his initial performance is not clear to see. Joseffy, Aus der Ohe, and others have tried it before American audiences without proving it to be a notable musical scheme, and it cannot be said to have proved any more interesting at M. Paderewski's hands than it succeeded in being upon previous occasions when it had been heard. His own concerto, introduced, of course, as an example of his compositions, showed us that the Polish pianist was a composer of marked originality and force, with a tendency towards Wagnerian effects, but not to such an extent as to resemble direct plagiarism. The work for the solo instrument was not so convincing nor so well devised as the orchestration; it was entirely too much subordinated. His first night's audience gained a clearer insight to his virtuosity by his rendition of the solo numbers, and notably in one of his encores—Liszt's transcription of Schumann's "Erlkönig"—at which marvellous performance the audience fairly rose *en masse* and cheered him. The manner in which the beautiful poetic conversation between father and child was delineated was something no listener who was privileged to be present can easily forget. At his second concert M. Paderewski appeared for the first time as an expounder of Beethoven, bringing forward his "Emperor" concerto (E flat, No. 5). It is generally considered that Beethoven's compositions are the final test of the pianist's powers. This is, however, somewhat straining after niceties; temperament in the artist has much to do with his mastery of the composers; decidedly M. Paderewski leans towards those rich in the employment of folk-music, and to the purely emotional and dramatic side of piano composition.

He possesses absolute mastery over himself and his instrument; his octave-playing is simply marvellous; in fact, such left-hand octave-playing I do not remember. He is no less perfect in all the coloring of his work, the *staccato* being really great, while his power to work up climaxes is titanic, his sense of the dramatic and sensational being developed to an astonishing extent. And his endurance is almost beyond credence—a pianist who gives two concertos an evening, besides solo pieces and encores without stint, is a giant. His repertoire, too, is simply colossal; and what would be several concerts for some of our pianists seem like child's play to him in one concert or recital. In appearance M. Paderewski is above the average height, slender, but of great muscularity. His face is exceedingly expressive, and is surmounted by a mass of reddish hair, curling in ringlets loosely about his head; this individuality earned for him in England the sobriquet of the "Blond Lion." His hands are by no means large, but the muscular development, particularly of the wrist and fingers, is worthy of an athlete. At the piano his fingers seem like so many hooks of steel, but they are tempered on occasion with the softness of velvet and satin, that leaves no expression within the limit of the key-board unrevended.

His bearing at his instrument is modest and unassuming, entirely free of all affectation or eccentricity of manner; he is deferential to his audience, yet dominates it by his earnestness and intensity. In social intercourse he has an air of *bon camarade* and *bonhomie* that is altogether charming; he is, in fact, a polished man of the world. Like all of his nationality, he is a fine linguist, speaking fluently, besides his



A STOLEN REPAST.

native tongue, Prussian, German, French, Italian, and uses English fairly well.

From the specular relationship which the piano holds in every family circle, it really takes a genius at the instrument to arouse to fever-pitch the enthusiasm of the music-loving public, and inasmuch as M. Paderewski was most dangerously over-advertised before his appearance, it is most gratifying that his success with his American audiences has been fully on a par with his European reputation. Mr. Trebhar promised us a great deal, but his promises have been more than realized. M. Paderewski is undoubtedly a great master at the piano.

HARRY P. MAWSON.

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On December 28th a personally-conducted tour will also be run to Old Point Comfort, covering a period of four days and all expenses, and tickets sold from Philadelphia at rate of \$15; New York, \$18.

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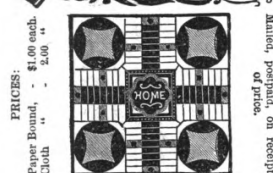
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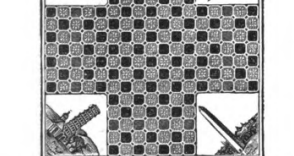
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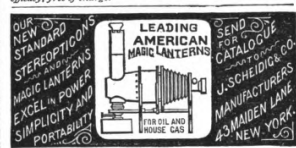
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Essex County Host: They are shod with "horseable" (Ausable) Nails.
Visiting Englishman: Why are they better than others?
Essex County Host: Because they are Hot Forged and Cold Hammer Pointed, are correctly set, and cannot split or buckle in driving, and will hold shoes on until they are worn out.
Visiting Englishman: Where can these nails be had?
The Company's store is at
No. 4 WARREN ST., NEW YORK.
Never Split, Buckle, or Break in Driving.

Buffalo Lithia Water, and Rheumatic Affections.
For Bright's Disease, Cauty

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"In BRIGHT'S DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS, ACUTE OR CHRONIC, BUFFALO LITHIA WATER, Spring No. 2, is, in my experience, *without a rival*, whether in the PARENCHYMATOUS form or INTERSTITIAL NEPHRITIS. In cases in which the ALBUMEN reached as high as 50 per cent., I have known it under a course of this water gradually diminish and finally disappear, at the same time other alarming symptoms were relieved and the sufferers restored to health. The best results which I have witnessed from any remedy in GOUTY and RHEUMATIC AFFECTIONS have been from this water. In all diseases having their origin in a URIC ACID DIATHESIS, it is a remedy of unsurpassed excellence."

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ESTES & LAURIAT, Boston.

MAGIC LANTERNS
and VIEWS for EXHIBITIONS.
Our 3-Wick LAMP. Great light. No smoke. A Lane Light that is quiet. Best light more brilliant than any others. Send for catalogue.



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FLOORS

All kinds of hard-wood floors, plain and ornamental. Also prepared wax and polishing brushes. Send for circular, also circular on care of floors.

WOOD MOSAIC CO.,
15 Hubbard St., Rochester, N. Y.; 315 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City.

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FAMOUS QUININE-HAIR TONIC.

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Diamonds and Watches
A SPECIALTY.

IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS.
Watches, Diamonds, Chains, Rich Jewelry, and Silverware.

"THE BENEDICT"

Only perfect cuff, sleeve, and Collar Button made. All in one piece. Goes in like a wedge, and flies around the button-hole. Strong, durable, and can be adjusted with perfect ease. No wear or tear. This patent back can be put on any sleeve button.



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KEEPERS OF THE CITY TIME.


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The WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE contains 16 pages of illustrations, reading matter and everything pertaining to that most delightful sport—cycling.



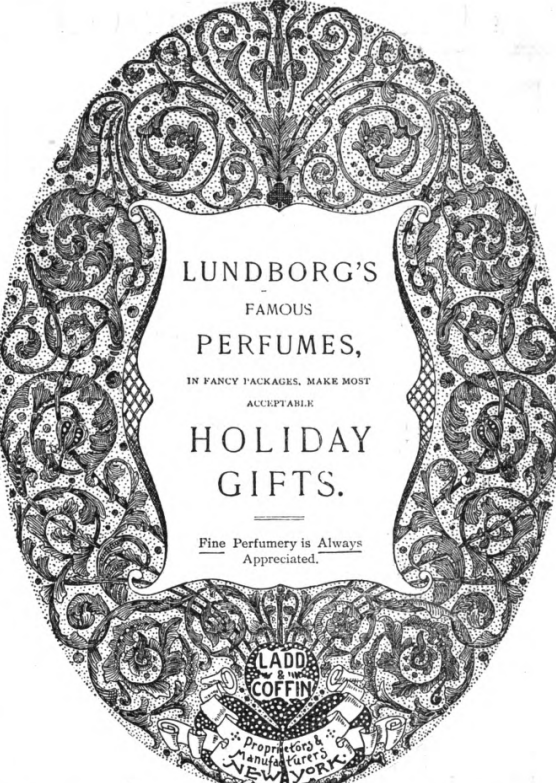
LADIES are interested in the **LADIES DEPARTMENT**, as conducted by Miss Ellen LeGarde, who is well versed in cycling and gymnastic. **GENTLEMEN** find much in its matters. **GENTLEMEN** columns to appeal to a refined taste and whether active cyclists or not, are interested in it.

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PERFUMES,
IN FANCY PACKAGES, MAKE MOST
ACCEPTABLE
HOLIDAY GIFTS.
Fine Perfumery is Always
Appreciated.



LADD
NEW YORK

I HAVE MADE A BOOK.

STANDING on the floor in one corner of my study is a large-size cabinet letter-file, and, alphabetically arranged in its convenient drawers, are a little more than six thousand letters which I have received from business and professional men in various lines of trade. Most of them were written by Americans; but among the collection are some in foreign languages, and they range in residence from the Southern African colonies to Switzerland, and all around the globe as far as the Hawaiian Islands. Quite a number are from Canada and England, and a few from Germany and France.

They are, as a whole, quite an interesting study, especially to myself, since they all express a common want which it is my purpose to satisfy; yet not the least cause of my personal interest in these letters lies in the fact that nearly all of them were accompanied by either a One Dollar "Greenback" or its equivalent.

Among these letters are some which did not convey any money; and still I value them more highly than the others, for the reason that they were written by business men who express themselves as having received the full value of their little investment. One writer, indeed, in his enthusiasm, stated that it was "worth ten times its cost"—but then he was perhaps a trifle over frank, and nobody expects nowadays to receive much more than they give; they have a right to expect fully that.

How I came to receive these letters—which are daily increasing—may interest you; if it does not, I have certainly mistaken my calling, which is principally to interest people in what I write. It came about this way. For a long time previous I have been making a novel book—so novel that neither you nor I ever saw or heard of one at all like it. I made it for those who advertise and desire actual paying results for their expenditure. Why did I write it? Why, personal experience and observation as an advertising expert had led me to the conclusion that fully two thirds of the money expended for advertising was literally wasted, simply because the wording, or style, or design of the advertisement failed to secure buying attention. Many, perhaps most, advertisements attract plenty of attention, but still are not paying advertisements, because they miss of securing the attention in a purchasing sense—they fail to sell goods enough.

Now, it looks easy to write an advertisement, the same as it looks easy to do a good many other things in life—to the observer; but when put to the practical test of returns for expenditure, it soon becomes clearly evident that it requires something more than mere space, however prominent, in the newspaper or magazine to sell goods—it requires something written in that expensive space which will cause the careless reader to prefer your goods, your store, or your offers to that of your advertising competitors—and business competition was never so keen and apparently awake as it is to-day.

This book which I have made is not, in my estimation, a perfect book; but it has been of real and valuable assistance to many business men; and even some experts at advertising—people who make a special study of these matters—have written kindly of its merits. Many other books have been written on this same subject, but they have all been based on theories. Mine puts theory to the touch, and practically illustrates how to advertise, not only attractively, but profitably.

Briefly, then, it contains a large number of original and effective ready-written advertisements, which are so constructed that they can be adapted to any line of goods, and are proved to be paying modes of advertising. It also contains, in condensed form, all the best ideas of scores of acknowledged thinkers on the subject of advertising in all its various features; and, besides all this, it illustrates some fifty elegant designs with suggested wordings. More than this, it shows and explains the proper names of the different styles of type, and by practical example illustrates how to use them to best advantage. It further contains the views of such experienced advertisers as Hon. John Wanamaker, Thomas Beachem, the late Hon. P. T. Barnum, and scores of others who have made of advertising an assured success.

The title of this book is, "The Book of Ideas for Advertisers," and, as its name implies, it contains no advertising rates or tables of circulation of newspapers, but is a book wholly devoted to the illustration and explanation of original ideas for the use of the business man who wishes to make his advertising yield a profit, instead of being an expense.

It is particularly handy when you wish to quickly compose a telling advertisement and require a little hint or stimulus to your own ideas. One good idea would be certainly worth its cost—it contains hundreds of good ideas. It has positively helped hundreds of business men—it may help you, if you had it. I will promptly send a copy, prepaid, upon receipt of the price, which is only One Dollar. Address:

D. T. MALLETT,

Designer of Advertising Ideas,

Post-Office Drawer No. 108.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

ESTERBROOK'S PENS
Original from
PENN STATE
THE BEST MADE.



LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF BEEF.



A Famous French Chef

once wrote: "The very soul of cooking is the stock-pot, and the finest stock-pot is

Liebig Company's Extract of Beef."

FOR IMPROVED AND ECONOMIC COOKERY.

FOR DELICIOUS, REFRESHING BEEF TEA.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.



W. BAKER & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa

from which the excess of oil has been removed,
Is Absolutely Pure and it is Soluble.

No Chemicals

are used in its preparation. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, EASILY DIGESTED, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., DORCHESTER, MASS.

Swift Double Action AUTOMATIC REVOLVER

Price \$10.

MATERIAL, WORKMANSHIP, BEAUTY, UNQUALIFIED SAFETY. Catch, impossible to throw barrel open when discharged—new patent. Six calibre, using S. & W. C.F. Cartridges. A genuine Swift Double-Action Revolver is as perfect a Pistol as can be made; the only safe one. Make no mistake, buy the Swift.

Illustrated Catalogue of Guns, Rifles, Revolvers, Bicycles, etc., sent free on receipt of price.

JOVELL CELEBRATED DIAMOND SAFETY BICYCLE, High Grade, \$85.00

JOHN P. LOVELL ARMS CO., Boston, Mass.

THIS INK IS MANUFACTURED BY
J. H. BONNELL & CO. (LIMITED), N. Y.

DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES CURED by Deaf's Invaluable Tonic Ear Cathartic. Write for book of proof FREE.

Armour's Extract of BEEF.

Used by **ALL GOOD COOKS** The Year Round.

Send to **ARMOUR & CO., Chicago**, for Cook Book showing use of **ARMOUR'S EXTRACT** in Soups and Sauces. Mailed free.



FASHIONABLE Fur Neck Boas.

Mink, with head and tail, \$8, \$7, \$10, and \$15 for the very best. Hudson Bay Sable Boas, \$15, \$25, \$30, and \$35 for the best. Persian Lamb, \$5, \$7, and \$9. Gray Krimmer, \$5. Also Boas of other Furs, \$2.50, \$3, \$4, \$5, and \$6. Muffs to match, at correspondingly low prices. Large stock of Sealskin Garments, and all Fashionable Furs of every description. Fashion Book mailed free.

C. C. SHAYNE, Manufacturer,
124 W. 42d St.,
Near 6th Avenue I. Station.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS EXPOSITION, 1889.
THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS.

2 Million Bottles filled in 1873.
18 Million " " " 1890.

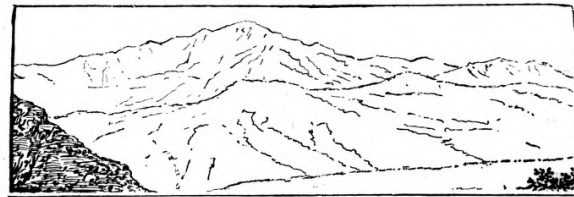
Apollinaris

"THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS."

"Delightful and refreshing."
BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

Royal Baking Powder Leads All



"Made the ascent of Gray' Peak, Colorado, with the shoes I bought of you, and they show but little wear, though the way was over rough, stony ground. They are certainly the easiest walking shoe, new or old ever had," says one customer.

"THERE IS THE CONCIUSNESS OF STEPPING SQUARELY ON THE FEET AND AS THOUGH THE FOOT WAS ENCASED IN NOTHING," says another.

"In my life of 72 years," writes a third, "I have never had a pair give me so much comfort. They require no breaking in."

If you want a shoe that is unequalled in materials or appearance, look for, ask for, and insist on having the

BURT & PACKARD "KORRECT SHAPE."

It is a shoe that is beyond comparison with the cheaper grades offered; indeed, the lowest grade we sell is a higher quality than the best usually advertised. Our Cordovan is the best "Snow Excluder," though, for real wear, our English Grain has no superior. Our Cork Sole Shoe will keep your feet warm, dry and comfortable. If once you try them you will wear no other. We make every style of shoes from a heavy "Hunting Boot" to a "Patent Leather Serge Congress" for evening wear, and prepay delivery charges where our goods are not sold. Our "Gymnasium Shoe" for Ladies and Gents, Rubber, Leather, Buck, Felt or Elk Sole, is unequalled. Illustrated Catalogue free.

PACKARD & FIELD, (Successors to Burt & Packard,) BROCKTON, MASS.

KAMARET

The NEW Photographic WONDER.

Nearly **ONE THIRD SMALLER** than any other Camera of equal capacity. 100 and 250 Pictures without re-loading. Size 2 1/2 x 3 1/4 x 8 1/4 inches. **WE DEVELOP AND PRINT THE PICTURES WHEN DESIRED.** **IF** Kamaret loaded free. **Price \$40.**

THE BLAIR CAMERA CO., Boston, Mass., (Branches: 208 State St., Chicago, 918 Arch St., Phila.) also makers of the **HAWK-EYE** and other Photographic Apparatus. **E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,** Trade Agents, New York.

AN ATTRACTIVE

XMAS PRESENT.



The World's Lawn



Parlor Game

Enables one to practice marksmanship without injury or danger to themselves or others. The rifle and the pistol are well and handsomely made, and form an attractive holiday gift, teaching marksmanship as well as deadly weapons. Patents: Rifle, nickel, \$1.75, bronze, \$1.25, post paid. Pistol, post paid, nickel, \$1.75, bronze, \$1.25. **ELASTIC TIP CO. Patentees, BOSTON & CHICAGO.**

Also Patentees of RUBBER ELASTIC FURNITURE TIPS.

The North German Lloyd S. S. Co.

will dispatch their first-class passenger steamers **FULDA** and **WERRA** from New York to the **MEDITERRANEAN,**

on Dec. 10, Jan. 2, Jan. 23, Feb. 6, Feb. 27, March 12, April 2.

Travelers intending to visit the **SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, ALGIERS, and EGYPT,** will find this an excellent route, avoiding the North Atlantic.

OELRICHS & CO., 2 Bowling Green, NEW YORK.

EPPS'S COCOA

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."

Prepared by JAMES EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.



Highest Grade Imported. **RED HAND** Allsopp's Ale. Bottled by the Brewer in England. Sold Everywhere. **E. L. ZELL, Agent.**

New York Branch, 90 Pearl St. **Dr. THOMPSON'S EYE WATER**

EARL & WILSON'S LINEN COLLARS & CUFFS

BEST IN THE WORLD.

SHORTHAND Writing thoroughly taught by mail or personally. Students prepared all pupils whom competent and for circular. **W. C. CHAFFEE, Oswego, N. Y.** Bookkeeping and Penmanship thoroughly taught by mail.

Vile cod-liver oil has lost its vileness in Scott's Emulsion, and gained a good deal in efficiency.

It is broken up into tiny drops which are covered with glycerine, just as quinine in pills is coated with sugar or gelatine. You do not get the taste at all.

The hypophosphites of lime and soda add their tonic effect to that of the half-digested cod-liver oil.

Let us send you a book on CAREFUL LIVING—free.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 132 South 5th Avenue, New York. Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—all druggists everywhere do.

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PENN STATE

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1891.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.

133 Preparatory
Read Room 310-02



THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF MR. RUSSELL SAGE.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 991.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY for December 19th will contain a magnificent Four-page Supplement giving

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW

OF THE

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

This is the first accurate and complete engraving showing the Chicago World's Fair Grounds and Buildings as they will appear in 1893.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

Published December 11.

The Christmas Number,

With a Special Cover and an Eight-page Supplement.

It is of surpassing interest and beauty. MARY E. WILKINS and HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH furnish stories adapted to the season. LUCY C. LILLIE writes about Christmas Music. "Mrs. WOUTER VAN TWILLER" holds a Saturday afternoon reception. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD, M. E. W. SHERWOOD, and ELIZABETH BULLARD contribute poems. The literary contents are full of Christmas flavor.

Among the artists represented are WILLIAM L. METCALF, IRVING R. WILES, FRANK O. SMALL, ALICE BARBER STEPHENS, and ROSINA EMMET SHERWOOD. The artistic charm of the paper leaves nothing to be desired.

A more acceptable Christmas gift than HARPER'S BAZAR cannot be selected for wife or daughter.

Subscription Price, \$4 a Year.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

PUBLISHED

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 12, 1891.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—\$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

CONGRESS.

THE assembling of Congress is always interesting, but it is peculiarly so this year. Just before the adjournment a year ago a Republican Congress passed the McKINLEY bill, which became instantly the great issue in the Congressional elections that immediately followed, and which resulted in a total change in the party character of the House of Representatives. The enormous Democratic majority, which was the chief result of the election, was held to indicate an overwhelming popular disapproval of the McKINLEY tariff. By the Republican party, however, this interpretation was denied, and the result was ascribed by it to misrepresentation and popular misconception, which would be largely corrected by the time that the new Congress should assemble. The elections of this year, however, hardly confirmed the Republican view. The great Democratic gain of last year indeed was not fully maintained, but there was no general reaction; and even in Ohio, where Mr. McKINLEY himself carried the State, the result was attributed by Senator SHERMAN mainly to the Democratic declaration in the State for free silver.

In this situation Congress meets, and the immense Democratic majority is a source of profound uneasiness to many intelligent Democrats, and of "great expectations" to many ardent Republicans. But the really remarkable point is the strenuous effort to force a certain policy upon the party in the vehement assertion that the House must recognize that tariff reform is the chief issue. Mr. MILLS has strongly recommended it. Senator CARLISLE appeals earnestly to his party not to be diverted from it. Governor RUSSELL insists that it is of paramount importance to keep the tariff question at the front, and the wiser part of the Democratic press almost passionately entreat that the tariff be accepted by the party as the paramount issue. All this implies both doubt as to the agreement of the party upon an issue, and a belief that issues are made up for a party, instead of making themselves. In the preliminary discussions of the Speakership there have been constant allusions to protection Democrats—a phrase which should seem to be as extraordinary now as proslavery Republicans would have been thirty years ago.

These things show the obscurity of the present po-

litical situation. It is because of this very want of agreement within party lines. Senator CARLISLE is, we believe, a free-silver advocate; Mr. MILLS certainly is. But Mr. CARLISLE showed in his letter favoring the election of Mr. MILLS as Speaker his great anxiety lest his party should agitate the silver question. Mr. SHERMAN thinks that that question was really the chief issue in Ohio, and that it may be equally prominent in the national contest of next year. But while this is but an opinion and probably the wish of a party leader, it is evident that the question is very important in the Western States, while even in New York the management of the Democratic party is in the hands of those who have very doubtful opinions upon the subject. It is the vital struggle for ascendancy in the Democratic party between its old spirit and its new tendency which makes this session of Congress singularly interesting. The real advantage to the party of the new spirit was shown by Governor RUSSELL's reelection in Massachusetts. A Bourbon Democrat could not have been elected. The official figures now published show that the State is Republican, and that the success of Governor RUSSELL was due to personal confidence in the man; to the fact that his official action is largely controlled by a council; to disgust with the Republican management which put aside Mr. CRAPO as the candidate; and to the disappearance of the old distrust of the name Democrat. The vote shows a release from old prejudices; but Governor RUSSELL thinks that Massachusetts cannot yet be counted as a Democratic State, and it seems to us that it cannot be classed among the doubtful States next year. It might be almost said that the result of next year's general election will be determined by the action of the Democratic majority in the House at the present session.

PROSPECTS FOR 1892.

BENEATH all the political action and incident of the moment there is the constant thought of its bearing upon the Presidential election. The meeting of the Republican Committee in Washington resulted in the selection of Minneapolis as the seat of the National Convention, in the revelation of an enthusiastic preference of Mr. BLAINE as the candidate, and in the appointment of Mr. CLARKSON as the successor of Mr. QUAY to conduct the campaign. If the delegates may be assumed to represent accurately the drift of party feeling, these facts are interesting. The nomination of Mr. BLAINE and a campaign conducted by Mr. CLARKSON would hardly incline the independent vote of the country toward the Republican party. Many reform Democrats are incorrectly classed as independents. The independent vote is largely a civil service reform vote, and Mr. CLARKSON is among the frankest and most contemptuous enemies of that reform. His election to succeed Mr. QUAY in so important a trust shows certainly no disapproval of his conduct as a sheer spoilsman, and it shows further the hollowness of the fervent reform declaration of the last Republican Convention. While, however, the party, as such, is not a reform party, the action of a Republican, Secretary TRACY, against the strong protest of the "workers," has practically advanced reform further than any cabinet officer in any administration.

There seems to be little doubt that if Mr. BLAINE's health should not forbid and he should be willing to accept the nomination, it would be offered to him by the Republican Convention. It may be assumed that the platform would take high tariff ground and a strong anti-free-silver-coinage position, and that it would moderate the ardor of its civil service reform protestations. But the Democratic prospect is not so clear. Among Republicans the BLAINE sentiment is practically unanimous. Among Democrats there is a strong CLEVELAND sentiment, but it is far from unanimous. Wherever in the autumn election the Republicans carried a State, it was a victory for Mr. BLAINE. But although the electoral vote of New York is indispensable for the Democrats, and although they carried the State by a large majority, and although Mr. CLEVELAND and his Democratic friends took an active part in the campaign, the result confirmed the power of the Democratic faction which is most hostile to Mr. CLEVELAND, and which controls the party organization.

Moreover, the contest for the Speakership has been waged with acrimony as a test of Mr. CLEVELAND's hold upon his party. His especial opponent and rival, Governor HILL, goes to the Senate and to the Washington Democratic councils. There will be no abatement of the ardor of factional strife, and when the decisive moment of the nomination arrives, it may appear to the party leaders that Mr. CLEVELAND's nomination might lose the vote of the State of New York, as it was lost in 1888. The election of Mr. MILLS would be interpreted as a victory for Mr. CLEVELAND. But it was a mistake to identify Mr. CLEVELAND's popularity in the country with that of Mr. MILLS in the House, and a victory over party friends is not an advantage for a Presidential candidate. Nothing is clearer than that for its own interest the Democratic party ought to appeal

to the country next year for tariff reform with Mr. CLEVELAND as its candidate, as, if Mr. BLAINE will consent, the Republican party will enthusiastically make him its candidate upon a platform of high duties and reciprocity. But notwithstanding the preference for Mr. CLEVELAND by the progressive and intelligent sentiment of his party, and his acceptability to independent voters because of his views of tariff reform, civil service reform, and the currency, and notwithstanding the fact that he is what may be called the logical candidate of his party, it is not clear that his nomination may not be defeated by the situation in New York, unless the demand for it from the rest of the country should be resistless.

THE GOOD FIGHT.

SECRETARY TRACY's expulsion of the evil spirit of spoils from the navy-yards is too thorough a purgation not to extort cries of protest from the departing devil. The executive committee of the Republican General Committee of Brooklyn at a recent very full meeting considered a series of resolutions strongly condemning the Secretary for his sensible and effective method of appointment upon actual qualification properly ascertained rather than by the designation of a party committee or the dictation of a handful of local party bosses.

The resolutions held Secretary TRACY responsible for the recent Republican disaster in Kings County, which is a droll admission that party success depends on patronage, not on principle, and the gentleman who introduced the resolutions emphasized this view by declaring that the party in Kings County might as well disband if the Secretary's policy should be continued. This view was vigorously repelled by others, who insisted that the party might as well commit suicide as assent to such resolutions, which would make the committee ridiculous by repudiating a party policy. This was a still more important admission than the other, for it was the declaration in a party committee that practical and honest civil service reform must be maintained. But the conclusion of the debate showed a lurking doubt whether the resolutions did not express the committee's real sentiments, for a compromise was adopted in the withdrawal of the resolutions, and the appointment of a committee, of which the mover of the resolutions was made chairman, to proceed to Washington for "a plain talk" with the Secretary and with the Postmaster-General, who has just extended his rules for promotion to post-offices of fifty or more employees.

The reform introduced by Secretary TRACY is the greatest substantial achievement of this administration, and will keep his name in honorable remembrance. Nevertheless the pressure upon him of the protesting faction of his party will be very strong. They will urge him to recede from his position and to relax the rules, and there will be an implied threat of active hostility to him within the party if he does not yield. But the confidence of intelligent men will prove to have been singularly misplaced if the Secretary does not courteously show to the spoilsmen that his action was not due to a whim, but to a conviction of what is best for the service, and therefore for the party.

THE LATEST TRAGEDY.

THE melancholy circumstances of the FIELD failure have naturally attracted universal attention. It is one of the most painful tragedies of the kind which have occurred, and while its lesson is obvious enough, it is not to be expected that it will stay the course of those who are pursuing the same career, but who have not yet reached the catastrophe. The spectacle is profoundly pathetic of an old man, at the end of a life of incessant and daring business activity, simultaneously bereft of his wife by death, and doubly stricken by the loss of his fortune and by the dishonor of his name through the apparent crime of a son whose mind reels, and who attempts suicide.

The failure of the FIELD firm, the antecedent HOEY exposure, and the concurrent trouble of the Standard Gas-light Company are all incidents of the frenzy for swift money-making. The laws of disorder have a certain uniformity, and events which shake for a moment the confidence on which the whole modern system of credit rests are of almost regular recurrence. In the midst of the general alarm and doubt as to the scope and consequence of such events, there is an instinctive question which reveals the consciousness of the situation—"Who next?"

It is an interesting inquiry whether any man who is betraying trusts, but is not yet discovered, and who has plenty of time to right the wrong before detection, is ever moved by the exposure of a fellow-sinner to repair the wrongs he is doing. There may be such cases, but they are very infrequent. Yet the disclosures need not disturb faith in the general honesty. All great business depends at last upon individual integrity, and all the robberies and every form of fraud do not undermine men's faith in each other, which is the essence of credit. None the less the individual catastrophes, like this latest one, are unspeakably sad.

TAMMANY TRIUMPHANT.

The ascendancy of Governor HILL and Tammany Hall in the control of the Democratic party in New York is shown again by the election of Mr. WILLIAM F. SHEEHAN as the New York member of the National Democratic Committee, and by the resolution of approval of the course of Governor HILL in retaining his present office after the assembling of the national Senate, of which he is a member. Mr. SHEEHAN is the late Speaker of the New York Legislature and the newly elected Lieutenant-Governor. He is known as one of the most devoted friends of Governor HILL, and his election was unanimous.

The resolution in regard to the Governor declared that "it would be detrimental to the best interests of the State and of the Democratic party" should he relinquish his office before the end of his term. This also was adopted unanimously. Then Mr. RICHARD CROKER, the chief Tammany boss, offered a resolution that the best interests of the Democratic party would be subserved by the meeting of the Democratic National Convention in the city of New York, which was also unanimously approved. The unanimity of the proceedings showed the undisputed power of what a correspondent of the *Times* calls the "MURPHY-CROKER-SHEEHAN trinity," and this fact is confirmed in the most significant manner by the announcement of the disbanding of the County Democracy.

The proceedings of the committee were very quiet and very brief, but they were very important politically. The desperate struggle of Governor HILL to secure the Legislature for his party is approved by the trinity, and, whether successful or not, indicates plainly its aims—or, perhaps more truly, its aim. It is not one which wise Democrats or independents favor, but which will have great influence upon the course of political events next year.

TAUNTS AND SNEERS.

GENERAL JOHN PALMER, Commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, has issued an order forbidding the display of the Confederate flag on public occasions. A North Carolina paper thereupon remarked, according to the General, "If the members of the Grand Army of the Republic don't want to march under our flag, let them stay where they came from." It was an exceedingly foolish remark, and the paper that made it is evidently unconstructed, because "our flag" is the Stars and Stripes, and not the Stars and Bars.

But so exceedingly foolish a remark should not have been made important by a retort of General PALMER's: "There is no class of men on God's earth that are half so appreciated for their gallantry and valor, or that so reflected credit on American valor, and whom we are so willing to forgive, as the soldiers of the South. But we cannot forget the loss of hundreds of millions of money, and of the lives of hundreds of thousands of men who are now lying in their graves because of the rebellion. In doing honor to the people of the South, they should not confront us with that stinking old rag of treason." These are not amenities which promote good feeling, and they are opposed to the purpose of the Grand Army, which we have understood to be the care of veterans, and the cultivation of patriotism and of good feeling. It is not conciliatory to say with fervor to a late opponent, "You fought well, but in a dirty and disgraceful cause," and to add, "If you choose to resent that, we'll lick you as we did before." Harmony and good feeling upon those terms are exceedingly difficult.

General PALMER does great wrong to the Union soldiers, who are content to pay a just tribute to the bravery and constancy of their opponents, and to not taunt them. If some opponent angrily sneers, it is an unwise and unnecessary sensitiveness which assumes that the sneer expresses a general feeling; and if the Grand Army of the Republic should come to be regarded as a nursery of suspicion and contemptuous feeling toward fellow-citizens, it would certainly lose the favor of brave and patriotic "Union men" everywhere.

MR. BLAINE'S HEALTH.

The state of Mr. BLAINE's health, which the utmost vigilance of the press could not ascertain satisfactorily for many months, and which in the summer was declared to be most lamentable, seems at last to be definitely known. His physician in Philadelphia testifies to his sound health and his sturdy condition. This is news by which speculation upon his candidacy for the Presidency will be greatly stimulated. It has been the general impression that he would not decline a nomination should his health permit, and the announcement of his physician will be doubtless accepted as an intimation that Barkis is at least not unwilling.

There is no Republican whose popularity with his party is comparable to that of Mr. BLAINE, as is shown by the reports of the enthusiasm of Republican conventions and meetings in every part of the country at the mention of his name. There is no doubt that it would be equally apparent in the nominating Convention. There is, in fact, no serious contestant for the nomination except President HARRISON, but his hold upon the party is not strong. It is not generally thought to be good policy to renominate for the Presidency a candidate who has been once defeated. But it would be doubtless considered by his party the best possible policy to present Mr. BLAINE again, and the friends of Mr. CLEVELAND certainly hold that view in regard to him.

The very extravagance of the terms in which Mr. BLAINE is mentioned by Republican orators and leaders proves their conviction of the general party admiration, and there is no doubt that his renomination would inspire his party to the most strenuous effort to reverse the result of 1884. But although the opposition of the campaign of that year would not probably take the same form, its reasons would not be forgotten. There is no reason to suppose that any considerable body of Republicans who declined to support him

then would now vote for him, and there is not such an increase of the regular Republican vote that there could be no doubt of the result. The electoral vote of the new States is doubtless believed, as it was designed, by the Republicans to be theirs. Meanwhile, unless there should be some effectual refusal from Mr. BLAINE, there is little doubt that his friends will be very active and successful.

GOVERNOR HILL AND THE NEXT LEGISLATURE.

THERE has been some curiosity to know what is the peculiar interest of Governor HILL in securing, apparently at any cost, the Legislature, which will not meet until he retires. There are probably very few persons who suppose that the Governor's extraordinary zeal and activity are due to an overpowering love of justice, or to a lofty public spirit. Nor can his interest be consistently explained by the theory that he wished, as the leader of his party in the State, to commend himself still more closely to party confidence by a display of activity to secure a party majority in the Legislature.

Governor HILL belongs to the class of statesmen whose more important actions are believed to be explained by their bearing upon their own personal aims. This, indeed, is an explanation always offered by their opponents. Thus the course of Mr. GLADSTONE is alleged by his opponents to be due to his consuming desire to be once more Prime Minister. The same explanation is suggested for Governor HILL's recent contest to secure the Legislature. It is very simple, and even probable. The Governor is Senator from New York. He is also desirous of the nomination for the Presidency next year. But his chance of the nomination would disappear if it should probably involve the party loss of a Senator, which would be the case if it should appear that, with an enormous majority for Governor, the Democrats failed to carry the Legislature.

The Governor's zeal can hardly end, under any circumstances, in his nomination. But it certainly shows the ardor of his desire, and it seems to make it clear that should he fail in his purpose, it would fare very hard with any New-Yorker who should secure the prize, especially if upon a previous occasion the other New-Yorker had been defeated as a Presidential candidate, while the Governor, then as now the party leader in the State, had been elected.

THE CHICAGO FAIR.

NEW YORK has shown no interest in the great fair since it was allotted to Chicago. There has been no hostility to it, but the excitement of the contest here was factitious and political. It is doubtful whether even Tammany cared for it after the change that required a vote of two-thirds of the committee for any important action. But it is now thought desirable to stimulate interest and action in the city, and there is to be a dinner, at which Mr. DEPUE will preside, to urge the claim of the great enterprise upon the attention of New York.

It is for the interest of New York that it should take part in the fair. Chicago and the rest of the country can easily make it successful. But it is desirable that in such an assembly of the industrial forces of the Union, its greatest city should be adequately represented. New York has very little local pride, although it assumes its own primacy and supremacy in a way which other communities are very fond of snubbing. But there is public spirit enough among New-Yorkers to prevent them from indifference to so important and national an undertaking as the fair, and an active committee taking the matter in hand would win a worthy response.

New York is too heterogeneous a city for great public spirit. There cannot be much common impulse among a people which has no traditions in common, and it has been a popular defect of the proposed fair that although COLUMBUS discovered America, he is not a hero of the popular imagination, and there is no enthusiasm to be aroused by his name. The circumstances were wholly different in 1876 at Philadelphia, and the kind of sentiment which is necessarily lacking in the Columbian Fair is always of very great service. But the eloquence at the dinner will doubtless stimulate New York to take her just share in the good work.

SHORT SPEECHES FOR MR. GLADSTONE.

MR. GLADSTONE has been advised not to speak until Parliament opens, or to confine himself to very short addresses. It seems that some recent speeches have greatly exhausted him, and his strength must be husbanded. The statement is probably true, and it suggests that the close of his active career is approaching. His retirement from the leadership of his party and from public life would be a most important event, because it is not easy to overestimate the value of his personal force to the Liberal party.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, in a recent speech, announced his final severance from the Liberal party. This had been anticipated, for the bitterness of his taunt when he was jeered in a Liberal meeting for an allusion to the Tories, "At any rate, they are gentlemen," has not been forgiven. A member of Parliament said of him, "That taunt cost him the Prime-Ministership." Mr. CHAMBERLAIN said that at first the division of the Liberal party seemed to be a temporary difference upon some details of legislation for Ireland. But it had now become an irreconcilable breach.

Yet the elections in England seem to show an increasing Liberal vote, and forecast the return of Mr. GLADSTONE to power should he live until a general election. There is a peculiar Liberal animosity toward Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, as if his change of party were due to social reasons. It would seem to arrest his political career, because the Tory party is never sure of a long tenure of power, and while he might have succeeded Mr. GLADSTONE in the Liberal ranks, he can hardly hope to reach the Premiership as a Tory.

NEGLECT OF A LEGISLATIVE DUTY.

ONE of the ill results of the party difference between the Governor and Legislature of New York is the failure to carry out the mandate of the Constitution that an enumeration of the inhabitants shall be taken under the direction of the Legislature in the year 1885, and at the end of every ten years after. Who is to blame that no provision was made for the enumeration in the year 1885, and why has the enumeration not been ordered? Each party accuses the other of disobedience to the Constitution.

The Legislature of 1885 was Republican, and it provided for enumeration according to the precedents of earlier bills. It was vetoed by the Governor. And why? Undoubtedly because it gave the appointment of enumerators to the Secretary of State, who was a Republican, and undoubtedly would have used the patronage as a partisan. The appointments should not have been political, but, in obedience to the National Republican platform of 1884, they should have been made upon business principles. But the fact that such provision was not made in the law was not a reason for preventing the execution of a constitutional mandate, which was the result of the veto.

It has been announced that one good result of a Democratic State administration in every branch would be a proper enumeration according to the Constitution. Does this mean that the enumerators will be appointed in the sensible and satisfactory manner that Secretary TRACY has prescribed for skilled workmen in the navy-yards? Or does it mean that the Secretary of State being now a Democrat, the objections to the bill are removed, because the patronage will be used for Democratic advantage?

PERSONAL.

APPROPOS of Mark Twain's extremely interesting paper on "Mental Telegraphy," published in the Christmas number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, a correspondent writes, bringing to notice a curious case of coincidence:

"HARPER'S for December, 1890, contains a story, 'Flute and Violin'; Scribner's for the same month has another, 'As the Sparks Fly Upward'; while *The Century* contains one, 'A Conscript's Christmas.' In each of these stories appears a character named Spurlock. Mr. ALLEN, in HARPER'S, and Mr. HARRIS, in *The Century*, give the name to a woman, while Mr. HIBBARD, in Scribner's, gives it to a man. The faces in the portrait of the Widow Spurlock and of Mrs. Spurlock in the two former magazines bear no resemblance to each other, so that the coincidence begins and ends with the name of the character; but the unfamiliarity of the name and the simultaneous appearance of the three stories make the matter sufficiently curious to deserve attention."

—The elder Lord LYTTON was a notable dandy in his day, fond of clothing himself in costly attire. MACAULAY says, in one of his letters, that a coat worn by BULWER on one occasion cost more than the coats worn by any other five members of Parliament. His son, the late Owen Meredith, inherited none of this taste for extravagance in dress, but, on the contrary, inclined to the other extreme.

—Probably the only original Continental flag in existence is that in the possession of the City Troop of Philadelphia. It was carried by that organization all through the Revolutionary war. "It is spread between two large pieces of plate-glass, and is kept completely air-tight. The probabilities are that were it removed from this case it would fall to pieces. In design it is somewhat similar to the English jack. The design was made by a committee, of which BENJAMIN FRANKLIN was a member, in 1776. A few years later the first American standard accepted by Congress was submitted and adopted. It was known as the Constellation Flag, and was similar to the one now in use, with the exception of the thirteen stars on a blue background."

—One of the surviving officers of KANE's pioneer arctic expedition, Captain J. WALL WILSON, has long been a resident of New York. He is a lively and well-preserved old gentleman, with a fund of anecdotes relating to the days when he ate boiled shoes and blubber by the light of the aurora borealis. He lost one toe by freezing, and had an attack of scurvy as a result of the privations of the undertaking, but otherwise he returned unscathed. Captain WILSON says that so far as he can learn, there is only one other of the officers who accompanied the expedition now alive.

—King OSCAR of Sweden is reputed to be the most accomplished royal personage in Europe. He is a playwright as well as a poet, and in addition to a profound knowledge of astronomy, he is well versed in general science. Like many other European sovereigns, he has a pronounced taste for music, and is a very skilful performer on the organ. In physical stature he is a giant, surpassing even the Czar in height.

Few Union generals are held in higher esteem by the people of the South than General GALUSHA PENNYPACKER, for whom the Tennesseans especially have a warm feeling of admiration. In Nashville, just after the close of the war, and during the gloomy days of the reconstruction period, his patient and kindly treatment of his former foes did much to allay the bitter hatreds of the time. General PENNYPACKER's notable war record is recalled by the recent action of the Secretary of War in granting him a medal of honor for bravery at Fort Fisher. He was one of the youngest of the prominent commanders of the North, having been brevetted a major-general when only twenty-two.

—When General GRANT was entertained in Chicago at a public dinner just after the close of the war, he made the prediction that the city would one day become the metropolis of the New World; whereupon a Chicago land-owner who was present said: "General, I have sixty acres of land on the West Side which I am tired of owning. If you will take it, I will make you a present of one-third of it." General GRANT laughingly accepted the offer, and several years later, when he again visited the city, the land was transferred to him for a nominal consideration. The property remained in his possession undisturbed until the time of the GRANT-WARD failure, when, in May 17, 1884, a mortgage for \$150,000 was recorded against it for W. H. VANDERBILT.



IN AND AROUND THE "ARCADE" BUILDING IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE EXPLOSION.—FROM SKETCHES MADE ON THE SPOT.—[SEE PAGE 991.]

1. The Effects of the Exploded Bomb in the Public Office. 2. The Exterior of the Building. 3. A Scene in the Hallway. 4. In Mr. Sage's Public Office. 5. Mr. Washington Connor's Private Office, Fifty Feet from the Explosion. 6. The Debris on the Street. 7. The Ruins in Mr. Sage's Private Office.



“THE DEMENTED ONES.”

BY WILLIAM HENRY SHELTON.

BYOND the near hills, and veiled by the smoking woods, the battle is joined.

It is hard to say whether the roar of the artillery is heavier than the ceaseless tear and grind, grind, grind of the multitudinous rifles. High up in the murky sky the on-lookers at the rear see soft flashes of light burst into puffs of white-gray smoke. The white-curtained ambulances wax thicker and thicker on the dusty road. Wounded men, supported by one and sometimes by three comrades who have thrown away their guns, are streaming back through the woods. Here and there a riderless horse is plunging madly across the withered and stony pastures, or cropping a mouthful of grass, and then turning a startled look in the direction whence he came. Down the 'pike thunders an aid in search of re-enforcements, his smoking mount gray with dust and flecked with foam. Past him gallops a yellow-striped orderly on his way to the front, with buff envelopes drawn through his belt. A disabled gun has been hauled back on to the road-side, and the excited drivers are riding the smoking teams to the rear. Covered wagons are paying out telegraph wire over short poles driven into the earth, as they come trending in the direction of army headquarters.

There is grim order, however, in the seeming confusion. The forge is ablaze in the shabby bivouac of Battery Q's impedimenta, and the leather-aproned smith is shaping a shoe for one of the extra horses. There is the round-topped battery wagon, the little mess wagon loaded with tents and camp chairs, and the big covered van, with six kicking mules fighting over the trough fixed on the pole. And there is Uncle Moses, now lanning and cursing his charges, and now talking to them as if they were intelligent members of his family.

“Yo' low-down white Lize, lemme see yo' kick dat line mule one time moah, an' yo' Unc' Mose ull curry yo' down wid dis yer blacksake. Does yo' year me? Whoa! Bang! Swish! I mek yo' squat down an' t'ank de Lor' I di'n't cut yo' heart out dat time. Whoo!”

The burly quartermaster is strutting up and down, big with the importance of his independent command, and proud of his indifference to the roar of the battle. He is swearing more than the occasion calls for—this quartermaster who said his prayers and read his Bible night and morning in a top bunk of the Albany barracks when he thought he was going to certain death, he and his devout bedfellow, who has long since deserted.

Certainly the quartermaster is sore tried on these peculiar occasions, when, excepting the smith and the farrier and Uncle Moses and the colored servants and a disabled recruit more or less, his command is made up of idiots and mild lunatics, thrust into the army as costly substitutes, and unloaded on Battery Q, along with better men, with the occasional forced details from the infantry.

These merry freaks, first or last, found their righteous water level in the spavined train of the extra horses.

Charley Fitch, with his forge-cap pulled down until his ears lope under the rim, is seated under the battery wagon to

shelter his bare back from the sun. Fitch stammered so badly when he spoke that his mouth drew around towards his left ear and his right shoulder twitched.

Spence Lusk, his comrade in adversity, who was sitting near him, looked on at the rising smoke calmly, for he was deaf. He only heard when the horse-doctor punched him in the ribs, and then, knowing that something was being said to him, he said, “Yes.” If the doctor shook his head, Spence hastened to say, “No, marn.” If that did not appear to satisfy the doctor, Spence swore mildly and said, “I dun'no.” And he was otherwise so slow in his movements that he was known throughout the battery as “Old By-and-by.”

These two were drawn to each other by the common heritage of infirmities, and Charley took Spence under his protection with a great show of patronage and a comfortable assumption of superiority. Fifty times a day Charley forgot that Spence was deaf, and after saying something that twisted his whole body in the effort, he would look at Spence despairingly, and add, with another contortion, “Well, you no good anyway, Pence Lul-lul-lusk.”

It was pathetic to see these two friends without any friends, each mounted on a galloped horse of many sores, hung with festoons of camp kettles and nose-bags, each leading two other lame or otherwise disabled animals, decorated with rolls of blankets and strings of pots and pans. The two wore their overcoats in August, and patiently carried every bag and burden the men chose to strap on their horses. In camp they cleaned and fed each his three charges, and for the rest of the day they ate and slept, and at night they crept under the same dog-tent.

After feed-time Charley sidled over to Spence, and pulling him by the shoulder, shouted in his ear:

“There's a big hors-pi-pi-pittle down by the sta-sta-straw-stacks. Common!”

“Hain't got any,” said Spence, who thought Charley was asking for tobacco.

“You ain't no good,” said Charley, plucking him by the arm, and away the two friends went together.

The writhing of Charley's body showed that he was making another fruitless effort to communicate some sort of good news to his companion, and then he caught him by the arm, and after pulling him to a halt, made a saw of his right hand, and worked it across Spence's leg. After that effort at pantomime both men galloped off in great glee.

The straw-stacks were in a rude stable-yard enclosed by a high wall, and on the peak of the great red barn floated a square of yellow bunting. Clean yellow straw lay thick on the wide floors, and in the stables, and over the bottom of the empty bays. The whole barn-yard was strewn with it.

When the two demented ones dodged under the wheels of the ambulances unloading at the double gates, the space in the barn was already tenanted by a ghastly company, and the busy bearers were laying the wounded and the dying in long straight rows across the yard. They looked in on the great barn floor. A tent fly had been staked out

over the south doors to ward off the sun. The two demented ones were bewildered and speechless in the presence of the gory spectacle their eyes rested on. The frightened swallows were flying about under the great roof, and shining particles of dust were floating in the lances of light streaming through the cracks in the dark siding, and lying tenderly across the forms of the dead and the grimy and blood-stained faces of the living. Some sat up with crimson and white handkerchiefs about their heads, and others bent over their wounded limbs. The doctors were roughly probing for bullets, and there were wallings and cursing and laughter ringing up to the rafters. A peculiar rattling sound reached the ears of Charley. Here at his feet lay a sight that held him with a horrible fascination. It was the wounded form of a boy who would never see again, his face shattered beyond recognition, and in his delirium his restless hands were twisting and twisting and twisting a thin wisp of broken straws.

“Common, Spence,” said Charley, plucking the other by the arm; and they picked their way out among the rows of the wounded, the two demented ones vaguely conscious that by some mysterious transformation they were rich and prosperous where all their fellows were poor and needy.

Some occult influence seemed to hold the two in the radius of the horrors they would fain flee from, and once out of the yard, their feet turned around the barn to the shade of the butternut-trees, where the surgeons in threes were plying their horrible trade. They stood at a distance outside the barricade of fanning mills and sheep-racks blinking in the hot sun.

“Them fellers don't feel nothin’,” said Spence, meaning the anesthetized subjects on the tables.

“Guess I know th-a-a-a,” said Charley, writhing and twisting. “Common,” and he led the willing Spence across the field to another hospital, straw-strewn, under the shade of a great oak in the quiet pasture.

On the eastern border of this circle of the unfortunate, where the shadow of the tree was creeping out over them on to the field beyond, was a little patch of Confederates, lying by themselves, and in front of these the two wanderers stopped to contemplate the greatest curiosity they had yet seen. There was one, a handsome Virginia boy, his tooth-brush woven through the button-holes of his gray jacket, who held his canteen out to Charley, and begged him, “for Christ's sake,” to fill it with water.

Charley took the curious thick canteen of uncovered tin from the soldier's hand, and passing it to Spence, pointed in the direction of the spring. Then he knelt down beside the sufferer and undid his roll of blankets, adjusting them under his head and about his wounded arm. Charley kept Spence going to and from the spring until every man Jack of the enemy was supplied with water.

“You are very kind,” said the Virginian.

“That ain't no-n-nothin’,” twisted Charley.

“What is your regiment?”

“Tain't no r-r-regiment; it's jis Battery Q.”

“Battery Q?” said the Southron. “Why, I was wounded

in front of Battery Q, and borne through its guns to the ambulance. A tall captain, black beard, Russian shoulder-knots on his riding-jacket—

"Yas," said Charley; "that's Captain Ne-Neal."

"Captain Neal," said the other. "Yes; he gave me a drink from his flask. The batteries were not engaged; it was the infantry; the trees were too thick. Great God!" said he, thoughtfully; "if those two batteries should open on each other at a hundred yards!"

Then, addressing himself to Charley and Spence, in view of their patent infirmities, he asked if they were soldiers.

"No; not exactly," said Charley. "I'm a sub-sta-ta-tute, an' he ain't no good; he's deaf. We take care o' extra horses."

The wounded Virginian was more uneasy in mind than in body; for, as it transpired from his conversation with the friend who lay beside him, he was to have been married within the month. He could wait, if only she knew that he was alive and well, with only an arm to lose. "If I could only get word to Bob"—that was his brother. Many other things transpired, for the prisoners talked unreservedly in the presence of the demented ones, who sat on the ground beside them.

"Yes, I was to have been married next Sunday a week, to the sweetest girl in Falmouth County. It will break her heart if she hears I am dead. If I could step across and tell Bob how the land lies, all would be right. I would be willing to come back. But for the awful uncertainty about my life or death, I could roll over and go to sleep."

"Poor boy and poor girl!" thought Charley.

Then the two prisoners fell to comparing the incidents of their capture.

"Mine," said the Virginian, "was about the most curious thing that ever happened, and quite the most unexpected. My brother, Bob Chew, commands our battery, tangled up in this infernal wilderness, and just in the front of this Battery Q. You could sling a cat across but for the jungle of trees. I walked out into a cart track just south of the right gun, not a team's length away, and was pulling dewberries out of the grass, when I got a volley out of a clear sky, and two infantrymen ran me down that grassy road beside the stone wall; and before I realized where I was, I was rushed through the guns of this same Battery Q. And here I am, and here I must stay—Lew Chew, a prisoner."

Charley blinked and writhed his shoulders, and made an involuntary face at Spence; but with all his outward infirmity he possessed a singularly retentive memory. He made no combinations, formulated no plans, but the picture of the brother in command of his battery in front of Battery Q was fixed in his clouded mind, and the name of Captain Chew rang in his ears. *Bob Chew!* Symptom for the wounded brother Spence; also taken hold of Charley. He only knew that he felt sorry and queer, and the writhing of his body and the twitching of his face were the unconscious outward evidence of a half-conscious inward state. Spence heard nothing, saw little, comprehended less.

When the two returned to the camp of the impedimenta, it was to find their great commander, the Napoleon of quartermaster-sergeants, yawning and swearing. He too had just returned, not from the rear, but from the front, "by —, sir!" From the front, where Battery Q had covered itself with glory, and the officers (what remained of them) had sent back for hot coffee.

"And where is the cook to make it, and who is to carry it up? Where are the d—ners' slaves? A smotherin' thir woolly heads under some hay-stack; or, more like, buried in swamp mud, drawin' thir breath through a section of stove-pipe." He declared he would shoot them on the edge of their return. "Charley, come here. What do you know? Hold your tongue! Saddle your horse. Silence, and do as I tell you."

Exeunt Charley and his patron saint. Enter the quartermaster and horse-doctor with a kettle of coffee.

In the middle distance is Charley seated on a bony gray horse; Charley's shoulders and the gray's rump plentifully sprinkled with chopped hay and chaff. The two straps of his overcoat hang loose from the snarl of his back, and his elongated forage-cap is crushed down, like a drunken extinguisher, far below his turned-up collar coat. A nose-bag full of curry-combs is buckled around the neck of the patient horse, and a festoon of canteens and frying-pans decorates the caule of the saddle.

The road is filled with batteries and ammunition wagons going and coming, so that our humble purveyors of coffee take to the fields, riding Indian file and in Indian silence, the sergeant, scowling, in advance, and Charley turning his head from side to side. In one direction he sees a park of poultice boats advanced into the shelter of the woods; and in the other the commanding general, at the head of a bedraggled staff, returning from a personal inspection of the lines.

All is still at the front, and seemingly motionless, until they pass the first curtain of woods, and come suddenly upon countless masses of infantry marching with an guard, swing to the left. The batteries are choking the sandy cross-roads. No drums, no bugles,

only the jangle of equipments, the shucking of wheels, and the rattle of harness; a quiet command, a bald joke, a ringing order. Two corps are swinging from right to left in preparation for a new attack at daylight.

"Are we going to the f-f-front!" Charley ventured to ask.

"Yes; to be shot," was the sergeant's surly rejoinder.

And on they push as before, through and beyond the moving columns. And here is the position of Battery Q, facing the green wall of a tangled wood at a hundred feet interval, with guns double-shotted with canister; a battalion of infantry, lunging in two detachments about stacked arms behind either flank, kindling fires of twigs and stubble to boil the everlasting quart cup. The numbers about the guns are lounging and even sleeping near their places. The lids of the green limbers are closed, and the thirty horses are going back in teams of sixes for water. It is an anomalous situation for a long-range battery. A few men and horses have gone down during the long day before the hissing bullets now and then singing over the field from distant sharpshooters, or spitting through the trees from the positions of the skirmishers. Not a shot has been fired by the black guns, and the duty of the support has been a sinecure of idleness, a tedious and trying service of nervous inactivity, listening by the hour to the ripping of musketry up and down the line, where whole corps are storming the burning woods, breathing the drifting sulphurous smoke, and waiting, waiting.

No wonder the captain is nervous and irritable, and thankful for the setting sun and the jaded orderly who brings him orders to be ready to move at two o'clock in the morning. To the left, always to the left. A vision of the imperturbable commander-in-chief rises from the cramped lines within that sleepy envelope. To wait is patience; to move is destiny.

The quartermaster, followed by his queer attendant grinning from ear to ear, or rather up towards one ear in particular, to see the boys at the front, comes charging at a walk on the ledge of rocks where the hungry officers are seated.

"Just the man we want, Charley," cries Lieutenant Sanderson, coming over to take the welcome coffee-pot. "Major Black has lost a collar-bone, and the doctor is looking for a substitute."

"Don't let him guy you, Charley," said Mink. "You've got the fresh bloom of the wagons on you. It does one good to see you rise out of these d— hot weeds."

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ing up the hill to the right, he drove his charge into a park of shining Napoleons crowning a rocky ledge, with lunettes of rails and dirt circling in front of each frowning gun.

"I've brought you a lunatic," said the picket, addressing himself to the surging circle of men and officers. "He has some sort of a message for Captain Chew."

In his embarrassment, Charley more than justified his keeper's description by grimaces and writhings.

"Be you Cap'n Bob Ch-Chew?" cried Charley, cutting a circle in the air with his thumb, and jabbing his head sideways at the officer he elected for the captain.

"Yes," said the captain; "go on."

"Well, then," began Charley, gathering himself together for a long speech, "your brother Lew sent me over here t' tell you t' tell that poaty gal in Fal-Fal-mouth that he got his arm shot, an' can't m-m-marry her next week."

"Come to my tent," said the captain, parting his way through the crowd and taking Charley by the arm.

There was a long interview between the two, in which Charley described as best he could the desperate situation of the young Virginian.

"He's got to have his arm took off short," said Charley.

The excited brother walked up and down under the trees. "You are an artillery-man!" said the captain, halting square in front of his hero.

"No, n-nothin' but a sub-sta-ta-tute," said Charley.

"How did you get here?" said the other.

"I came up along o' the quartermaster to bring the cap'n his coffee, an' I rid out here t' tell you how Lew was shot, an' couldn't m-m-marry the poaty gal," said Charley, with a great and successful effort.

"Yes, I do."

"What one?"

"Battery k-k-Q."

"And who commands Battery Q?"

"Cap'n Ne-Neal."

"Where is Captain Neal's Battery Q?"

"No ma-matter," said Charley, with a writhing contortion that winked one eye involuntarily. "I guess I told ye all I k-know."

"And I reckon you are a pretty good soldier, and don't know it," said Captain Chew.

"I suppose you want to go back to Battery Q?"

"I knowed you'd s-send me back s-safe," said Charley. "Cos I cum for Lew."

The captain had a consultation with his officers, during which the guard again took charge of the prisoner.

"Many more like you-uns 'mongst the Yanks," said a long-geared driver, lifting Charley's cap from his head.

"You ain't n-o no good," said Charley.

"Gimme that cap," said the other; "he's gettin' ready to jump down his throat."

"Gimme that cap!" screamed Charley, making a futile effort to reach it from the long driver's hand.

The high words and jeering laughter reached the ears of Captain Bob Chew, who strode to Charley's side with flashing eyes. "This young gentleman is a friend of mine," said he, "and I will punish the first man who insults him by word or look. Smith, hand him his cap. Now say, 'I beg your pardon, sir.' Very well, sir. Now go back to your team. Now, my boy," said Captain Chew, "I am going to send you back, with a letter to your captain, and with a bundle of clothing which I am sure you will deliver safely to my poor brother."

The gray horse, with his frying-pans and nose-bags, was led out, and the Confederate captain held Charley's stirrup with all the politeness he would have shown a fine lady. The bundle of clothing was strapped fast behind his saddle. The directions for placing hand out the lines were carefully given to the officer of the pickets.

"And now, my fine fellow," said Captain Chew, grasping Charley's hand, "you have done me a service I am powerless to repay. Good-by, and God bless you! And d— the man that dares to do you harm!"

By this time the soft moonlight was falling through the tree-tops. The little company of Charley's escort stood with each other to do him honor. They shook hands with him all round at the outpost, and gave the gray horse a friendly whack at parting.

It was nine o'clock, and the men of Battery Q were sleeping under the carriages, when an infantry picket emerged from the tunnel of green leading Charley's horse, that afflicted young gentleman sitting bolt-upright in the saddle, as proud as a knight.

Mink and Sanderson and Captain Neal were seated on the supper rocks in the moonlight, canvassing the disappearance of Charley. The two other lieutenants were already rolled up in their blankets.

On came the corporal of the guard conducting the picket, and ending between them the silent culprit. Captain Neal sprang to his feet.

"Where in thunder have you been, Charley? We never expected to see you alive."

"Oh, that's all r-right, capt'n. I've been over to see the J-Johnnies. Here's a l-letter for ye."

"Is he crazy?" muttered Captain Neal, as he took the letter to the light of a smouldering fire.

"Captain Neal, Battery Q. Politeness of Charley."

The letter conveyed the compliments of Captain Robert Chew to Captain Neal, stating in brief the service Charley had rendered, and begging the captain to see that the bundle of clothing was delivered as directed.

In five minutes half the battery was awake and crowding around the hero of the adventure.

"These things must be delivered at once," said Captain Neal, in his short, nervous way.

"The trains are marching. Charley will have to move with us to-night. Look here, Mink, can Charley ride your horse?"

"Of course," said Mink. "He can ride the devil, once put him in the saddle."

"Have him saddled, then," said the Captain, "and strap that bundle behind as taut as a sail in the wind. Order both buglers to saddle. Ho, Dick! Where are you? Put the saddle on Black Prince. We will execute this little commission in state," said the captain, walking nervously back and forth on the turf. "And all honor to Charley!"

The boys howled with delight.

When the horses came up, the two natty buglers sitting erect and silent, sniffing the fun like their mounts, Captain Neal turned to Charley:

"You are going to ride with me, young man. I expect you to stick to my off stirrup like a chestnut burr to a sheep's wool. Do you understand?"

"I understand-a-stand," said Charley, "you bet."

The boys held the curb of Mink's mettlesome chestnut until stirrup and rein were adjusted to Charley's satisfaction; then the captain swung himself into the saddle.

Three cheers and a tiger were given for Charley Fitch as the snorting horses sprang forward over the turf. The captain turned out of his way to leap a log or a ditch, but Charley, with his telescope cap clawed down to his lopping ears, was square with his elbow, never before and never behind; and the silent buglers were plunging after them, keeping a mathematical interval, with their chins in the air, their elbows squared, and their brazen bugles flashing from the small of their backs. Over a ridge and down a bank they shoot, out on to the silent turnpike, white in the moonlight, four sets of hoofs ringing on the hard road-bed. To Charley it is the proudest moment of his life as he glances between the sharp ears of the leaping chestnut, and then twists his eyes and mouth on the glittering shoulder-knots of the captain.

"You ride like a brick," said the captain, drawing rein for the first time.

"The boys th-thought I was a fool," said Charley.

"Tom Brown was shot to-day," said the captain. "Would you like his team?"

"Yes, captain, I would. Will ye le-leet me?"

"If you think you could take a new uniform and keep it clean."

"By gum!" cried Charley. "I'll be the biggest dandy in the b-battery!"

"Then you shall have it, my boy," said the captain; "and here we go."

And away they tore in the yellow moonlight, until they were close upon the moving lights under the hospital tree. The silent buglers took the panting horses. The captain loosened the bundle of clothing, and handed it to Charley.

The wretched company had increased its circumference under the tree, but Charley picked his unerring way among the wounded until he reached the little circle of gray coats.

"Hew Chew!" cried Charley.

"Here," said the young Virginian, raising his sound arm, and looking out of the window at his strange visitor and at the tall officer following.

"Here's the things yer b-brother sent," said Charley, laying the bundle beside him. "I told him you c-couldn't come to marry the poaty gal."

"Have you seen my brother?" cried the happy boy. "God forgive me, I didn't understand you!" And he was wringing Charley's hand.

"Yes," said the captain; "he has been through the lines. Heaven only knows how he did it! Here is the letter your brother wrote me. Keep it while I go and see what can be done for your comfort."

The poor wounded boy could hardly believe he was awake; it was all too good to be true. During the captain's prolonged absence, Charley dilated on the scenes and events of his passage across the lines, and his short sojourn in the Confederate battery, with wonderful volubility for him, and with involuntary girations and convulsions and grimaces, which were by no means the cause of the happy Virginian's half-hysterical glee. The wounded arm was not to be amputated.

"You are a brick," cried the Virginian, wringing Charley's hand for the twentieth time.

And then came the other brick, Captain Neal, with the chief surgeon in tow, and two muscular hospital nurses.

"We have no use for bridegrooms elect," said the doctor. "Let's rob the government this time, and send him back by the same underground road." Then to the bearers, "Bring that man carefully out of the crowd."

"Now hold the lantern here." It is the captain speaking. "Here is your parole; sign it. We believe you will keep it like an honorable gentleman until you are notified

of your official exchange; and here is a letter to your brother.

The letter conveyed the compliments of Captain John Neal to Captain Robert Chew, and congratulations to the bride-elite.

The wounded prisoner was lifted into the saddle by Bugler Old, who walked at his side. He was sent down the tunnel of green on the worthless gray, and before marching-time in the morning, the old horse came back with Captain Chew's card nailed to the empty saddle.

For five days of merry fighting the rejuvenated Charley, in a brand-new uniform, sat his led-team blinking and grimacing at the fiery shells dealing destruction about him. On the sixth he presented himself before the captain, heels together and head up. "Siths Charley," "It ain't my fault, cap'n. I know I ain't orn-m-m-mental on a led-team. Guess I better go back an' clean up old Spence. He ain't no good the way he is."

THE BORDER-LAND.

NATURE is shy of the true love I bear;
Smiles at me gently, but keeps coy
defence;

Says me soft: Nay when I would have a share
In her warm heart and her sweet
confidence.

My step is light, my mood is reverent,
In the wide fields, the woods. But
jealous sight
The shrinking wild life has, and subtle
scent—

A squirrel chatters out his foolish fright,
A quail starts up with panic-stricken whir;
A bluebird fends me with his bright
wings spread,
His blithe call lushed; a busy woodpecker
Holds wary silence at my wistful tread.

The whispers of the leaves that swell and
fall,
The speech of creeks that run and winds
that blow.

The chiming plaint of the warm rain, and all
The voices of the glad earth—I would
know

What are the grave and kindly words they
say,
What the high meanings which now far,
now near,

Hold me intent and keen, and mock away
My listing senses and my straining ear.

Nature is shy of the true love I bear.
But I have glimpsed her face and touched
her hand.

And I shall bide, and find contentment there,
A happy haunter of her border-land.

EMMA A. OFFER.

THE DYNAMITE EXPLOSION.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

It takes a great deal to disturb the desperate routine of the business life in downtown New York. A third alarm of fire cannot do it; nor a mass-meeting on Wall Street itself around the steps of the United States Treasury building; and the Old Guard can march and countermarch around the City Hall for an hour, and not draw even the clerks from their ledgers. But last week the attempt to kill one of the men who regulate this rushing routine of downtown New York threw the lower point of the island into a panic and put a stop to business. It drew bankers into the street in their office coats, stopped their messengers with thousands of dollars in the black bags they were carrying to the banks, sent mobs up against the newspaper bulletins, and made the newsboys the centre of changing groups of feverish, excited, and frightened men.

It was an explosion that was heard for two and a half miles in New York, and that was felt in every money market of the civilized world. What it meant to New York was shown by the way city editors, who hold the pulse of the city's interests, covered it in their different papers. For on the morning after, the death of an ex-emperor who had ruled an empire as large as the United States, and who had made himself great by freeing thousands of slaves was recorded in a half-column, while the escape of Russell Sage, a man who had made himself a millionaire, overflowed several pages. It has been so carefully told that it is an old story to-day, and almost every one, whether he be a millionaire with a sympathetic feeling of uneasiness towards strange visitors, or the day-laborer who can be thankful for once that he is not the bondholder he rails against, knows all the details. But for the reader who looks back over these pages in the future it must be chronicled, however briefly, here.

THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION.

On December 4th, Mr. Russell Sage had an appointment with Mr. Charles E. James at his (Mr. Sage's) office, in what is known as the Arcade building, a rat-trap of a nest of offices on Rector Street and Broadway, directly opposite the church and graveyard of Trinity Church. Mr. Sage's offices are on the second floor, looking out on Rector Street, and across it into the graveyard. There are two offices—a general office and Mr. Sage's private office. Mr. James, who had the appointment, arrived on time at twelve o'clock, and was shown into the private office. As he passed into it, he noticed a man waiting in the first and larger room, sitting on one of

the chairs reserved for visitors, and with a black bag on his knees.

Mr. James did not notice anything remarkable in the appearance of the man. He wore a high hat, had a light brown beard, and altogether seemed a tolerably well-dressed and ordinary-looking business man. In the waiting-room there was also a young clerk, Frank Robertson, who was employed by W. M. Inbrie & Co. He had come to transact some business, and had in his hand a certified check for \$9000. He told the cashier what his business was, and sat down until he could be attended to, by the stranger with the satchel. Behind the glass partition which separates the waiting-room from the cashier's quarters were Colonel John J. Slocum, Mr. Sage's brother-in-law and cashier; Mr. B. F. Norton, a clerk; Mr. F. J. Menzie, a stenographer; Mr. W. R. Laidlaw, a clerk for John Bloodgood & Co. In the bookkeeper's room beyond was Mr. Charles W. Osborne, the bookkeeper for Mr. Sage. While young Robertson and the stranger with the satchel were sitting in the waiting-room, Mr. Sage entered there, and spoke for a moment to Colonel Slocum. Then he returned to his private office, where he greeted Mr. James. A few minutes later the man with the satchel went to one of the little holes in the glass partition, and asked Mr. Menzie to please say to Mr. Sage that a gentleman with a letter from Mr. Rockefeller wished to see him. Mr. Menzie took the message, and Mr. Sage, excusing himself for a moment to Mr. James, told Mr. Menzie to send the man in. The man, still holding the satchel in his right hand, entered. He unbuttoned his overcoat and undercoat, and handed a type-written letter to Mr. Sage. This letter said, in a wild and rambling way, that unless Mr. Sage gave the bearer at once \$1,250,000, the whole building would be blown to atoms with a dynamite bomb.

THE EXPLOSION.

Mr. Sage read the letter, and looked up at the man. There was a light in the eyes of the man which made Mr. Sage feel sure that he was dealing with a madman. He slowly put the letter back into the envelope and handed it to the man, who put it in his pocket and buttoned his coat. Mr. Sage smiled at his visitor, and said that he was engaged just then, but if the man would see him later, he would try to arrange it.

"It would take some time for me to collect so much money as that," he said. "I must have it at once," said the man with the bag, and he spoke with great earnestness, and went on to rehearse the statements set forth in the type-written document which the millionaire had read. As he spoke, he advanced a little nearer to the open door of the partition in which Mr. Sage was standing. No one knows just what happened then.

Some say that the man drew a bright object, which might have been a revolver, from his pocket and threw it at the bag, which he had dropped on the floor; others say he fired at the bag; and still others tell how he tossed the bag up towards the ceiling. One cannot expect them to know or to remember much of what happened. There had been no loud talking between Sage and the visitor, and these others were going on about their general duties, when Robertson, who had seen this bright object, and thought it a pistol, cried "Murder." And then the floor rose up under their feet as though the planks were spring-boards, and they were driven back and blind by an explosion that wrecked the walls and partitions and desks and ceiling from their places, and that was heard two miles away. Two of these men, who were in the very heart of it, were blown into pieces as completely as were the Sepoys from the mouths of cannon; and the others were thrown on their backs, and one hurled half-naked through a window to the pavement two stories below.

The force of the explosion did not spend itself in Mr. Sage's rooms, but wrecked the whole front of the building. It threw a safe on the third floor on its face, and wrenched men and women on every floor from their feet, and kept them lying blinded and choking with the dust of the falling plaster and the hail of splintered wood and tangled wires. The panic that followed was as terrible as the actual danger that led to it. Men trampled on one another, and the few women in the place jumped from windows and down from one stair landing to another, and ran yelling and screaming into the open street, and from every side came thousands to meet them. A panic on Wall Street on the next wildest scene of the sort that New-Yorkers have ever witnessed.

Morosini, the broker, in trying to escape through an open window became fastened between two bars, and his clerks crowding behind him kept him there. Washington Connor ran to another window, and was warned back by the people in the street below. George Gould came out in his shirt sleeves "more frightened than hurt," as he said later, and the fire-escapes were black with the mob of clerks falling over one another, and then hanging and dropping to the street. And in the centre of this shattered and emptied building the fragments of the madman who had hurled the bomb and himself into eternity lay in bleeding, moving bits of flesh.

It was not empty long. The mob came back again with a rush; their lives were safe, and their second thoughts were for the money in the building and the securities that repre-

sented money. They met Mr. Sage coming down the stairs, calm and cool but covered with dust, and with his clothing torn and blood running down his face. Mr. Connor was leading him by the arm, but Mr. Sage was much the cooler of the two. He had pointed out one of the bodies on the floor as Connor helped him to his feet, and had said: "That is the man who did it. You can tell him by a type-written letter in his pocket." He was mistaken in this, for it was in his clerk he had pointed; but it shows the coolness of the man.

HOW SOME PEOPLE ACTED.

One would think, after one's life had been attempted and spared, one's first words would be directed towards identifying the would-be assassin. But Mr. Sage is a collected and clear-headed gentleman, and that is the reason he is a millionaire, while others are not. His calm in the heat of a panic in which he was the most interested is worth recording. So also is that of a reporter on the *World*, who was in the building when the explosion occurred, and who picked himself up off his knees, and ran through the demolished building looking for a telephone, which he found in Mr. Sage's own office, saved from the general wreck, and through which he called up his city editor, unmindful of the dead bodies back of him, except as of news interest, and of those who were alive, and who were falling over one another in their mad haste to escape. This illustrates the ruling passion strong in death, and makes much more profitable reading than what "a prominent broker" was eating at the time of the explosion, and what he designed to think of it. It is also well to note the conduct of a Miss Fanny Brand, a type-writer who was thrown, with her machine on which she was working, across the room. The young woman picked up the papers she had been given to copy, and an armful of books from which she had been making extracts, and came down stairs with them clasped in her arms. Those who are careful of the little things they have been given to do should be remembered, and should save their salaries raised. Another interesting feature of the accident was the conduct of the police. One rather expects a lot of young clerks and older business men who have money at stake to lose their heads at such a time, and to climb up over the iron railings around Trinity Church, and forget themselves so far as to balance on the grave-stones. They did this, and they filled the street, except when fire-engines and ambulances passed, for three blocks away.

But one may look to the detective and police force to rise to an occasion of this sort, and to be equal to it. But one looked in vain on Friday.

It is rather interesting to see how the responsibility and the suddenness of the emergency found some of the men whose business it is to protect us ready and willing, and how it set others beside themselves. There was "Si" Rogers, for instance, a man who has often been seen at big public balls, and who lunches at the second window every day at downtown Delmonico's. He is a fat, stout, solemn-looking gentleman, and is the best detective, perhaps, in New York. He and Detective-sergeant McCluskey had charge of the Wall Street end of the service on Friday, and were just outside the building. They went into it before the people were out of it, and ran for the securities and open safes. Their business was not with mangled bodies or possibly escaping men. Their instructions were to protect the property of bankers and brokers, and they went at that, and gathered up the scattered bonds, closed the safe doors, and asked, after that was done, what had happened.

AFTER THE EXPLOSION.

The scene inside the building shortly after the explosion would have interested a student of human nature. The firemen were sweeping up the dust with office brooms as methodically as though it was their own station-house, the police were red in the face and waving their clubs, and the business men were gazing around at their wrecked desks and oak partitions and giving their experiences and initials to groups of reporters. What was left of the madman lay at the top of the stairs in a fire-net, one of those nets used to catch people who jump from burning buildings. There was a head and pieces of clothing and torn bloody limbs, and these, mixed with plaster and laths, drew hardly a glance from the frightened business men or any one else except from the coroner's people, who stood around it gloating with pride. Inspector Byrnes felt the responsibility of his office very keenly. He did not show that sphinx-like calm that the reporters love to paint, but howled when he spoke, and was as excited and amusing as any man is who has something too large for him. A safe had placed looked as though a field battery had fired into it.

The floors shook under one's feet, and gaping holes in the walls showed the whole length of the building. Bills of exchange and mutilated bottles and ledgers lay in little heaps on the floor, with photographs of some broker's yacht and some banker's new country house, and water-coolers and safes lay helplessly on the floor, rolled together into a democratic chaos.

Now that it is over and new window-panes have been put in the Arcade building, it is time to draw the inevitable moral. One week

ago a woman well known socially in New York had a madman arrested for persecuting her with love-letters. She saved, possibly, her own life. In the same week, Dr. Hall was fired at three times by another madman, at whose letters he had laughed; and then came this last madman and this terrible disaster in which innocent men go suddenly into space.

Of course Mr. Sage cannot be expected to arrest every madman who writes him letters, but he should. If Mary Anderson's mad lover had been put in jail he would not have committed murder; and if Sage's would-be assassin had been followed up in time there would have been no dynamite explosion in the city of New York. It is a false, wicked, and morbid sentiment which allows letter-writing madmen to run at large. Threatening letters should be answered in person by a policeman, and result in an inquiry on the writer's sanity before a board of physicians.

The hanging of Giteau was a rather sorry recompense for the death of President Garfield; and had Roth been a better shot and killed Dr. Hall last week, his subsequent execution would not have altogether satisfied Dr. Hall's family or his parishioners. It is better to take madmen as seriously as they take themselves.

HOW I MET RUSSELL SAGE'S VISITORS.

BY JOHN ERNEST MCCANN.

Up to two years ago this month I was a clerk in Mr. Sage's office for ten years. In that time many "harmless lunatics" wrote and came to see Mr. Sage. As my desk was between Mr. Sage's and the door, and as I was the first to see every letter that came to the office in all those years, it is hardly necessary to say that Mr. Sage was saved considerable annoyance. Once in a while I would show him a letter from one of these cranks, just to cheer him up, when he was disposed to feel pessimistic, and it always either made him laugh at its absurd demands or smile in pity at the pathos of it all.

Once a letter came from Cape Town, South Africa, which was the most extraordinary ever seen in that office. The envelope was large, square, heavy, and of first-class material. The paper was of the best Irish linen, and the handwriting was copperplate. With all these signs of sanity, the request for \$1,000,000 from Mr. Sage was couched in the choicest phraseology. The writer went on to say that he was the second richest man in the cape, and he was ambitious to be the richest. If Mr. Sage didn't want to send him the money then, instructions were given how to leave it by will in such a way that nobody could question the South African's right to the money. That made Mr. Sage laugh so long and loudly that the birds over in Trinity gathered on Alexander Hamilton's tomb in order to catch a few notes of the laughter. Of course no attention was paid to it. Then a very severe epistle came from the same man. That also went unnoticed. About four months after came another that was short, bitter, brutal, and murderous. I wonder if that South African's head is now in Inspector Byrnes's grip-sack?

Mr. Sage sometimes answered letters from really worthy strangers. His mail averaged about ten crank letters a day, and the cranks that put in an appearance averaged about ten a month. Sometimes they would wait for him in the hall, but his appearance seemed always to scare them off. One time I left his office for the Western Union building, where he looked like a bad man to attack, with his tall, well-knit frame, Roman nose, clear blue-gray eyes, and broad shoulders. But he wouldn't hurt a fly. He was as gentle as a woman.

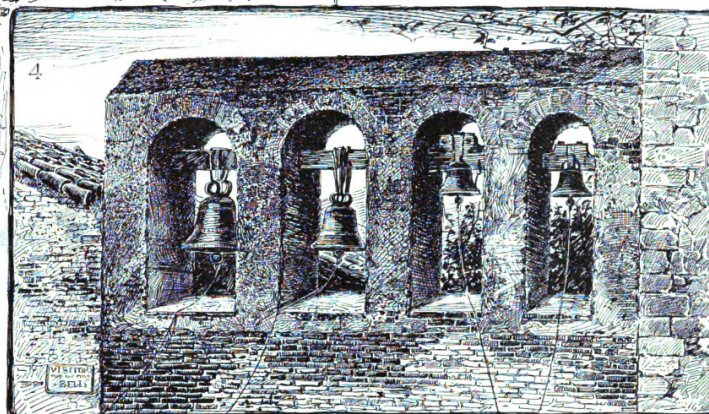
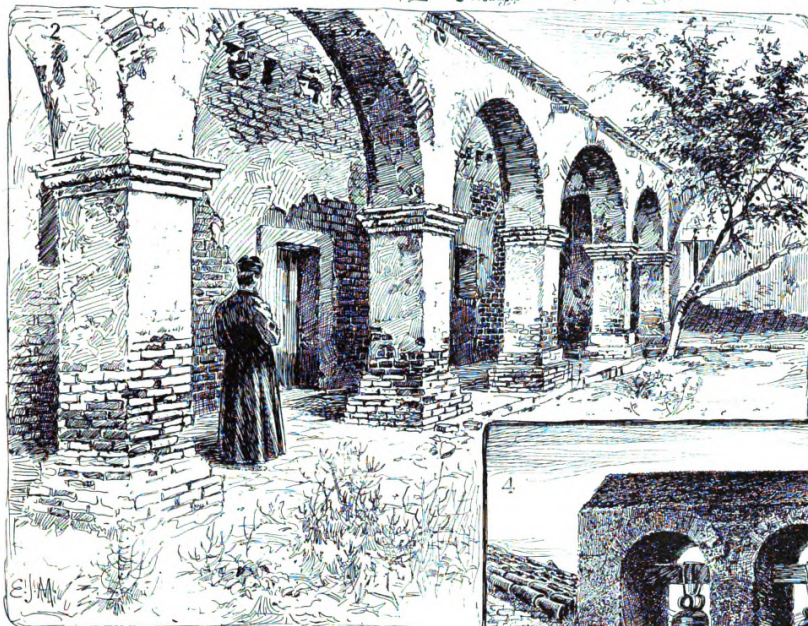
I showed him a begging letter one day from a little girl in the West whose eye had been knocked out by her little brother in play. She wanted money with which to buy a new eye. Mr. Sage said that it was some grown crank back of the child, but that if I could prove to the contrary he would do something. So I wrote to the child, and told her what to do. When I showed Mr. Sage the two tintypes of the tot, before and after she lost her eye, he was convinced, and sent her the money, or part of it. Everybody wanted to chip in then, and the little girl got her eye.

The stand-and-deliver crank was not the only one that came to the old office. The firemen fled and the crank with a scheme for revolutionizing railroad traffic were pretty numerous too. When denied admittance, nothing seemed to soothe their spirits and wounded honor until they were gently led down stairs, and told how very busy Mr. Sage was all the time, and how impossible it was for him to give his attention to anything not pertaining to his regular business. By that time I had the worst of them in a café in the basement of 71 Broadway. One drink and a cigar did the rest. Whether it was a sense of delicacy engendered in their breasts at my considerate generosity, or the quality of the whiskey they drank that kept them away forever after, I know not, but the same crank never turned up twice if he went once with me basementwards.

Had I been Mr. Sage's clerk last Friday, that bomb-thrower and I might have gone down stairs together, and the price of a drink and cigar would have prevented the horror that electrified the town.



THE CHRISTENING OF THE UNITED STATES CRUISER "NEW YORK."—DRAWN BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS.—[SEE PAGE 1002.]



THE MISSIONS OF CALIFORNIA.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 994.]

1. Mission of San Luis Rey de Francia, founded in 1798. 2. Ruined Mission of San Juan Capistrano, founded in 1776. 3. Franciscan Friars of Santa Barbara. 4. Bells of San Juan Capistrano.
5. In the Garden of Santa Barbara Mission. 6. The Stairs leading to the Choir of San Luis Rey.

THE MAN AT THE CRIB.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

THERE must be men in Chicago whose fortunes make them envy even "the man at the Crib," but they cannot be numerous. It is for that very reason that the citizens generally weave a web of sentiment and romance about his life, and have constituted him their pet and their hero. His position is indeed a queer product of a city's growth, and he is unique among the municipal servants of the day. He is the attendant at the gates of the city's water service, and therefore he has to live out in the lake, as lonely as a light-house keeper; connected with the greatest bustle and stir that disturbs the heart of a continent, and yet keeping away from and in advance of it, like a sentry in front of a castle, or a scout ahead of an army. Every morning the city looks out upon the watery plain of Lake Michigan, and sees the Crib dotting the expanse, as a single kernel of corn might appear upon a well-swept barn floor. And the man at the Crib returns the gaze as the gray of dawn strengthens into the daylight, thus disclosing the rank and file of the city's buildings edging the lake like an army that had been halted overnight.

The Crib is two miles and twenty-two rods off shore, in front of the city. It looks a little like a light-house from the shore, and like a fortress from closer by. It is in reality a house built upon a great stone well, and its use will be understood when it is known how Chicago gets her water supply from Lake Michigan. An inclined tunnel is built from that point under the lake in such a way that its incline is toward the city. It ends under the water-works at a level several feet lower than that of the lake. There it is pumped up into a tower, so that it may provide its own pressure for distributed house service as it flows through the city's mains. In what is called "the Crib," out in the lake, are the cylinders which lead down to the two tunnels that run to the city. One is an iron cylinder, 9 feet in diameter, leading 31 feet down to the bigger tunnel of the two, which is 7 feet in diameter. The other is a smaller cylinder leading to a 5-foot tunnel. These cylinders are in reality the gates of the tunnels, for the water is taken from just beneath the surface of the lake.

The Crib is one of the sights of the visitors to Chicago, and, like our Governor's Island or our Goddess of Liberty, is reached by small steamers, that ply passengers out and back every half-hour. The sail is at all times, when the weather is fine, a delightful ride; but in summer, when it offers an escape from the heated masonry of the city to the cool breezy surface of the big blue lake, it provides one of the greatest treats enjoyable by the Chicagoans. I made the trip on a summer-like September afternoon, with a tagload of country folk, domestics, children, and school-girls. A great part of the Federal navy upon the inland lakes chanced to lie at anchor in the offing, and added to the interest in the voyage. The squadron consisted of a revenue-cutter and the old side-wheel steam sloop of war *Michigan*. She was neat and trim in all her lines, and she was not a whit too old-fashioned to suggest the vessels that bore our flag upon the salted seas not many years ago.

We passed beside the slender bulwark that has been lengthened out into the lake to protect the mouth of the Chicago River, and landed at a high wall of timber loaded with stone, which forms a breakwater around the fortlike Crib. The Crib was found to be a hexagonal structure of masonry surrounded by a narrow waterway enclosed within the breakwater. Happily, the man at the Crib was there. It would have been a strange freak of fortune not to have found him, since, as we shall see, he seldom leaves his hollow island. The boatload of passengers walked carefully about the top of the sea-wall, or stared at the dim and lazy outlines of the distant city. A few picked together the joints of their fishing-rods, and prepared to join the silent company of anglers whose legs hung over the edge of the wall like the tattered remnants of a fringe. I went with Captain Charles Magee, the man at the Crib.

He is a hale, bluff ex-mariner, now past sixty years of age, but so hearty and sound that his appearance belies his years. He looks like a sailor, and tells his visitors that he lived upon the cold, foggy, treacherous, and cruel lakes from the time he was thirteen years old until he became a man of the middle age. He pretends that the Crib, and may well do so, since he not only keeps it as neat as a pin, but loves to deck it with flowers besides. It has been his home more than eleven years. It is only the first story that looks like a stone fort. Above that is the captain's dwelling—a story of brickwork—and then the light-house lantern surmounts that. The first story into which the captain leads his visitors proves merely a massive shell of masonry around a broad well. Out of that rise those great thirsty mouths of Chicago—the cylinder gates of the tunnels; and here one sees boxes of flowers that cheer the scene even for chance callers. Who can estimate how much they embellish and gladden the lives of the handful of humanity that clings to that stonewall year in and year out?

In the summer-time the man at the Crib moves in a social circle that comprises his wife, his daughter, and a man who acts as his assistant. It is in the winter that his

kingdom is swollen to what he considers imperial dimensions, for then he has six men to help him keep the ice out of the well. Although the port-holes which let in the water are 12, 18, and 24 feet below the surface, ice nevertheless crowds in through them, and the captain's assistants have all they can do at times to fish out the cakes and wheel them to the breakwater's edge, there to dump them back again into the lake. The captain says that in the summer seasons he goes to the city as often as once in a fortnight, but in the winter he seldom leaves his post. When the ice forms, he becomes a prisoner. For weeks at a time, he says, he sees nothing from his quarters but the ice that hems his island in. He has been at the Crib as long as seven months at a time without going ashore. The never-dormant newspapers of the city sometimes set afoot the story that he is starving, when there has been a long break in the communication between the city and the island. But the captain says he has never wanted food since he became the man at the Crib. In the late autumn he gathers a store of all the winter's necessities, except fresh meat. For that he depends upon a tug that comes when it can, burdened with meat, milk, eggs, and vegetables. It also brings the latest issues of the newspapers, for which he has been longing as only a man so placed can hunger for tidings of a world of which most of his reckonings have been lost. That tug also comes, like a nineteenth-century angel of steam and steel, to warm his heart with the evidence that he has not lost the place he long has held in the city's affections. Even in that hubbub and whir, where too many persons fancy they see only selfish greed, there are kindly souls who sympathize with the lonely gate-keeper, and perhaps magnify the hardships he endures. These admirers send him fruits and cigars, literature, flowers, and whatever else they think will help ease his imprisonment, and show him that his friends are ever thinking kindly of him.

Perhaps these thoughtful friends, who are hidden from him under the bank of soft coal smoke that he looks upon as Chicago, do not always magnify the hardships of the man at the Crib. A few words he let fall about an adventure last winter suggests the thought that it may be hard at times to overestimate his need of sympathy. One day last winter his wife was taken ill, and he carried her to the city in his sail-boat. That was on a Tuesday morning, and a north gale was blowing. As the gale could not be resisted, he could not return until Saturday. For some reason his daughter, a girl of seventeen or eighteen, was left alone at the Crib. When he returned he found that during his absence she had experienced a narrow escape from death. She had been passing from one door to another by the only avenue there was for making the journey—an out-of-door passage around the second story of the Crib. A sea leaped over the breakwater, and catching her with all its bulk, flung her against the coping which rails in the gallery. She was badly bruised, but no bones were broken. To guard against a repetition of that mishap the gallery is now enclosed with framework. But there is "plenty of leeway," as the sailors say, for other adventures every year on that lonely artificial island in the lake.

THE MISSIONS OF CALIFORNIA.

BY AUGUSTE WEY.

MEXICO welcomed the coming Grayfriars as she sped the parting Jesuit.

The subsequent founding of the twenty-one Franciscan missions in California was in each case a doubly picturesque ceremonial, involving a salvo to the King and an invocation to the Creator. In what is known as the mission system, representing the policy of Spain under Carlos III, his Viceroy-General, Galvez, and Padre Jacinto Serra, the priests stood directly to the Indian neophytes in loco parentis.

The decreed death of this system by secularization, carried out in 1836, legislated the missions into pueblos, the Indians into ex-neophytes, and the padres into curates without temporal power.

Practically the new system converted the missions not into incipient cities, but the more or less complete ruins of to-day; the curates, in many cases, into martyrs at their posts; and the Indians into Esau, with power to sell their birthrights for even less than the acorn porridge of their ancestors.

In their prosperity, these establishments were temples of worship raised by priests, neophytes, and soldiers, father presidents and officers laying the mortar with their own hands; cities of refuge, and often, in the beginning, courts of justice; state treasuries and storehouses; hospitals; military stations capable of complete defence against Gentile Indians; Spanish *fondas*, or inns, with travellers' orders and ample recognition to be met every paintable type journeying on the Camino Real from Guatemala to San Francisco; conservatories of music; seats of learning; and centres of industry, wherein were tried individual capacity by methods which would have delighted Froebel himself.

We are living in a sort of literary Renaissance, which gives ample recognition to the order of St. Francis of Assisi.

Who will come to us and paint Father Crespi carrying the wild Castilian roses in whose petals he foresaw a new Castile? When will Art claim "Our Italy"?

SAN LUIS REY.

SAN LUIS REY DE FRANCIA—one of the two royal establishments—disputed the palm in wheat, cattle, sheep, and Indian souls with San Gabriel, acknowledged queen, and in 1827 was far in advance of every other mission. The eight bells of her tower in the morning and evening Angelus called 2960 Indians to prayer, labor, and rest, but, above all, she had conquered the "terrible mission death rate," which sent the neophytes back to the *monje*, her baptisms outnumbering her deaths. Travellers often see the arches of San Luis Rey by moon or star light, but "tourists" more commonly pass it by, and setting out to reach it from New York would be more like securing a ticket for Baalbec than anything else perhaps possible in American travel. Sold by its governor in 1846, occupied by the "Mormon Battalion" in 1847, its spoliation, even to its roof tiles, the theme of a thousand recitals, the burial of its bells a secret for future revelation, San Luis stands apart upon the king's highway among the necessities, except fresh meat.

When in encompassing the world Sir Francis Drake found himself in the neighborhood of San Francisco, he ordered religious services of prayer and chanted psalms to prove to the awe-stricken Indians that the English were but creatures of the everlasting God, and not gods themselves. These Indians, whose first demand thereafter was an treaty for music, represented the hunger for expression which was satisfied later by the Catholic Church when they were received into it as acolytes, choristers, and musicians. During the triumph of the mission system the sacred orchestras consisted of violins, flutes, lutes, trumpets, drums, and cymbals played by neophytes in the choir lofts, and drilled by patient padres like Father Ibañez at Soledad, or Father Sancho at San Antonio, who put in "the rainy season" preparing books of music for his neophytes.

Up and down this old staircase of San Luis Rey went such musicians, carrying the scores of Kyrie, Qui tollis, and Gloria, whose notes were often red instead of black—a piece of *saucerie* which may have lent a new spirit and intensity to the mass itself.

GRAVEYARD, SAN LUIS REY.

The floors of the Franciscan missions over which we so lightly or devoutly walk are mortuary pavements covering the coffin and uncoffined dead. The sanctity of consecrated walls was a privilege valued even beyond that of consecrated ground.

At the foot or side of the altar where they had chanted the mass the priests were laid in death. With scrupulous adherence to order of precedence lie the dead congregations about and beyond them: their burial on the "gospel" or "epistle" side as scrupulously recorded in the mission books.

Here those whom chance has brought together within four walls—gobernador, Indian-fighter, alcalde, virgin, alferaz, comisionado, wife, mother, patrona, child, mayordomo—await the last judgment and a glorious resurrection.

Next to extreme unction, the dearest privilege of both Christian Indian and gente de razón was the being borne to the grave in a cast-off gray habit of the friars. Accordingly, under the centre of the church at Soledad lies Governor Arrillaga, whose last will contained a recorded belief in the Trinity, and a request to be shrouded in the Franciscan robe; and in it also, as written down in the books of Buenaventura Ibañez Palatin, a neophyte honored with such burial by Padre Señan.

Outside the mortuary pavements lay the mortuary fields. Here one may still read the stereotyped "Aqui reposan los Restos" (here lie the remains) or the imploring injunction "Rogad por Ellos" (pray for her) from the grave-stones of some dead Spanish Franciscan, a Dolores, but the royal days of San Luis, when in the celebration of All-Souls the Indians went among these graves with votive flowers and lighted tapers, were part of the feudalism of the padres, and died with the mission system.

We have sketches and descriptions of this mission—Robinson, by Duhan, Cilly in 1827, and Dufolet de Mofras in 1841. Here the former was received, his spurs removed, and horse unsaddled by Indian servants, and the traveller's cup of chocolate offered. Here he heard the neophytes supplicate the Virgin in the Rosario, and noted the massive candelabra lighted at the mass. Duhan-Cilly noted the Indian village of straw huts north of the mission, its gardens and reservoirs. Mofras describes the routine from the sunrise Angelus to the dance at evening after work was done.

The long corridor in front was supported by thirty-two massive arches, and ornamented with latticed railings. Five of these may still be seen in the engraving. The side colonnade had 256 arches, and the enclosed court, with its fountain, was a rendezvous for the trades and arts, each superintended by an alcalde, who in turn was subject to the mayordomo appointed by the padre.

The church, of the usual cruciform design, built of unburnt stones and adobe, formed part of a quadrilateral, and contained the image of its patron saint—that Louis whose French crown lies at his feet as an attribute, while in his hand he holds the crown of thorns.

Founded by President Lásen in 1798, the glory of San Luis Rey will ever be identified

with Father Antonio Peyri, in charge of it for over thirty years. His departure from the embarcadero of San Diego reads like the pushing off of Quetzalcoatl in his wizard skiff of serpents' skins from the adoring Aztecs.

The ride of the five hundred neophytes over the forty-five miles which separated him from them is something to put in verse—their arrival as the vessel was weighing anchor, their wild determination to swim out and bring him back by force, their broken-hearted return to the doomed mission which they had built together, their subsequent worship of his portrait, and belief in his return, all these things are part of our prose. Four of them reached the vessel, and were taken by him to Rome; one such, Luisico, there became a priest, and probably suffered from that *Heimweh* which is reserved for the travelling Californian.

San Juan Capistrano, the priest who in *bonete* and *sotana* walks in the roofless corridor of San Juan Capistrano, where once the Franciscan paced in cord and cow, is accurate, according to Richard Henry Dana, of "the only picturesque spot in America." It is also a spot as tragic as any in our history.

We have still, through the labors of Father Boscana and the translation of Mr. Alfred Robinson, a veritable *Veda* of the Indians who inhabited this pueblo site, and were Christianized by the padres, who found them worshipping Chingichinich in the circular vanquch, and dancing before a coyote-skin stuffed with arrows.

Working under the ban of this adored and feared god, who had expressly foretold to them overwhelming disaster, disease, and death upon the breaking of his law and desertion of his worship, these Indians, perhaps at once fascinated and repelled by the ceremonial, music, pictures, and cuisine of the new religion, built, under the instructions of a master-mason imported from Culiacan, the church structure ranking first of the twenty-one missions, arching into a domelike roof, cement and what to some proved their own gravestones gathered from the arroyos.

Here they worshipped for six years in security, though many a capitanefio and neophyte, who had, through tortures of pain and thirst, seen his protecting "touch" in the vanquch, may have trembled even during the imperfectly understood elevation of the Host.

On the morning of Sunday, December 8, 1812, during mass, the bell tower under the dreaded temblor swayed, paused, and fell upon the arched roof. In the succeeding minute "ponderous cross," saints from their niches, avenging stones, and frescoed walls, consecrated bells meeting consecrated wafers and candelabra from the altar—all came down together upon the Indian worshippers, and the first of the mission churches was the ruin of the day.

THE BELLS OF SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO.

Thus what the *Legenda Anrea* represents Lucifer as foiled in by the helplessness of the Powers of the Air about the spire of Strasbourg Cathedral was successfully accomplished by the Powers of the Earth at San Juan Capistrano, whose bells were secondary in interest to none in the world.

They were prepared for the horrors of 1812, El Año de los Temblores (year of earthquakes), by their previous tragic history.

In 1774, the establishment of a new mission between San Diego and San Gabriel being decided upon, Fray Amurrio and Fray Juan left Monterey under an escolta, carrying (says Padre Palatin) "the necessary articles." On the present site of San Juan they had already built a ramada chapel, and must have rung for matins and vespers when the news of the massacre at San Diego arrived by special messenger. The fathers, taking the advice of the lieutenant of the garrison, said only long enough to bury the consecrated bells, and hastened to the scene of the tragedy which deprived the order of Fray Luis Jayme, who, rushing out of his hut to meet the Indians with the usual salutation, "Amad a Dios, hijos!" upon his lips, met the cruel martyrdom which gained for him the crown denied to but sought by St. Francis himself.

Two years later Serra, the great padre presidente, came from Monterey, proceeded to the spot where the bells had been buried, and with Frays Mugartequi and Amurrio founded the Mission of San Juan.

After nine years of devoted labor, the great church, finished in 1806 with three days' dedication, marking an epoch in local history, bore aloft a bell tower dominating the arched roof, and demonstrated the capacity of the native builders to proud padres, capitanefios, and neophytes.

Very quietly now on *tierra firme* rest the tragic bells of San Juan Capistrano, temporarily hanging upon a level with the adobe houses of the hamlet, praising God in the Angelus or Rosario, convening the clergy, calling the living, but also mourning the dead neophytes buried almost in their shadow.

Since the destruction of the mission church in 1812 proved to have been due more to faulty construction than to the violence of the earthquake, services have been held in a building adjoining the site, the bells hanging on such a level as to justify the injunction in the left of the engraving.

Let me commend as a mnemonic for patriotic Americans, the Mission of San Juan, it

having been founded in 1776, and its church destroyed in 1812.

Over the Umbrian Mountains, we are told by Mrs. Jameson, went St. Francis, assisting and praising God for all things—for the sun which shone above, for the earth his mother, and his sister the moon. And over the little hills of California and the spires of the Sierras went padre and neophyte together, by a beautiful coincidence (if all coincidence in history be not connotation), the former teaching the latter whose religion was a worship of the sun and moon.

To the Franciscan Order we are indebted for the introduction of Christianity, the adaptation of a harmonious order of architecture, with its scheme of color and material (which seems to have "ordered out" the ruined missions for picturesque), the making of tiles and beginnings of weaving, horticulture exportation and trade; but after the first named, let us rank ever foremost its practical refutation of the argument of *dolce far niente* still advanced against us by belated thinking. The padres evolved a practicable working scheme in harmony with the regimen of St. Francis, and the more celebrated conditions of our atmosphere, proved by them favorable to labor, and an established routine.

Santa Barbara is the only mission still in the possession of the Franciscans.

CORRIDOR OF SANTA BARBARA.

Where the patronage of neither San Luis Rey de Francia nor San Fernando Rey de España seems to have been availing to stay appointed ruin, Barbara, devout pupil of Origen, patroness of artillerymen and of sailors in a storm, still holds fast that which was given her, and beneath its real ties has made of her mission her tower and the stronghold of the order.

Many of the scenes in her old corridors are illuminations of history. Here were spread behind the Roman arches the long tables of a wedding feast which might have suggested to the guests that of Cana of Galilee before the coming of the Divine Pillar; here, shielded behind the massive pillars, the Indians, during the neophyte revolt of 1824, fought with guns and arrows against Captain Guerra and his command; and here, since the time of Father Tapis and Captain George Vancouver, have walked padres and visitadores discussing questions of polity, civilization, church, and school.

In the present corridor sits the Gray Friar whose cord and cow represent to so many travellers the hospitality of the order—Father Joseph O'Keefe.

The saddle-horses of Santa Barbara must take their way to the mission of their own accord, while many a point in history or tradition disputed on the Arlington verandas has been arbitrated by the proposition to "drive over and ask Father O'Keefe."

A ROMANCE OF A CIRCUS.

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

It was about four o'clock of one of the warmest July days I ever knew. The news forms, which the foreman had been holding open for the latest bit of crime or casualty or scandal that might happen within or without our little Western city of ten thousand sweltering souls, were at last locked up firmly and sent below.

Here and there I had been giving them a few finishing touches, and as I turned to wash my ink hands at the hydrant, the big press in the basement began to rumble and clack, while the clatter and scuffle and shouts of the carriers, who were waiting down there to receive their papers hot from the press, rose higher and higher, until it seemed that instead of one "devil," we must have a horde of them, and that they had converted the basement into an inferno. It had been a hard day. I returned to the little office in front, and sank wearily into my chair. Since eight o'clock, in as few clothes as decency permitted, I had been staggering through slipshod copy, obscure telegraph, and villainous proof.

The intolerable heat had demoralized everything. The compositors had worked at their cases half naked and more than half asleep. The city man had come in with a meagre half-column, and dropped into a chair, wholly exhausted. The messenger-boys had dragged back and forth with the despatches, and it was evident from the latter that the men at the wires were getting through their work in the same manner. Yes, it had been a very hard day, harder than usual.

By-and-by a boy's clear voice in front shouted, "*Evening Tribu-u-ne! Evening Tribu-u-ne!*"

The paper was out at last. The hard day was ended. The burning sun had slipped down behind the big hotel opposite, and people were beginning to stir about on the red-hot pavement that for over two hours had been nearly deserted. Later, crowded street cars began to pass, and soon the sidewalks were full of humanity coming from the same direction. The afternoon performance of The Great Eastern Combined Menagerie and Circus, whose tents were pitched in the outskirts of the city, was over.

I was putting on my hat to leave the office, when a rather fine-looking although somewhat emphatically dressed man, wearing a very large diamond stud, stepped briskly in and approached me with extended

hand. This meant a complimentary mention of something or somebody, but I took it silently.

"Editor of the *Tribune*, I believe?"

"I assented with a nod. "Forbes is my name—Manager of The Great Eastern Combined shows. Our afternoon performance is just over. Your advertising for us was very satisfactory. We should be pleased to have you witness our entertainment this evening. Show bigger and better than ever. Look me up. Be glad to show you through." Then, as he hurried away, he pressed two narrow slips of pasteboard into my hand, which I accepted with a sigh, knowing that this called for a three-dollar notice in to-morrow's issue. Our city circulator came in just then, weary and miserable, so I gave him one of the passes; and after supper, when the air was still cooler, I walked out to where the tents of The Great Eastern covered some half a dozen acres of ground.

It was the same old story. The eager and motley crowd; the flare of the kerosene torches; the hoarse voices of the fakers; the red wagon where the mannikins tickle us so rapidly that he doesn't have time quite enough change; the smaller tents of the side shows, with their flaming representations of the fat woman, the box-constrictor, and the two-headed demon of the South Sea; and, in the centre of all, the big double canvas, with its circle of cages and its group of elephants and camels in one part, and its prominent tiers of seats and its three rings and race-course in the other; while here and there about you stand the silent men whose daily lot it is to put up and take down and pack and move this wonderful affair, and to attend to the thousand and one menial duties connected therewith—the "white slaves" gathered from the gutter, from the farm, from the prisons, from everywhere, whose every aim in life has been merged into the one instinct of sullen obedience, whose pleasures are lower than those of the beasts they tend. Some among them, attracted as boys from the quiet walks of life by the tawdry tinsel, awakening to find it a sham and a mockery, ashamed to return to their homes, have lingered on until they are no longer capable of beginning another life.

As I loitered along the cages inside, wondering whether the tiger, the zebra, the mountain-goat, and all the rest were not thinking of their native jungle and plains and mountains, and despising this gaping crowd and these glaring lights, I felt a touch on my arm. It was Mr. Forbes, the manager. "Ah! glad to see you. Great show, haven't we?"

"Yes, it is certainly very extensive." "Take your time; plenty of time. Performance doesn't begin for twenty minutes yet. Rhinoceros; only living one in America. Cost three fortunes and as many lives to get him. Lioness and cubs. Look playful, don't they? Princess Louise; finest lioness in the world. Elephants—forty of them; more than all other shows combined. Scipio, largest elephant in America; very gentle. Booth, Hannibal, Marcus—all fine elephants, and gentle. Griffin, very large elephant; very savage. Don't go too close, easily provoked; very treacherous. Men all afraid of him; killed two already." And so on, in short graphic periods.

By-and-by I went to where the crowd was now hastening, and took the reserved seat to which my ticket entitled me.

The grand entrance came on, with its whirl of color and its brilliant equestrian figures. Then there followed so rapidly performance in each of the three rings at once that one must have more than one pair of eyes to see it all.

In one a Japanese juggler is throwing knives; in another a pair of contortionists are twisting themselves into astonishing combinations. Directly in front and far above the crowd, a large handsome woman in tights is walking a wire. There is something about her face that attracts me. I say to myself that she is made up, and a nearer view would probably show her to be coarse, dissipated-looking, and ill-favored. Still, I watch her; there is about her a different look from the others. Another is watching her too. It is one of the "white slaves," of which there are a number hurrying hither and thither resplendent in greasy red uniforms. He is standing a little to one side gazing up at her intently. I cannot see his face, but as she finishes her act, and swings down from the dizzy height, he steps quickly forward, and I notice, or I think I notice, just for an instant, that as he looks at her, his eyes are bent to assist her, there is a glance exchanged between them, and a look of kindness that is almost a smile comes into her beautiful face; while her hand lingers in his, after her feet have touched the ground, a moment longer than seems necessary. Then she trips away, and the man, summoned to another quarter, is gone too.

The manager is passing, and I beckon to him.

"Who is the lady that has just finished the wire-walking?" I ask.

"Mademoiselle Lester. Magnificent, isn't she? She gets five hundred a week."

"And the man that helped her down?"

"That one at the end—come over and see."

"Oh, Josh! Josh Morgan, one of the canvas hands. Good fellow. Been with us two seasons. Worships The Lester. All that keeps him."

"I should like to know more of him."

"Not much to tell. Joined us at Evans-

ville. Ran away from the farm. Dazzled by spangles and gauze like lots of others. His eyes open in about three days. Would have quit if it hadn't been for The Lester. Spoke a few words to him one day. Saw he was green and innocent, and pitied him. That fixed him. Been her slave ever since. Last winter when we laid up, and The Lester was gone, never drew a sober breath. Keeps pretty straight now, but has bad spells. Never lets anybody else help her down. Boys call him Lester's pet. Very kind heart and pities him, that's all."

That was all. He did not need to tell me more. I saw only too plainly the story of the farmer boy dazzled by tinsel and gauze, awakening to find it all a sham, and his portion of it a cup of degradation. Resolved and yet ashamed to return to the farm. Overcome with remorse and disappointment, when suddenly the fairest of those enchanters, whom he has hitherto beheld only as from an immeasurable distance, stoops, and with a few magic words has cast about him a spell that he cannot undo, or wish to undo.

I would not like to assert that The Lester is a good woman. It is quite probable, in fact, that she is not. It is more than probable that she smokes, drinks whiskey, and uses bad language. Her ideas of virtue may or may not be very clearly defined. And yet, while these things are much, they are not all of life. From within her woman's heart there creeps out a ray of kindness that to the crushed manhood of Josh Morgan has become a beam of glory.

The next morning the old routine began again, and Josh Morgan and The Lester were forgotten. The days crowded rapidly upon each other, and August, hotter if anything than July, was upon us.

One afternoon the telegraph was coming in and the forms were rapidly filling, everybody was working in light attire, although we had become by this time somewhat accustomed to the temperature. As usual, we were holding the columns open for the latest bit of sensational news.

"Forms all full; no more space," called the "devil" at my elbow. At the same moment a messenger-boy laid a sheet of telegraph tissue before me. I glanced through it hurriedly.

FATAL ACCIDENTS.

"MARTINITE, COLORADO, Aug. 14th.—Two fatal accidents occurred in the Great Eastern Combined Shows at this place to-day. During the afternoon performance, Madame Lester, the celebrated light-rope walker, made a misstep and fell, receiving injuries from which she died in a few minutes. Later in the day, one Josh Morgan, a canvas hand, in some manner provoked Griffin, a large and savage elephant, who attacked him furiously, killing him almost instantly. Madame Lester was one of the best-known artists in her profession. Morgan is supposed to have been drinking."

I called hastily through the open door to the foreman: "Here, Mort! Don't close that form yet. Take something out. This has got to go in!"

THE HEROINE OF MANIPUR.

Mrs. GRIMWOOD, the widow of Mr. Frank St. Clair Grimwood, the British Commissioner who was murdered last spring in the palace of the Maharajah at Manipur in India, has written and published in London the story of her three years in Manipur, and her escape from the mutiny in which her husband was killed. One object of the book is to show that the series of official blunders which led to the mutiny were not the fault of Mr. Grimwood or his immediate official associate, Mr. Quinton, the Chief Commissioner. The government had decided to depose the ruling Maharajah and to install another, and it became Mr. Grimwood's duty to arrest the ruling Prince and notify him of the decree of banishment. When the Commissioner went to the palace to notify the Regent of his banishment, he was aware of the danger of his mission, which he soon saw could not be peacefully carried out. Mrs. Grimwood says that as soon as her husband returned to the Residency she was aware that he had failed in carrying out his orders. The people in Manipur were greatly excited, and the palace filled with Sepoys. Immediately after Mr. Grimwood's return to the palace with Mr. Quinton, the Residency was attacked, and those there took refuge in the cellar. This attack stopped for a little while, during which the British Commissioners were murdered in the palace. Mrs. Grimwood did not know of the fate of her husband even when the second attack was made. Here is her account of it.

"It was about twelve o'clock at this time. I do not know how long I had been asleep, when I was awakened suddenly by hearing the deafening boom of the big guns again, and knew then that it was not to be peace. For a few seconds I could not stir. Terror seemed to have seized hold of me, and my limbs refused to move; but in a minute I recovered, and ran through the house down to the cellar again, where every one had become alive to the fact that all was over for us. When we were in the cellar, the British Commissioners were all there. What had become of them all? This thought nearly drove me mad with anxiety."

While the people of the Residency were shut up in the cellar, Mrs. Grimwood made sandwiches for those who were fighting, and helped the surgeon in dressing the wounds

of those who had been hurt. She says: "There were some terrible scenes in the cellar that night. I pray I may never see any more like them; but being able to help the doctor was a great blessing to me, as it occupied my attention, and gave me no time to think of all the terrible events of the day and the wreck of our pretty home." Before morning it was deemed best to retreat, and the soldiers, with Mrs. Grimwood, began the famous flight to Cachar. From two o'clock in the morning until far into the next night she marched with the others, bearing all sorts of hardships, and being continually fired upon by the Sepoys, who harassed the fleeing English and Goorkhas. At last they met a large body of Goorkhas, and knew that they were rescued. "I remember," she said, speaking of this, "some one asking me if I could make one last effort, and run down the line to meet them, as the firing was still going on, and some stray bullet might find its billet; and I remember getting up, with a mist in my eyes and a singing in my head, and running as I have never run before or since down the hill, helped along by two of the officers. I remember putting my foot on a stone, which rolled away from under it, and gave my ankle a wrench which sprained it, and I remember sick and giddy with pain; and I remember meeting Captain Cowley, and seeing his men rushing past me up the hill, and then I remember nothing more for some time. I did not faint, but I believe I sat down on the side of the road and sobbed, for the strain had been more than I could bear after all the horrors of the previous two days, and tears were a relief."

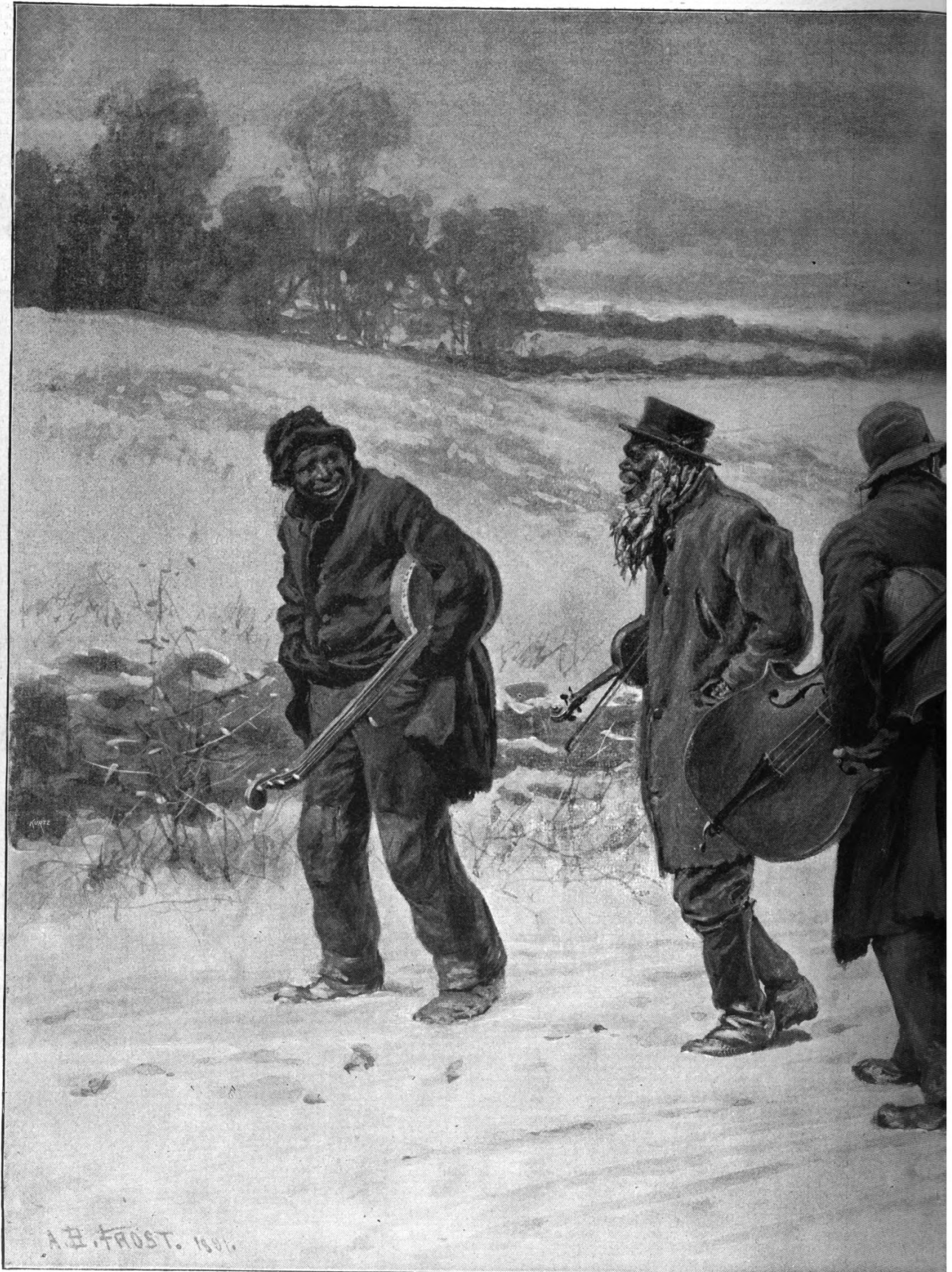
Mrs. Grimwood did not learn of her husband's death until she reached Cachar. "Well for me was it," she says, "that I was ignorant of my husband's fate. Had I known when I left the Residency the night that he and I were never to meet on God's earth, I never could have faced that march." The two officers, Captains Boileau and Butcher, who escaped with Mrs. Grimwood, have just been cashiered from the army because they did not make a further effort to rally the Goorkhas in Manipur before abandoning the Residency. When Mrs. Grimwood returned to England she had an audience with the Queen, and was decorated by her with the order of the Red Cross.

Florence Nightingale, Lady Dufferin, and Lady Roberts, who founded the schools for women doctors in India, also belong to this order.

Mrs. Grimwood's piano has just been forwarded to her from India, marked and cut by bullets. She has had a new case put on, so robbing it of its honorable scars. It is also said by the London press that the young heroine is to further eliminate the memory of her tragic experience by marrying again, a young captain of infantry having tried to persuade her that so plucky a woman should be a soldier's wife. And Mrs. Grimwood, the latest accounts she seems to agree with him.

THE EARTHQUAKE IN JAPAN.

EARTHQUAKES are of so frequent occurrence in Japan that they are marked upon as a matter of course, and unless they are accompanied with a serious loss of life and destruction of property, the outside world hears little of them. Some of the earliest Japanese traditions are of extremely destructive earthquakes, and many fanciful tales are told of those which happened previous to the times of trustworthy historical records. But there are many authentic records of earthquakes which destroyed whole cities. The most serious of these disturbances in recent times was that of 1855, when, in Yedo, which was the centre of the quake, 14,241 dwelling-houses and 1649 fire-proof storehouses were overturned. In the last days of the past October there was a very serious earthquake, about Gifu and Nagoya, and there was great loss of life and property. There were slight earthquakes on Sunday, October 25th, and these continued with increasing severity until the morning of the following Friday. During the last two days of the quake, 368 distinct shocks were felt and recorded. At Gifu the houses tumbled down and caught fire, and those people not caught in the ruins fled to the country and the hills; but in nearly every house it is reported that one or more unfortunate victim was caught. How great the loss of life has been has not yet been reported, but enough is known to place the loss at several thousands. When the first shock was felt at Gifu the up and down trains on the Takaido Railway were just meeting. The shock was accompanied by a rumbling sound, and the people on the train thought that there had been a collision. On looking out of the windows, however, they saw the station in ruins, and the water in a neighboring pond lashed violently from side to side. As the shocks continued, cracks in the earth were observed two or three feet wide, opening and closing. The shipping in the various harbors was very much injured, and one ship which recently arrived at San Francisco reported that when seventy miles at sea a violent shock was felt, the sea was lashed into foam, the waves broke over the decks, and the masts and cross-trees were lost. These disturbances at sea have been very common in previous earthquakes, and several times great ships in Japanese ports have had great difficulty in weathering such accustomed conditions.





DANCE.—DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.

A GARDEN AU MIDI.

BY HELEN WALTER.

"The garden is nice," said Mrs. Bonner, with the reluctant assent of a person who deals by preference in negatives. "Yes, it's nice, but I should never think of calling this Southern sun warm; it's bright, but it's thin. I'm disappointed in it."

The gentleman standing near the garden bench on which she sat called her attention to the fact that it was January, and that in Paris people were shivering in furs.

"Well, I'd just as lief shiver in furs as out of them," she replied. "This doesn't warm me. For my part, I think it's absurd for people to go about with white umbrellas, and to sit out-of-doors with such a baking air. They're simply all been deceived in coming to the Riviera, and now they keep up the deception among themselves in this ridiculous way. They're ashamed of the weather, that's what amounts to, but they can't hoodwink me. I'm cold, and I know it. I've got cold chills running down my back this minute. You have such a vivid imagination, Lewis, that a swallow's enough to make a summer for you. I dare say the sight of those oranges growing over our heads puts you in a perspiration. They're as sour as they can be, I can tell you that."

The man laughed. "What do you say to that hedge of roses?" he asked.

"I pity it," said Mrs. Bonner, laconically. There was so obviously nothing left of it after this that the subject was dismissed and a silence of several minutes ensued—a silence during which a warm breath of perfumed air came from the violet beds a few yards away. There was an old house in the garden, a long, low, plastered structure of several shades of yellow, with faded green shutters and a little melancholy air of gladness in the sun that made one think of a Southern beggar. There was an orange orchard at the side of the house, and some of the golden fruit lay in bright spots on the ploughed earth beneath the trees. Two or three date-palms spread their great bouquets in the air, a file of stunted leafless plane-trees bordered the white pebbly road in front of the dwelling, and a giant eucalyptus, high overtopping everything, reared its slender trunk unswerving into the sky like a mast, and seemed to touch the cloudless blue dome above.

Before the house the flat garden stretched away for acres and acres in the sun—a garden of marketable produce, that is to say, a garden of violets and chicory, of artichokes and roses. Away to the southeast there was a blue flash of the Mediterranean.

"Well, I must say," said Mrs. Bonner, "she does keep you waiting."

At this moment a young girl came out of the house. She advanced toward her friends, and began—and with a little breathless embarrassment air—to say a great many things at once. She was delighted to see them! Wasn't it very warm? How long had they been in Hyères? How did they like the old garden? She turned her head from side to side as she spoke with an evident disinclination to rest her eyes upon any particular object continuously, and her color came and went in flushes across her face. She was extremely pretty, her dark brown hair was drawn boldly away from her neck and forehead, and left her clear little features to take care of themselves. Her eyes were blue to match the sky, perhaps on rainy days they were gray.

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Bonner, "we've turned up again, you see. We saw your name registered at the bank. How's your aunt? I mean Madame Antoine. I always forget you're no relation. What an extraordinary old house you're in? Do you think the drainage can be good? Mr. Bonner and I had such a time finding you. But you look well, I must say!"

Mrs. Bonner did not pause when the answers came. She continued, with running accompaniment of questions and little shouts of surprise. She had the voice of a blue-jay. The effect was a tangle of laughter and meaningless words. Bonner held his tongue and looked on—that is, he looked steadily across at the young girl, who flushed, and laughed, and went through with a thousand little nervous changes of tone and gesture without once appearing to notice him. Her evident intention not to see him left him the freer to stare at her, and he did so unreservedly, smiling unconsciously when she smiled, and reflecting every shade that crossed her face on his own. When she laughed, which she did frequently, he laughed too, a little stupidly, without seeming to know why, but apparently feeling quite content to be unreasonably gay.

"We're just as imprudent as we can be," screamed Mrs. Bonner at last. "We're catching our deaths, I expect."

She started to her feet, shaking out her drapery, and giving a little false cough, with her hand on her lungs. They all rose then, and began with tacit consent to make a tour of the garden. Behind the house they stopped to look at the town which stretched away to the rear. A pink and yellow town lying in a warm plain—a town of bright hotels and villas, rising tier upon tier to look over each other's shoulders towards the sun, and clamoring steeply backward from the plain up the side of a little peaked mountain, gray green with cork and olive trees, and capped with a dilapidated castle that seemed to have

been ruined from the beginning of time to fitly complete the picture. The view, with its dazzling lightness and vivid sky, had a look almost of unreality, a suggestion of a classic "scene" in a boudoir book.

"It reminds you," cried Mrs. Bonner, "for all the world of a chromo on a handkerchief box!"

The house had formerly been a kind of invalid retreat for the religious. On the great faded portal of the garden you read, "Villa Sainte Vierge." Madame Pons, in offering you her printed card, explained that its legend, "Four Prêtres et Messieurs," applied only to *Sainte passe*. There was a little chapel in the garden, which since the days of the *réfugeux* had remained closed, and resembled a Gothic stable or out-house. One of the paths which cut through the orange grove led to a shrine where there was a plaster figure of the blessed Virgin. But these were signs of the past. Madame Pons now opened her house to *Trojan* and *Trojan* and his allies. She sheltered a jocosse, one-armed mariner—a Breton who had left his missing limb in the Crimea; a charming, asthmatic old abbé, a consumptive English officer on half-pay, a gentle young blind man, who found himself *un peu souffrant*, and who had been sent from Paris at the expense of an institution to feel, but not to see the Southern sun. For the rest, a stout Parisienne with beetle brows and pretensions, and a young American girl in blooming health.

Madame Pons regretted that these ladies were so much in minority, but what would you have? It took time for people to realize that her gates were open to all. Monsieur Pons, Madame's husband, like young Monsieur George, was quite blind, he had not seen for twenty years. The house was not an institution, Madame assured you, but it seemed naturally a house for the ill. One came to Hyères for one's health, as a rule. These ladies, were they suffering, *tune ou autre*, she had inquired, with sympathy, of the Parisienne and her young friend on the day of their arrival.

No; they were not suffering, it appeared. They were simply come to see the South, and there seemed to be a great deal of it in the garden of the Villa Sainte Vierge.

"Ah, yes!" said Madame. "You will have the goodness and you will be well nourished."

And so they came. Madame Antoine, the Parisienne, had never been so far away from the boulevards before. She did not love travelling, but she was able to make sacrifices, and behold a great one that she had made for her young friend—she had turned her back upon Paris. They had made a great journey together, they would rest for a time now; they would rest in the sun. Madame Antoine took it for the most part with her eyes shut, like a cat.

She objected very much to walking. That is to say, she was capable of miles on a Parisian *francoir*, but the country roads fatigued her. So she remained by preference in the garden bench, where she cast an ample shadow on the sunny ground. She had a volume in which she was never seen to read. On the day of the Bonners' visit, Madame Antoine had begged to be excused (she occasionally suffered with headache); but the following morning found her sufficiently recovered to take her wonted seat on the garden bench, where she cast an ample shadow on the sunny ground. She had sat there for some time quite still, with her lids dropped, and with a great air of mental, moral, and physical calm, when her young friend joined her, and hoped her head was better. Madame said that it was. She did not raise her eyes, and her companion accepted the situation for some time with a fair amount of patience.

"Wasn't it odd we should see the Bonners again?" she asked at length.

Here Madame looked up with an effect of unusual keenness. It was as if she had been storing up the energy of the optic nerve, and then let it off suddenly with an accumulated power. "I am not surprised," she said. "We meet monsieur and his wife on our journey from Paris, we meet them again in Biarritz; we meet them in Pau; we meet them in the Pyrenees, and three weeks later, behold, they find us at Hyères!"

"Hyères is not a hiding-place. People are always meeting in this way, it's nothing unusual," said the young lady.

"But you were just now finding it strange," said Madame, closing her eyes on the point. "And Madame's mother, was she also here yesterday?" she asked.

"No, Mrs. Ames staid at the hotel. I don't imagine they'll remain long. Mrs. Bonner doesn't seem to care to."

"I am not surprised, I am not surprised," said the cat.

"I don't see," said the girl, "why you dislike the Bonners so. I'm sure they've always been kind to us."

"Ah, yes, kind! Monsieur especially has been kindness itself." And Madame looked through an opening of a sixteenth of an inch. The girl sprang up from the bench. "You don't understand us," she cried, furiously. "You don't understand Americans—you couldn't! I hate you! I've been hating you for a week. You've made me miserable. But I see now how it is. You make me unnatural. You make me hate myself."

She faced the French woman so fiercely that Madame was even a little cowed.

"My dear," she murmured, "if I speak disagreeably to you, remember my responsi-

bilities." And she thought herself, with complacency, of the envelope which reposed in her top drawer, already stamped, and addressed to Monsieur G. W. L. Hull, Wall Street, New York city, Etats-Unis. There was nothing in the envelope yet, but it was ready for a last resort. "I think of you as of my own child," she continued. "I guard you as the apple of my eye." She felt so really benevolent as she said this, that, with-out much difficulty, she brought the tears into her eyes. "You are so young," she added, tenderly.

"I shouldn't have your ideas if I live to be a thousand," cried the other.

"You restore toujours jeune fille!" said Madame, with admiration.

"Do you think—do you think—" began the girl, excitedly. But she stopped short because they were no longer alone.

Monsieur l'Abbé, with great sweetness and deference, was wishing *ces dames* a good-morning. Monsieur l'Abbé was tall and thin. He had a high forehead and long hair, and he suggested a fallen fortune, but he had an air of great contentment and simple cheer, and his eyes looked out brightly from his delicate withered face.

"What a sky! What a morning!" he exclaimed, and looking about him for further subjects for praise, "What a charming young lady!" he added to Madame as her young friend disappeared into the house.

A little later old Monsieur Pons and young Monsieur George came out arm in arm to crunch up and down the pebbly path in the sun.

"*Tout le monde se promène*," said the abbé. "You do well to come into the sun," he called to the two blind men.

"There is a fine view from our garden—n'est pas—Monsieur l'Abbé?" said old Pons, who had not seen for twenty years, he had never seen the garden, he had never seen the abbé.

"Charming! Splendid!" cried the curé.

Monsieur George and I are diverting ourselves with the study of grammar," continued the blind man. "He is teaching me the Italian verbs, and I am teaching him the German. At present we are conjugating the verb 'to love' as we walk."

"Ah! ah! A good idea that," said the abbé, and the two blind men passed on with their wavering uncertain gait.

Madame Antoine was bored. She moved unthinkingly to go into the house. Just then she saw something which decided her to remain where she was. Bonner was coming in through the garden gate—Bonner quite alone. He had a guilty air of uncertainty as he approached, and he was looking about in search of some one. Madame Antoine did not speak English. Bonner shook hands with her, and expressed his pleasure at seeing her with the grace usual to the male American when tackling a foreign tongue. He looked and perhaps felt a little like a fool, and Madame, without degrading herself to put him at greater ease, fixed a contemplative eye upon him. He had a bunch of pink anemones and roses in his hand, and Madame contemplated these also. He wanted to know where Miss Hull was; he asked if he might see her. Now Madame's forte, as we have indicated, was her great calm. By guarding an inert placidity through life she had accomplished a great many things, she had marvellously preserved her skin and her hair, she had retained a matchless digestion, she had acquired a reputation for dignity, and she had especially commended herself to an American parent as a fitting guardian for his motherless child.

But although Madame fully appreciated the fact that her strength lay in her listless composure, there were times when she felt that occasion required her to rouse herself from her comfortable lethargy, and to act. When Bonner, *seul*, with his bouquet in his hand, demanded to see her charge, Madame knew that such an occasion had come. She invited Mr. Bonner to place himself beside her, Monsieur l'Abbé having politely withdrawn himself, and with the best grace in the world she informed her visitor that it was time for their charming acquaintance to terminate. Bonner, smiling and frowning, but unsuspecting, listened to her musical phrases without understanding. He was groping about in that part of his memory to which he had once consigned a certain amount of Ollendorf, and was lazily trying to match Madame's silvery phrases with something that he found there, when he suddenly had an inspiration, and he got upon his feet, staring strangely.

"And mademoiselle?" he asked.

"It is de la part de mademoiselle that I am speaking. It is her wish that I should tell you."

Madame, who was capable of sacrifices, had sacrificed the truth. She began to walk slowly toward the garden gate with Bonner. When they reached the great portal they saluted each other gravely, Madame with a little smile, which meant to say, "Nous nous comprenons, n'est ce pas?"

"If I were you," said Mrs. Bonner, "I should soak my feet in mustard and hot water, *soak*, you know—s-o-a-k. Well, never mind, I'll get Miss Hull to tell you the French when she comes down."

Mrs. Bonner and the abbé had met under the palm-trees in the garden once usually on a rainy morning, and dispensing with the formality of a presentation, Mrs. Bonner had ac-

cused the elderly curé of having a cold, and had taken it upon herself to prescribe.

"I have weak lungs myself," she said; "that's one reason that I came here." And she tapped upon a chest that would have done credit to an athlete, and elicited a hollow cough.

When Miss Hull came down, Mrs. Bonner took her to task for not having returned her call. "I thought," she said, "you might be ill, so I came to see." The girl, in fact, looked rather ill, and there were rings around her eyes. She seemed to have been crying. "Come, what's the matter?" said Mrs. Bonner. "Let's go over by this doll-house, and you can tell me."

The girl protested that she was quite well as they walked toward the little shrine with the plaster figure of the Sainte Vierge.

"Lewis has left us," said Mrs. Bonner.

"He has gone to Nice for a week. Mamma and I are so well settled that we thought we might do without him for a while. But he has just stayed away as long as he likes now, for, just think, I had a letter from my husband yesterday, and he's to be with us in a few days. He's in London now. He has planned a regular surprise for us. Why, what's the matter? You look as though—"

Why, I thought Mr. Bonner—I've thought all along that Mr. Bonner was your husband!

"Lewis Bonner, do you mean? Good gracious, child! Why, for *How-ven's* sake, what an idea! How could you?"

They stood staring at each other for some moments.

Then, "Just tell James Bonner that when you see him," said James Bonner's wife, laughing. And then she added, "Jim's ever so much nicer than Lewis. You'd never imagine they were brothers."

She amused her mother-in-law with Miss Hull's mistake when she went back to the hotel, and as the joke was too good to keep, she wrote to her brother-in-law at Nice that same evening.

"What do you think? That pretty Hull girl has actually taken me for your wife!"

When Lewis Bonner received this letter, he came back to Hyères. He arrived late in the afternoon, and did not put up at his sister-in-law's hotel. In the evening, after his dinner, he went out to walk, and on his return from the *Jardin d'Acclimatation*, which he had found closed, he passed by the gate of the Villa Sainte Vierge, and found it open. It was moonlight in the old garden; something like the pale ghost of the glaring day was lingering there. The place, under the spell of the great white silence, seemed larger, wider, than by noon. The twisted plane-trees cast their grotesque shadows upon the house and on the glittering pebbly road, the palms, spreading their blade-like leaves into the night, seemed to intensify the stillness with their suggestion of the unpeopled tropics. The air was indefinitely pure, and filled with a faint cold perfume. It made Bonner giddily light, like the rare atmosphere of some great altitude. He went in through the gate, and looked up at the old house. There was some one out upon the balcony.

"Won't you come down," he said, "and take a walk?"

It was very bold, but then it was all so unreal. What did it matter?

"I thought you were in Nice."

"Yes, I was; but I'm not now."

There was nothing very brilliant in this, but they both laughed. A small joke goes a great way in the moonlight.

Then she said, "I wonder what Madame Antoine would say if I were to go?"

To which he replied, "Oh, bother Madame Antoine!"

THE NEW READING TERMINAL

STATION IN PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA has without doubt better accommodations than any other American city as to railway stations, and, what is better, they are in the heart of the city and easily accessible. This superiority in this regard is probably due in a great measure to the experiences which the railroads had during the Centennial Exhibition in 1876, when, do what they could, the crowds were too large to be comfortably handled. Soon after this was built that splendid station of the Pennsylvania Railroad in Broad Street. Now there is in process of construction another station in the same neighborhood, and the new building for the Reading Terminal, at Twelfth and Market streets, will be ahead in many ways of any similar structure previously built. The plans for this new station were made by Mr. McLeod, the president of the company, and in architecture the building is not similar to that of any other erected for a like purpose. In architectural style it is an adaptation of the Italian Renaissance, and its exterior will not look totally unlike that of the Metropolitan Opera-house, on Broadway, in New York; but it will be very much larger and more imposing.

The entrance to the station will be on a level with the sidewalk, but the main floor will be a few steps above the street. The half basement below contains six stores on the Market Street front and one on Twelfth Street. These are reached by a few steps from the street to the plaza below. Behind the stores are the cab stands and approaches for baggage wagons. The ticket offices, the baggage rooms, and a large passenger lobby are on the first floor. The second floor will contain the waiting-rooms and the restau-

rants, and a large balcony will overlook the Market Street front, and be kept for the use of passengers in fine weather. The other floors of the building will be used for the official purposes of the company. The train-sheds will be back of the main building. They will be wide enough to accommodate thirteen tracks, and still leave ample room for truck and footways. There will also be a market-house in connection with the station. The train-sheds extend north to Arch Street, and under them from Filbert Street north will be the new market-house. Work on this part of the building is now being rapidly pushed, and in a few weeks it will be ready for occupancy. The main building will not be entirely finished before next September.

Philadelphia is distinguished above other cities in several regards, but in nothing does she outstrip all others so much as in the passenger stations for the railroads which leave and enter there. In affording such comfortable and convenient accommodations for getting away from town, the Philadelphia railroad managers have shown their confidence in the abiding attractiveness of their city; but, to be sure, it is easy and pleasant to get away, it is just as agreeable to get back. The commodiousness of one of these stations was impressed upon a New York wit some years ago when he was taken in to the Broad Street Station of the Pennsylvania Railroad by a girl who dwelt on the banks of the Schuylkill. She showed him the station with pride, and the crowd of people waiting there.

"You say nothing is going on in Philadelphia," she said; "look at this."

"Yes, going on to New York and Washington," he replied.

IMLAC TO RASSELAS. (IN A CONFIDENTIAL MOOD.)

Upon my table there—
Back in the corner, where
One hardly sees it,
Unless the errand look
Passes by pipe and book,
And gains the farthest nook,
Surest to please it—

Glimmers the burnished rim
(Back in the corner dim)
Of a brass chalice,
Slender, fine-lipped, and light,
Graceful, as was the sprite
Whom it recalls to sight—
Alluring Alice!

She gave me this, the witch,
Saying 'twould fill some niche
Or lesser corner,
And painted it, I trow,
With rose-buds. Pshaw! as though
I were not like to know
What best adorn her!

My boy, you see it there,
Gleam through the cloudy air,
A song in metal;
And as I cogitate
(Distinctly celtate),
My fortunes simulate
The painted petal.

The rose-buds have not blown,
No, though some years have flown
Since I received it.
Why? do you ask? *Anide*,
Bend down your head, I tried,
Once, to discover. . . I'd
Not have believed it!

So, as the next best thing,
I smoke; and envying
Sieur Austin Dobson
His capabilities
For Amarieties,
I write senilities.
By choice of Hobson.

W. S. MOODY, JUN.

PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES.

THE second son of the Prince of Wales, Prince George, the sailor of the family, has been lying dangerously ill with typhoid fever at his father's London residence, Marlborough House, though the crisis is now believed to have been passed. Prince George is a most popular young man in England, and, next to his father, he is probably better liked than any member of the royal family. He is a frank, handsome, and manly fellow, and whenever he has appeared in company with his elder brother, Prince Albert Victor, otherwise known as "Collars and Cuffs," the contrast between the two has been very much in favor of the younger man, and the wish is not infrequently expressed in England that it might have been different, and that to the younger brother might in the natural order of things descend the crown of England.

Twenty years ago the Prince of Wales had a severe attack of typhoid, and his life was almost despaired of. This illness happened just after his appearance in the divorce court as a witness in the famous Lady Mordaunt case. His popularity was somewhat hurt at this time, but his severe illness and the popular anxiety aroused the sympathies of the people, and he arose from his sick-bed ready to public favor. During his long illness all who could get to Marlborough

House called there and made inquiries and inscribed their names in the Visitors' Book. In the illness of Prince George there is a similar stream of visitors to Marlborough House, and the sympathy for the anxious father has gone far towards counteracting the influence of the scandal connected with Sir William Gordon Cumming's peculiar method of playing baccarat. When Prince George was taken ill, his mother was in the Crimea. She hurried back, travelling night and day in special trains, and before she had reached her son's bedside, the first and most dangerous period of the illness had been passed. Those who visited the Marlborough House to inquire for the prince's health were of every class, and no favor or precedence was shown. Cabmen and doctors signed their names on the Visitors' Book next to cabinet members and noblemen, and only the immediate members of the royal family were allowed to enter by the main gateway. Every one else waited his turn in line.

Prince George is twenty-seven, and has been in the navy since he was fourteen. He is now a lieutenant, and last year was in command of the gunboat *Thrush*. His professional career he has received no promotion on account of his princely rank, but has been compelled to work his way through the various grades just as any commoner would. He and his brother, when they were respectively fourteen and fifteen years old, went on board the school-ship *Britannia*, which was stationed off Dartmouth. The following will give some idea of the mode of life of the young princes aboard: They rose at 6.30 A.M. winter and summer alike, and after taking a morning bath and drilling from 7.15 to 8 o'clock, assembled for prayers and breakfast. At 8.45 the muster-roll was called over, and the rest of the forenoon devoted to study. They dined at 12.15, after which they had an hour on shore, and then resumed study till 4 P.M., when they again went ashore for cricket or other games till 6.30, when they returned on board to tea, which was served at 7 o'clock. This was followed by another hour's tuition, and at 9.15 they again attended prayers, and retired to rest at 9.30. The royal cadets were shown no special favor in consequence of their rank, but were placed in the starboard watch and in the lowest class, from which they had to work their way up like their fellow-students.

In 1879 the two princes went on board the man-of-war *Bacchante*, Lord Charles Scott, captain, for an extended cruise. In their journey from the Mediterranean they visited Tenerife, the West Indies, Bermuda, Vigo, Ferrol, St. Vincent, the Plate, the Falkland Islands, the Cape of Good Hope, Australia, Feejee, on the west and the south; and then in the east they went through Japan and China, the Straits Settlements, Ceylon, Egypt, Palestine, and by the Mediterranean home. The two young men told the story of the trip in a book, *The Cruise of her Majesty's Ship "Bacchante," 1879-82*. And in regard to this book, it may be said that the young authors have been charged with cribbing from other writers whatever they happened to find and to think was appropriate. They were very young, however, at the time, and probably did not know any better. In the service, whenever Prince George has been abroad, he has always added to his popularity, and in a visit to Halifax and some other Canadian cities a year or so ago he made himself very agreeable to all who met him.

It has been told of him that some six or seven years ago, on account of some youthful folly, his father reduced the prince's allowance to so small a sum that the young man found it almost impossible to make two ends meet. About this time his aunt, the Princess Beatrice, who married Prince Henry of Battenberg, became a mother, and when it was time to christen the infant, presents came in from the near relatives. A box arrived from Prince George. It was opened, and found to contain a somewhat battered pewter mug, upon which was the inscription:

"From Prince George of Wales to his cousin, with the hope that when he grows up, and is called upon to make christening presents to his little cousins, he will have the means with which to make more suitable gifts than this."

This joke was highly appreciated, and Prince George's allowance was returned to him, along with a handsome present from the Queen.

JNO. GILMER SPREED.

TWO SCHOOLS OF ACTING.

BY MARIANNA McCANN.

WITHIN the present decade there have grown up in our Eastern States two schools dedicated to Thespian mysteries, and sufficiently elaborate in their methods and ambitious in their aims to claim national notice, and to wear not all unworthily, the sonorous title of Academy of Dramatic Arts.

Actors of a past generation will, of course, every time a school of acting is mentioned, shrug their shoulders, shake their heads with portentous disapproval, and foretell dismal failure and oblivion for the youth or maiden who intrusts his or her talents to this royal road to fame—that is, failure.

Whether a year or two of comparatively *sub rosa* experimentation and help in the actors' trade is in the long run injurious to the actor is a question, but certain it is that these unobtrusive testing-grounds of the embryonic actor and actress will save the

public's ears and eyes a deal of sorry elocution and unlovely spectacle. No one is expected to pay a round sum for the *coups d'esprit* of the tailor or the artist's appreciation, and why should the theatre-going populace be asked to distribute its precious dollars to see a fine play maltreated by awkward and untrained actors?

That charming old and mellow actress, the late Mrs. Vincent, once said to the writer, with decided unctious:

"It matters little how good the intention of the actor may be, it is the result alone that concerns his audience. The boy who comes on but once in a play, and then but to speak a single line, should be as exact and pleasing in the technique of his small contribution as is the leading actor. The stage is not (alas! too often) the workshop, the school-room, but the gallery of exhibition, where only the polished, finished workmanship of the artist should be seen."

Still, there are undoubtedly *pros* as well as *cons* to be weighed by the would-be histrion who contemplates the preparatory drill of a school of acting. It is not, however, my intention to attempt any solution to this vexed question in the present article. My purpose is simply to give a plain, unvarnished description of the workings of these two schools, as witnessed by one who has had the advantage of being a pupil at each academy.

Both the schools aim to do for the American stage what the Conservatoire in Paris has done for the stage of France. Let us first visit the Boston school, as it claims priority of establishment.

All good Bostonians are familiar with a dark and narrow alleyway leading north out of Beacon Street, and but a stone's throw from the old Athenaeum and Tremont House. This gray-day-looking passage is called Freeman Place, and at its terminus, wedged in between an old law building and a high brick wall, the fragment of a wooden structure meets the eye. The Gothic, churchly-looking door of this building bears a brass plate, upon which is engraved, "School of Expression." Once within the old edifice, one finds a suit of large, low-studded rooms, which runs back to Bowdoin Street. These rooms contain a piano, an organ, a blackboard or two, the director's desk, the type-writer's implements, several enormous mirrors, one hundred or more cane-bottomed chairs, and a few fine engravings and photographs on the walls.

The School of Acting meets and works in these rather barren rooms, where green baize, stage properties, scenery, and all the usual paraphernalia of a mimic world are conspicuously wanting, not because Professor Curry, the director, considers the environment of stage life and all theatrical equipment harmful to the best growth of the dramatic pupil. The School of Acting purports to be a branch of the School of Expression; but even a casual visitor at the school would be quick to see that the so-called "branch" is hardly in importance and vitality the parent school. The School of Expression, or of elocution and aesthetic gymnastics, merely supplies the rudimentary work for more artistic study.

The methods of instruction observed in the School of Acting are, in one respect, as I have hinted, rigidly in accordance with the ideal taught at the Paris Conservatoire—the absence of properties, scenery, and all mechanical aids to stage illusion. The pupil must imagine all; must concentrate his mind exclusively upon characterization and the dramatic situation, or spiritual *mise en scène*, if one may so express it.

There certainly is something very fascinating about the aesthetic aestheticism of this severe mode of work and discipline. One is impressed, however, with the suspicion that Professor Curry is turning out a corps of actors whose gamut will be limited—of actors, that is to say, who will interpret with accurate insight, sympathy, and skill the poetic and philosophic playwrights of Germany and the North, but who, on the other hand, would be awkward to a degree and hopelessly out of their element in the sprightly every-day furniture drama. Yet this judgment is superficial, and he who indulges in it is guilty of gross forgetfulness; for the Conservatoire is the forcing-house of dramatic Paris, where the incomparable actors of the Comédie Française are bourgeoised and blossomed—actors whose versatility and finish are unequalled the world over, who fill with baffling perfection any rôle, from that of austere classicism to that of the pretty and petty bric-à-brac farces of the hour.

Rigorous training in aesthetic gymnastics, movements which are modifications of the so-called Delislesian system, slow and thorough, are building, and a general acquaintance with English, French, and German dramatic and poetic literature comprise the courses of instruction exacted in this school as adjuncts to the study of characters and presentation of plays. Stage make-up, any hints as to stage dressing, and the regulation stage business and "gags," wisely or unwisely, are quite ignored by the director. On playsays the pupils assemble in the stage-room, forming a semicircle about the large empty platform. No pupil is allowed to carry a play-book on to the stage. Letter perfect—or, as the veteran says, "dead-letter perfect"—is the invariable requirement, and no call is permitted, but at the cue the pupil is expected to be in place, the right words at tongue-tip. Whole acts proceed without a

single interruption, but at the end of the act the instructor in charge will demand upon the trembling pupils with a perfect cyclone of criticism. The act must be gone through again, piecemeal this time, and at each repetition of the scene or act a new cast is called. Whatever the merits of the actors turned out by the Boston school may prove to be, it is safe to predict that most of the graduates will have formed habits of industry which, if more general with actors, would soon do away with the painful custom in vogue in our country and in England of making the first week of a new play a sort of special dress rehearsal and final study of lines. Actors trained to less slipshod habits would rebel at this deplorable treatment of plays, and stage-managers would, I believe, quickly and gladly answer the cue.

The American School of the Dramatic Arts, popularly known as "The Lyceum School," is quartered in the Lyceum Theatre building, New York city. One enters the school from East Twenty-fourth Street, and through the theatre stage door. A visitor to the school is at once impressed by the entirely business-like and professional atmosphere of the place. All is bustle and activity here, and there is little time or quiet for elaborate psychological studies or broodings with the poets. The girls who go in and out of the school daily have already learned the value of a few pencil marks about the eyes, and even while juniors, indulge in a little harmless make-up, no doubt in the fond belief that this professional trick brings them nearer to the footlights. This indulgence in facial decoration is amusing rather than worthy of censure, and the two years' school course usually cures the habit. Three or four little rooms on the ground-floor of the building are used by the director and dean and their assistants for offices. All the rules, even the most minute, of a theatre are scrupulously followed in this school. A bulletin board announces the day's programme of work; the catalogue of the school is called a prompt-book. Stage make-up, stage business, and stage deportment seem to be more highly valued by the teachers here than characterization. The instructors are nearly all actors of experience, and they therefore have vivid appreciation of the importance of a good make-up and a creditable stage entrance and exit.

The teachers' view of the work before them with their pupils is not in the least sentimental or theoretical. They consider it more important to so drill a novice that she may present a letter in a scene without embarrassment than to encourage the study of the intricacies of the mental attitudes of a Hamlet. The drill these Lyceum pupils receive in stage business is most careful and comprehensive—it could hardly be bettered—and the directions as to make-up are minute and constantly repeated.

Mr. Franklin S. Sargent, the director-general of the Lyceum school, assumes, as his special department of instruction, pantomimic work, the cultivation of physical plasticity and dramatic expression of the body. Mr. Sargent infuses an element of idealism into all his work. He works with the pupils for absolute dramatic growth, with little or no regard as to where or when the fruits of his labor may be tested and tasted. He aims to turn out the actor-artist rather than the actor breadwinner. He thinks that there are now too many of the latter, and too few of the former. The breadwinner isn't always an artist, but the artist is always a breadwinner. Mr. Sargent frequently gets the best results from pantomimic work not supplemented by lines. Half a dozen pupils are given a dramatic situation, and are sent up stage to carry it out to the best of their ability and unguided conceptions. Not a word, laugh, or sigh is heard, but the story is told by pantomime alone.

Mr. Daniel Frohman, the owner and manager of the Lyceum Theatre, places his stage at the school's disposal several hours daily; thus every pupil, from the day of entering, is afforded ample opportunity to become familiarized with the arena of future activity. The school course covers two years, and into those years an astonishing amount and variety of work is compressed. In addition to the stage business and pantomime work already considered, the pupils are expected to acquire a pretty thorough knowledge of and skill in elocution, singing, fencing, dancing, French, and dialects.

From time to time the embryonic actor and actress get tastes of publicity and foot-light glory. The minor rôles in the play put on at the Lyceum Theatre are usually filled by pupils of the school. During the latter half of each year a stock company, made up of Lyceum pupils, is sent out on the road for a week or so of practice in small towns. The senior members of the school usually present every winter some classic drama at the theatre, afterward taking a short tour through New England. The *Electra* of Sophocles prove veritable triumphs of graceful and vigorous pantomime, classic staging, and harmonious grouping.

Last winter a departure from Greek tragedy was made in favor of Ibsen's *Pillars of Society*, with fair success.

The thoughtful observer may be inclined to believe that these schools of dramatic instruction have sounded the tocsin of a battle to be waged in the immediate future between the hapazard empirical acting of players who are untrained and without culture and the well-equipped conscientious actor.



THIS YEAR'S EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—AS SEEN BY BERT WILDER.

420. "Our Landlady calling Us to Dinner." 289. "The Dance of Death." 280. "The Unripe Watermelon." 363. "Playing Snap-the-Whip on the Plains."
 265. "'My Mamma says I mustn't play with You.'" 147. "A Tight-rope Performer." 152. "A Surgical Operation." 437. "'The World is Mine.'"
 333. "Attendant and Visitor at a Turkish Bath." 800. "'Rats'" 650. "An Eiffel Tower in the Desert." 149. "A Puzzle—to find the Old Man's Face."



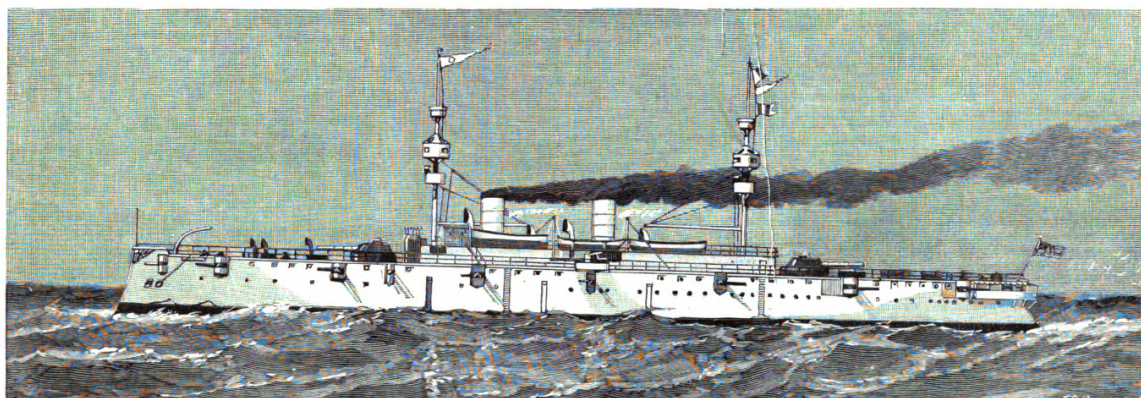
PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES.—[SEE PAGE 999.]



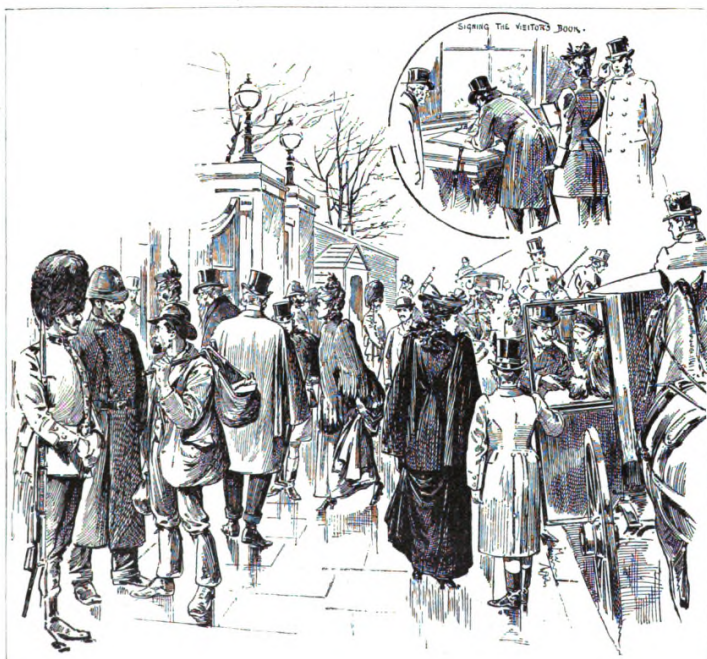
MRS. ST. CLAIR GRIMWOOD, THE HEROINE OF MANIPUR.—[SEE PAGE 995.]



MISS HELEN PAGE, OF NEW YORK, WHO CHRISTENED THE NEW CRUISER.—[SEE PAGE 1002.]



THE UNITED STATES CRUISER "NEW YORK."—[SEE PAGE 1002.]



VISITORS AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE DURING THE ILLNESS OF PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES.



THE LATE DOM PEDRO OF BRAZIL.—[SEE PAGE 1005.]

NUNC PLAUDITE.

A MAKER of light measures, what was he
That to his hearse we should the laurel bring?
One who loved life with such brave ecstasy
That, though men mocked his verse, he yet
could sing.

What has he left—what heart-compelling
dower—
That bids us bless with tears his memory?
The gracious knowledge—the serene power
Born of the knowledge—that such love may be.
KATHERINE VAN HARTINGEN.

THE U.S.S. "NEW YORK."

"He is brave within and steel without;
With beams on his topcastles strong;
And eighteen pieces of ordnance
He carries on either side along."

BARTON.

THE American people, for many years
imagining themselves secure not only from
attack, but from insult by foreign powers,
through their Representatives in Congress,
declined either to add to or rebuild the navy
which the government inherited from the
last years of the great rebellion. By dint
of hammering away at Congress, the White
Squadron—*Atlanta*, *Boston*, *Chicago*, and
Dolphin—was finally built, and its appear-
ance created such an enthusiasm for a new
navy among our people that the work of
building it has gone on unretarded ever
since.

The Delaware River, and more particularly
Philadelphia, is the birthplace of the Ameri-
can navy. Ninety-seven years ago the then
newly born republic saw the keels laid for
her first men-of-war. They were not built
in the Kensington district, where the Cramps
now have their ship-yard, but in the South-
west or southern part of the city, near by
where the first navy-yard was afterwards
built, and within a short distance of Gloria
Del—Old Swedes Church.

The first man-of-war launched was the
sailing frigate *United States*, 74 guns, built at
Southwark by Joshua Humphreys, the first
naval constructor of the United States navy.
This vessel was launched March 10, 1797.
Joseph Grice, whose brother Samuel taught
William Cramp, the founder of the present
firm, his trade, built the *Guerrerie* of immortal
memory, launching her June 30, 1814.
The first ship launched at the old navy-yard
was the frigate *Franklin*, 74 guns. In those
days a "74-gun ship" was accounted a for-
midable man-of-war; to-day she could not
live ten minutes within range of one of the
Concord class. The heaviest vessel of the old
times built on the Delaware was the ship
of the line *Pennsylvania*, 120 guns, laun-
ched July 18, 1857. At Kensington was
built, too, the *New Ironside*, the forerunner
of all these "armored cruisers," and whose
lines, particularly the middle section of her
hull, has been little deviated from since, ex-
cept as to certain modifications of her speed
lines, which the great progress in engine-
building has made imperative. From the
Delaware, too, sailed Decatur, Bainbridge,
Hull, and Biddle, whose gallant actions made
the American flag an object of respect the
world over, and whose patriotism and daring
could well be followed by our naval officers
in these times.

The U.S.S. *New York* is up to the present
the largest as also the fastest man-of-war we
have afloat. There have been five other *New
Yorks* in the navy, nearly all of them having
been the largest and most powerful in their
class. The first was a gondola used for ser-
vice on Lake Champlain. No. 2 was a frigate
of 1130 tons and 36 guns. She was com-
manded at various times by Captain R. V.
Morris and Captain John Rodgers. She saw
considerable service in the Mediterranean,
being finally laid up at the Washington Navy-
yard, at which place she was broken up.
The third was a sloop used in bay and river
service between 1812 and 1815, being cap-
tured by the British. No. 4 was said to have
been an 84-gun line-of-battle ship, the lar-
gest of her class; she was on the stocks at the
Norfolk Navy-yard when the civil war broke
out, and was subsequently burned. The fifth
was to be called the *Ontario*, but in 1869
her name was changed to *New York*. She
was never launched, but was broken up in
1888, when the government decided to
build its vessels of steel. The principal di-
mensions of the *New York* just launched
are as follows:

Length on the water line..... 380 ft. 4.5 in.
Breadth of beam..... 64 ft.
Mean draught..... 32 ft. 8.5 in.
Displacement..... 9150 tons.
Maximum speed..... 30 knots.
Sustained sea speed..... 18 knots.
Complement (officers and crew)..... 475.
Coal endurance (total capacity)..... 15,000 miles.

Before she received her name she was
known in the Navy Department as armored
cruiser No. 2, the *Maine* being No. 1. Her
construction was authorized by the Naval
Appropriation Act, approved September 7,
1888. Bids were advertised for under date
of April 8, 1890, and a circular issued to
builders defining the chief characteristics of
the vessel. On June 10, 1890, the contract for
her construction was awarded to The Wil-
liam Cramp & Sons Ship and Engine-build-
ing Company, of Philadelphia. The con-
tract provided for the final completion of
the vessel by January 1, 1893. The first de-
livery of material for her was made on Sep-
tember 3, 1890, and the first keel plates were

laid on the blocks on September 30th of the
same year; fourteen months have thus been
consumed in the construction of her hull.
Her cost, exclusive of armor and armaments,
will be \$2,985,000. If, during her trial trip,
she makes more than the guaranteed 30
knots for four consecutive hours, her build-
ers will be entitled to a bonus of \$50,000 for
each quarter of a knot so made. The Cramps
received \$135,600 for the excess above the
guaranteed speed of the *Philadelphia*, and
\$183,124 50 for the excess of the *Baltimore*,
Newark, and *Yorktown*. Experts predict
that the *New York* will bring her builders a
greater bonus for excess of speed than any
ship they have yet launched of the new
navy. The frames of the *New York's* hull
are of steel, covered with steel plates. Her
stern, stern-post, and shaft struts are immense
pieces of cast steel. The rudder frame is a
combination of forged and cast steel, and the
rudder complete weighs 35,000 pounds. She
has four complete steel decks—upper, gun,
berth, and protective—besides a flying deck,
or bridge, upon which are carried her boats.
Yellow-pine flats are laid over the upper and
gun decks, 2½ inches thick, and over the
berth-deck, 2½ inches thick. She will have
no sail-power, but is to be provided with two
military masts, fitted with double fighting tops
for machine-guns and revolving cannons.

Her foreboard to the upper deck is 20 feet,
and, together with her size, will enable her to
fight her guns and maintain her speed in a
sea which would render smaller ships prac-
tically helpless.

The *New York* is now little more than
two-thirds completed, although to the land-
man's eye she looks considerably more. All
of her outside plating is in place, the super-
structure on the upper deck is there, and the
decks are nearly all laid; nearly all the
bulkheads have been completed; in fact nine-
tenths of the metal-work is finished, and
nearly all the wood and other fittings. Her
defective armor, that is, "protection deck,"
as it is called at the yard, is almost finished,
but none of her side armor has yet been
received; this, and all her machinery, will
be put in place while she lies at the dock.
The four great engines have been erected
in the shops, while the six boilers, looking
like great iron tunnels, are standing on the
dock, all ready to be put into place. The
unarmored vessels of the Squadron of Evolu-
tion, ships of the *Philadelphia*, *Chicago*,
and *Newark* type, while splendid examples
of their kind, are not battle ships, but mere
cruisers, or, to use a more descriptive term,
"commerce destroyers." Though they are
known as protected cruisers, they were not
built to withstand the enormous projectiles
of foreign navies. The *New York* has been
specially designed as an intelligent compromise
between the low freeboard coast-defense
vessels, or the modified Monitor type, and
the high-sided ships on the model of the
Philadelphia. She is the third of the armored
vessels to be launched. The first was the
Maine, launched from the Brooklyn yard
last fall, and the second, the *Montevideo*,
launched a few months ago at the Union
Iron works, San Francisco. The *Montevideo* is a
coast-defense vessel, but has not half the dis-
placement of the *New York*, and three knots
less speed, but her guns and armor are
also to be heavier. The *Maine* is the nearest
approach to the *New York* now afloat in
our navy, but her speed is three knots less,
her displacement 1500 tons below the *New
York*; she is 62 feet shorter and 8 feet
less beam; her guns are to be of larger cal-
ibre, but not as numerous, and her armor is
also to be heavier. The *New York* is also
longer by 50 feet than the largest of our
navy afloat and in commission—the *Chicago*,
Baltimore, and *Philadelphia*—and her tonnage
is 8000 tons greater than theirs.

It was the evident intention in designing
the *New York* that she should compare fa-
vorably with the English armored cruisers
of similar displacement, viz., *Blake* and *Blen-
heim*. The former is just completed and
going into commission, and, it is rumored,
will be the flag-ship of the British squadron
in these waters. These are the largest and
fastest protected cruisers in the English
navy, and in view of the *Blake* being on
duty on our shores, the following compara-
tive table makes interesting reading:

	<i>New York</i> .	<i>Blake</i> .
Tonnage dis- placement.....	9150	9000
Main battery.....	6.9-inch breech- loading rifles; 12- inch breech- loading rifles; 4- inch.	9.9-inch breech- loading rifles; 10- inch breech- loading rifles; 6- inch.
Can fire ahead or astern.....	4.9-inch and 4- inch.	1.9-inch and 9- inch.
Can fire abeam.....	5.9-inch and 6- inch.	9.9-inch and 6- inch.
Weight of fire armament.....	1144 pounds.	600 pounds.
Weight of fire armament.....	1466 pounds.	1300 pounds.
Armor deck.....	8-inch flat, 6- inch slopes.	3-inch flat, 6-inch slopes.
Side, abreast of machinery spaces.....	5-inch.	About 3½-inch.
Maximum dis- placement.....	1000 tons.	1000 tons.
Maximum indi- cated horse- power (esti- mated).....	16,000	20,000
Speed (esti- mated).....	30 knots.	22 knots.

It will be noticed that the *Blake* has no
side armor. The *New York* is further pro-
tected by her belt of cellulose, the new water-
excluding material, and four of her 8-inch
guns are protected by 10-inch barbettes and

7-inch shields, while the two 9.2-inch guns of
the *Blake* have the service shields only, cer-
tainly by no means equal to four inches of
vertical armor. The *Blake* has a slight ad-
vantage in speed, but it is hardly likely she
would run away from a vessel of the *New
York* type. It is stated as a fact that al-
though the *Blake* has had her "dock trial,"
she has never been tested at sea, for reasons
best known to the British government. The
main battery of the *New York* consists of six
8-inch breech-loading rifles, 35 calibres in
length, which will fire an ogival projectile
weighing 250 pounds. The recent trials of
nickel-plate armor at the proving grounds
on the Potomac show the terrible execution
these guns and their projectiles can do.
Twelve 4-inch rapid-firing guns are a pow-
erful auxiliary to this main battery. In ad-
dition to these will be mounted at various
points about the decks and aloft, four 6-
pounders, four 3-pounders, and four 1-poun-
ders, all rapid-fire guns; also four 37-mil-
limetre revolving cannon, and four 45-mil-
limetre machine-guns. Almost any one can form
an idea of what a terrible storm of shot and
shell these guns can deliver; concentrated
upon one object, the result would be to de-
stroy everything within range. Besides these
guns she will carry six torpedo tubes.

Of the 4-inch guns, 12 will be mounted
in a barbettes forward on the upper deck, and
two in a similar barbettes aft, while the re-
maining two are carried in broadside amid-
ships on the upper deck.

The barbettes forward and aft on which
the 8-inch guns are mounted are 10 inches
thick, and the revolving conical shields over
the guns are 7 inches thick. The sloping
armor between the upper and gun decks be-
neath the barbettes is 5 inches thick, and the
ammunition tubes have also a thickness of 5
inches. The two 8-inch guns on the broad-
side are protected by partial barbettes 2
inches thick and shields on the guns. The
12 4-inch rapid-fire guns are mounted on
the gun-deck in armored sponsons 4 inches
thick, and the 4-inch shields on the gun-deck
covering the ports. These guns are mount-
ed six on a side, three fore, and three aft.
The 6 and 8 pounder rapid-fire guns are pro-
tected by 2-inch armor or its equivalent.

There is one fixed torpedo tube in the bow
and one in the stern, besides two training
tubes—all above water. The 8-inch guns are
25 feet, and the 4-inch 10½ feet above the
water-line.

The main feature of the armor of the *New
York* is her protective deck. This extends
over all from bow to stern, over the machi-
nery and hold spaces. It is horizontal through-
out the length of the ship for a width from
10 to 35 feet, while the sides slope down to
the water-line, forming a slight angle, thus
making in reality a convex shield of
armor, so that any projectile which pierces
her sides will be deflected. The edges of the
contour meet the sides of the ship 4 feet 9
inches below, and the highest part is 1 foot
above the water-line when she is at the mean
draught of 32 feet 3½ inches.

The deck is completely covered with two
courses of plating, having a thickness of 3
inches amidships and 2½ fore and aft. The
slopes amidships are covered with an addi-
tional thickness of 3 inches, making a
total of 6 inches. Beneath these 6 inches of
armor are the boilers and engines, all vital
powers of a ship, and it is therefore impera-
tive they should have the fullest protection.
Aboard of the machinery spaces the side
armor, a thin belt of nickel-plated steel work,
between the protective and berth decks, is
8½ inches thick, thus making 5 inches
of metal outside this space.

The third important protective feature is
the complete belt of water-excluding materi-
al extending from a foot below the water-line
to a safe distance above. It is literally a
coffer-dam 3 feet 6 inches deep, worked be-
tween the protective and berth decks, ex-
tending completely around the ship, divided
by transverse water-tight compartments ev-
ery few feet. It is filled with cellulose, a
fibrous material made of the coco-nut husk.
In the event of a shot piercing the vessel
near the water-line, the cellulose is expected
to swell with the water that comes in con-
tact with it, filling the hole up and making
it water-tight. This is a French patent,
which has been extensively adopted for the
French navy, but is now to be manufac-
tured in Philadelphia. A large proportion
of the vessel's coal supply is also stored on
the protective deck, forming an additional
safeguard against damage near the water-
line.

The vessel has twin screws 16 feet in
diameter, driven by four separate engines, each
of 4000 horse-power. Two of these will
work the starboard shaft and two the port,
and are so arranged that they can be discon-
nected and the vessel be run under half pow-
er. The engines are of the vertical, inverted,
direct-acting, triple-expansion, three-cylinder
type, arranged in four water-tight compart-
ments. At 129 revolutions per minute, her
engines are calculated to develop 16,000 horse-
power, in fact, the engineers in charge of
their construction feel sure they will easily
reach 20,000 more. Six double-ended hori-
zontal return fire-tube boilers will furnish steam
at a pressure of 160 pounds to the square
inch. Eight furnaces will heat each boiler,
arranged two abreast in three water-tight com-
partments, with six thwart-ship fire-rooms.
These main boilers are 15 feet 3 inches in
diameter, and 21 feet 3 inches long, having
a total grate surface of 990 square feet, and

a total heating surface of 81,190 square feet.
Above the protective, two auxiliary single-
ended two-furnace boilers are to be placed,
having a total grate surface of 64 square feet,
and total heating surface of 1937 square feet.
All the boilers are to be fitted and worked
under forced draught on the air-tight fire-
room system.

The *New York* will draw so much more
water than any of our previously built ves-
sels that when she makes her trial trip, in
order to find water enough, she will be com-
pelled to make it off the New England coast.

Every modern improvement in plumbing,
lighting, and ventilating the ship has been
introduced. She has a complete electric-light-
ing outfit of five sets of dynamos and en-
gines, with a capacity of 1000 ampères, in-
cluding 700 incandescent lights. There will
also be four search-lights, 80 inches in diam-
eter, all of which can be controlled from the
bridge or conning tower.

The *New York* is to be fitted as a flag-ship,
and, in addition to the quarters of admiral,
there are state-rooms for 30 ward-room offi-
cers, 12 junior officers, and 2 warrant officers.
The size and type of this latest addition to
our navy are such as to make the accommo-
dations throughout surpass every other ves-
sel in the navy for comfort and spaciousness.

The Weather Bureau took charge of the
atmosphere on the day of the launch, and no
more perfect day could have been devised.
Cramps' yard was profusely decorated with
flags and bunting, and made a gallant ap-
pearance. It is usual to christen a ship by
breaking the bottle of wine over the bows
from her deck, but on this occasion a plat-
form was built at the ship's bow, on which a
small pulpit-like enclosure had been erected.
Inside this stood Miss Helen C. Page, daugh-
ter of J. Seaver Page, Esq., of New York
city, the fair godmother of the *New York*.
All about, as far as the eye could reach, every
vantage-point was black with people. The
Delaware held a fleet of steamboats and tugs
loaded down to the water's edge. Long be-
fore the spectacle from Washington and New
York arrived, workmen were hard at work
getting the last details of the launch into
shape. Constructor Nixon ordered the out-
side shoring pins knocked away early in the
day, an innovation the oldest workman about
the yard never saw before.

Finally Miss Page arrived at the platform,
accompanied by Secretary Tracy, Vice-Presi-
dent Morton, Mrs. Harrison, and Mr. Har-
Cramp. After some delay came the cry,
"The wedges are home, Sid!" "Knock
away the shores," answered Mr. Nixon; and
soon the great ship rested on her cradle
alone. "Saw away!" Crash through the
"sole-piece" the saws rip. "Let her go!"

An instant's silence; then a tumultuous cry,
"She moves! She moves!"

At that moment Miss Page dashed the bot-
tle against her bow, and as the yellow wine
ran down her sides, cried, "I christen thee
New York!"

Twenty-five thousand people cheered, the
tugs and steamboats blew their whistles, a
perfect pandemonium prevailed. Slowly
through the boiling water, missing allow and
oil, gathering momentum at each breath,
gracefully as a swan, she glided down the
ways, and as she cleared every obstruction
and dipped her nose in the Delaware, the
tumult and enthusiasm seemed to reach its
climax. The *New York* was afloat, looking
in mid-stream like a great iron fort. And
now the anxious builders drew a great sigh
of relief, for had she "stuck" and cracked
her back, which the enormous weight of the
hull would render imminent, a million of
dollars would not see the Cramps through
with the loss.

After the excitement had subsided, the in-
vited guests took up their march for the
"Mould Loft." We have heard a great deal
lately about "rush lines," but there has never
been a game of football with a "rush line"
equal to that. Once the "Mould Loft" was
reached, one was repaid for his trouble. The
room usually devoted to musty models was
converted into a vast banquet hall, profusely
decorated with flags, banners, and bunting.
Down the centre was a table laden with every
luxury necessary for such an occasion. Three
thousand people made merry, and drank to
the long life and health of the *New York*
and her builders. At a round table at the
head of the room sat Secretary Tracy, with
Mrs. Harrison and Miss Page on either side
of him. Souvenirs of the occasion were pre-
pared by President Charles H. Cramp for the
ladies of the christening party. This was a
beautiful chateaufort—that of Miss Page being
of gold—with the letters "U.S.S. N. Y."
over a trident, and upon different-colored
ribbons the name of the vessel in full, and
the date of the launching. The souvenirs
for Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Whitney, and Mrs.
Cleveland were also of gold; the other ladies
were in silver. Mr. Harry Cramp fitted
about the room in his usual genial way, look-
ing after his guests, and doing still more to
increase his personal popularity.

The launch of the *New York* has stirred
up considerable patriotism or local enthusi-
asm in the metropolis. Movements are under
way to provide her with a set of colors, a
silver bell (a library has already been pre-
sented), and quite an amount of interest
stimulated in our navy. The entire proceed-
ings passed off without hitch or friction of
any kind, and a grander or more imposing
sight than the launch of this giant man-of-
war it would be difficult to imagine.

HARRY P. MAWSON.



CLASSIFYING FOOTBALL PLAYERS is not so simple as it looks. It should be borne in mind that the opinions advanced in this column are the results of a season's work. The men are not chosen for the national team from their showing in any one game, but from what they have done throughout the football year. Bearing this in mind, therefore, I should pick the All America eleven of '91 as follows:

Homans, full back.
McClung and Lake, half backs.
King, quarter.
Adams, centre.
Heffelfinger and Riggs, guards.
Newell and Winter, tackles.
Hinkey and Hartwell, ends.

SUBSTITUTES.

Poe, Bliss, Barbour, and Trafford behind the line.
Holly, Balliet, Warren, Hallowell, and Newton in the line.

It may be interesting, and serve for matter of record as well, to reproduce here the All America teams of '90 and '89.

That of '90 was:

Homans, full back.
McClung and Lake, half backs.
Dean, quarter.
Cranston, centre.
Heffelfinger and Riggs, guards.
Hodges and Newell, tackles.
Hallowell and Warren, ends.

SUBSTITUTES.

Hartwell, Upton, and Morrison in the line.
Poe, Lee, Lake, and Bliss for halves.
Trafford, full back.

That of '89 was:

Amos, full back.
Lee and Channing, half backs.
Poe, quarter.
George, centre.
Heffelfinger and Cranston, guards.
Cowan and Adams, tackles.
Cannock and Staggs, ends.

SUBSTITUTES.

Dean, Trafford, Black, and McBride behind the line.
Janeway, Stickney, Donnelly, and Rhodes in the line.

THERE WERE SOME OPINIONS at variance with mine when a year ago I wrote down Homans as full back on what would be the picked American team, but his work this season has, I think, thoroughly vindicated my judgment based upon his kicking ability a twelvemonth ago. He has easily out-punted any man on the field, and shown himself equal to making good gains with the ball. He tackles well, is safe nine times out of ten under a kick, and is not rattled by opposing ends rushing down on him.

Of the half backs, McClung has won the first place not only by his straight gaining abilities, but by his certainty to make distance in a game. Unlike half backs generally, even of the first class, he has been brilliant not only in small games, but also in the final ones. He follows interference with better judgment than any half on the field to-day, his dodging is a revelation, and a hole in the line must be closed up very quickly to keep him from getting through.

LAKE SHOULD BE the side partner of McClung, and it would indeed be a perfect line that did not yield to either the dashing plunges of the former or the remarkable dodging of the latter. Lake has by no means had an opportunity this season to show off his prowess. He is undoubtedly the most difficult to bring down of all the half backs; he runs very low and with considerable speed, and his 175 pounds makes a difficult armful for even the surest tackler. His forwards this year have given him little support; they were unable to make holes for him in the Yale line, and several times I saw Lake actually dive into the line for a gain of a few yards, carrying the men along by the very force of his battering. Had he been behind the Yale line, this young man would have had several brilliant runs to his credit. The man to feed the ball to these three players is King; not because he is a better passer or so strong in his judgment of what plays to try as Barbour, but because he is so marvellously active in interference and tackling. In the latter respect he is one of the best on the field, while the coolness with which he directs a runner for whom he is interfering gains many a yard in the course of a season.

IN THE CENTRE, Adams of the University of Pennsylvania, flanker by Heffelfinger and Riggs, would make a formidable trio for any team to face. Both Yale and Harvard have had new men to develop at centre this year, and though Sanford and Bangs are promising, they are much behind the University of Pennsylvania man. Symmes' play this season has greatly improved over that of last, and of Yale, Harvard, and Princeton, he would be the choice. Should he continue next season as he has this, he would be the man for the picked team. There is another centre whose play has greatly impressed me this year, and that is Balliet of Lehigh. He runs Adams very close for choice; so close, in fact, I have heard men whose opinions carry weight declare him to be the best centre on the field to-day. Choosing guards is a very easy matter, for Heffelfinger and Riggs clearly out-class all other candidates. Newton, of Wesleyan, has shown form of the first class,

and, more acceptably than any of the others, would fill a vacancy that points to the line. Both Heffelfinger and Riggs have been commented on in this department until there remains nothing new to be said. Riggs played a much stronger game this year than last, and, so far as line work goes, there is little if any difference between the two. Heffelfinger, however, has an advantage in speed, and the style of Yale's play has brought this prominently to the front in his interference. In guarding a runner, he makes the life of an opposing tackler a veritable burden, and to his skillful work in this respect is to be credited a good share of Yale's gains. Despite his two hundred pounds, he is able to move his body as quickly as a man weighing one hundred and fifty, and it is this combination of weight and activity that makes him so valuable as a rusher.

NEWELL AND WINTER, the former as a terror to opponents' attacks and the latter as a ground-gainer, would make a pair of tackles to any captain's liking. Newell's work has not shone this season as it did last, simply because he was picked man, and like Heffelfinger in the Yale-Harvard game, received an extra amount of attention. It gives rise to great expectations for a player to be chosen for the All America team the first year he makes the 'varsity, and Winter may consider himself indebted to Billy Rhodes for the compliment, as it certainly was the coaching of Yale's ex-captain that brought him into such shape. But Winter owes his ground-gaining to his own stout legs and heart. His playing in the Princeton game was far stronger than at Springfield. Out on the ends the shadowy Hinkey and Hartwell would complete an almost invincible individual team. Freshman Hinkey has been one of the year's surprises. No one outside of his preparatory school had ever heard of him before this season, when he appeared on the Yale grounds as a candidate. He played on the scrub side awhile, but soon gave ample evidence to the Yale coaches that he knew too much football for some of the 'varsity candidates. He was too much for Hallowell at Springfield, and that is equal to writing him down as one of the best players. Hartwell has earned the place on the All America team in spite of strong competition. The ends he faced (Emmons and Vincent), although not so experienced as those Hinkey had to handle (Hallowell and Warren), were wide awake and active, but Hartwell succeeded in getting of his runners by or through repeatedly while his end was never passed by an opposing runner. Beginning with the U. of P. game in New York, and followed by Springfield and Thanksgiving day, Hartwell put up the strongest play of his football career, and his record will live in the memory of Yale as one of her best ends.

THE WORK OF DEVELOPING a team out of green material has worked strongly against Warren's chances for a regular end on the picked team. His individual play has been sacrificed to a considerable extent to the captaincy in a year when to gain a place he must have played his very best game. He has played a careful, steady game, not what he is equal to, or what we shall probably see next season, when there is not so much bother. I should want him as substitute end in case the others were laid up. Emmons is going to make a first-class man, and if he plays on Harvard's end next year, his opponent will realize the truth of this remark.

AMONG THE SUBSTITUTES I should take Barbour first, and in the event of a half back being laid up, would drop King back as a half, and play Barbour at quarter. Trafford would go next as a substitute for Homans, though it is not very likely he would be used, as the Princeton back appeared never to get injured to any serious extent. In case Adams were laid up, I should not consider my team weakened by putting in Balliet, and if both of them went off the field, I should continue to feel my eleven superior to the best by placing Riggs in centre and putting Newton guard. As change tackle I know of no better man than Holly, who, although not so experienced as Wallis, was too much for him in many respects on Thanksgiving day. Holly has the right idea of the position, is strong and aggressive, and it would not take many days to make him rank with the best in the country. With Hallowell at change end, and Warren in reserve in case of calamity, the line of the All America team would be taken care of. Schoff, of the U. of P., deserves mention as being among the best ends of the country.

BEHIND THE LINE there is such a wealth of fine material that one hesitates before picking substitutes; but it seems, after looking it over from all sides, that if King were disabled after he had been taken back from quarter, I should call on Poe, and later, Bliss. I am not forgetting Corbett, but I should be afraid to trust him on a picked team after his exhibition at Springfield of very miserable high tackling and dropping the ball. It is possible, of course, this came from lack of practice, but it stands against him until he shows to the contrary another season. Neither am I forgetting Osgood, of Cornell, nor Thayer, Camp, and Branson, of the University of Pennsylvania, nor, among the New England colleges, Street, of Williams; they are all

good—very good. Bliss is a clever expert at half, and uses his intelligence to the best possible advantage. Poe is a natural-born player, he has his brother's deadly tackle, is very fast, and dives into a line with the same dash that characterizes Lake's plunging. His weight, of course, prevents him carrying the line on his head and shouldering for a few yards' gain, as Lake did at Springfield, but he managed to squirm a few yards through Yale's stiff line even when unaided—in fact, he was the only one that could. Give an eleven chosen from these picked men steady coaching—for without it they would be easy prey to one with strong teamwork—and the All America team of '91 would be invincible.

THE IMPROVEMENT in FOOTBALL throughout the smaller college teams has been marked, while the preparatory schools have shown some play believed quite beyond their reach a few years ago. The most noteworthy feature of the year in this respect, however, has been the strides in the game taken by Cornell. That this university should, without football traditions and the advantages of superior coaching, develop a team so strong as that of '91 unmistakably suggests what we may expect in a year or two.

NO SEASON HAS EVER so effectually demonstrated the value of team play as the one just completed. Harvard, with a galaxy of stars in Lake, Newell, Trafford, Hallowell, and Corbett, was considered well equipped for victory. In fact too well equipped, for it is said that because Harvard was able to win a year ago against Yale's interfering game, the principal coacher at Cambridge pool-pooled interference, except in the way of tandem running by the backs, and thoroughly believed in team interference. One of them said, "Just give us a centre, and with our running halves we will go through anything." But when Springfield came, it took just three minutes by the watch to show the men who disbelieved in team interference that even light men well protected could be swung through the Harvard line with comparative ease by this style of interference.

PRINCETON HAD MORE TEAM-WORK than Harvard, but the breaking in of new men, and the attempt to mould them well into the game of the few old men, occupied so much of the attention of the coaches in the early part of the season, that not until November was it possible to move them concertedly. Then, no one knows why, the team would be left for days at a time coachless to work along on its own line—a mistake that is always costly. The team defence was well worked up, but there was practically no team offensive play. Even against Cornell it seemed well-nigh impossible for Princeton to score, and the entire lump sum of the distance they made against Yale would hardly have carried them across the field.

AND SO WE CAME to Yale, whose defensive play was a team play that has kept every opponent out of her goal, and whose offensive play was a team play that has never failed against even the two greatest opponents, since at least, to carry the ball without a break from the centre to a touch-down. Nor was the work the repetition of some single massing play which although the opponents might know and recognize, they could not stop. No; it was simply the perfection of execution of a dozen plays, all fought by different players in their own form, and all so arranged as to assault the opponents at various points in the line.

THE COACHING OF YALE has already received many a compliment at my hands, but the justice of bestowing those compliments could not have been proven any more effectively than by the work of the team itself at Springfield and at New York. There is one thing in which the Yale coaching is pre-eminent, and that is in the practical execution. Theory and talk in football are the cheapest articles to be had, but to make a play connect is worth all the rest. Trafford and Homans were and are drop kickers. Upon an open field, with no rush lines, either of them could kick more dropped goals, and at a greater distance, than McCormick. We never heard much about the drop kicks McCormick was going to make; but when it came to the field of contest, when a dropped goal meant something besides a little hand-clapping from a few enthusiastic undergraduates, when it meant five large points where points were hard to get, Trafford tried twice unsuccessfully, Homans tried once unsuccessfully, and McCormick, the poorest of the three, with his one chance, sent his little bolt true to the mark. "Why?" you ask. Because, with the Yale coaches, it was not a question of teaching McCormick to kick wonderful goals from mid-field, but it was a question of looking after every detail in the play of so getting the ball into McCormick's hands that he might have a fair chance to do just what the ordinary drop-kicker can do—no more, no less. It was planning to make the play connect, and in that it was worth just five points more than the drop-kicking of any Trafford or Homans.

ANOTHER DISTINGUISHING FEATURE of Yale is the unity with which coaches and men pull together at New Haven, and the

support given them by alumni and undergraduates. All Yale, young and old, rally round the blue flag. No other college teams are given such support. On Thanksgiving day the cheering of Yale was well sustained and intelligently directed. The Princeton eleven, on the other hand, received little encouragement of this kind. There were an abundance of orange and black decorations on the grand and other stands, but the wearers appeared mute, or, worse still, listless.

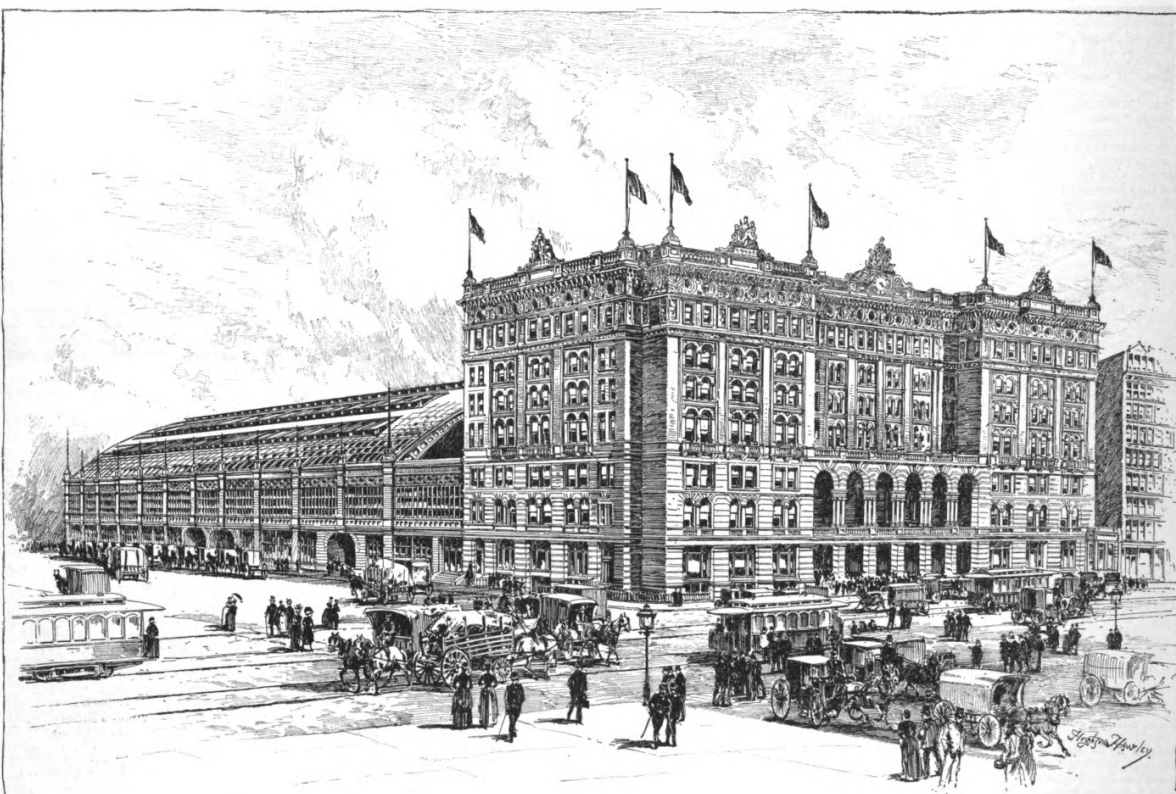
"HONOR TO WHOM HONOR," ETC. Staggs, as I have taken pains to say already, did wonders with his team of Christian Workers, but when it comes to attributing all of Yale's team-work and her clever strategies to him, it does a rank injustice to McClung, as well as to his coaches. The criss-cross play that won the greatest gains was worked up by McClung, was executed by his own method, and was solely his labor. The man who alone could gain his distance when Princeton rallied to stop Yale's terrific struggle to get down to the line in the first of the second half, was Winter, whom Billy Rhodes made into a player if ever any man made a man. Finally, the prettiest, cleverest, bit of head-work in the game, McCormick's clear opportunity for a drop, was the product of Billy Bull's brain. Corbin and Knappett laid a hand in centre and end work, and Staggs showed wedge and centre massing. But you never find any clashing among Yale coaches; you never read in the papers of any differences of opinion there. Perhaps they are, but no one knows it, and come defeat, as last year, or victory, as this, they show themselves good losers and good winners, but close-mouthed as to trouble.

FOOTBALL IN THE SOUTH is deserving of a paragraph, and we wind up the season. The game is comparatively new to Southern colleges men, but they have been bending all their energy since its introduction to develop scientific play. While there remains a great deal of room for further improvement, considerable has certainly been accomplished. The best match ever witnessed in the South was played at Richmond, Virginia, November 28th, between the eleven of Trinity College and the University of Virginia for the Southern championship. Trinity won by a score of 20-0. The prominent feature of the Virginia team was the work of Garth, their 246-pound centre rush, who, despite his great bulk, is a very active man, of immense strength, the central successful centre. The power of the line, in fact, was massed in the centre, for the other rushers, and indeed, all the other players, were rather small and light. Most of Trinity's touch-downs were made by the brilliant runs of the right half back, Daniels, their captain. Durham, among other good ones, made one punt of eighty yards. Whitaker, the centre, weighed 205 pounds, and was overpowered by Garth, but the other rushers were heavier than his Virginia opponents, and carried them back in nearly every rush. Trinity blocked better than Virginia, and their tackling, especially that of Plyler, was surer and harder. The game was much closer than the score indicates, and the play generally was of a higher order than usually seen. Enthusiasts are, in fact, rather proud of it, because undoubtedly it exhibited the highest development thus far attained in Southern football.

HURRIED WRITING LAST WEEK at the eleventh hour and a failure to see proofs constructed a sentence that conveyed an entirely different impression from that I had intended. I refer to my suggestion to Princeton that another year, in the event of Heffelfinger playing, she follow Harvard's example, and detail some one back of the line to look after him when he breaks through on kicks. As it reads, it sounds as though I not only ignored the rule which forbids the side having the ball from interfering by use of their hands or arms, but advised Princeton to do likewise. In the first instance in this sentence "tackling" was used in its slang interpretation, and in the second, apropos of Lake's high tackling, the occasion was taken to preach low tackling at all times, whether on a foul play or otherwise. The tone that has always been observed in this column is sufficient contradiction of any intention to advise infringement of rules. The fact remains that there were to my certain knowledge at least a dozen instances demanding the attention of the umpire in both the Yale-Harvard and Yale-Princeton games, and that Mr. Coffin failed to rule on them.

THE BOXING AND WRESTLING championships of the Metropolitan Association of the A. A. U. showed a couple of clever men in the bantam and feather-weight classes, and a 158-pound man with an exceptionally clever left and a wicked right. The rest were sluggers of the conventional type. One would think the great advantage of clean hitting would tempt some of the windmill sluggers to try it. In every instance on Saturday clean, straight hitting showed its superiority. Outside of the winner of the 105-pound class, the wrestlers, one and all, are sadly in need of lessons. The display was mediocre. The management was good, with the exception of permitting men to box round the waist and more than on second. It is curious that open transgressions of plain ruling are permitted.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.



PROJECTED TERMINUS OF THE PHILADELPHIA AND READING RAILROAD AT PHILADELPHIA.—DRAWN BY HUGHSON HAWLEY.—[SEE PAGE 998.]



A STREET IN GIFU, JAPAN, AFTER THE RECENT EARTHQUAKE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—[SEE PAGE 995.]

DOM PEDRO OF BRAZIL.

Two men had their portraits in all the leading papers last Saturday. One had spent a lifetime in working for the betterment of his fellow-men, the other had spent his life in accumulating money. For the enlightened ruler a few paragraphs were sufficient for the wounded millionaire there was hardly space enough. The crowning act of Dom Pedro's long and enlightened reign was the abolition of slavery in his empire. He had worked to this end for many years, and had the satisfaction of seeing the great work accomplished in 1888. The abolition of slavery also occasioned the downfall of the empire, as the displeased slave-owners made common cause with the republicans, and conspired to overthrow the government. Dom Pedro has explained the revolution in this way:

"Bills in many forms had been presented, dealing with the question. All these were defeated, because the Ministerial Council was composed of slave-owners. I opposed every measure directly or indirectly with abolition, and made personal efforts to save the bill which provided for gradual abolition. This created enemies for the crown, and augmented the ranks of the republicans."

"When the decree granting immediate freedom was presented for my signature, to prevent any mistake, I tried to ascertain what the public sentiment was. The slave-owners threatened to resign from the cabinet if I signed the decree, and the republicans threatened disruption if I did not."

"The decree was signed. True to their word, the slave-owners resigned. These men and others joined the republican party out of revenge. I experienced difficulty in forming a cabinet."

"The republicans demanded what I could not safely grant. Encouraged by the land-owners, the republicans became aggressive, and took every occasion to widen the breach between themselves and the government."

"They succeeded in corrupting many men, without whose aid there would have been no revolution. To avert what I foresaw I consented to grant the majority of the demands made by the republicans, even advising the formation of a republican cabinet, and inviting General da Fonseca to a seat in it."

"This I did that there should be no pretext for what did afterwards take place. I was informed at Petropolis of the decision of the republicans too late for action."

"I sent a despatch begging Fonseca to submit the question of revolution to the rank and file of the people, stating that if the majority wished it I would yield. I got an indirect reply: 'The revolution is accomplished.' I hastened to Rio, only to become a prisoner."

Dom Pedro, whose full name was José Carlos Leopoldo Salvador Bibiano Francisco Xavier da Paulo Leuocadio Miguel Gabriel Rafael Gonzaga, was born in Rio Janeiro, December 2, 1825. His father was Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil and King of Portugal. His mother was Leopoldina, Archduchess of Austria, and therefore united in him was the blood of the royal houses of Braganza, Bourbon, and Hapsburg. His father was recalled to Portugal by the death of his father in 1836, and became Dom Pedro IV. of Portugal. He immediately abdicated in favor of his daughter, Maria da Gloria, as he preferred his empire in America to the kingdom in Europe. Five years later, in 1831, he abdicated the Brazilian empire in favor of his son, who was proclaimed the constitutional sovereign, the government being conducted by a Council of Regency and later by a Regent. When the young Emperor became fifteen years old the Regency ended, and Dom Pedro was the ruler until his government was overthrown in July, 1889. He, with his wife, who was a sister of Francis I., late King of Naples, were put on board of a ship and expelled from Brazil. They went to Portugal. The Empress died the following December. They had four children. Two sons, born in 1846 and 1847, died in infancy, and one daughter, the wife of Prince Augustus of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, died in 1871. The remaining daughter, Isabella, is the wife of Prince Louis of Orange, Count of Eu, grandson of King Louis Philippe of France. The Countess of Eu has three sons, and the Princess Augustus left four sons. If there ever be a re-establishment of the empire in Brazil, one of these princes will doubtless be placed on the throne. Princess Isabella and her husband are both extremely unpopular in Brazil, and the fear that she would succeed her father on the throne reconciled many to Dom Pedro's deposition who would otherwise have rallied to his support.

Dom Pedro was as enlightened a man as ever sat on a throne. He was an indefatigable student, and distinguished for scientific attainments of a very high order. He was truly catholic in his religious beliefs, and had no intolerant notions as to the superiority of one faith over another. He recognized the elements of progress in reciprocal commercial relations between Brazil and foreign nations, and saw that these tended to the development of the vast natural resources of his wide and luxuriously fertile empire, with its marvellous mineral wealth and its extraordinary capabilities for feeding a dense population.

Dom Pedro was a great traveller, and went all over Europe, studying everything he saw and thought would benefit his country. In 1876 he came to this country, and spent several months in visiting its various places of interest. He was everywhere received with great honors and attention. There was not a more careful visitor at the great Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia than the Brazilian Emperor. He saw everything that was to be seen, and learned the particulars of all that was in any way new. Those who had the pleasure of conducting him about the great show were struck by the very intelligent interest he displayed in everything, and by the shrewdness of his comments. He was one of the most courteous and kindly men who

ever lived, and no one ever met him without being captivated by his singular charm of manner.

During his first visit to France, in 1871-2, he stopped at Rouen, which was then occupied by the German army. The general commanding the German forces visited the Emperor to pay his respects, and desiring to do honor to the distinguished visitor, he proposed placing sentinels at his hotel and giving him a military serenade. But Dom Pedro, with his usual good sense and fine feeling, refused. "If I were in Germany," he replied, "I would be glad to accept your offer, but I am in France, and I cannot permit the music of the victors to salute me on the soil of the vanquished." This incident got into the French papers, and won for Dom Pedro a warm place in the hearts of all Frenchmen. He was so popular, indeed, in France that his disposition for the establishment of a republic excited very little sympathy even in republican France.

He had a plantation, on which he endeavored to demonstrate by practical experiment that paid labor was cheaper than slave labor. This plantation was known as Santa Cruz, and had formerly been the imperial residence. It lay a little beyond the city of Petropolis, in one of the handsomest locations in the empire. It originally belonged to the Jesuits. They obtained it as a grant from the Portuguese government, and erected the buildings. But the old King John, the grandfather of the Emperor, confiscated it at the time the Jesuits were driven out of the country, lived there, and derived an enormous income from the Fazenda. But Dom Pedro's experiments were costly failures, and his plantation kept him poor instead of yielding a revenue, as it had formerly done. The republican government recently confiscated this plantation and all other property owned by Dom Pedro in Brazil. This act did much in shortening the life of the ex-Emperor.

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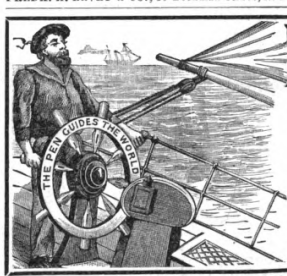
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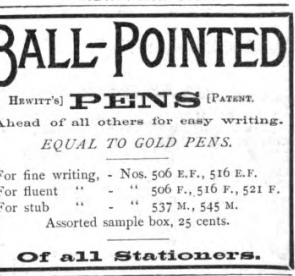


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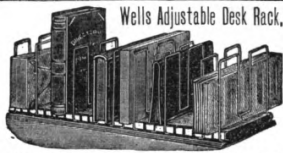
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HARPER'S WEEKLY,

WITH AN EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, CONTAINING A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE VARIOUS BUILDINGS FOR THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION AS THEY WILL APPEAR IN 1892.

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SPEAKER CRISP.

THE election of Speaker of the House of Representatives was never of more interest than it has been this year. The manner in which it was treated in the Democratic press and by the chief Democratic leaders made it a kind of rehearsal of the action of the nominating Convention of next year. It was regarded universally as a test of the policy of making tariff reform the issue and Mr. CLEVELAND the candidate in 1892. This was unfortunate, and exceedingly unjust to Mr. CLEVELAND, because unless Mr. MILLS were at once selected, and by an imposing majority, the conclusion would be inevitable that there was very grave doubt of such a party preference for Mr. CLEVELAND as, under the circumstances in New York, would make his nomination desirable. Instead of such a decisive result, however, there was a long contest in the caucus on the first day, and an adjournment over Sunday without a result. The contest was renewed on Monday, and on the thirtieth ballot Mr. MILLS, who had been foolishly made the representative of Mr. CLEVELAND, was defeated by Mr. CRISP, who was accepted as the anti-CLEVELAND candidate. The vote was 119 to 104.

The ardor of the contest, which was extremely bitter and in no sense a friendly difference of opinion, was shown by the remark of a correspondent of the New York Times, one of the most interested and resolute of the advocates of Mr. MILLS: "If he is beaten, the Democratic party will have suffered a loss that the record of the Congress will not efface. With HILL's principles as a platform, they may as well, in the opinion of many good Democrats, omit to name a candidate [next year]. It will not be 'on the cards' for them to win." The correspondent, however, did not state the possible result upon the nomination next year, should Mr. MILLS be elected after a bitter struggle. But the situation disclosed by the caucus confirms the view that there is a vital difference of spirit and purpose in the Democratic party which greatly obscures its prospects of success. The Bourbon reactionary spirit, which instinctively dislikes Mr. CLEVELAND and the young leaders of a new Democracy, is still very powerful. The old Democracy is enough for the old leaders, and the new leaders may find their task harder than they supposed. The result of the first sharp contest of the majority in the Democratic House shows indisputably that those who supposed the result in New York to show the certainty of Mr. CLEVELAND's

nomination were profoundly mistaken. Even those who thought with the WEEKLY that the general result of the election left him the most probable candidate of his party, are probably disposed to revise their views after the result of the Democratic caucus.

It is confessedly a great triumph of the HILL-Tammany power in the Democratic party, and none who in the late election aided in strengthening and confirming that power can complain of the first logical result of their efforts. It has seemed to us at least premature to accept the Democratic party, which like all parties inherits traditions and a certain tendency and character, as an effective general agency of political reform and progress. Practically, indeed, politics usually offer merely an alternative, and it is too early to determine the actual alternative of next year. But by the significance unwisely imposed upon the contest in the Democratic caucus at Washington, the representatives of the party have repudiated the views of Mr. CLEVELAND upon the currency and civil service reform, which largely involve honest government, while the Speaker's declaration for tariff reform comes from a candidate who was supported by what are called protection Democrats.

THE MESSAGE.

THE President's message is seldom read in full except by editors who make the summaries which convey the important parts of the document to the public. "As dry as a President's message" has become a familiar saying. But it is generally a very useful statement of the whole public situation. It is usually a partisan document in its view of political questions, because it is naturally an argument for the policy which the party of administration supports. President HARRISON holds that the McKINLEY bill is of great public service, and that free silver coinage would be a great public misfortune. His statements and arguments upon the subjects are not new, but they may be taken as the declarations of the views of his party, and they are consequently not in accord with the views of the party majority which controls the House.

The President speaks clearly of the great wrong of the New Orleans mob, and thinks that offences against the treaty rights of foreigners in the country might be made cognizable by the Federal courts. He holds, also, that in the absence of law the police and judicial authority of a State might be considered Federal agencies to make the national government answerable for such offences. This does not seem to be a very clear proposition. There was great interest in the President's probable treatment of the affairs of Chili. He holds that our government and navy and minister have done what was proper, and there is no remark which indicates the probable recall of Minister EGAN. The President says that the minister was directed promptly to recognize the new government, and that he properly offered asylum at the legation to Chilean political refugees. He adds that correspondence with the Chilean authorities about the murderous attack upon our sailors at Valparaiso is not concluded, the last letter from the Chileans being couched in offensive terms. He will send a special message on the subject if necessary, and will lay the correspondence before Congress.

The President urges the desirability of a commission to inquire into the whole subject of the law of elections as relates to the choice of officers of the national government, and suggests the selection of the commission by the Supreme Court. He holds that it is an audacious pretence that the right of any voter freely to vote is a matter of local concern or control. The limitations of the suffrage should be found in the law and only there. This is a just proposition, but it does not cover the whole situation. The substance of the President's argument is treated by Mr. BRYCE in the article to which we refer elsewhere. The message is a plain statement of the situation from a Republican point of view, and it is characteristic of its author.

HIGH AND LOW TARIFF.

A CORRESPONDENT in Ohio asks whether the terms high and low tariff are not misleading so far as they affect the principle of protection. Does not protection, first of all, contemplate an adjustment of duties, and not high or low duties? Is Mr. McKINLEY open to the objection of tariff reformers because his bill imposes high duties, or because it is protective? And is his position justly described by calling him a high-tariff man? Would tariff reformers support his bill if the average rates of duty were lower?

The term high tariff is not misleading, because the principle of protection may be pushed to an extreme. A tariff may actually prohibit the importation of any article that may be produced in this country, in order to stimulate such production. To describe Mr. McKINLEY's bill as a high tariff is to say that its average rate of duties is high. The rate under the old tariff was about 47½ per cent. It is not yet possible to compute the actual rate under the McKINLEY bill, but it is supposed to be decidedly higher.

It adds many articles to the free list, but it makes the duty on more articles higher than before. Whether the higher or lower rate actually protects the domestic production more, and more certainly promotes the general prosperity of the country and the welfare of the laborers, is a question not of the principle of protection, but of the method of its application. In his letter in reply to Mr. FREDERIC TAYLOR, of New York, Mr. BUELL, of Rochester, declares himself in effect a Republican of the Republicans, and says that the country will thrive most "under a reasonably high protective tariff." Mr. TAYLOR, who is no less a Republican, replies that the party must keep its pledge to modify—that is, reform—the tariff in the direction of lower duties, as experience may dictate. But both are protectionists.

Our correspondent asks what tariff reform proposes. That depends upon the reformer. Mr. TAYLOR is a Republican who thinks many duties too high. Reform with him means reduction of duties, such as was recommended by the Protection Tariff Commission of 1883, which would have reduced the average rates from 20 to 25 per cent. President GARFIELD was a tariff reformer who favored a protection that would ultimate in free trade—that is to say, which would foster native industries until they could go alone—which was the view of HENRY CLAY, and, in certain cases, of JOHN STUART MILL. CLAY saw the contest of interests which protection involved, and did not at first favor a large development of protected manufactures. Again, a Democratic tariff reformer like Mr. MILLS would take a different view of tariff reform from that of Mr. BUELL or Mr. TAYLOR. He has lately said that he would admit raw material free, and reduce the rate of finished goods to a point which would produce the necessary revenue, and no more. He holds that this course would reduce the price to the consumer, increase home production and home consumption, and enlarge the demand for labor. Republicans, however, call themselves protectionists, not tariff reformers, and for the reason that tariff reform has come practically to mean a tariff for revenue, with incidental protection, as the most equitable system of customs taxation.

GOVERNOR HILL.

RECENT events have shown that political observers cannot omit from their calculations Governor and Senator HILL, of New York. There was some amusing theory rife at the time of the State Convention of his party that he was now what is known as "a back number," and that he would be extinguished the moment that he reached the Senate. But in politics men are not extinguished by a smile of derision or incredulity. Senator HILL is quite as prominent and efficient a Democratic leader as there is in the country, with the sole exception of Mr. CLEVELAND, who is less a party leader in the usual sense than a representative of its higher character and aims. In New York, for instance, the State Committee and the State Conventions of the Democratic party are controlled by Mr. HILL and Tammany Hall, not by Mr. CLEVELAND or his friends.

During his long term as Chief Executive of the State, Mr. HILL has been contending constantly with a Republican State Senate, and without doubt he has been rising constantly in the regard of his party. That he has represented the anti-CLEVELAND sentiment has been notorious, and his aspirations to the Presidency have seemed, in New York at least, to be absurd. But, however that may have been, his possible influence upon the nomination was not and is not at all absurd. Governor HILL's desperate effort since the election to reverse the result in the State Legislature has disclosed his purpose and the situation, and his speech on the eve of the caucus to select a Speaker, and published on the morning of the day to affect the decision, was the bold attempt to give to that decision, should it be adverse to Mr. MILLS, a still further significance, as showing a disposition to change the Democratic issue of next year, and with the issue the candidate.

This effort, supported as it is unquestionably by many of the Democratic leaders, including Senator GORMAN and Southern Senators, is made more notable by the fact that Mr. MILLS, although an ex-Confederate Colonel, and almost "a typical Southerner," but who was made in the Speakership contest the representative of Mr. CLEVELAND and the tariff reform issue, did not receive his strongest support from Democratic States. Such facts indicate a grave want of harmony in the Democratic party as to what shall be the fundamental issue. The tone of Senator HILL's speech was that of a party leader conscious of strong party support. It was throughout a covert and even contemptuous attack upon Mr. CLEVELAND, but so dexterously done that in one passage only does it appear. Speaking of Republican attempts to frighten the country with Democratic free coinage, he said, "Of course they enticed a few unwary Democrats to appear as convulsionists at their scarecrow festivals, otherwise the fraud would have been too palpable." Governor HILL will go to Washington the sole Democratic Senator from Mr. CLEVELAND's State, in which the power of Mr. CLEVELAND's party

opponents was immensely strengthened by the result of the late election, relentlessly opposed to Mr. CLEVELAND'S nomination. The mischief that he can do is, of course, very great. But his power will not be diminished by laughing at it.

DOM PEDRO.

It might be said of Dom PEDRO that although he had been an Emperor, he had not an enemy. Even the soldiers who drove him from his throne and exiled him from his country gave him a million of dollars, and offered him a pension, which he declined. With simplicity and dignity and composure, he proved the sincerity of his love of country by refusing to fight for his crown, and led the unostentatious life of a private gentleman in Paris, interested to the last in science and letters and art.

He was a remarkable figure, for he was a monarch in an age and upon a continent which had outgrown monarchy, and he used his power for one purpose at least which ranks him among great public benefactors, the emancipation of the slaves in Brazil. His spirit and his sympathies and his cultivation were all modern and humane, although he was an Emperor in a country far removed from the influence of contemporary thought and civilization, and amid a people of mixed race and of little general education. Neither his tastes nor his character adapted him to the place he filled, so that while his interest in all literary and humane movements was decided and effective, he did little for the political development of his country.

His sudden dethronement and the successful revolution led to a new form of government. The equally sudden fall of the head of the new government, in the effort to make himself Dictator, shows, probably, that Brazil has entered upon the period of active political revolution through which other countries of South America have passed. The experience of France shows that when that career once begins, the country will not be satisfied by retrogression to the old order, but will push forward through whatever disturbance toward popular government. The present situation in Brazil cannot be regarded as final. But while there may be regretful and even wistful recollections of the good Emperor, it is not to be supposed that there will be any permanent return of the empire.

THE DUTCH TAKE MORE THAN HOLLAND.

As Forefathers' Day approaches, a paper read recently in Boston before the Congregational Club by the Rev. Dr. WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS is very timely. Dr. GRIFFIS is chairman of the Delfshaven Memorial Committee to erect a monument at the place of the Pilgrim departure from Holland. The purpose is to commemorate Dutch hospitality to the Puritan emigrants from England. But upon the announcement of this object, the project was assailed on the ground that the Dutch were not hospitable, but merely tolerated the residence of the strangers, and therefore deserve no memorial. The discussion has been very interesting, but no contribution to it is more comprehensive than the essay of Dr. GRIFFIS.

He opens the whole subject of "the influence of the Netherlands in the making of the English commonwealth and the American republic," and enters not only into the details of the Dutch treatment of the Pilgrims, but treats the question of Dutch influence upon constitutional liberty and modern civilization. This is the subject to which Mr. DOUGLAS CAMPBELL, of New York, has devoted many years of study, resulting in a work which Dr. GRIFFIS says will be soon published. In the mean while Dr. GRIFFIS's pamphlet of forty pages is a monograph of which every son of Holland may be proud, and which should cause the annual jovial dinner of the St. Nicholas Society to resound with more enthusiasm of eloquence than ever. In fact, Dr. GRIFFIS promotes Holland to the first place as an influence in modern civilization, and places England in a secondary position. The great bulwarks of liberty he attributes to a Dutch origin. Land in fee-simple, the registration of deeds and mortgages, local self-government, a written constitution, a written ballot, a republic of united states, free speech, religious liberty, all the great boasts of English history and American sons of the Pilgrims, the doctor attributes to Holland.

In a pamphlet of forty pages upon such a subject he can state conclusions only, and he mentions few authorities. He admits "the prodigious industry and superb learning" of MOTLEY, but thinks him the slave of one Dutch historian; holds that grandly as he has told the Dutch story, he has left out the main-spring, which is the intense faith in God; and doubts whether some of MOTLEY's judgments, "the result of his prejudices," will stand as the verdict of dispassionate history. Dr. GRIFFIS, with the natural enthusiasm of a learned advocate, asserts perhaps a little too much for his side, as he thinks that the English analysts have asserted for the other. But his pamphlet (DE WOLFE, FISKE, & Co., Boston) is well worth reading.

MR. BRYCE ON THE NEGRO PROBLEM.

THE opinion of no foreigner upon an American political question could be more friendly and intelligent than that of Mr. JAMES BRYCE, to whom we owe the *American Commonwealth*. He is so heartily in sympathy with the truest American spirit and tendency, and is so familiar with our political system and the movement of American public opinion, that his views cannot fail of decided influence. Many readers of Republican political sympathies, we are sure, will agree with us that there has been no more thoughtful and wise treatment of the Negro Problem in this country than Mr. BRYCE's recent article in the *North American Review*. He states the familiar situation and the gravity of the question with entire candor, and he is naturally free from the unconscious bent of party predilection.

After stating fairly the alleged party purpose in the force bill, Mr. BRYCE says:

"Under the Constitution the negro has the suffrage. He is—this nobody denies—in many districts practically excluded from the enjoyment of it. Two courses are open. If the law cannot be enforced, it ought to be repealed. If it cannot be repealed, it ought to be enforced. No one supposes it can be repealed. Those, therefore, who advocate its enforcement by that very authority which made it have a weighty *prima facie* case. Whatever may be their secret motives, they come forward as the protectors and vindicators of law, of orderly government, of democratic principles."

He mentions the constitutional objection, but he thinks that most lawyers would hold that the letter of the Constitution covers the proposed legislation. But the practical objections, he thinks, are of the greatest weight. Having described the actual social separation between the races which exists everywhere—and of which Mr. GEORGE T. DOWNING, a colored man, recently spoke in these columns with the utmost feeling—and after a survey of the whole field, which no Democrat or Republican would condemn as unjust or unreasonable, Mr. BRYCE proceeds to his conclusion:

"Assuming, as one may safely assume, that neither the commixture of the two races nor the elimination of the negro by removal to Africa can be carried out, the question remains whether the federal power must intervene, or whether it will be better to let things take their natural course. It is from no blindness to the evils of the situation as it stands, nor from any want of sympathy with the negro, that I conceive the latter policy to be the safer one. The maxim that the physician who doubts whether to administer a drug or not had better refrain, is applicable to legislative interference. Where the reasons for and against such interference are nearly balanced, where success, though possible, is quite uncertain, non-interference is to be preferred, because in politics, as in the human body, there is a tendency similar to that which used to be called the *vis medicatrix naturæ*. Things find their level and readjust themselves according to their natural affinities and the balance of actual forces, not, perhaps, in the best way, but in a way which has elements of stability. The reconstructors after the war disregarded the balance of the local forces they found in the South, too readily believing that federal law would prevail against the purposes or passions of the whites. Events have proved that they erred; and another error of the same kind might turn out as ill."

This is precisely the ground of the intelligent and wholly unpartisan opposition in this country to the force bill. It is really an effort to accomplish by law what law cannot accomplish, and it is in the interest of the colored race, of the white race, of respect for law, and regard for the true welfare of the Union that the force bill is opposed as futile legislation. Should it appear again for discussion, no better comment upon it could be presented to the country than this paper of Mr. BRYCE.

PROMOTION IN THE CIVIL SERVICE.

THERE are several suggestions in the report of the Postmaster-General upon which there will be differences of opinion. But his remarks upon the introduction of a system of promotion by merit are of general interest, and will be universally approved by intelligent public opinion. Ten years ago Postmaster-General JAMES COMBES commended the application of reform principles to the postal service, and it is a striking illustration of the practical progress of the reform that the present administration of the department can confirm from experience the value of those principles.

The Civil Service Commission, also, has secured the President's approval of a scheme of open competition for promotion throughout the classified service, for which it has prepared suitable regulations. The Postmaster-General says that the change has succeeded so well that he proposes to extend it to offices of fifty employees and more, and to the railway mail service. At the first examination there were twenty-three applicants for two promotions, and both of the successful competitors were women. Within a little more than three months there have been ninety-two clerks examined and twenty-seven promotions. There is a marked improvement in the quantity and quality of daily work, and the Postmaster-General says, "Now the system is established to take out of any one man's hands the arbitrary settlement of these questions under the influence of social or political friendship."

The Postmaster-General has followed the reading of the law in instituting this salutary change. But we differ from his judgment upon two points. The system is not "established," as he says, so long as it has individual regulation. It depends wholly upon the will of his successor. Nor can the system be administered "more fairly and conscientiously in a great department like this from within than from the outside," by which he means the National Commission.

Undoubtedly a fair and conscientious chief would administer it well. But to establish and administer the system properly it should be made under the law a part of the reformed system, and administered accordingly. Otherwise it will be disregarded or abandoned at the pleasure of the head of the department. This is equally true of the radical and thorough reform begun by the Secretary of the Navy. But in both departments the change is most gratifying, and we understand the President's direction to place promotion under the rules in charge of the Civil Service Commission.

MR. BANCROFT'S LIBRARY.

MR. BANCROFT'S library is to be sold, and the executors wisely propose to offer it in one lot. It is a collection which ought not to be scattered, and it would be an invaluable addition to a great library already established, or as the nucleus of such a library, and its devotion to such a purpose may well tempt some of the munificent benefactors among American rich men. Mr. BANCROFT was a student and scholar and author who lived to be ninety years old, and was engaged in literary activity almost to the end. When he was past seventy he was daily at work in his library with two secretaries long before breakfast. The books and manuscripts in his working-room were carefully chosen by himself and for his special purposes, and were really working tools. But besides these was a large collection of the best editions of books of miscellaneous literature.

His reading was that of a trained scholar with pencil in hand. Two or three years before his death a friend found him in his study at Newport, and asked him if he had seen Mr. SHEPARD'S life of VAN BUREN, which had been just published in the series of American Statesmen. "Here it is," said Mr. BANCROFT, taking it from the table by which he sat, "and full of my notes." His marginal comments are, of course, very interesting, and often, no doubt, very valuable. Until the latest years of his life his memory was singularly retentive and accurate, and his conversation was enriched from unexpected and unusual sources. If any question of a reference or a citation were raised, he would place his hand promptly upon his authority and vindicate his statement.

For a private library, the collection is very large. Mr. JOHN F. SABIN, who has made a special study of its extent and character, estimates it as twice as large as that of the late Mr. S. L. M. BARLOW, and three times as large as the MENZIES collection. Its dispersion would be a misfortune, and we trust that it will seem so to those buyers in the country who are able to avert it.

PERSONAL.

THE historic "Treaty Elm," under which WILLIAM PENN made his alliances with the Indians—a tree as famous in the annals of Pennsylvania as the Charter Oak was in Connecticut—was blown down in 1810, and in 1827 a monument was erected to mark the spot. This memorial, long since forgotten, was recently hunted up by a Philadelphia reporter, who found it, dilapidated and defaced, in an abandoned lumber-yard at Kensington. No one could be discovered in the neighborhood who knew anything about the monument or its history, and many people interviewed by the reporter were ignorant even of the name of PENN.

Governor RUSSELL'S fondness for sport is most catholic, ranging from whist and billiards, at which he plays an excellent game, to horseback-riding and football. For football he has an especial liking, and in the closely contested match between Harvard and Yale at New Haven in November, 1876, he was umpire for Harvard. At the last Harvard-Yale game he was cheered all along the line as he took his place in democratic simplicity on the bleaching-boards.

During his residence in Chicago, as commander of the Missouri Division of the army, General NELSON A. MILES has become very popular in society. He is a success as an after-dinner talker, and appears to as great advantage in a drawing-room as on an Indian scouting expedition. His splendid physique makes him a conspicuous figure at any gathering. In athletic circles General MILES has the reputation of being a skilful and plucky boxer.

Newspapers, as a rule, have no memories, as corporations have no souls; they are as apt to forget to put a laurel on the head of the man who made them as a tombstone over his grave, but the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* is an exception. It has just erected a monument to LEONARD D. WASHBURN, a reporter, who was sent to write a description of a night ride on a locomotive. The locomotive was thrown off the track, and the reporter was killed. His notes were found in his pocket.

Bishop HURST has received a most flattering letter from Lady DUFFERIN in regard to his book *India*, in which she says: "The careful illustrations and the interesting descriptions you give of India make it a most valuable work, and one which it is a great pleasure to possess. I have also to thank you for the full and most sympathetic account you give of my Medical Fund, which I greatly appreciate. Lord DUFFERIN very much admires your book, and joins with me in thanking you for it."

Like Miss SOPHIA HAYDEN, the architect of the Woman's Building at the World's Fair, Miss ALICE RIDGOUT, who has won the prize for the statuary models for the building, is a very young woman. She is only eighteen, but has given other evidence than this of her talent. She resembles HARRIET HOSMER, the best known of women sculptors in this country, in smallness of physique, and is said to be quite pretty. It is to the credit of the progressive women connected with the fair that the building for their department is nearer completion than any other on the exposition grounds.

LONGFELLOW'S home in Cambridge, with its lilac hedge, its elms, and its superb view across the meadows to the Charles, is tenanted now by the poet's daughter, Miss ALICE LONGFELLOW, who sometimes extends the hospitality of its roomy parlors and handsome grounds to the ladies of the Harvard Annex. The house was built by a colonial Tory, and although it is nearly a century and a half old, there are few handsomer residences in New England to-day.

ANOTHER PORTRAIT BY SARGENT.

MR. SARGENT's great reputation has been won as a painter of women and children. In the series of pictures which gained him a Grand Medal at the Paris Exposition of 1889 there was not a single masculine portrait. Only three such portraits had, I think, been shown in New York before this autumn, and I do not remember to have heard of any others, except a sketch-portrait of Robert Louis Stevenson, which was exhibited some years ago in Boston. The brilliant Carmencita figure, the refined and gracious portrait of Mrs. Marquand, the beautiful large picture of four little girls, called "The Hall of the Vases," the masterly group of Mrs. Davis and her young son, and the delicious baby figure of "Beatrice"—these and others like them are the things we have thought of when Mr. Sargent's masterpieces have been in question. We knew long ago that he could paint women admirably and children adorably; but how he might paint men, we could scarcely more than imagine.

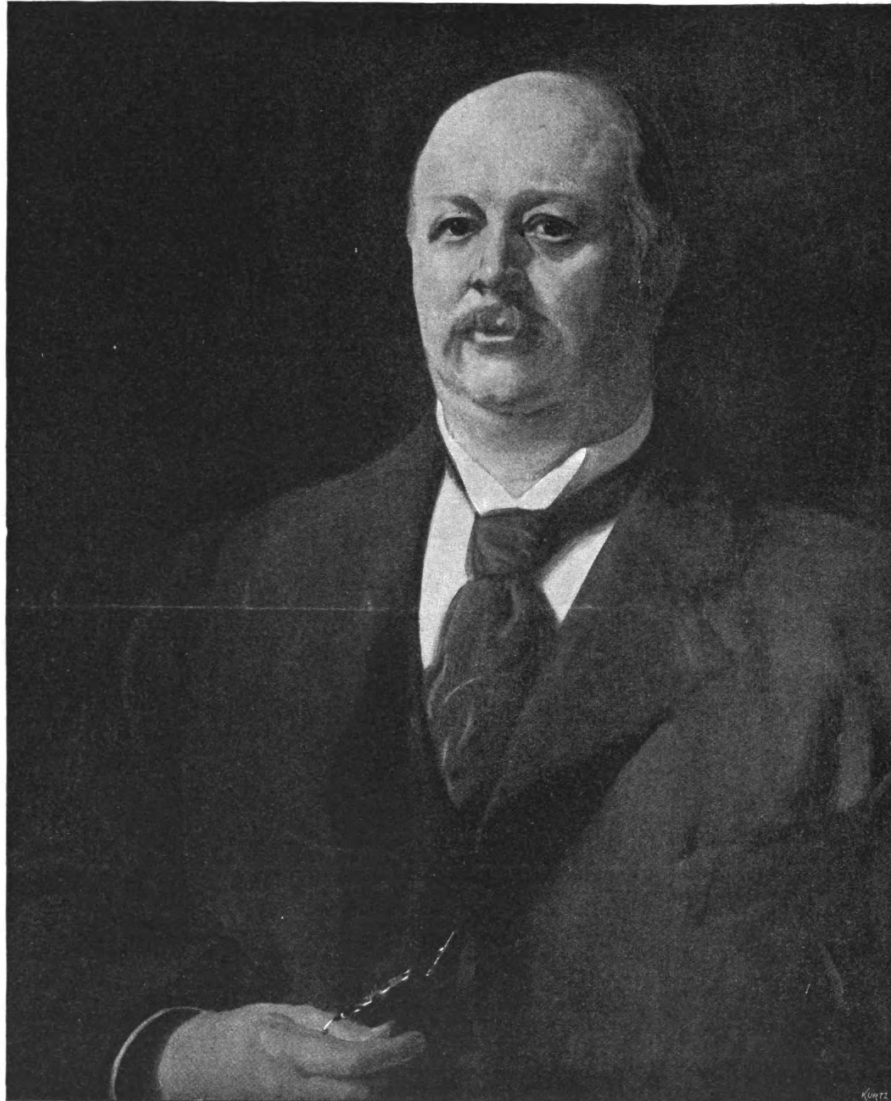
If, however, we tried to imagine this, we soon found our-

With none of these ideas did we agree. We felt that his children's faces were not lacking in character, but were especially remarkable because childish character is so subtly revealed; that what seemed "exaggeration" would not have seemed so but for the public's sad familiarity with women's portraits, from which all expression has been wiped in the interest of a smooth inane prettiness; and that no matter how brilliant were the costumes Mr. Sargent portrayed, he always kept his heads pre-eminent in interest. But we also felt that there was a force, a virility, an intensity, in Mr. Sargent's perception of character which might find fullest expression were he to paint forcible masculine heads. Not any and every man, we knew, would interest him, and only when he was interested, we had long ago found, could he rise to his highest level. What we wished was that some really remarkable personality of a strongly marked yet not too simple kind might come beneath his brush.

Just this happened when, last summer, Congress commissioned him to paint ex-Speaker Reed; and, I think, no one who has seen the result can longer doubt whether Mr. Sar-

gent must pass through many moods; but this fact, of course, merely accents the artist's triumph. Because he was a great portrait-painter he saw which was the most characteristic mood, and was able to render it, although the task cannot have been easy. Sometimes we see a face which is all strength or all humor, and such a face is not difficult to paint. But here is one where force and humor join, and it was a triumph indeed to paint it so that neither characteristic is emphasized at the expense of the other.

It is delightful to study this picture, and see how vigorous, direct, and vivid is the expression of character, yet how reposeful is the general impression, how every feature thrills with life, mobility, and meaning, yet how dignified and simple is the total effect of the head. Moreover, the work has great pictorial distinction—a quality that is hard to define, but easy enough to recognize. It does not lie in the characteristics of the model, but wholly in the art of the painter. Many gentle and beautiful women, many exquisite children, have been painted so that they would look out of place in a room where other objects revealed refinement and



THE HON. THOMAS B. REED.

FROM THE PAINTING BY JOHN S. SARGENT, FOR THE SPEAKER'S GALLERY AT WASHINGTON.

selves wishing that he would begin the work in good earnest. By "we," I mean such people as saw in John Sargent not only a great painter, but a great portrait-painter. These terms, of course, are not identical, although the latter includes the former; and some observers used to deny that Mr. Sargent was a great portrait-painter, while acknowledging him a master of the brush. They said that he was not a master in the art of reading character; that he painted the merely superficial aspect of his models, and when he tried to do more than this, gave a distorted or overcharged account of the facts that lay beneath the surface. They said that he always succeeded with children because in childhood character scarcely exists, because the charm and even the individuality of a child are essentially superficial, and that his least successful portraits of women were those where some marked peculiarity of type or expression had given him the chance to "exaggerate." And they sometimes added that were the fine costumes of his models exchanged for simpler clothes, much of the interest of his pictures would disappear.

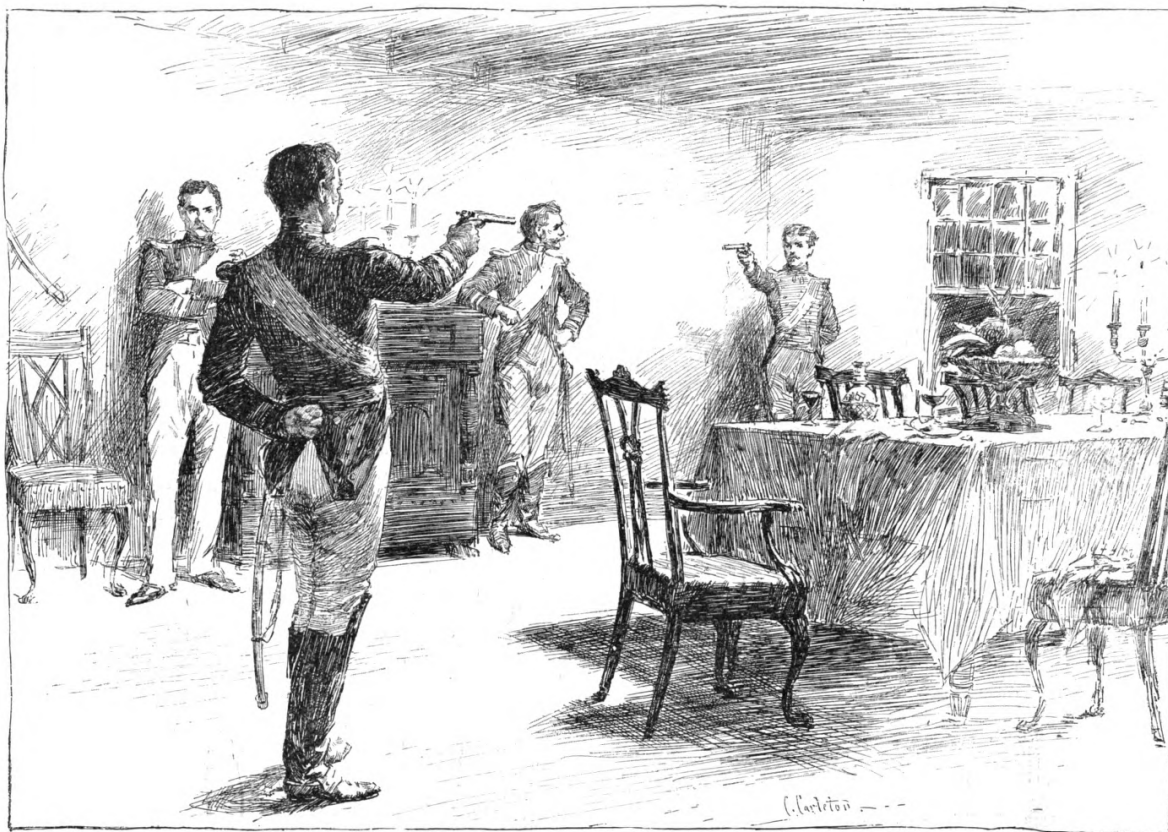
gent is a great portrait-painter. Feeling that this is the most important fact for the public now to learn about him, I can hardly bring myself to regret a defect which must be acknowledged in the work when it is considered from the purely pictorial point of view. I am not sorry that people should see that Mr. Sargent can produce a magnificent portrait even when he places a figure very awkwardly on the canvas. The way in which he has allowed the frame to cut off the whole of one of Mr. Reed's arms and part of the other would have been fatal had his power really been that of a picture-maker only, and not of a true portrait-painter. But as it is, we forget the blemish after the first moment; we hardly think of pictorial effect, so keen is our interest in the artist's presentation of a human individuality.

No one needs to be told what sort of an individuality Mr. Reed possesses, and no one needs to have seen Mr. Reed to feel sure that it is expressed in his countenance, just as Mr. Sargent says. Of course I do not suppose that Mr. Reed always looks so thoroughly, completely, and satisfactorily himself as he does on this canvas. A man of his nature

good taste. Mr. Reed, with all his impressiveness and dignity, can hardly be called distinguished-looking in the sense I now intend—in the sense of the French term *distingué*; but this portrait of him, simple and faithful though it be, might hang side by side with the finest gallant Vandyck ever portrayed, and not look like an intruder.

I have heard some of Mr. Sargent's brother artists say that, as a pure piece of painting, this portrait is not so fine as some of his other works. Possibly this is so; but the brush of a great master may not be quite at its best and still do masterly work; and there is masterly work indeed in this head of Mr. Reed. However, what I most wish to insist upon is its value as a portrait distinctively so called. This seems to me so great that excess of praise is impossible. A more living, breathing, well-characterized individual and interesting figure I do not think any modern artist has ever put on canvas. And I think it might be tested by comparison with the best portraits of other days, and not lose its high claim upon our admiration.

M. G. VAN RENSSLAER.



TWO GRAVES.

BY EWAN MACPHERSON.

"Whose untutored mind sees God in clouds,"
"Jealous and quick in quarrel."

FIRST, southernmost, is the Caribbean, on whose shores the hot city of Kingston; behind and around Kingston, on three sides, the plain of Liguanea. The Blue Mountains gird the Liguanea about, crumpled in a hundred folds, soft bright blue as the Caribbean itself, and cherishing in every fold a great or a little torrent.

This is Xamayca—"The Land of Streams." To the north-west of the city, one of the spurs that buttress the mountains toward Liguanea, is Stony Hill. There used to be deserted barracks there—quarters, a mess-room looking south over the plain—and, hard by that silent, half-ruinous mess-room, a deserted cemetery, all overgrown with canna and thorny cactus and purple nightshade, where the black snakes glided through gaps between the stones of deserted tombs. Two of these tombs are very close together, side by side, built of sunburnt brick. Their occupants went in the same moment, from the same brilliantly lighted room, into the dark; and side by side, with eastward-pointing feet, they "look for the resurrection of the dead and the life of the world to come."

An old man, to whom the whole story was a personal recollection, took me up the crumbling stone steps of the mess-house, and standing in the doorway, told me what weight should be too much for the worm-eaten flooring, pointed with his cane into the room.

"One of them stood in that corner, and the other in that, diagonally opposite each other."

And how those two graves came there the story tells, and whatsoever else there is in it for them that have ears to hear.

Sophonisba Moreton was the fair lady's name. And fair indeed she was. They said she would never go out on a moonlight night without a broad-brimmed hat and mittens. Rather pale, her hair light brown, her eyes blue, but turquoise rather than sapphire. Her mouth would have been prettier with thicker lips. She spoke in a slow languid drawl, with a pretty little creole accent, but her laugh was not the laugh of mere mirth.

At King's House, in Spanish Town, Jamaica, one warm night, when the island was longing thirstily for the May rains, his Excellency the Governor entertained his Excellency the Major-General in command of his Majesty's forces. The latter personage was to depart next day on a tour of inspection through the stations on the north side. With him was his aide-de-camp, Craddock, resplendent in the blue and gold of light dragons. There were still light dragons in the days of William IV.

Sophonisba Moreton—more briefly Nisba—pale, sinuous, and languid as ever, entered the long room, and at a glance took note of the blue and gold, marking it for her own. In-

fantry scarlet was plentiful at King's House; there was only one light dragon. Among the wearers of the depreciated scarlet was Miles O'Carroll, Captain in H. M. 110th Foot, quartered at Newcastle. Miles was as cool-mannered and quick-tempered an Irishman as ever galloped over the Curragh of Kildare. He surveyed the crowd, and noticed with approval the charms of Miss Nisba, to whom he at once requested to be "introjuiced." Miss Nisba was "cha-armed," thought her card was full, then found a dance which Captain O'Carroll might have if he liked, far on in the night after supper. And the captain went away to bask in the light of other eyes.

So the ball went on—mazourka, quadrille, redowa; no waltzes in those days. Nisba caught her light dragon by one of the tall French windows, played upon him with her shining eyes, gave him a dance, then another; then deliberately struck out O'Carroll's name, and handed Craddock the card, with, "There is one left that you may take," in her bland slowly uttered soprano. Craddock accepted the situation as he found it, suspecting no snare.

When supper was over—the hearty many-bottled supper of old Jamaica, quite different from modern "refreshments"—O'Carroll, receptacle of plenteous Madeira, sought the fair Nisba and found her standing with Craddock under the starlight in one of the little balconies that look out over the King's House gardens, where the air was heavy with stephanotis and jasmine. The band was playing some old-time air, now long since cut up to be "made over" into "new" dance music. A good tune is subject to metempsychosis. The next dance was that which had been given to O'Carroll and then to Craddock by the young lady, and there was an assertion of right on both sides, and O'Carroll, plus Madeira, was red in the face, and beginning something with, "Am I to understand, sorr," when Miss Nisba stopped the movement of her big swan's-down fan to say, "Not before me, let me implore of you!" So O'Carroll, who, drunk or sober, was a gentleman, simply bowed and withdrew.

Nisba's light dragon, moreover, left her before their dance was over, and she was as cross as two sticks.

O'Carroll found Mayne, a civilian and an Ulsterman, but yet an Irishman; Craddock found Gray McMurdo, a lawyer by trade, but an experienced duellist, and the friend of every soldier in the island. Mayne called on McMurdo just as McMurdo was calling on Mayne. The affair was all so confused and utterly absurd that it was uncertain which of the two, as challenged party, had the right to choice of weapons. But McMurdo and Mayne saw no great difficulty in that.

These were the glorious ways of old Jamaica.

There could be no meeting between O'Carroll and the A. D. C. before the General and his staff returned from inspecting troops at Falmouth and the other small stations in distant parts of the island. This was not until after the May rains, when Nature was putting on her cool dress of green

against the coming heats of June, and the army, in the person of the Major-General commanding, was the guest of the Church, as represented by his Lordship the Bishop, in the sweet retreat of Craigton in the Blue Mountains.

Meanwhile there had been frequent notes between Craddock and his second, and the meeting had been arranged to come off at one hour after sunrise, on the first Monday after the General's arrival at Craigton. The spot chosen was on a piece of meadow-land near the foot of the mountains.

To be on the ground in good time, Craddock had to set out before sunrise, and rode many miles of mountain road to Lazarus's, a tavern situated where the bridle-path and the carriage road begins, and here his second was to meet him with a gig.

It was a morning like three hundred and sixty-five in the Blue Mountains. The air was fresh and dewy; the silence only broken by the rush of the swollen torrent and the distant unintermittent booming of the surf in Bull Bay; a smell of wild cinnamon from the bush, with damp moss.

The sun was not yet over the top of Long Mountain, and everything showed in a pale light. The valley mists still floated level below Craddock's feet. He saw the ridges and peaks like many islands rising from an uneasily silver sea, which spread away out to merge in the blue rim of the other sea, the Caribbean, where already the golden lances were shaking. Then a turn in the road, following the fold of the hill, brought him nearly facing the east. He was thinking, in a desultory, dreamy fashion, of something Gray McMurdo had said about the right way to load a pistol—dropping the bullet gently, so as not to crush the powder—and wondering whether gunpowder really was so tender, while an old song they used to sing at school kept running through his head: "Floreat æternum Carthusiana Domus." He looked up, and there was the lumpish mass of Long Mountain black as ink against the glory that now began to be revealed beyond and above, and to be reflected by the snow white on this side.

"Æternum—æternum-num-num-num" went the song in his head. Broad bars of light were springing up now in gold, with bright blue between, and though he had never been a profound student of Homeric myth, he thought of "far-darting Apollo."

"Floreat æternum-ternum." Perhaps there was something in what McMurdo said about not crushing the powder. At any rate, he would certainly not interfere with him about the loading; and then, he thought with positive glee, he would shoot—

Ah! Look at that! The mist had risen higher, gleamed brighter; now it was gone.

The gleaming satin veil, white as the light, was gone from the mountains. Craddock's horse stopped, or else Craddock reined him in unconsciously.

There they lay—the everlasting hills—in a thousand shades of blue and green, from black at their bases to gold-green,

and gold-blue on their southern edges. Those near him green and rough with bushes and trees, an occasional shaggy-headed groo-palm overtopping the other growths; and far off the smooth many-folded blue—a miracle of beauty wrought in complexity of lines and planes, and of a color so sharply defined, some proceeding subtly from darkness to light.

Yes, it was marvellous!

On his right, still sleeping, lay the smooth Caribbean—still sleeping, though the streaks and patches of light came and went as its bosom gently heaved. Between mountain and sea the Liguanea Plain, with the house-tops of Kingston indistinct in the shadows of trees.

Great Heavens! he would be too late for the meeting. He suddenly set spurs to his horse, and began ambling along as fast as the narrow road—precipice on the left, and steep bank on the right—would allow. What would McMurdo say if he kept the other party waiting?

But he could not take his eyes off that revelation of majesty. And what was he hurrying on for? If he shot O'Carroll, the sun would rise just the same next morning. If O'Carroll shot him, the sun would still rise. It made no difference to the sun, or to the hills—the distant hills or the near—or to the sea.

And if he went and apologized to O'Carroll? What for?

Or refused to fight? The idea was simply horrible.

But the sun and the hills would not care for that either—less, he could imagine, than for the other. Craddock was more intelligent than most boys in the light dragons of those days. He could think when he had time. He was still indignant at O'Carroll's offensive manner, but the real object of his indignation was rather Nisba Moreton. After all, he was only going to fight O'Carroll because he could not fight her. He had never studied the causality of duelling, but simply accepted it as a usage of the society to which he had been accustomed. Religion was not in his line: most of his Sundays were devoted to cock-fighting.

And yet, in presence of the mountains and the rising sun, a vague idea was growing in his mind that O'Carroll's life was a part of creation, that he, Craddock, had no right to meddle with it, and that the thing men called "an insult" was an absurd trifle in comparison to this whole made up of sun, sky, mountain, plain, and sea.

"What the deuce kept you so late?" shouted McMurdo, in a cheery voice, from the seat of his yellow Fulham gig. "Make haste, my boy! We have to do three miles in ten minutes, and the roads are rough after the rain. Has the bishop been keeping you fellows late over his Madeira—or is it port? Never tasted the Episcopal tap myself. Come, Kitty!" And away they went behind the fastest draught mare in the island.

"Mavin", sister, as they overtook a fat negress, perched between two bulging panniers of garden stuff on a lean donkey. "Hi! You no hab compassion 'pon de po' jacksas? How you like it you self?"

The negress screamed back a chaffy reply, and burst into a loud "Yah! yah!"

"Jacksas wid de long eal", sang McMurdo, then, at sight of a hen and chickens on the road, "See me take that fowl into custody," and in a moment the lassoed fowl was dangling at the end of his whip. "What's the matter, old fellow, eh?"

"I wish to God I was out of this business!"

"What? Come, I say, Craddock, this sort of thing won't do. My good man, you must be hipped. Now look, I'll lose you as to guard against that high-throwing trick, I know her dose to a grain. You fire, eh?"

"I say I won't kill O'Carroll."

"Oh no, of course. Just wing him; I would, if I were you."

"I won't wing him."

"Then what the devil will you do? Apologize?"

"Don't know what to apologize for. But I won't hurt him."

So McMurdo gave a whistle, and turned to Kitty.

They were not more than a minute behind time. Mayne, tall and grave, came forward and bowed politely, then went into consultation with McMurdo.

The distance was thirty paces. They were to fire at the word "three." Mayne won the toss, and gave the word.

Instead of two reports, there was only one. Craddock had fired into the guava-trees that overhung the penguin hedge on his right; but the attention of the seconds was occupied with O'Carroll's pistol, which had missed fire.

"The devil fly away wid your primin', Mayne," was all O'Carroll had to say, as he handed his weapon back to be examined.

"The priming seems all right, and the cap is burnt." Nevertheless Mayne drew the charge, reloaded, and used the priming-pin before returning the pistol to the principal.

It was agreed that Craddock had the right to fire again. He nodded as McMurdo told him this and gave him his pistol.

"And you must hit him this time, or, by George, he'll hit you. He means it, I can see."

"I won't hit him," said Craddock.

McMurdo gave a shrug as he fell back, and kept his eye closely on his man.

"One—two—three!"

"Bang!" went Craddock's pistol, and the bullet cut a branch from one of the guavas. And O'Carroll's pistol missed fire.

"That's the last fire I'll take at him, if I die for't," said the impulsive Irishman, as Mayne hurried towards him.

"Mayne come here, please," said McMurdo. And they walked away together, leaving the other two standing. "My man fired into the trees deliberately. I watched him. Yours couldn't fire at all. Now there must be an end to this."

And so that duel ended. Craddock offered to make any apology that might be agreed upon by the seconds.

"Faith, me boy," says O'Carroll, "I think it's to yourself the apology is jew."

Mayne was inclined to be a serious man at all times. He took the loaded pistol from its case, and, without more priming, simply exchanged the exploded cap for a fresh one, then handed the weapon to O'Carroll.

"Gentlemen, we were pleased to wait a minute," he said. "Here is a match-box which Captain O'Carroll is going to hit at thirty paces with that same pistol and charge."

The match-box—one of the old-fashioned cylindrical wooden affairs, about an inch and a half in diameter and three inches high—was set in the fork of a calabash-tree. Mayne paced the distance. O'Carroll took his ground, and fired. The match-box was shattered to atoms. As they left the ground together, McMurdo was as thoughtful as Craddock had been, and Craddock not less so.

"There must be an end to this," McMurdo had said. But that was not the end. Craddock had said at Up Park Camp. Under the great cotton-tree, in front of the Colonel's quarters, there were carriages full of creole beauty. Dozens of cavaliers, most of them holding his Majesty's commission, leaned from their saddles, talking soft talk to blonde and brunette.

In one of the carriages sat Nisba Moreton, with a white China silk shawl tumbling languidly from her shoulders. "Oh, Mr. Craddock!" she called, as the A. D. C., in stiff undress, walked his horse slowly by within speaking distance.

Craddock rode up to the carriage, and gravely raised his cap.

"I haven't seen you since that wonderful day. And there is that terrible little Mr. McMurdo over there, looking as in-no-cent as a little lamb. I think you behaved like a true Christian, really! And Captain O'Carroll is such a dead-y shot! It was most pathetic, I'm sure. And Miss Moreton sought comfort in her vinaigrette."

The reader may perhaps think that a girl given to these languors could never be regarded by men as anything but a nunny. Which would be an unjust reflection; for, in the first place, Miss Moreton was a reigning beauty, and "set the pace"; and, in the second place, this all happened in the days when Texas and California were unmapped countries, before Tony had published a line, when "repose" and "sensitivity" were held more precious in women than classic lore or athletic powers. In after-years I myself knew an elderly lady whose cheeks, indeed, were as ancient vellum, and the sheen gone from her turquoise eyes, but her conversation was much as I have recorded here, and I was told that that used to be the celebrated Miss Moreton.

Craddock heard all her outpouring in respectful silence, then bowed, and rode off. And a little flush appeared on Miss Nisba's cheek.

Somehow there had come into circulation a story that Craddock had quailed before the school-girl. It circulated only by the mouths of women. Both Mayne and McMurdo had been at some pains to publish the truth. O'Carroll had given out that he would "send a good ounce of lead, bedad!" into the anatomy of any man who should insinuate that Craddock had shown the white feather. McMurdo had argued with distinguished ability and elaborate show of precedent that it was none of O'Carroll's business, but exclusively his—McMurdo's. And there he sat now under the big cotton-tree, clad in spotless nankeen, his broad straw hat on the bench beside him to let the breeze blow through his wonderful black curls, his wonderful little feet encased in ladies' moccasin slippers, ready to offer amplest explanations of his principal's conduct. On the whole, it was not worth any man's while to broach the subject.

But, to fill up a gap in one of the regiments, there came a certain young ensign, named Powers, who forthwith loved in real earnest the pale beauty. And Nisba Moreton encouraged this youth, and she languidly told him—as she was well able—the ladies' version of the Hope Penn duel, and thought that Mr. Craddock was "a true Christian!" "But could men ever really kill each other for a girl's sake? Heigho!" And she smiled, fanning slowly with the big swan's-down fan. Mr. Craddock—well, she thought he had been very unkind the other day at the camp. She really thought him a true Christian.

Powers's regiment, the 120th, was quartered at Stony Hill. Craddock had escaped from the dust of Kingston and routine of Headquarter House to spend a few days with his old school-fellow Tom Wilmot, of the 120th. The evening of his arrival was not a "guest night" at the mess of the 120th. There were no civilians in the mess-room, no introductions to be made, except the last-joined,

"Mr. Craddock, permit me to introduce Ensign Powers, of the 120th. Ensign Powers, Lieutenant Craddock, A. D. C."

"Ah!" said Powers, slowly, with raised eyebrows. "I—er—have heard of Lieutenant Craddock."

And the both bowed splendidly. How very stately we, in these days, would have thought their manners! It took bottles and bottles of strong wine to relax a gentleman's self-restraint in the reign of William IV. And how tedious we should think the long dinner which preluded the relaxing process! At last the cloth was off, and the wine went round.

"Mr. Craddock," said the president of the mess, "a glass of wine with you."

"With pleasure. Madeira? So be it."

"Welcome to our mess," called the president.

Then the high boyish voice of the last-joined came across the table. "Mr. Craddock, pray let us use that—er—touching affair with O'Carroll of the 110th; and then I'll ask for the honor of taking wine with you."

"The story is rather too old for repetition here, Mr. Powers. I shall be glad to give it to you in private."

"Young man," said Powers's neighbor, a regimental surgeon, in an undertone, "there are three crack shots ready to tell that story. If you wish to live long in this climate, it will be a devilish deal more wholesome to sip brandy before meals than to repeat that question in that tone."

"Pooh!" and the sub swallowed a bumper of claret.

Wilmot was the officer of the rounds for that night, and soon had to leave the mess-room for duty. As he passed Powers's chair he leaned over and whispered, "Mr. Powers, I shall be back in an hour. Meantime, have the kindness to remember that Mr. Craddock is my guest. You understand."

Powers nodded. A momentary mess, although, perhaps, not exactly the scene of "the soul's energizing as to its higher powers in perfect environment," is probably the most entirely jolly assemblage practicable in this vale of tears. The wine went round, so did the toasts and the chaff. The wax candles shone brightly on regimental plate, on tropical fruits, and gleamed in golden Madeira and ruby claret and blood-red port. Powers's impertinent sally was forgotten.

Then, again, came that boyish voice. "I have a toast to propose. Ha, ha! Gentlemen, here's to the white feathers of the light dragons! Ha, ha, ha!" Powers drank his own toast and laughed at his own wit alone.

There was a profound silence. "Then Craddock rose to his feet very deliberately. 'Captain Maunsell,' he said, in a quiet voice, turning to the president of the mess, 'I have been grossly insulted. I only ask the mess to allow me to have satisfaction on the spot.'"

In an instant every man was on his feet. There was a murmur of hushed voices.

"Outrageous, by Jove!" "Certainly, he has the right to it. But, I say, we ought to wait for Wilmot." It was plain that Craddock wanted to hurry matters on before Wilmot returned from rounds. But he insisted, and he was a guest. So Maunsell acted as Craddock's second; Powers's captain as his. Maunsell's pistols were brought. The seconds whispered, the candles were all quickly removed to the sideboard and window-sills. All not concerned went outside on the landing at the head of the stone steps.

One of them stood in that corner, and the other in that, diagonally opposite each other, and the seconds stood, one at each end of the sideboard.

As Wilmot, returning from rounds, turned the south-west corner of the mess-house, he heard a double report. When he entered the mess room two corpses were being carried into the anteroom.

Next morning the sun rose and lifted the mist veil from the bosom of the mountains, then muffled drums sounded the long roll, and there were six volleys fired.

And so those two graves were made side by side.

THE GRAND DUKE'S ALLIES.

BY TUDOR JENKS.

It was nearly midnight, but the Grand Duke's private study was still brilliantly lighted. From outside one would hardly have known it, for the heavy curtains shut off nearly all the brightness, and the study was upon the third floor of a lofty tower overlooking a private court of the ducal castle.

The Grand Duke was worried. He was reading and re-reading a despatch which had been brought by a herald that very afternoon. The more he read it, the less he liked it. His secretary sat opposite him at a table thickly strewn with papers, and with a new quill pen and a nice fresh sheet of parchment waited vainly for something to write.

"Are you all ready?" asked the Duke for the third time.

"All ready," said the secretary, taking about twice too much ink on his pen and squaring his elbows.

"Well, then, write this," said the Duke, clearing his throat.

The secretary carelessly took some more ink.

"Write this," repeated the Duke, frowning

terribly, and drawing his chair up to the table.

"Yes, your Grace," said the secretary.

"We thank our noble brother for his insolent favor of the—What day of the month is it?"

"The 15th," said the secretary.

"Of the 15th instant, and we desire to recognize his courteous and knightly offer to besiege our castle at the first opportunity, providing—Here the Duke paused and began to think. "What does he say in his cartel?" he asked the secretary.

"Your Grace hasn't let me see it," suggested the blond secretary.

He was just out of the University of Padua, and was still a little shaky on moods and tempers, so he desired to proceed with caution. The Duke handed over the cartel, and the secretary read it. It was as follows:

"To the so-called Grand Duke of Turpinia, greeting."

"The Baron Benzinus doth call upon thee, thou usurping knave, to surrender all and singular the island wherein thy followers and thyself have established an unlawful dominion, and all its rents, privileges, and emoluments."

"Falling which, the aforesaid Benzinus will, with force and arms in such case made and provided, repossess himself of the same forthwith."

(Signed) "BENZINUS + BARONUS,"
mark

When the secretary had read it through, he turned to the Grand Duke, and said, calmly, "Does your Grace allow himself to be disturbed by such trifles?"

"Trifles, boy!" thundered the Duke, rising to his feet. "Trifles? Why do you talk of trifles? Since yonder sun—I mean—since the orb of day stood at high noon, have I in vain racked my brain for a fitting answer to the Baron's cartel. And you, a beardless clerk, prate thus of trifles, forsooth! Go to, callow lad!"

"Nathless," spake the clerk, with enkindling eye, "Duke though thou beest—"

"Beast!" exclaimed the Duke.

"Nay, not so! With hasty tongue broke in the clerklet. 'Be-est—that is, second person singular, verb, to be. Though thou be-est—"

"Speed on," said the assuaged Duke.

"Duke though thou art," said the clerk, "yet do we scholars mind a ruse or twain."

"By thy downy beard," quoth the Duke, with much heartfelt fervor, "if you don't drop into plain English, I'll put you on bread and water in the donjon keep; mind that!"

Then rose the clerk to the occasion.

"Your Grace," said he, "I did but mean to say that you can read and write withal do yet know a thing or two."

"Haste thee, haste thee, blithesome clerk," said the Duke, impatiently.

"What I'm getting at is this," thence the clerk water in. "I'm a graduate of the University of Padua."

"Most true," replied the nobleman; "and hired as such."

"And there we learn of divers arts and wiles," resumed the clerk, "including a fine curriculum in politics."

"So, ho," broke forth his master; "the clerks do deal with politics?"

"Even so, my Lord; and 'tis a noble study."

"But the cartel, boy. What of the cartel?"

"'Tis a spider-web, a nothing. I have a plan. Were I older, I would myself encounter this burly Baron, and leave him without resource. But, alas! I am but a beginning student. B. A. and his needeth the cunning of a D. P. at the very least, a master of the art."

"I grow impatient. The half-hour hath newly struck. Declare thy plan, and in few words."

"Brief," said the eager clerk, "'tis this: Despatch thee a trusty messenger with an extra horse to the university. 'Tis but a dozen leagues, no more. Let him but deliver once into the hands of one Perkinsonius, D. P., a scroll which I shall forthwith indite, and on the morrow, ere the culverin hath barked its last, thine ally shall be here."

"But the herald, boy, who even now snores heavily in the purple guest-room, will he await the event?"

"Oh, the herald's all right," said the clerk.

"Will not his good horse cast a shoe?"

"How?" asked the Duke, perplexed.

"Marry! what could be simpler? A word to the head groom, and the shoe is cast. Another word to the farrier, and the shoeing goeth slowly on, methinks!"

"True! and, the just a pretty wit! It shall be done as thou hast planned it," said the Duke, heartily. Then turning to his secretary, the Duke bent close to him and said, in a low tone:

"Hist, my trusty youth! Didst thou but know the truth, Benzinus is not so very far wrong in this, his cartel. My title-deed must be again produced. But first thy friend shalt have his way. But stay," he

added, as the clerk gathered up his pens, wafers, sealing-wax, and tapers. "What mean these letters D. P. which Perkinsonius doth so bravely sport?" Doctor of Politics?"

"Yes, your Grace," said the secretary, as he bowed low before leaving the apartment. Before he sought his couch the Duke despatched the trusty messenger with the spare horse, and then gave himself up to pleasant dreams.

Next day the herald came to the audience-room for an answer to the cartel. But just as the Duke was rising to reply to the herald, a page ran in and announced that the head groom had a message to the Duke which was of immediate moment.

"Show him in," said the Duke. The head groom entered, and told the Duke that the herald's horse lacked a shoe, and that the head farrier was absent at a merry-making, and therefore the herald must needs delay his going.

"'Tis opportune," said the Duke, "for loath are we to part with a knight of such courtly bearing and nobility of demeanor. It is not often one of Baron Benzinus's knightly train doth favor us. Will take merrily with us, Sir Herald, till our farrier return?"

The herald was having a good time, as he was dressed in his best and was living well, so he made no objection whatever.

The audience was at an end, and the whole court went out to enjoy a game of bowls upon the green.

"Truly the clerkly secretary hath a level head," said the Duke to himself, as he opened the game.

So passed the day in games, in feasting, and in hawking, until the evening sun was red, and the long shadows barred the courtyard lawn.

Suddenly the quick eye of the Duke distinguished a dusty cloud arising upon the winding road which led up to the rock on which the castle perched.

"By my word," said the Duke, "I see two horsemen."

Two handsomely apparelled varlets were sent to greet the coming visitors, and soon returned escorting the man-at-arms whom the Duke had sent to Padua's far-famed university, and a stranger who could be no other than Perkinsonius, D.P.

Perkinsonius, for indeed it was he, had nobility of mien or grace of bearing. He was a tiny dried-up man, who had lost hair as he grew in wisdom, and whose brain had left his body scarce brawn enough to deck out his bony frame. In other words, he was a bald, thin, old scholar.

Riding straight to the Duke, the pair doffed their head-gear, both helm and hat, and bent the lowly knee down sinking.

"I hope you're well," said the Duke. "Most hearty, thank your Grace," said the sturdy warrior.

"I complain not," said Perkinsonius, in a thin, high-keyed voice.

"Tis well," said the Duke. "Come thou, Perkinsonius, to my private rooms. I would confer with thee."

"Conference is wisdom's friend," replied the little man. "Lead on."

Excusing himself to the herald and the lords and ladies (who really did not miss him at all, as he was a very poor player at bowls), the Duke led the way to his study, and was followed by Perkinsonius, D.P. They were joined upon their way by the secretary, who greeted his old master with mingled respect and joy.

Once in the study the trio were ensconced, the Duke signed to his secretary to declare the case. Whereat the same was done right worthily, and with no waste of words. And thus he spoke:

"Doctor, the Duke here is in a parlous state. He's taken this island and made a grand duchy of it, and has for warrant none save his good right hand. Straight cometh a cartel from one Benzinus, a Baron, ordering our good Duke to renounce and quit the place, whereby this same Duke is sore distressed; and thereupon I sent for thee."

"Three heads for two is sure a fair exchange," said Perkinsonius, nodding his head wisely.

"But what shall we do?" said the Duke. "How shall I answer his cartel?"

"To answer unseen words is a task indeed," said the Doctor, smiling.

"Bring in the parchment," called the Duke.

And thereupon a tripping page did daintily advance, parting the arras with a slender arm. The parchment being thus produced, most rapidly was read. Then spake the Doctor in a lightsome vein to the secretary:

"A secretary thou, and deftly driveth quills. A younger hand can better place the words."

The secretary dipped the quill, and waited for the old man to dictate, which he immediately began to do, as follows:

"To Benzinus, Baron called, but wherefore know I not: This presents to his cartel late received do thus in words most fitly chosen make reply:

"Whate'er hath been usurped to him belongs who showeth better title. What's not usurped to those who hold doth rightfully belong. Who, then, is he who doth our right demand? If stronger claim he shows, to him must weaker yield. Till then the truce must hold by law of war most rightfully and knightly maintained. Secure in this appeal, we boldly wait thy answer."

"(Signed) his
"GRAND DUKE OF TURPENTINA."

The Grand Duke made his mark with rugged hand and looked up sore distressed. "What mean these words?" he asked, with wrinkled brow.

Then snickered loud the clerk, and bald Perkinsonius, D.P., was fain to join.

"In sooth," the clerk explained, "the Baron bold will doubtless walk the floor a many times before he reads them straight."

"Very likely," said the Grand Duke, uneasily; "but what good does that do me?"

"Oh, it gains time," said the secretary. "And time it is our lives are made up of," said the learned Doctor, recovering his solemnity.

"All right," said the Duke, good-humoredly. "I'm in the hands of my friends. Let it go as it is."

Again the page slid in, and straightway took the roll. Then to the herald it was forthwith delivered, and his horse having been speedily shod, he departed on his way.

Two or three days passed away. The Duke began to be quite fond of Perkinsonius, D.P., and even called him "Perky" at times, a harmless freedom in which he was imitated by the members of the household, excepting the secretary, who always called the old gentleman "Doctor."

Soon, however, the herald returned with another message from the puleasant Baron. The three again convened and read it thus:

"To that Arch-traitor, the false Grand Duke of Turpentina:

"Thy words do so deftly turned we read in vain. No answer is returned, so far as we do read. Once more, we write thee, knave, and give thee but one day to answer this our creed."

"Will abdicate or fight?"

his
"BARON + BENZINUS."

mark
Then was the Duke amazed. "What does he mean now?" he asked, rumpling up his hair, as he always did when mixed in his mind.

"Disquiet fogs the brain," replied Perky, easily. "Play thou at bowls again the while I draft a score."

This pleased the Duke, and he departed out of hand.

Their heads together bent; the clerkly two conferred, and thus did write reply:

"To Benzinus, noble born and most decorously taught: If right we read thy scroll we are to have a day before we needs must say, but still we do not see just when that day begins. Dost mean the day to count as following thy writ? Or shall we have delay until our letter's read?"

"Still waiting thy reply,"

his
"GRAND DUKE + here writ."

mark
Away went the herald, and the Doctor and the clerk turned themselves loose in the library, and buried deep in books were lost to all the world.

Another day was past, and back the herald came, his horse all flecked with foam, and he himself real mad.

"The Baron Benzinus says he's had enough fooling," said the herald, without dismounting; "and he told me to tell you that he was on the march, and would be here by day-break to-morrow."

"Ride back," said the Duke, after a hasty conference with his advisers, "and tell your noble master that we agree with him that a personal interview is desirable, and that we will meet him with the greatest pleasure."

"But he'll cut my head off if I go back," said the herald. "He said he would."

"Very good," then said the Duke; "perhaps you'd rather stay here?"

"I'd much prefer it," said the herald.

"A singed child objects to flame," said Perky. "Had I his habit, I might be the herald."

"Most fitly spoken," said the Duke.

And as the herald made no objection, the learned Doctor put on the talard, and sallied forth upon the ambling palfrey's back to meet the Baron bold.

"Twas in a wood they met.

"What have we here?" said the Baron, reigning in his fiery charger.

"The dress proclaims the office, noble sir," said Perky.

"Well, speak up, my little man," said the Baron, "for I'm in a hurry."

"Hurry often hideth heedlessness," said Perky.

"'Tis true," said the Baron.

"Halting holdeth hasty hand," went on the Doctor.

"Why, that's true enough also," said the Baron. "But if you have anything to say, you must say it, for I'm on the way to besiege a castle."

"The Grand Duke's?"

"The same," said the Baron. "He has taken possession of a big island out here, and keeps it without warrant."

"And you would oust him?"

"Marry, would I. Yes."

"Through better title, doubtless."

"Sooth 'tis so."

"What title claims he?" said the Doctor, innocently.

"None, except the sword."

"And yours is what?"

"My father owned the place."

"Who gave it him?"

"He won it for himself."

"At bowls, my lord?"

"Not be. In warfare brave."

"His sword, then, gave it him."

"Old man, you speak the truth. By sword 'twas won and kept."

"My father died, old man, and thus it came to me."

"Well, then," said the Doctor, "since your father won it by the sword, and now the Grand Duke won it by the sword, wherein was your father's sword the nobler of the two?"

The Baron was puzzled. He didn't see clearly how to get out of the little dilemma into which he had walked so blindly. But after thinking a moment, he said: "Old man, I don't see exactly what you're at, but I propose to put the Grand Duke, as he calls himself, out of that castle with this sword. See it?"

"Is plain to be seen," said the Doctor. "But what will you do with the castle after you get it?"

"Live in it."

"And will all these men live there with you?" asked the Doctor, pointing to the army.

"Oh no," said the Baron; "they're fighting 'em."

"And what do they get?" asked the Doctor.

"Glory," said the Baron, casting an uneasy glance at his men, who had begun to talk among themselves.

"But, really, I think they would rather go home to their families," said the Doctor, pleasantly. Then turning to the men, he said, "All those in favor of going home, please raise their hands."

Every hand went up.

"I thought so," said the Doctor.

The Baron looked surprised. Then recovering himself—for he was a shrewd diplomatist—he said, pleasantly: "Why didn't you say so?"

"The turning to the trumpet-ers," said the Baron, "struck up a march. Right about face! Forward, march!" And away they went.

When Perkinsonius returned to the Duke's castle the Duke was much pleased, and invited the Doctor to make his home with him. But a month or two afterward, when the Duke's army revolted, forced him to abdicate, and, setting up a republic, elected Perkinsonius first President, he began to doubt the advantages of a university education.

But the Doctor and the secretary (who was now Secretary of State) assured him that it was really a great advantage. And so it is.

THE CONTESTED ELECTIONS IN NEW YORK.

BY JNO. GILMER SPEED.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PROFESSOR NEWTON A. WELLS.

IF the new Legislature of New York elected in November could have been made safely Democratic in both of its branches, there was much which might have been done towards giving the State securely to the Democrats for the next ten or more years. By the Constitution of New York it is required that every ten years there should be an enumeration of the people of the State, and on the basis of this enumeration the Senate and Assembly districts are apportioned. In 1885 this enumeration should have been taken, as this is done in New York just midway between the dates of the national census. This census was taken in 1880, 1870, 1860, and 1850; therefore the State enumerations were taken in 1865, 1875, and 1885. But the Legislature was then Republican, and it was confidently believed that a fair count of the inhabitants would have shown so much growth of population in the Democratic strongholds of New York and Brooklyn that the increased number of Assemblymen and Senators from these cities would have given the Democrats pretty nearly always an easy working majority in both Houses. The debates on an enumeration bill took up a large part of the session prior to 1885, and the bill pressed by the Democrats was defeated by the Republicans. Therefore there was no enumeration of inhabitants at the time contemplated in the law. At each session since this question has come up, and it has been impossible to frame a law satisfactory to both parties. Once, indeed, when the Republicans held the Legislature, an enumeration bill was passed. But Governor Hill sent it back with a veto, upon the ground that the bill was unconstitutional, and that it created a census bureau something like that at Washington, where an effort is made to find out no end of things with which the government has no need of knowledge or right to acquire it. And so six years have passed without an enumeration and reapportionment of Assembly and Senate districts. This is the burning political question which vexes the practical politicians of New York, and makes them extraordinarily zealous in their partisanship.

And then, again, the present Senate will be called upon to participate in an election of a United States Senator in the place of Mr. Hiscock, whose term will expire before the election of a new State Senate. When the election was over in November, and the Democratic candidate for Governor was elected by a handsome majority, it looked very much as if the Democrats had carried both branches of the Legislature, and the party organs

and leaders, as a matter of course, claimed everything. The Republicans were a little less vociferous, but they did not despair that all had been lost. When the election was over, the great political battle had cleared away, it was found that apparent majorities had been created by fourteen Democratic and sixteen Republican candidates for the Senate, while sixty-five Democratic, two independent Democrats, and sixty-one Republican Assemblymen had apparently been chosen. Without the Senate the Democrats could not do a great deal in the enumeration matter, and they had at a decided disadvantage in the prospect of electing a United States Senator, for another Assembly will be chosen before that event, and it might be Republican. Before there is any official significance to election returns, they must be canvassed by county boards and certified to by the county clerks.

There was an immediate effort made by the Democrats, under the immediate direction, it has been charged, of Governor Hill, to change the apparent result of the election for Senators. The first case to be discussed was that of Mr. Francis D. Sherwood, of Hornellsville, who had cast for him a majority of something like seventeen hundred votes to succeed Mr. J. Sloan Fessett, who was the Republican candidate for Governor. The State Constitution provides that no person shall be eligible as a member of either branch of the Legislature who shall have held any municipal office within one hundred days of the election for the Legislature. Mr. Sherwood was and is, I believe, a Park Commissioner for the town of Hornellsville. Before the election the Democrats asked the Attorney-General whether Mr. Sherwood was eligible. The Attorney-General wrote an opinion in which he held that Mr. Sherwood was not eligible, and copies of this opinion were posted on election day at all of the voting places in the district. However, a majority of the votes were cast for Mr. Sherwood. The Democrats maintain that votes cast knowingly or unknowingly for an ineligible candidate are void, and that therefore Mr. Sherwood's Democratic opponent received all of the legal votes cast, and was therefore elected. The Republicans maintain that the office of Park Commissioner is not an office of the kind contemplated by the Constitution in making municipal officers ineligible for election. A distinguished jurist, Judge Danforth, I believe, has advanced the ingenious plea that as no such office as Park Commissioner existed at the time of the incorporation of the city of Hornellsville, therefore the office was not one contemplated by the constitution. Lawyers generally do not think that Judge Danforth would have given such an opinion on the bench, as they do not hold it to be sound. But lawyers think that the Court of Appeals is competent to decide the constitutional question as to what the Constitution means by municipal officers. Such an opinion would have great weight with any Senate, though, after all, each branch of the Legislature has the sole and final power to pass upon the eligibility of its own members. This being the case, it will be seen that the preliminary legal wrangles over the granting of certificates of election were promoted by the interest the politicians feel in securing for one party or the other the organization of the Senate and the selection of the committees.

The next case that arose was that of the Senator for the Poughkeepsie district. The apparent majority of the Republican candidate, Mr. George A. Deane, who has died since the election, was 78. Mr. Deane's illness and death, together with the closeness of the vote, seemed to invite an effort to discover irregularities which might warrant something being done to show that the Democratic candidate had been elected. The Board of Supervisors of Dutchess County in making the count found enough to satisfy the Democratic members of the board that Mr. Deane had not been elected. Section 81 of the ballot reform law says:

"When the votes are to be estimated and the result declared by a board of county canvassers or other officers performing similar duties, such board or officers shall mention separately in the statement or certificate of canvass the number of votes thus questioned which were cast for each candidate, and the specific grounds upon which the same are claimed to be invalid, as set forth in the original certificate of canvass. Such ballots shall be counted in estimating the result of an election, but within thirty days after the filing of the certificate declaring such result, a writ of mandamus may issue out of the Supreme Court against the board of canvassers, or officers acting as such board, by whom the ballots are counted, upon the application of any candidate voted for at the election, to require a recount of the votes and all questions relating to the validity of such ballots, and as to whether they were promptly counted, shall be determined in such proceedings."

Under the Election Code, Section 278, it is declared that:

"Upon the statement of votes given for members of the Assembly and county officers and the board shall proceed to determine what person or persons have, by the greatest number of votes, been duly elected to each of the offices mentioned in each statement."

Section 278 of the Election Code says:

"But each town or ward inspectors and canvassers shall not at such meeting change or alter any declaration before made by them, but shall only cause their canvass to be correctly stated."

When the board of supervisors filed its report of the canvass, Mr. Hoffman, the County Clerk, was asked to certify to its correctness. This Mr. Hoffman refused to do, and the certificate was made out by John J. Myler, "Acting Secretary of the Board of Canvassers." Governor Hill, holding that County Clerk Hoffman had no discretion in the mat-

ter of issuing the certificate, has removed that officer from his clerkship, and has appointed a successor, who has entered upon his duties, but who has also been restrained by the Supreme Court, without orders from that court, from doing the act for not doing which Mr. Hoffman was removed by Governor Hill. This case, along with others somewhat similar, and of which something will be said directly, is now before the Court of Appeals, the cases having been expedited, and while this paper is going to press, the lawyers, among whom are some of the most eminent members of the bar of the State, will be arguing the merits of the case, *pro* and *con*. It is an interesting legal situation, for if any other man in the State except the Governor had taken the liberty Governor Hill has taken with the decrees of a court, he would have been in contempt. But the Governor, for an official act, cannot place himself in contempt of court, though of course for any personal dereliction of law the Governor is amenable just as any other citizen is. For his official acts he can only be punished by impeachment.

In Onondaga County the fight has been over the election of an Assemblyman. The apparent votes showed the election of the Republican candidate, David A. Munro, Jun., over Patrick J. Ryan, Democrat. The canvassers found that by some errors in the County Clerk's office, some of the ballots had been marked, and some bundles meant for one district were sent to another, and the opposite. It was also found that in some instances the votes were for David A. Munro, some for David A. Munro, Jun., though most of those cast for the Republican candidate were cast correctly for David A. Munro, Jun. The county board of canvassers, of which R. E. Dorchester, who is said to be the leader of the "Hill Democracy" in Onondaga County, is chairman, concluded to throw out all the votes cast for Mr. Munro and which the Board considered irregular for the reasons just intimated. This would give the election to Mr. Ryan, the Democrat. The County Clerk, Mr. Cotton, refused, as Mr. Hoffman had done in Dutchess County, to certify as to the correctness of the returns, and he was upheld in his refusal by Judge Kennedy, before whom the matter had been brought. Meantime charges had been preferred with the Governor against Mr. Cotton, for carelessness or worse in sending out marked ballots, and bundles of ballots to the wrong place. Governor Hill hurried up the case, and removed Mr. Cotton from office, and appointed his successor. Judge Kennedy, a venerable man, who is accused by the Democrats of having been a henchman of Tweed, in the days when that leader of Tammany Hall was running the politics of the State of New York, is a man who is acknowledged to have both ability and firmness, but Governor Hill seems to share the opinion of some other Democrats in thinking that Judge Kennedy, a zealous Republican, could not be depended upon in an emergency which provoked strong partisan feeling. The Governor therefore directed

Judge Morgan J. O'Brien, a Justice of the Supreme Court, to go to Syracuse and hold an extraordinary Special Term. The pictures printed on this page of the WEEKLY were made while Judge O'Brien and Judge Kennedy were hearing this case in Syracuse. Mr. Marshall appeared as the lawyer for the Democrats, and Mr. Goodelle for the Republicans. After a consultation between the judges and lawyers, Judge Kennedy made this announcement:

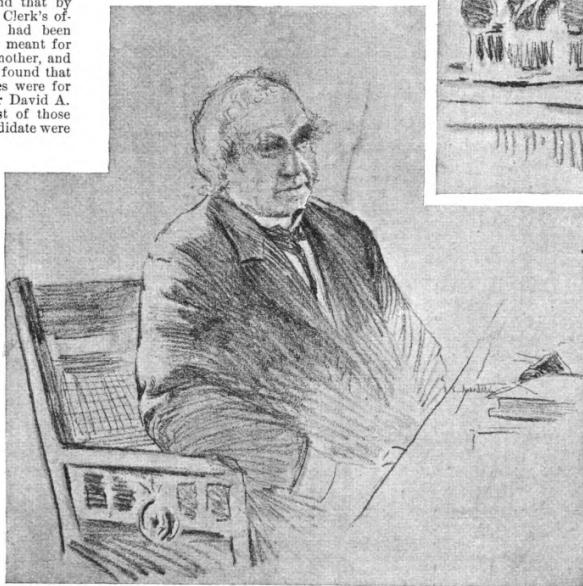
"In view of the importance of the questions which are involved in the political controversy existing here, it has been thought wise on the part of the court to suggest such an arrangement in reference to the several matters involved as would best promote the interests and the rights of all the parties, including the people as well as those immediately interested. That suggestion has been made by the court to the counsel representing the respective parties, and they, in the exercise of that good judgment for which they are remarkable, have yielded to the suggestions of the court."

After a review of the situation, and another brief conference with Judge O'Brien, Justice Kennedy said:

"I am requested, and I most cheerfully say, that the relations existing between the justice holding the extraordinary Special Term and myself in all these proceedings have been of the most happy character, and in harmony with the suggestions which I have made as contained in these stipula-



JUDGE O'BRIEN ON THE BENCH.



JUDGE KENNEDY ON THE BENCH.

tion has been granted, coupled with a condition in the order that the interested parties may intervene as parties, each upon his own behalf. The application for a mandamus to the board of canvassers in reference to the canvass of the votes for member of Assembly in the First District has also been allowed; but that allowance also is subject to certain conditions which it has been deemed wise to attach to it, and the conditions mainly may be stated, so far as the question involved is now particularly concerned, to be that the errors, if they necessitate any special returns of the district canvassers of the Third Ward, shall be corrected and filed in the office, and made to conform to the facts in that case; that the question in reference to the canvass of what has been denominated or may be denominated misspelled votes or ballots, and which is involved in the mandamus applied for, is to be held in abeyance until certain steps are accomplished, to which allusion will now be made.

"It is provided between these parties interested upon each side, to the end that justice shall be done to all, that the proceedings of the canvassers in these respective cases and upon them shall be suspended until the questions which are involved, and upon which the challenge is made, have been determined by the General Term of this court to be convened for that purpose, or, if thought necessary, by the court of last resort. When that judgment shall be obtained, it will be a judicial settlement of these questions which have so long distressed us here, and a settlement such as every good citizen will yield to, because there can be no suggestions that any decision which shall be made by either of these high tribunals will be influenced by any motive other than the motive of justice to the people and the parties concerned.

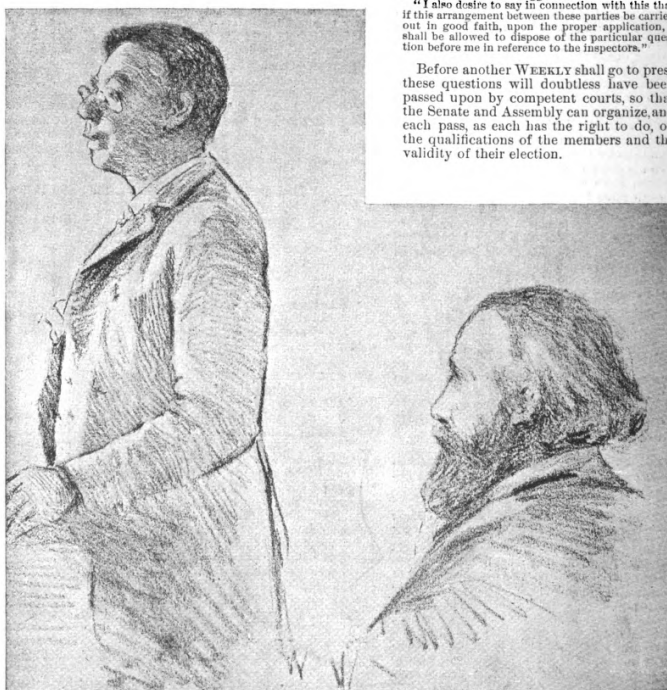
"It is suggested that the application which was made to Mr. Justice O'Brien for a stay of proceedings upon the mandamus that was issued by another Special Term, over which I have the honor to preside, to wit, looking to the correction of these errors of the returns of several districts, that that application is to be denied. Those returns, as I have suggested heretofore, will, in compliance with the requirements of the mandamus in that case, as is believed by the court, be properly corrected and properly filed, until all questions arising in that canvass and in reference to the vote cast have been determined in the manner I have suggested.

"I also desire to say in connection with this that if this arrangement between these parties be carried out in good faith, upon the proper application, I shall be allowed to dispose of the particular question before me in reference to the inspectors."

Before another WEEKLY shall go to press these questions will doubtless have been passed upon by competent courts, so that the Senate and Assembly can organize and each pass, as each has the right to do, on the qualifications of the members and the validity of their election.

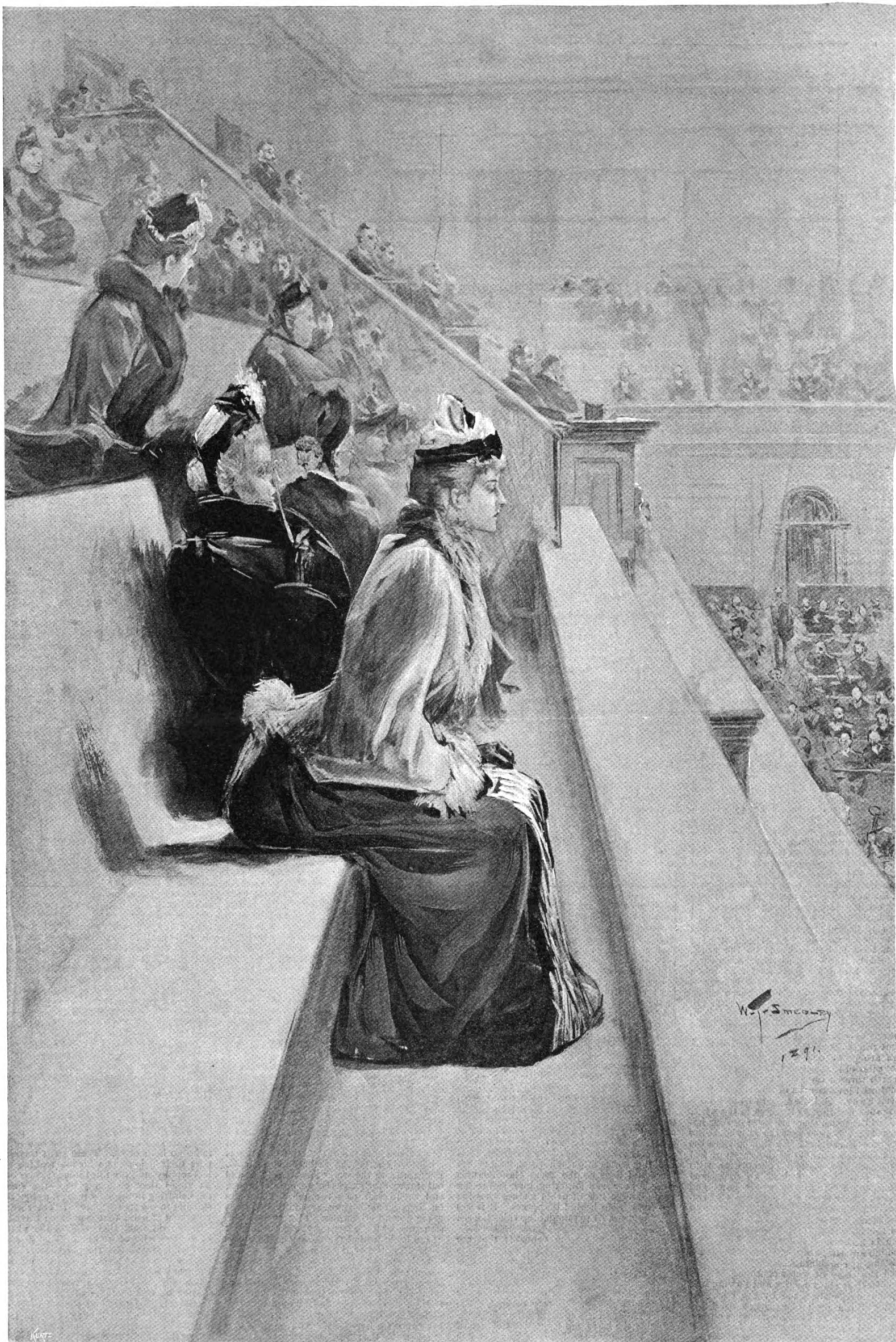


DORCHESTER IN COURT.

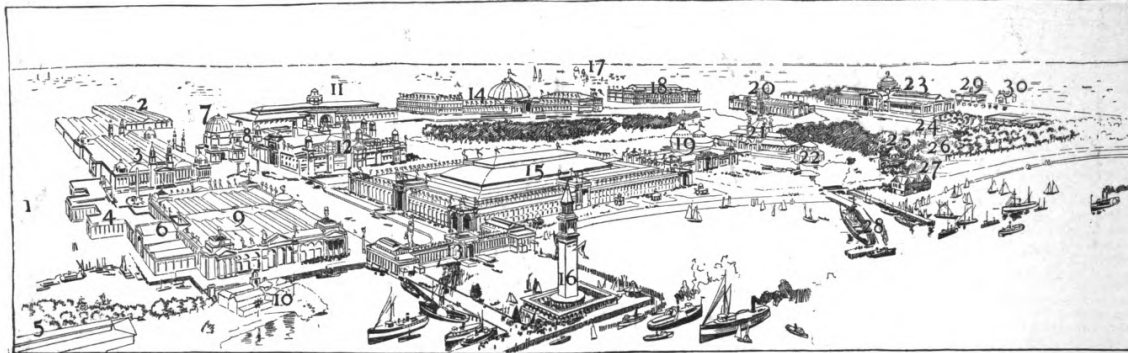


LAWYER MARSHALL ARGUES A STAY OF PROCEEDINGS.

LAWYER GOODELLE.



THE OPENING OF CONGRESS—THE LADIES' GALLERY OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.—DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY.



KEY TO BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

1. Sixty-three Acres reserved for Live-stock Exhibit. 2. Railway Approach. 3. Machinery Hall, 17½ Acres. 4. Assembly Hall. 5. Forestry Building, 2½ Acres. 6. Annex to Agriculture Building. 7. Administration Building, 8. Hall of Mines and Mining, 8½ Acres. 9. Agriculture Building, 19 Acres. 10. Reproduction of La Rabida Convent, where Columbus retired. 11. Transportation Exhibit, 18½ Acres. 12. Electrical Building, 9½ Acres. 13. The Great Peristyle and Music Hall Café. 14. Horticulture Hall, 6½ Acres. 15. Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building, 44 Acres. 16. Casino and Pier. 17. Villages of All Nations. 18. Woman's Building. 19. United States Government Building. 20. Illinois State Building. 21. Fisheries Building and Deep-sea Aquarium. 22. Life-saving Station, etc. 23. Galleries of Fine Arts. 24. Japan. 25. France, Mexico, and Germany. 26. Foreign Building. 27. England. 28. United States Naval Exhibit. 29. New York. 30. Massachusetts.

THE EXPOSITION AS IT WILL BE.

BY M. A. LANE.

WRAP yourself up in your furs, if you have furs, strap your coats tight at the bottom, and make fast your head-gear; for it is December, and you are about to visit the World's Columbian Exposition. Uptown the snow flies in all directions. It should really come down and fall gently on the earth, like the proverbial tear of the traditional angel. But the wind is not satisfied with such a poetic distribution of matters, and smites the snow. And the snow responds in such a fashion as makes a veritable swirl, blinding the eyes of horses and drivers, wrecking umbrellas, and disturbing the peace every second.

If you are not a strong man physically, and have not the courage of your convictions, excuse yourself politely, and stay at home. The fierce uncompromising genius of Lake Michigan has but small sympathy for weak humanity, and the wind spirit of the Flats of Calumet has no rock of tender skin or of a delicate organization. But it is truly worth looking at, truly worth going at least seven miles to see, because if you do not see it now—when the winds blow, and the waters roar, and the snow-flakes bite, and the sky frowns on you—you will not so keenly enjoy the contrast of the transformation scene. They are now working at it behind the flats and aside the wings. The gauze and the tinsel are there, but they are hidden now. Black will make place for crimson, dull drab for bright blue, harsh yellow for soft amber, black and spiritless gray for purple and gold and red, banks of hard clay for velvet sward.

There are two gateways by which you may enter the Columbian Exposition. One is by land, the other by water. The first is the only one available at present. The second is as full of peril as it is of wonder and grand beauty. Resting securely on the solid earth, one may look at the water gateway and admire it, but there is no ship so brave, no human heart so stout, that would care to navigate it. Entering by the gateway on land is hardship enough. For the wind blows over sea, and the storm howls, and the snow-flakes blind. The cold and the storm have laid their hands on the work, and have tried to strangle enterprise. Things seem dead, and are dead so far as much of the outward progress of the scheme is concerned. A laborer, a mechanic, a supervising architect, is a human being after all, and there is no humanity in asking him to work under such great disadvantages. That is why the outlook seems dead.

But the signs of activity are everywhere. Here are great piles of lumber; there are great piles of iron beams. Yonder are banks of earth thrown up as if hurriedly, like the abandoned breastworks of an army that has moved away. A little way in front are giant cranes nodding, as it seems, in the wind. Toward the south there are three or four immense black blotches on the ground, rising just above the surface. Further on come the dull, indefinite outlines of thousands of feet of black walls, shaped columnwise, with now and then a naked or unfinished arch, through which the winds howl and whistle. Near these rise companies of columns thrown together seemingly without order or design.

In the foreground, stretching away to the south, is a sheet of water, from the middle of which appears, white and bleak and brown, an island of considerable size. Beyond this island the sheet of water continues, turning from itself at right angles and flowing into the lake; say, rather, fed by the lake. At one side of it a great pier projects itself into the foaming sea, and after burrowing a thousand feet or more through the breakers it creates and angers, comes to a sudden stop. At either side of the inlet is a big bank of earth braced at the water ends by what looks like a double wall of piles, through which

the water runs and against which the foam dashes. Bordering the inlet are solid foundation walls, enclosing floorspace that covers acres in the flat. In two or three places—solitary spots, as it would seem, looking at them from above—rise into the air crude suggestions of rounded domes.

The place is wild and picturesque, and at this season of the year most uninviting. They have divided up the entire grounds into appropriate spaces that are marked by serpentine tan-bark paths which in next May will be seen clearly, but which are now mere tracings. Snow has fallen on them and has been melted, and the water has frozen over them, and more snow has fallen on them, and for purposes of locomotion they are useless. But when the engineer in charge laid them out, and bent his chalk-lines for the workmen to follow, he had a map of the future grounds with all their improvements in his mind. And these tan-bark paths will remain unchanged, and will be trampled by millions of human feet before two years have passed.

The site of the exposition—that portion of it, at least, in all parts of which the improvements have been made—occupies an area of 600 acres. Looking at it now, one will feel two impressions: of the immensity of the undertaking, and of the possibilities as judged by the progress already made. It is worth noting that all who have seen the enterprise in its present development have said that they could not put into words the vastness of the conception; and more, that when completed it could not fail of partaking of the truly marvellous. Few have stopped to analyze these impressions; but when carefully studied they will be found to be made up of two elements. The first is the proximity of Lake Michigan, a body of water in many respects more striking than the sea; for whether in June, when its dead surface, true as a level, glitters with every color of the spectroscopic, or in December, when its fury might wreck the best boat that ever sailed, it is one of the wonders of the New World. The second element is the utter flatness of the country. Had the surface of the hill here or there, or even a bit of thick woods to stop the prospect, the vastness of the effect would be lost. And even now, crude as the affair is, unfinished as it may be, the roar of this lake and the interminable aspect of the place are known with the same striking wonder.

Leaving one spring and two winters, coming up with the Columbian Exposition, say, in the month of June and in the year 1893, this 600 acres of land will be seen to have undergone a most marvellous change—a change outlined in the picture of the bird's-eye view. The gateway on the water has been finished, and through it pour almost as many people as stream through the gateway on the land. This is really the most attractive point in the entire plan. Against the sky, rising like a Pharos, the first object to be seen by the passengers on a lake boat is the tall tower that has been built at the end of the long pier. This tower is the index of the flatness of the country. It can be seen long before the glittering golden dome of the Administration Building bursts into the horizon, long before the festal flags on the great Manufactures Building are seen fluttering, long before the noble double row of noble statues crossing the great basin behind it appears. It is 250 feet high, and its pyramidal top rides the sea and beats on.

And now appear the pennants that are floating from the topmasts of ships in the harbor; next, the American flag that is flung from the top of the Administration Building; next, the swelling airy Carthaginian dome itself; then suddenly three or four other domes, variously colored, arise; then eight-and-forty statues on the balustrade crossing the basin, not forgetting the arch of entry that spans the inlet, on its summit a severely classic group of sculpture. Now, by degrees, the entire panorama comes into the eye. Mark now, you are on the lake, look-

ing at the picture from the east toward the west. This is the best view of it all, even better than that to be had from the cupola of the Administration house.

Pre-eminent stands the tower, 1000 feet from the shore, at the eastern end of the long pier. The harbor all about it is thronged with craft of all sort—modern steamers, Chinese junks, schooners, yachts, full-rigged ships, Venetian boats, and great canoes with floating sun-shades, hundreds of sails of all colors, and flags of every nation on earth. Huge above all, toward the right, is the American man-of-war, erected there by the government; and near it the pavilion of the British government, where English representatives will parley with all sorts of people from everywhere.

The black wall that stretched away to the north, leaving an angle of ground, is now the eastern front of the Manufactures Building, and the black ground before it is now a beautiful sward, dotted with tents and booths and cafés, and filled with people. At that place where the sward widens into a quasi-triangle, a company of soldiers in bright array and glistering arms are manoeuvring. The parade along the shore of the lake is lined with people. There is an indistinct hum in the air—the commingled effect of the noise of machinery, the business of the crowds, the activity of the exposition.

One glance is sufficient to show that a special effort has been made to centralize the water view about one point. That, it is plain, is the point whereat rises the arch of entry with the classic groups at its top. In the original design this matter was treated in another fashion. Where now crosses the double colonnade, with the coffered balustrade, and the figures resting on it over the columns, was a peristyle showing thirteen columns surmounted by thirteen sculptured figures representing the thirteen original States. At the end of the pier, where now rises the tower, was a smaller tower rising from the midst of four pavilions, which, altogether, were called the Casino. It was deemed that a more imposing effect could be produced by the elimination of the pavilions, the rising of the tower to a point higher than was at first contemplated, and the replacing of the peristyle with the double row of columns surmounted by forty-eight statues representing the company of the States in the Federacy as it now exists. To this was added the idea of the grand arch, calculated to emphasize the entrance of the fair from the water, and render more grand the general effect of the great basin and the great court of which it forms a part. The change seems certainly for the better, for while the curved line is absent, the increase in the number of sculptured figures endows the view with a richness not realized in the first design.

At either end of the balustrade is a large extension. The one to the right is an auditorium arranged after the fashion of a theatre that will seat an audience of 2500 persons. Here Theodore Thomas's orchestra is heard, and at times European musicians and artists who have come to the fair on the invitation of the heads of this department. The extension at the left of the balustrade is a house of rest, provided with an ample café. Beneath these the water flows freely in and out through the spaces between the columns, and small craft pass through. There are landings on both sides, and flights of steps going down to the water. That great square station of the heads of this department, the extension at the left of the balustrade is a house of rest, provided with an ample café. Beneath these the water flows freely in and out through the spaces between the columns, and small craft pass through. There are landings on both sides, and flights of steps going down to the water. 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other. It is quite easy to step from the divan moving at the rate of three miles an hour to the one travelling at the rate of six miles an hour, and thence to the nine-mile-an-hour division. You observe that it is patronized almost exclusively by Americans.

Now that you have seen the fair as it looks from afar under the glare of the sun, you must not be satisfied until you have seen it as it looks from the same stand-point at night, in the darkness. Of course the first visible thing is the crown of arc lights clustering about the top of the Pharos. A million lights change and shift. There is a collection of little whitely glowing suns that are suddenly damped, and in their stead glows the radiance of a star cluster. The incalculable combinations of the seven primary colors are wrought out by unseen workers in a hundred different places, and are flung into the air. Prismatic tints chase shadows in a thousand directions. From the middle of the ground rises a great glowing dome of liquid fire. The turrets of the big building for electricity dance with sunshine.

And now, as you come still closer, the whole body of Lake Michigan is transformed into a sea of brilliantly shining and variously tinted waves whose aspect at first frightens and then awes. The boat dances easily on this magic sea, and one is dazzled and almost made sick with the splendor. There is light everywhere—light of all shades, and colors of all intensity and softness, of all degree and combination. No dreamer of Bagdad could have pictured to his active and large imagination such a phenomenon as this. Mr. Edison himself, who is the special magician that has animated the waters of the lagoon and the lake, can scarcely credit the result of his idea.

It is therefore, without doubt, a fact that however gorgeous the exposition may be as seen from the tower during the day, it is by no means comparable with the exposition as it is seen at night. From this tower a series of search-lights are operated, whose effects are really startling, and this only adds to the bewildering bedazzlement of the scene.

It may be said, at all events, that if the Columbian Exposition does nothing else, it will set men thinking as to what the world will be like when science knows more about the force that Benjamin Franklin brought down out of a thunder-cloud.



THE HARVARD ATHLETIC COMMITTEE'S very graceful compliment to the benighted denizens of this city, by including New York within the hallowed confines of New England, is as delicate as it is pointed. The spectacle of dilettante Boston forsaking the throne of Ibsen to smile an æsthetic approval at our tall buildings and elevated railroads is at once affecting and extraordinary. Harvard's Athletic Committee is reported to be a much-abused body, so much so that it considered it necessary, on the evening of December 8th, to call a meeting for the purpose of explaining the reason of its existence. That its reasons were ample and complete there is no manner of doubt. Indeed, the completeness of Harvard's athletic government is not half appreciated, and it may be interesting to readers of this department to learn something of its early history. The first record of athletic government at Harvard appears to go back to 1882, when, one day in May, during the progress of a Faculty meeting, an instructor by the name of Gould declared "his hands held a document of grave import to the college," which, on being opened to the gaze of the astonished Faculty, proved to be a no less vital paper than the schedule of the baseball games for that spring. The captain or manager, it seems, had been somewhat worried by the other captains and managers, for nineteen of the games were to be played away from Cambridge.

WHEN THE FACULTY had recovered their composure after this startling piece of information, the necessity of immediately appointing guardians for simple-minded captains was apparent to all. Forthwith an investigating committee of five was given control of the matter, and the intrepid instructor and astounded Faculty breathed once again. The imbecility of captains being provided for, matters more or less began to take a few years; "the number of men engaged in athletics and the number of contests had been constantly increasing since '80." The Athletic Committee had looked upon this as a subject for congratulation, but "many old graduates, who could remember the days when the race with Yale was the sole undergraduate contest," began to take alarm. Not being able to convince the students that they were travelling the road to certain destruction, these alarmists held a meeting and appointed Overseers, who were charged with "investigating the whole matter," which of course included the competency of the Athletic Committee to decide on imbecile captains and the fitness of the Faculty to keep the university from going to the dogs.

IN THEIR SUPERIOR ENLIGHTENMENT four of the five Overseers recommended "that

all intercollegiate contests for the future be forbidden." Curiously enough, their report was not accepted; and then the suggestion to confine contests to New England, etc., followed, and opened discussion on what eventually became a ruling. Thus it came about that the May-day instructor of 1882, with his grave air and remarkably acute scent of danger, has been the means of making Harvard's athletics the most completely governed of any university in the world. Each branch of sport has its Graduate Advisory Committee, which, again, is answerable to the Board of Overseers, the Athletic Committee, the Faculty, and the Corporation.

THERE HAS BEEN quite a bit of good-natured fun poked at the intricate ramifications of Harvard's athletic government; but no one presumes to question Harvard's right to govern her athletics as she pleases, so long as she does not break faith with the other colleges. In all seriousness, this Athletic Committee has benefited Harvard's athletics very materially, and at the same time indirectly aided the advancement of athletics in some of the other universities. But the same end could have been accomplished with infinitely less tumult, and with much less exaggerated idea of the gravity of the situation. It has been like taking a case of petty larceny up to the Supreme Court. We all acknowledge Harvard's good position in athletics; we all love her athletes, her oarsmen, football players, baseball players, and the rest, and it pains us when such unsportsmanlike scenes as those which we have just described take place are dragged before us. The New England rule, assuming it to be in fact what it claims, is an acknowledgment of weakness; for why is such a rule necessary if there are several committees with special functions to guard against what startled that timorous instructor, and subsequently the Faculty, May 28th, 1882? The rule seems to be simply a cloak convenient to hide behind when occasion presses for specific reasons. When it suits the pleasure of Harvard's Committee, Overseers, Faculty, and the rest of them to put aside the New England rule, it is done, and will continue to be done. So long as Harvard masquerades in this manner, she must not expect us to take her declarations of reformation seriously.

THERE IS ONE STAND of Harvard's that is not only very wise, but must eventually result in general following, at least among the larger colleges, and that is the determination not to join any leagues or associations with other colleges. Those who look into the future of college sport must see that the "championship" confined to one or two or three college teams is going some day to be a decidedly empty title. It will not be many years now before a dozen, probably more, colleges besides Yale, Princeton, and Harvard will be able to get together teams in every branch of sport strong enough to make the winner doubtful. For Harvard, Yale, and Princeton, or any two of them, therefore, to form a league and contest for football or baseball championships would be ridiculous. The elusive championship has no place in university circles. No college team or crew has any claim to the title until it has defended it against all able to make a contest. A championship must necessarily be open to all comers. There will be baseball and football contests between Harvard and Princeton next year, and the arrangements between them should be the model for all future contests of a like nature. Let every college arrange for games with every other college it cares to play, and, of course, will naturally be with the ones in their own class. The two strongest teams may as naturally come together for a last game, if they like, but let the word "championship" be stricken from the intercollegiate contract.

GOULD'S RESIGNATION OF THE YALE CREW captain came rather unexpectedly on the part of the crew, but was hardly a surprise to the boating graduates or to this department, which foreshadowed as much some time ago. Gould resigned not that he shirked the responsibility, but because he felt he was not the man best fitted for the position. And that reminds us, would it not be a wise innovation for crews and eleven and nines to be less hasty in the election of a captain. It is the custom now at the close of a season to choose a leader for the following year. Fortunately this works well more times than it does to the contrary, but those few times of misconnection carry the greater disappointment to the ones interested. Not every man who is a good fellow and a skilful oar will make the best captain, and more time should be taken in considering the capabilities of the candidates. True, a crew or team is disposed to be very fair immediately on the close of the season, but a searching discussion of the qualifications of those presented for office will not delay matters materially, and it may save time in the long run. Neither the Yale nor Harvard crew will be captained next summer at New London by the men chosen after the race last June.

AND THIS AGAIN REMINDS that there is some hesitancy just at the moment in one or two directions over the election of captains for next year's teams, the difficulty being to decide between brilliant graduate material that may return and undergraduate material that is fair only. Mr. Perkins, who captained Harvard's winning crew last year,

graduated the same year, but was re-elected captain on the supposition that he was to return for a post-graduate course. He did return, but with a clearer understanding of the relative positions of graduates and undergraduates in college sport, and in consequence tendered his resignation. This department has always maintained that college athletics require one more step to place them on an ideal basis, one where there would be an end forever of all discussion as to a man's eligibility, and that is, in addition to the five-year rule, the promulgation of a law prohibiting any athlete from representing his university on track, water, or gridiron when he has ceased to be an undergraduate. Some college men argue against this that such a ruling would work to the detriment of baseball, football, or rowing; that it would lessen the opportunities of skilled play by losing to the teams or crews the services, example, and steady influence of brilliant graduates. The argument is sophistical. A particular team or crew might be weakened, to be sure, one year by the loss of one or two individual members, but to retain them is only putting off the day of reckoning.

THERE IS SELDOM A YEAR when there are not *bona fide* undergraduates who are veterans, and capable of furnishing all the example necessary for sustaining the skill of the sport. However, there is little use in journeying to Utopia for rules which the powers behind the intercollegiate throne would effectually sit on were they suggested. Since it is the fashion of our day to have the athletic staff for further fortification—by way of a post-graduate course in law or medicine—against the "slings and arrows" that may come to him in the work-a-day world, may we not ask that his presence be made a little less conspicuous by being kept in the rank and file of workers. It is a grave error to elect a graduate to the position of captain, or crew, his "example" and "influence" will be quite as valuable in a less prominent position. He is no longer one of them; he has passed into the outside world; he may return to advise and play with them, but his assumption of the command is a rank injustice.

THE RE-ELECTION OF TRAFFORD at Cambridge is a very flattering acknowledgment of his team's confidence in him. Aside from this, it conclusively shows Harvard to have shaken free from that wretched vacillation of purpose which a few years ago was bringing constantly recurring defeats upon her teams and crews. It was wont to be the fashion of our day when a man was beaten, he should be deposed. Cumnock was almost the first instance of a beaten leader being backed up to go on, and the result was victory. Whether or not Trafford repeats that success, his re-election shows Harvard to have at last realized that defeat does not always call for the death of the king. Mr. Trafford customarily denied the Boston newspaper story that some Yale men in the Harvard law school had divulged the team's signals is manly and sportsman-like, and reflects credit on the teachings of his *alma mater*, his team, and himself.

THE ELECTION OF KING to the captaincy of the Princeton football team is the reward of merit if ever there were such a case. A year ago it was his curly head that bucked into the Yale line more steadily and with a greater effect than the men in blue would care to admit. This year, on the Manhattan Field, the man who eventually brought to the earth fully one-half of the Yale runners was King. The only man who followed Bliss in his hot run, and overtaking him just before he reached the goal, made a desperate effort to stop him, was King.

It was also King's encouraging voice that called on the Princeton men for many a sullen determined stand as they were being battered down into their goal by the aggressive never-fagging team play of Yale. In such a case, such a defeat easily becomes a defeat, but no team with King on it will ever fail "to die in the last ditch," no matter how they may be out-classed.

But in the election of King the valuable work of Warren is by no means forgotten. Beginning with prospects enough to discourage the most valiant, with four places out of the seven in the line to fill, and none but green material from which to choose, left coachless for days at a time, he nevertheless developed an eleven—on which were five first-year men—that was able to keep the strongest team Yale ever put on the field from scoring in their forty-five minutes on Thanksgiving day. It is a good fellow, and a skilful ball man cannot play his best game at end and captain a team also. Warren at end is a very valuable man; saddled with the captaincy, his services are neutralized.

YALE HAS NOT YET CHOSEN the man to lead her football eleven next year. Apparently they are waiting to see who is going to return. Barbour, Heffelfinger, and Bliss have been mentioned as candidates. Of the three, on actual merit, there is no question that Heffelfinger would make the best captain. He has acted in that capacity this past season when McClung has been absent, and aside from that experience, he knows more football than any man on the team. Bliss was graduated '91, and Barbour will graduate next June. There is talk of them both returning another year, and the chances are good that they will; but if they do, the elec-

tion of either one of them to the captaincy would unquestionably be unwise. Yale, above all others, has not the plea of "no advisers" to excuse her piling graduate material into such prominence. She has Walter Camp, the ablest football general of the land, always at hand; she has, besides, the best coaches obtainable, that flock to her support every season; she is backed so strongly, and her interests looked after so closely, that the captain might be far from brilliant, and yet not jeopard the team's chances of winning. But this extreme is not presented Yale, for there is undergraduate material that is competent and available. What is the matter with Bliss? He has had experience; his services to the eleven have been of a high order, this year particularly. So long as the five-year clause permits it, by all means bring back Heffelfinger, Barbour, Hartwell, and Morison, if their legal and medical educations are incomplete, but the man to captain them next year is Bliss.

THE END OF THE DISCUSSION over the Thanksgiving-day receipts seems to be not yet. It appears that the collegians at the gates were quite as lax as the Manhattan Athletic Club representatives in not discovering if there were any receipts going on, and at once putting a stop to it. It would impress the average mind that to be fooled out of money at the gate was quite as much a matter for chagrin as had the club-men and collegians been buccinated out of a like amount while on their way to the bank with the receipts. The affair should present one strong lesson to the collegians, and all young men, in fact, called on to fill similar positions of responsibility—viz., not to be so hasty in jumping at conclusions, or at ventilating their suspicions through the columns of the daily press. "Crookedness" has been charged by the impetuous young collegians in this case with appropriate little thought of its seriousness as though they were applying the most complimentary terms. One may easily say anything in haste that he would repent bitterly at leisure.

ALL INTERESTED IN THE ELEVATION of amateur athletics will be very much gratified, by reading the following rhetorical flourish plucked from a reportorial interview with Mr. Charles Luscomb, to learn how near at hand is the realization of their dearest wish: "My experience in the League of American Wheelmen is that racing men would prefer to ride for money. It is only logical, when you take a successful racing man into consideration. Mr. Luscomb is the official representative of the L. A. W. to discuss the prize question with an A. A. U. committee. Adding to this the indignant outburst of a boxer to a reporter at a recent club tournament: "I got \$50. Only they called the fight a draw, I'd had \$75, and I ought have got it," and the bouquet appears complete. The amateur horizon seems indeed to have taken on a golden hue.

IT IS HARD TO FIND words strong enough, and yet not offensive to polite ears, to express one's indignation of a man who will repeatedly drive a horse at a high jump in a ring for mere exhibition when the animal gives every indication of his disinclination to perform. When the hippodroming results in the death of a noble animal, we lay aside our pen, unable to do the subject justice. Very recently that grand jumper Roeberry was killed at Chicago, in his rider's efforts to win applause from the gallery. The poor beast was sent at the height a number of times, and showed unmistakably that he was not "it"; but he was kept at it, nevertheless, and finally, in a wild effort to do the bidding of the brute in the saddle, got a fall which resulted in his death. Owners of high jumpers appear to lose sight of the fact that a horse, like a man, is not always on edge and equal to his top performance. Mr. Peppercorn might have the commendation of all sportsmen and humane people and the attention of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. It's high time this exhibition high jumping was stopped.

A UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CLUB in the very near future is an assurance that at last we are to have a guardian of amateur athletics on whom we may rely with confidence. It has long since ceased to be a secret that the salvation of athletics rests with the colleges. To them we look for our athletes; on them we depend for the high standard of our records; and, above all, we regard them as the embodiment of the amateur. The "inducements" of the average athletic club, the very atmosphere which hangs dank and infectious over the field of competition, is a constant menace to the welfare of amateur sport. With the formation of the university athletic club, a body of men will be banded together in sympathy with the best interests of athletics, and with no legislative axes to grind at the A. A. U. mill. Aside from its athletic feature, the new club will be one of college men, with the same restrictions and social tone as the University Club, and a house unequalled in this country of palatial club structures. To say that it will be successful, is hardly to express it adequately. Taking in the waiting list of the older University, it will bloom with a rapidity that will be one of the marvels of clubdom. An athletic club, every member a gentleman, at least by education—that will be a boon indeed. CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

THE NEW SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE.

THE logic of events indicated that Mr. Mills of Texas, who had led in the contest in the last House against the passage of the McKinley tariff bill, would be elected Speaker of the lower branch of the Fifty-second Congress. The large Democratic majority elected to this House was evidently chosen by the people as a protest against the policy of the Republican party as embodied in the measure which bears Mr. McKinley's name. Mr. Mills, however, did not enter the contest for the Speakership until several other candidates had already secured considerable support for this powerful position. He was undecided as to whether he wanted the place, or preferred to occupy himself solely with a canvass for the Senatorship from Texas, left vacant by the resignation of Mr. Reagan, and temporarily filled by Mr. Chilton, who was appointed by the Governor. The delay was fatal to Mr. Mills's chances; for Judge Crisp, before Mr. Mills declared his desire for the place, had secured a great many pledges of support from members who naturally would have voted for the gentleman from Texas. When the contest was begun, however, Mr. Mills entered upon it with his characteristic earnestness and impetuosity, and probably in that way made it difficult for those pledged to other candidates to go to him at any time during the balloting in the caucus. This caucus required three sessions before it could express its choice, and in all thirty ballots were taken. On the last ballot Judge Crisp received 119 votes; Mr. Mills, 105; Mr. Springer, 4; and Mr. Stevens, 1. At the start, Mr. Crisp had about 94 votes, and Mr. Mills 90, the other votes being given to Mr. McMillan, of Tennessee, Mr. Springer, of Illinois, Mr. Hatch, of Missouri, and Mr. Stevens, of Massachusetts. The last-named gentleman had one vote on every ballot from beginning to end.

There has been much talk in the newspapers and elsewhere of the contest for the Speakership involving a fight between two factions in the Democratic party, Mr. Mills representing the tariff reformers, and Judge Crisp the protection Democrats. In view of this, it may be interesting to quote Judge Crisp's words to the caucus, in his speech thanking his colleagues for having selected him as the Democratic candidate.

"I beg to say to you now," he said, "as I speak to you my first words since I am your selection as Speaker, that my election means no step backwards in tariff reform. I beg to say to you that there is in our party to-day no man who more earnestly believes in the Democratic doctrine of tariff reform than I do."

When the House met after the Democrats had nominated a candidate, Judge Crisp was chosen Speaker over the late Speaker Reed, and Mr. Watson, of Georgia, who was placed in nomination by the redoubtable Mr. Simpson, of Kansas,



THE HON. CHARLES F. CRISP, SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BELL, WASHINGTON.

as the leader of the Farmers' Alliance party. Judge Crisp received 228 votes; Mr. Reed, 83; and Mr. Watson, 8. This shows what a very preponderant majority the Democrats have. At once after the election Mr. Crisp took the oath of office and entered upon his duties. As this paper goes to press the new Speaker is busily at work arranging the committees of the House—performing a part of that duty which makes him, next to the President of the United States, the most powerful and considerable official in our national politics.

Charles F. Crisp was born in England in 1845, but was brought to this country when a small child by his parents, who were actors, and who for fifteen years prior to the war travelled and played in various parts of the Southern States. The son attended the public schools of Savannah and Macon, in Georgia, and at the outbreak of the war entered the Confederate army. He became a lieutenant in a Virginia regiment, and participated in the Eastern campaigns for three years, when he was captured by the Union forces, and sent as a prisoner of war to Fort Delaware, where he was kept until the rebellion had been suppressed. He now

returned to his family in Schley County, Georgia. He studied law, and was admitted to the bar, practising at Ellaville for six years. He was then made Solicitor-General for the Southern Judicial District of Georgia, and moved to Americus, which is now his home. In 1877 he was elected a judge of the Superior Court, and sat upon the bench for several years, gaining a reputation for fairness, painstaking attention to duty, and unflinching courtesy. He gave up his judicial office to accept an election to the Georgia Legislature, in which he sat for a session or more.

In 1882 he was elected to Congress, and since then has been a member of that body. He has always been a hard worker in the committees of which he was a member, and from the very first he has been listened to and respected when occupying the floor of the House. He is a pleasant-looking man, with clear complexion, blue eyes, a straight, well formed nose, and a brown mustache. His head is quite bald, as will be seen by his picture, but his lack of hair has never in the least added to his distinction in Congress. His voice is clear and ringing, but the most striking thing in his personality is his unflinching courtesy. This he never for a moment lost, even in the controversies he had during the last Congress, when the Speaker made rulings which Mr. Crisp and his associates held to be not only unprecedented, but absolutely revolutionary. He has served on many committees, but his highest post was the chairmanship of the Committee on Elections of the last House over which Mr. Carlisle presided. In all his Congressional career he has been very seldom absent from his seat. His speeches have been well-expressed and logically arranged.

THE CHRISTMAS SOCIETY.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

THE Christmas Society has been organized for the purpose of providing poor children with presents at Christmas-time. As Mr. Herbert L. Satterlee, the secretary of the society, puts it: "Our object will be to give a merry Christmas to as many children from the tenement district as the Madison Square Garden will hold. We especially aim to reach that class of children who do not go to Sunday-school, and so do not connect on any Church trees, and who might not otherwise know that it was Christmas. Each child will receive a piece of gingerbread, an apple, and a bag of candy, and as many toys and gifts as are sent to us by rich children for distribution."

The Diana of the Madison Square Garden has looked down upon the Horse Show and the Carmencita ball and the Democratic meet-meeting, but she will never look upon as queer a crowd as she will see on Christmas afternoon. On that occasion the Few Hundred will occupy the boxes at \$20 a box and seats in the gallery at \$1 a seat,



SWEETS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.—DRAWN BY HENRIK HILLROM.

and the floor will be taken up by the children of the east and west sides, and the contrast will be worth going to see, and will be even more enjoyable if you have contributed something towards the event yourself, which, if you stop to think about it, you will find that you are quite able to do. There is never anything to do Christmas afternoon, and this is the very thing to go and see between the morning, when your presents have been examined, and the evening, when you are booked for dinner. It will give you a pleasing sense of your own better fortunes, of your own generosity, and of the general good feeling of the day. Send your contributions to Madison Square Garden at once by Mutual District Messenger-boys, whose services have been donated to this festival by the company, and make checks payable to Lisenpard Stewart.

The society wants barrels of apples, evergreen-trees, pounds of candy, presents, and gingerbread cakes, and some one of these you can supply. This is a good thing, and the people lack of it are the right sort of people to put it through, and the people who read this paper are the very class of people they are trying to get at. And now, having read this, you know exactly what is expected of you.

A MONUMENT TO COLUMBUS IN 1792.

BY CHARLOTTE NEWELL.

"The whirligig of time" brings sometimes revenge, sometimes honor. Nearly four hundred years have passed since Christopher Columbus gave the priceless boon of a new continent to civilization. Our people have read of him, talked of him, eulogized him in public orations, commended him in text-books, taught their children to respect his shrewdness, energy, and self-sacrifice; but it has taken centuries for this admiration to crystallize into any visible, substantial form. In our great cities and along our extended coasts no monumental shafts rise to his memory, no memorial structures attest his labors.

Now that American spirit is rising from its inaction and girding itself to crown with great honors the fourth centennial of Columbus's glorious achievement, it may interest the general public to know that in Baltimore there has been one monument to his memory since 1792.

This monument is in one of the most beautiful suburban sections of the city where the hills look down calmly on the water, and rural pleasures are varied by the evidences of a great city's progress.

The property, embracing sixteen acres, was bought in 1783, by General D'Amaror, who, as consul, represented the French government in Baltimore. General D'Amaror had first come to America with Count de Grasse, and had figured conspicuously at Yorktown. A man of strong patriotic feeling, hospitable temperament, considerable wealth, and general manners, his house soon became the rendezvous of a circle of cultured gentlemen, and the home of Frenchmen who chanced to visit Maryland.

On one occasion a number of his compatriots lingered over the "walnuts and the wine" at his table; the host proposed a toast to the memory of the discoverer of this fair land—the land so abundant in blessings, so cordial in its welcome to the sons of France. This toast led to a discussion of the claims of Columbus. General D'Amaror spoke warmly, and astonished his hearers by his vehemence and enthusiasm.

"How is it," asked one of the guests, "that I have seen no monument in this country to commemorate his deeds?"

"There is no monument," answered General D'Amaror. "With sorrow I acknowledge it. I can do but little towards a national demonstration, but here, on my own place, I shall erect, and that soon, a monument to the benefactor of the ages."

The utterance was father to the action. Bricks were promptly brought across the Atlantic, and the work, once begun, was soon done. The monument is about fifty feet in height and quadrangular in form. Its base is six and a half feet in diameter; it slopes upward symmetrically, and at the top has a diameter of rather more than two feet. On the western base of the pedestal is a marble slab about two and a half by four feet in dimensions. On this slab is the following inscription in Roman letters:

Sacred
to the
Memory
of
CHRIS.
COLUMBUS
Octob. XII.
MDCC. VIII.

The cost of the monument was eight hundred pounds. It was dedicated on the 12th of October, 1792, and is still in a state of good preservation. Within the last few years it has been covered with a coating of cement by the trustees of the Samuel Ready School, a part of whose property it now is.

General D'Amaror remained in Baltimore until 1797, when his official term having expired, he returned to France.

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Were scarcely more torturous than the twinges of rheumatism. Not only is it one of the most agonizing, but most obstinate of complaints in its chronic stage. Foretell the untold agonies it inflicts with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the finest blood depurative in existence. Dyspepsia, constipation, biliousness, and malaria are also completely eradicated by this comprehensive medicine.—[Adc.]

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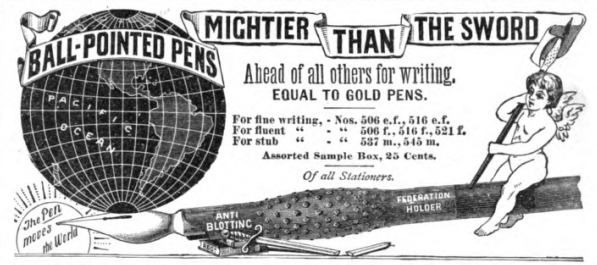
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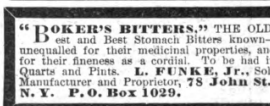
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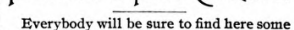


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A CHANGED PROSPECT.

IT seems to be generally agreed that the election of Mr. CRISP as Speaker of the House meant something more than personal preference. In speaking of the Speakership, we said, before the meeting of Congress, that a tranquil temperament and judicial disposition were among the most essential qualifications for the office. The reported feeling of Mr. MILLS since his defeat shows, apparently, that in this respect Mr. CRISP was preferable. But the friends of tariff reform, who feel that it is a question which should take precedence of all public issues, were undoubtedly greatly disappointed by Mr. CRISP's election. They soon began to remark, however, that he was sound upon the great question, and that too much stress must not be laid upon the election as significant of party disinclination to the tariff reform issue and to Mr. CLEVELAND as the candidate next year. This kind of whistling, however, does not change the situation. There is no doubt that in this part of the country the result of the contest for the Speakership was an extremely disagreeable shock to the friends of Mr. CLEVELAND. It has been the general conviction that tariff reform as expounded by Mr. MILLS would be certainly the Democratic policy and Mr. CLEVELAND unquestionably the Democratic candidate next year, and the result, upon a test made by the particular friends of both, seemed for a moment to be at least discouraging.

Yet it ought not to be surprising. A party, although theoretically an organization of like-minded voters to secure the passage of measures or the adoption of a policy upon which they agree, is practically very much more. It is a body with traditions, habits, and a spirit which demands unswerving allegiance to the behests of its majority. It is the result of a multitude of tendencies and prejudices and passions. It is united by mercenary interests and party pride as well as by political and economical considerations; and the party, not the principle or purpose of the party, becomes at last the controlling consideration. The Republican party, for instance, coheres to-day not so much by a common conviction upon protection, as by a feeling that, whatever its policy, the party is composed of the more intelligent, moral, and industrious parts of the whole community, to which the general interests may be confided more safely than to any other. It is this fact which makes the process of reconstructing a party, of inspiring it with a new spirit and giving it a new tendency, extremely difficult. This also explains the fact that a voter who leaves one party for honest public reasons, will not necessarily find it better to join another, and try to influence its action. Before doing this he must measure accurately the moral momentum of the party, or he will find himself precisely where he was

before. He must therefore maintain his independence until he is sure that he can join a party which will pursue substantially his own objects.

The election of Speaker showed that the general feeling of the Democratic party had been somewhat miscalculated. The refusal of Mr. HOAR and Mr. WILLIAMS, of Massachusetts, to vote for Mr. CRISP was natural and honorable. They had left the Republican party because of their independence of feeling and action, and they did not relinquish them upon entering the Democratic party. But the incident showed that the Democratic party was led by forces of which the power had not been fully measured. In other words, Mr. CLEVELAND was perhaps less a representative of the controlling spirit of the party than of its better sentiment, and free silver coinage might prove to be a more immediate and popular purpose in the party than tariff reform. The New York World is a Democratic free lance, and without expressing its own opinion, the World says: "There is nothing more certain under the sun than that some free-coinage bill will pass the House by an overwhelming majority, most probably by a majority large enough to pass it over the President's veto." This, also, was the anticipation of Mr. CARLISLE. One of the possible results of the actual situation disclosed by the election of Speaker is a change in the decision that tariff reform shall be the controlling issue next year; and the circumstances seem to show, also, that the regard of independent voters for Mr. CLEVELAND weakens him with many conspicuous present managers of his party. That fact, however, will commend him no less to the great mass of such voters.

CHILI AND THE UNITED STATES.

It was satisfactory to see in the President's message that "the entire correspondence with the government of Chili will at an early day be submitted to Congress." It is high time. There has been no way of testing the truth of the statements respecting Chilian affairs. When it is openly alleged and believed that BALMACEDA's revolution was attempted in the interest of a nitrate speculation, and that Mr. EGAN was appointed Minister to Chili because he would be a good agent in commercial transactions, it is easy to believe, and, in fact, it is highly probable, that the accounts received from Chili are colored by some form of the same interest. For the first time the conduct of American naval officers has been involved in these stories, and it is not conceivable that any public interest can be jeopardized by a publication of the correspondence.

There is no doubt that the selection as Minister of this country to Chili of a newly naturalized citizen of such a notorious career as Mr. EGAN's was very extraordinary. The probable and apparent explanation was that it was designed to propitiate the dynamite Irish vote in this country. There is no doubt also that Mr. EGAN was in close relations with BALMACEDA, and that our government was deceived as to the actual situation in Chili. Neither is there any doubt that the successful party in the war were peculiarly ill-disposed toward Mr. EGAN, much more so, indeed, than against any other foreign Minister. There seems to be little doubt also that he is now engaged in some active correspondence with the present Chilian government, apparently not of a friendly character.

On the other hand, President HARRISON says in his message that "no official complaint of the conduct of our Minister or of our naval officers during the struggle has been presented to this government, and it is a matter of regret that so many of our own people should have given ear to unofficial charges and complaints that manifestly had their origin in rival interests, and in a wish to pervert the relations of the United States with Chili." He says also, and it shows that, although no official complaint was made, the feeling in regard to Mr. EGAN was very strong—"the treatment of our Minister for a time was such as to call for a decided protest, and it was very gratifying to observe that unfriendly measures, which were undoubtedly the result of the prevailing excitement, were at once rescinded or suitably relaxed." This is a friendly statement. But it is followed by what is really a prejudgment of the case of the sailors at Valparaiso, which the President subsequently admits is now undergoing investigation by the local authorities, and he adds that the Chilian answer to our request for an explanation of what seemed to be an insult was offensive. If a proper and timely reply to our note shall not be made, the President says that the question will be made the subject of a special message to Congress. Opinion must now be reserved until the correspondence is published.

ELECTRIC EXECUTION.

In the last execution by electricity in New York, the expert witnesses testified to the decency of the tragic event, and to the actual painlessness of the death. The merely curious public was excluded by the law, which also designates certain representatives of the public to be present in order to prevent any

misconception of facts. In highly civilized communities, except in France, public executions as a mere spectacle are abandoned, and for the reason that they were held to be imbruting, degrading, and demoralizing.

In this State the new law closely restricts the number of spectators, and prohibits publication of anything but the facts. This provision was adopted to prevent the sensational and disgusting descriptions which appeared in many papers whenever an execution occurred, and had become a source of serious demoralization of public sentiment. If men are to be put to death by law, the process should be as solemnly impressive as possible, and so conducted as to avoid the public mischief which is produced by making the event a spectacle for the gratification of the most depraved curiosity and passion. But the exclusion of newspaper reporters is asserted to be a wrong to the public, which has a right to know that all is done as it should be. But if the public has a right to know, the public, by its authorized representatives, may provide for the manner in which it shall be informed. This it has done in the law. It has decided to be informed of the necessary facts by certain witnesses who are indicated. If these witnesses are incompetent or untrustworthy, upon proof of the fact they should be removed, and if as a class they are necessarily unfit, the law should be changed.

But it is not an argument against the law that the witnesses are not newspaper reporters, nor that they do not make the kind of descriptive report which, to promote the sale of the papers, the reporters might make. There was a statement in some papers after the late execution that the process was singularly cruel, and the suffering horrible. This, however, was not the statement of the witnesses, but of those who were not witnesses. As the method is new, however, such assertions may foster a doubt whether they may not be well founded. Upon the question of comparative suffering, the following statement of an execution in Philadelphia just before that at Sing Sing contrasts significantly with the official certificate of Doctors McDONALD and S. B. WARD, that in the case at Sing Sing "death was apparently instantaneous and painless":

"JOHN MCMAHON was hanged at 10.09 o'clock this morning for the murder of EUGENE MAGINNIS. Death resulted in twelve minutes, from strangulation. The body, after being allowed to hang for twenty minutes longer, was cut down. . . . After his hands had been shackled, MCMAHON spoke briefly, asking the forgiveness of Heaven, and forgiving those who had ever injured him, and asking forgiveness of those he had injured. When he ceased, the black cap was drawn over his face, the signal was given, and MCMAHON dropped five feet. The knot of the rope slipped from behind his ear as he fell, and he slowly strangled to death."

Nothing alleged in regard to execution by electricity is more shocking than this.

CHRISTMAS ALMS.

CHRISTMAS is at hand, and Santa Claus is coming. The holiday activity in the streets is one of the prettiest spectacles of the year, and the eyes of the poorest may enjoy a Christmas gift by looking at the shop windows teeming with treasures rich and rare. The charitable disposition of modern times, which is one of its best characteristics, naturally seizes the occasion of the happy festival to extend the area of happiness. The form of this kindness is protean. Its purpose is good, but its methods are not always wise, and Dr. RAINSFORD, who is one of the foremost apostles of the gospel of fraternity, has recently pointed out one of its well-meaning but practically unwise methods. Indeed, there will be no wiser lesson for the day, at this holiday season, than the article of Dr. RAINSFORD in another part of this paper, who speaks upon the subject with an authority unsurpassed in New York.

There is a scheme to assemble a multitude of poor children in Madison Square Garden on Christmas afternoon, and to give them the old toys of richer children, who are to sit in elevated seats and survey the scene. This the doctor holds to be a waste of good interest, energy, and money, and a premium on gluttony and untruth. Besides this, it would be a cultivation of a feeling which needs no fostering, a feeling of patronizing superiority on the part of children whose fathers, sometimes by hook and often by crook, own for a time a great deal of money. A certain pleasure will be given to some of the poor children, but the mischief of this way of giving it will far transcend the pleasure. If the designers of this enterprise desired personally to aid the needy, they would not probably assemble them in a vast hall and invite the prosperous to attend and see them fed and clothed. If they wish to give pleasure to poor children by giving them the toys of richer children, do they suppose the pleasure is heightened by making the recipients a spectacle as poor?

Dr. RAINSFORD states that already there are many ways provided for cheering the poor children by those who live among them and are familiar with their wants and their character. The first principle of modern charity is that it shall be made really to help, not to harm. If the promoters of this scheme would take the toys quietly and give them to the

children in a personally friendly way, without making them a show for the richer children, it would be well. But if they do not wish to do this, the money which will be expended in the manner proposed would give incalculably greater pleasure to its beneficiaries if it were intrusted to those who know them, and who know how best to aid them. These are to be found on every hand, in the societies within and without the churches. There is much said of the decline of Christianity, but certainly the practical injunctions of Christ to the disciples whom he sent out were never more generally or more intelligently followed than now. The earlier Church fed the poor, the later Church aids the poor to feed themselves. The community may well heed the words of one who, like Dr. RAINSFORD, is an expert and a leader in aiding the poor, not on Christmas day only, but on that day and every other day in the year. He does not frown upon the pleasure designed, but upon the demoralizing method contemplated.

THE LATE TRAGEDY.

THE identification of the head of the man who attempted to destroy Mr. SAGE is apparently due to the New York World. The first thing which arrests attention is that the head, which would be in such cases the surest means of identification, should have been left unharmed by the explosion. The proof furnished by the dentist's register is also remarkable, and the letter which the mother quotes, but which she destroyed, is apparently conclusive. No motive can be assigned for her invention of such a story, and, in connection with the other evidence, it settles the question of identity.

The facts dispose of the story of a conspiracy, and make the tragedy the result of a monomania. There is yet no evidence that NORCROSS had been regarded at any time as insane, although further inquiry may disclose other facts. The act is not likely to breed imitators, for only an insane man would propose to himself the alternative which NORCROSS contemplated. Nor does it reveal any more plainly the consequences of a reputation for great riches. Every man who is known to be very rich is constantly pursued by every kind of beggar for every kind of object, and it is to be expected that some among the applicants will be crack-brained and dangerous.

The chance of being made the victim of disordered wits will hardly moderate the eager pursuit of money; for it was not the money, but the distinction which it confers, that induced the attack of NORCROSS. There are very rich men who are in no danger from such assaults, because they are not publicly distinguished for wealth. Just before the bomb was dropped in Mr. SAGE's office, the Rev. Dr. HALL was fired at upon the steps of his house. His assailant was crazy like NORCROSS, but the assault was not stimulated by his distinction as a rich man. Distinction of all kinds has its penalties; but it is satisfactory to know that the late startling and tragical act is not a sign of anything but a freak of insanity.

MR. QUAY'S RE-ELECTION.

MANY Republicans in Pennsylvania allege that the result of the late election in that State has been misinterpreted as an approval of QUAY. They say that it was far from such an approval; on the contrary, they hold that it was due to the fact that the Republican candidates were unexceptionable, and that neither QUAY nor the machine was involved, and therefore that as Republicans they voted for the party ticket as independent of QUAY. The justice of this view will be easily tested. If the inquiries of Democratic officers into the frauds shall be pushed by the new men with relentless vigor, the view of certain Republicans will be justified.

But there is a more general test. The re-election of QUAY as Senator will be the next real political contest in the State. The independent Republican protest of last year undoubtedly drove him from the chairmanship of the Republican National Committee. His resignation showed the force of public and party conviction of his unfitness for the place. The action of his party in his own State was too unmistakable, and the resolution of respect and admiration adopted by the committee was not merely perfunctory, it was disgraceful.

Failure to be re-elected Senator, whether due to public moral reprobation or to actual defeat, would close his public career. It cannot be doubted that Mr. QUAY will strain all his resources of every kind to prevent such a result. He is master of the dark and devious ways of politics, and he has no doubt begun already to take steps to secure his success. If the interpretation of the election which we have mentioned be sound, the opposition to the Senator's re-election will not count upon the force of an impromptu movement at the last moment; it will organize itself as thoroughly as the QUAY canvass will be organized. The same Republican feeling which elected a Democratic Governor last year rather than vote for a QUAY candidate ought certainly to be able to defeat QUAY himself.

THE THEOLOGICAL WORLD.

THE year that is ending has been marked by some striking theological events, so many, indeed, and of such a character as to be exceptional and suggestive. The latest reported incident was not the least surprising. It was stated in detail and with apparent certainty, as if there could be no question, that at a meeting of the Unitarian Club in Boston, where Dr. LYMAN ABBOTT, the successor of Mr. BEECHER in Brooklyn, was a guest, he said, in a speech upon the new orthodoxy, that it did not believe in the divinity of Christ.

This was a very new orthodoxy indeed. But the reports stated further that the Rev. Dr. PEABODY, who is, perhaps, the most eminent living representative of the older Unitarianism, followed Dr. ABBOTT in a speech in which he said that

he agreed with Dr. ABBOTT "point by point, especially as regards his Christology." Dr. PEABODY was succeeded by Professor TUCKER, of Andover, who, in the main agreeing with Dr. ABBOTT, was stated to have differed upon the question of divinity; and Dr. GORDON, another Congregational divine, also affirmed his strict belief in sympathy with Professor TUCKER. The report said distinctly that such expressions of assent and dissent were made as implied that Dr. ABBOTT was understood generally to have spoken as reported.

But it is easy to misunderstand a speaker upon such subjects, and Dr. ABBOTT, when asked about his speech, replied at once that he had been misquoted, which was not surprising, as he spoke very rapidly. He then stated that some of the things that he said were correctly reported, but in order to understand his full meaning, they should be taken in connection with other parts of his speech. In his remarks upon the divinity of Christ, he said that the new orthodoxy believed it, but the modern formula for it was not God and man, but God in man. Dr. ABBOTT did not seem to the reporter to apprehend any serious harm to Christian orthodoxy from what he had said, and remarked in closing the interview that fortunately his words had been taken down stenographically, and would be published. The Doctor's statement, however, is sufficient. He was evidently misunderstood. But his formula shows the change of feeling which is affecting some of the dogmas that have been hitherto accepted without formula. Such a change, however, shows no decline of zeal or of religious faith.

WHITTIER.

MR. WHITTIER has just completed his eighty-fourth year, amid all that should attend old age, and Dr. HOLMES, who is rather more than two years younger, wrote the older poet a charming letter, which had all the glow and warmth that his metaphor of glaciers and the white summit seem to deny. In the later productions of both poets there is nothing of the supposed icy touch of age upon any fruit or flower. It is indeed some time since WHITTIER has published a poem. But his latest verse has even a riper and mellower tone than his earliest.

LOWELL called WHITTIER the most popular of our poets after LONGFELLOW, and his muse has always seemed more familiar to the average poetic feeling of the country than that of any other. Many years ago, at a New England dinner in New York, JAMES T. BRADY, in a fervid speech, spoke of his fondness for WHITTIER, calling him his favorite poet, whose verses it was always a delight to read. This was the more striking as BRADY was a Roman Catholic and a Democrat, while WHITTIER was the most faithful of Quakers and an uncompromising abolitionist.

Indeed, he was distinctively the poet of the abolition awakening, as PHILLIPS was its orator. LOWELL's verse was also an essential part of its literature, but he had other tastes and interests. WHITTIER was almost exclusively dedicated to the great theme, and his lyrics flamed out like beacon fires in every emergency. Like LOWELL, also, he adhered to political action, which GARRISON and PHILLIPS discarded. The flowing ease of his music and its tender pathos, blended with a cheerful faith in the Divine goodness, its expression of simple feeling and humane sympathy, without the speculative and subjective tendency of modern thought, explain his singular and affectionate hold of the heart of his countrymen. They do not forget his birthday, and they express their love and honor for the man who is justly called our Tyrtæus, although his songs were not designed to stimulate military courage, but to inspire a moral purpose.

THE INCOME TAX.

IT was not objected to the income tax during the war that it was an unjust because an inequitable tax. It was not inequitable, because it was levied upon property, and large holders of property naturally paid large taxes. The theory was that the large owner had more property to be protected. This was true of property, but it is not true that the protection of property, although a most important function, is the chief duty of government. The defence of life and liberty is quite as important. Theoretically, indeed, an income tax is very defensible, and indirect taxation is very susceptible of enormous abuse.

But that also is a strong objection to an income tax. The experience of the war was not such as to produce a popular demand for the continuance of the tax, and the reasons were many and various. One of them was its inquisitorial character, and free nations have always repelled public inquisition into the private affairs of citizens. The issue of writs of assistance, designed to enforce private searches, led to the first great ante-revolutionary debate in the American colonies, in which the eloquence of JAMES OTIS aroused public sentiment, and strengthened colonial resistance to the crown. Moreover, an income tax is practically unjust because it is an unequal burden upon the class which is compelled to pay it. It can be just and equitable only on condition of honest representations, and the perjuries and falsehoods consequent upon its enforcement are notorious. It is a familiar saying, indeed, that all's fair at the Custom-house, and that the oaths there are much like dice's oaths. But there is always the commodity on which to judge and levy.

In the case of the income tax, however, there are oaths only to deal with. It offers a premium upon perjury. This had an amusing effect in the war, when some persons swore falsely to large incomes in order to enhance their commercial credit. The demoralization of such a system is obvious. On the other hand, an indirect tax, like the customs duties, restricts industry by burdening raw materials, raises the price of necessities without equally raising wages, and instead of depending upon wealth already produced, injures the facility of production. Its mischief is great, but not of a kind so morally harmful. The question is one of expediency, in which a cardinal element is the natural preference for indirect in bearing burdens.

PERSONAL.

"THE Mountebank," "Topsy-turvydom," and "The Musical Clock" are the titles suggested for the new GILBERT comic opera. The firm name is now GILBERT & COLLIER.

LADY SOMERSET, who has been speaking in public in this country, has a young son who, with another son, ARTHUR HUKERFORD POLLEN, of London, has been shooting out West. They have returned with a fine enthusiasm for the sport, and numerous photographs of themselves in buckskin and revolvers. They are writing their adventures for this paper.

LORD ROSEBURY, in his *Life of Pitt*, just issued, says that Pitt's last words were not "Roll up the map of Europe," nor "My country," etc., as commonly reported, but "I wish I could have one of BELLAMY's meat pies."

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD says that the average editorial "leader" of an English newspaper is the product of three hours of diligent work by an accomplished man—such as ANDREW LANG, for instance. He himself once wrote one of two thousand words with a lead-pencil in an hour—a rate of speed which seems prodigious, and which a crack American reporter writing against time could hardly excel; but a man who has written eight thousand leaders, as the author of the "Light of Asia" has done, must necessarily have become expert at it. Sir EDWIN thinks that the reporter should be rated on a level with the editor, and that personally he would as soon report a fire as to interview Lord SALISBURY or Mr. GLADSTONE on some great question of political policy. Why not? It is not difficult to ask questions and remember the answers, but it takes genius to discover the name of the occupant of the third floor back, when the occupant and the third floor are burning briskly in the cellar.

Before he came to New York to grow famous as a millionaire, RUFUS HATCH had acquired a local celebrity in Indianapolis as an organizer.

EDMUND GOSSE and AUSTIN DOBSON, the British poets and book-makers, both hold positions in the London Board of Trade, but the income they receive from their work there is not so necessary to their subsistence as CHARLES LAMB's was in the India House. For Mr. GOSSE, indeed, has a small fortune invested in first editions and other treasures of the book-shops.

All but a few hundred dollars have been paid on the house in Los Angeles that the ladies of California presented to Mrs. JESSIE BENTON FREMONT, the "Pathfinder's" widow. The house is a pretty little eight-room cottage of the Queen Anne style of architecture, comfortable and cozy. One room in it Mrs. FREMONT has set apart as a sanctum, in the quiet of which she designs to produce some new literary work.

The new English Minister to France, Lord DUFFERIN, has climbed up from one of the lower rungs of the diplomatic ladder. He entered the Queen's employ forty years ago as a minor lord-in-waiting, and has advanced steadily upwards until now he has gained the most desirable place in the British foreign service.

The Princess VICTORIA MARY of Teck, who, through her alliance with Prince "Collars and Cuffs," may some day be Queen of England, is the pretty daughter of a prettier mother; for the Duchess of Teck, as the Princess MARY of Cambridge, was one of the most attractive royal girls in Europe a generation ago. Her beauty and amiability made her the idol of the people, much to the displeasure of Queen VICTORIA, it is said, whose popularity was not so great then as it is to-day. As the belle of the British royal family, Princess MARY had a troop of titled suitors in her train; but she was content to choose the Duke of "Tick," as he was called because of his impecuniosity. Now she has grown very stout, weighing nearly two hundred pounds, but she is still a fine-looking woman.

The picturesque exuberance of style that marks LAF-CADIO HEARN's literary work may be partly the accident of birth, for the author was born on one of the Ionian Isles, where Sappho loved and sung. His name, indeed, is supposed to recall the Lencadian cliff from which the poetess is said to have jumped to death. Mr. HEARN, like STOCKTON, is a little man physically, short and dark, but thick enough through the chest to indicate good lung power. He is said to be an expert swimmer.

The late Prince LUCIEN BONAPARTE bore a more striking resemblance to the great NAPOLEON than any other of the Emperor's relatives, but he was much taller. He was a favorite of Queen VICTORIA, with whom he dined regularly twice a year during his long residence in England, and he usually sent her Majesty the first copy of all of his erudite treatises, and in return received a handsomely bound copy of the Queen's *Life in the Highlands*, ornamented with the autograph inscription "from his friend, the author."

It gives one a vivid idea of the rapid development of the West to learn that the man who started the system of pony expresses between the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains is now of but little more than middle age. This pioneer expressman of the plains is Captain MARK O. AINS-LIE, who, about forty years ago, began to carry mail matter and small bundles from the little settlement of Denver to the older-established towns on the Missouri. His wildest hopes could not have anticipated the wonderful expansion of the business he started in so humble a way. He is nowadays a bright and active man, with many interesting stories of the days when hostile Indians were the only way-farers he met on his lonely trips.

Two of the younger members of the new Congress—Representative BAILLY, of Texas, who is twenty-eight, and Representative SHERMAN HOAR, of Massachusetts, who is thirty-one—are expected to attract more than usual attention as orators. Mr. BAILLY, who in face is said to resemble STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS, but whose stature is that of CLAY, has made a name in the South as a persuasive speaker, while Mr. HOAR inherits the eloquence for which his family has been noted. He was the orator of his college class at Harvard, and he has a strong, sonorous, and well-modulated voice. With Governor RUSSELL and JOSHUA QUINCY, he belongs to a trio of young Massachusetts Democrats whose oratorical ability gives promise of recalling the days of WENDELL PHILLIPS and ROBERT WINTHROP.



PROFESSOR GARNER'S EXPERIMENTS AT CENTRAL PARK.—DRAWN BY F. S. CHURCH.—[SEE PAGE 1050.]



THE THREE JOHNS.

BY ELIA W. PEATTIE.

THE equinoctial line itself is not more imaginary than the line which divided the estates of the three Johns. The herds of the three Johns roamed at will, and nibbled the short grass far and near without let or hindrance; and the three Johns themselves were utterly indifferent as to boundary lines. Each of them had filed his application at the office of the government land agent; each was engaged in the tedious task of "proving up"; and each owned one-third of the L-shaped cabin which stood at the point where the three ranches touched. The hundred and sixty acres which would have completed this quadrangle had not yet been "taken up."

The three Johns were not anxious to have a neighbor. Indeed, they had made up their minds that if one appeared on that adjoining "hun'erd an' sixty," it would go hard with him. For they did not deal in justice very much—the three Johns. They considered it effete. It belonged in the East along with other outgrown superstitions. And they had given it out widely that it would be healthier for land applicants to give them elbow-room. It took a good many miles of sunburnt prairie to afford elbow-room for the three Johns.

They met by accident in Hamilton at the land office. John Henderson, fresh from Cincinnati, manifestly unused to the ways of the country, looked at John Gillispie with a lurking smile. Gillispie wore a sombrero, fresh, white, and expansive. His boots had high heels, and were of elegant leather and finely arched at the instep. His corduroys disappeared in them half-way up the thigh. About his waist a sash of blue held a laced shirt of the same color in place. Henderson puffed at his cigarette, and continued to look a trifle quizzical.

Suddenly Gillispie walked up to him and said, in a voice of complete civility: "Dam yeh, smoke a pipe!"

"Eh?" said Henderson, stupidly.

"Smoke a pipe," said the other. "That thing you have is bad for your complexion."

"I can take care of my complexion," said Henderson, firmly.

The two looked each other straight in the eye.

"You don't go on smoking that thing till you have apologized for that grin you had on your phiz a moment ago."

"I laugh when I please and I smoke what I please," said Henderson, hotly, his face flaming as he realized that he was in for his first "row."

That was how it began. How it would have ended is not known—probably there would have been only one John—if it had not been for the almost miraculous appearance at this moment of the third John. For just then the two belligerents found themselves prostrate, their pistols only half cocked, and between them stood a man all-gnarled and squat, like one of those wind-torn oaks which grow on the arid heights. He was no older than the others, but the lines in his face were deep, and his large mouth twitched as he said:

"Hold on here, yeh fools! There's too much blood in you to spill. You'll spill th' floor, and waste good stuff. We need blood out here!"

Gillispie bounced to his feet. Henderson arose suspiciously, keeping his eyes on his assailants.

"Oh, get up!" cried the intercessor. "We don't shoot men hereabouts till they git on their feet in fightin' trim."

"What do you know about what we do here?" interrupted Gillispie. "This is the first time I ever saw you around."

"That's so," the other admitted. "I'm just down from Montana. Came to take up a quarter section. Where I come from we give men a show, an' I thought perhaps yeh did 'em same here."

"Why, yes," admitted Gillispie, "we do. But I don't want folks to laugh too much—not when I'm around—unless they tell me what the joke is. I was just mentioning it to the gentleman," he added, dryly.

"So I saw," said the other; "you're kind a emphatic in yer remarks. Yeh ought to give the gentleman a chance to git used to the ways of th' country. He'll be as tough as th' rest of us if you'll give him a chance. I kin see it in him."

"Thank you," said Henderson. "I'm glad you do me justice. I wish you wouldn't let daylight through me till I've had a chance to get my quarter section. I'm going to be one of you, either as a live man or a corpse. But I prefer a hundred and sixty acres of land to six feet of it."

"There, now!" triumphantly cried the squat man. "Didn't I tell yeh? Give him a show! 'Tain't no fault of his that he's a tenderfoot. He'll get over that."

Gillispie shook hands with first one and then the other of the men. "It's a square deal from this on," he said. "Come and have a drink."

That's how they met—John Henderson, John Gillispie, and John Waite. And a week later they were putting up a shanty together for common use, which overlapped each of their reservations, and satisfied the law with its sociable subterfuge.

The life wasn't bad, Henderson decided, and he adopted all the ways of the country in an astonishingly short space of time. There was a freedom about it all which was certainly complete. The three alternated in the night watch. Once a week one of them went to town for provisions. They were not good at the making of bread, so they contented themselves with hot cakes. Then there was salt pork for a staple, and prunes. They slept in straw-lined bunks, with warm blankets for a covering. They made a point of bringing reading matter back from town every week, and there were always cards to fall back on, and Waite sang songs for them with natural dramatic talent.

Nevertheless, in spite of their contentment, none of them was sorry when the opportunity offered for going to town. There was always a bit of stirring gossip to be picked up, and now and then there was a "show" at the "opera-house," in which it is almost unnecessary to say, no opera had ever been sung. Then there was the hotel, at which one not only got good fare, but a chat with the three daughters of Jim O'Neal, the proprietor—girls with the accent of two Irish parents, who were, notwithstanding, as typically American as they well could be. A half-hour's talk with these cheerful young women was all the more to be desired for the reason that within riding distance of the three Johns' ranch there were only two other women. One was Minerva Fitch, who had gone out from Michigan accompanied by an oil stove and a knowledge of the English grammar, with the intention of teaching school, but who had been unable to carry these good intentions into execution for the reason that there were no children to teach. At least, none but Bow-legged Joe. He was a sad little fellow, who looked like a prairie-dog, and who had very much the same sort of an outlook on life. The other woman was the brisk and efficient wife of Mr. Bill Deems, of "Missourah." Mr. Deems had never in his life done anything, not even so much as bring in a basket of buffalo chips to supply the scanty fire.

That is to say, he had done nothing strictly utilitarian. Yet he filled his place. He was the most accomplished storyteller in the whole valley, and this accomplishment of his was held in as high esteem as the improvisations of a Welsh minstrel were among his reverencing people. His wife alone deprecated his skill, and interrupted his spirited narratives with sarcastic allusions concerning the empty cupboard, and the "state of her back," to which, as she confided to any who would listen, "there was not a rag fit to wear."

These two ladies had not, as may be surmised, any particular attraction for John Henderson. Truth to tell, Henderson had not come West with the intention of liking women, but rather with a determination to see and think as little of them as possible. Yet even the most confirmed misogynist must admit that it is a good thing to see a woman now and then, and for this reason Henderson found it amusing to converse with the amiable Misses O'Neal. At twenty-five one cannot be unyielding in one's avoidance of the sex.

Henderson, with his pony at a fine lope, was on his way to town one day, in that comfortable frame of mind adduced by an absence of any ideas whatever, when he suddenly became conscious of a shiver that seemed to run from his legs to the pony, and back again. The animal gave a startled leap, and lifted his ears. There was a stirring in the coarse grasses; the sky, which a moment before had been like sapphire, dulled with an indescribable grayness.

Then came a little singing afar off, as if from a distant convocation of cicadas, and before Henderson could guess what it meant, a cloud of dust was upon him, blinding and bewildering, pricking with sharp particles at eyes and nostrils. The pony was an ugly fellow, and when Henderson felt him put his forefeet together, he knew what that meant, and braced himself for the struggle. But it was useless; he had not yet acquired the knack of staying on the back of a bucking bronco, and the next moment he was on the ground, and around him whirled that saffron chaos of dust. The temperature lowered every moment. Henderson instinctively felt that this was but the beginning of the storm. He picked himself up without useless regrets for his pony, and made his way on.

The saffron hue turned to blackness, and then out of the murk shot a living green ball of fire, and ploughed into the earth. Then sheets of water, that seemed to come simultaneously from earth and sky, swept the prairie, and in the midst of it struggled Henderson, weak as a little child, half bereft of sense by the strange numbness of head and dullness of eye. Another of those green balls fell and burst, as it actually appeared to him, before his horrified eyes, and the bellow and blare of the explosion made him cry out in a madness of fright and physical pain. In the illumination he had seen a cabin only a few feet in front of him, and toward it he made frantically, with an animal's instinctive desire for shelter.

The door did not yield at once to his pressure, and in the panic of his fear he threw his weight against it. There was a cry from within, a fall, and Henderson flung himself in the cabin, and closed the door.

In the dusk of the storm he saw a woman half prostrate. It was she whom he had pushed from the door. He caught the hook in its staple, and turned to raise her. She was not trembling as much as he, but, like himself, she was dizzy with the shock of the lightning. In the midst of all the clamor Henderson heard a shrill crying, and looking toward the side of the room, he dimly perceived three tiny forms crouched in one of the bunks. The woman took the smallest of the children in her arms, and kissed and soothed it; and Henderson, after he had thrown a blanket at the bottom of the door to keep out the drifting rain, sat with his back to it, bracing it against the wind, lest the frail staple should give way. He managed some way to reach out and lay hold of the other little ones, and got them in his arms—a boy, so tiny he seemed hardly human, and a girl somewhat sturdier. They cuddled in his arms, and clutched his clothes with their frantic little hands, and the three sat so while the earth and the heavens seemed to be meeting in angry combat.

And back and forth, back and forth, in the dimness swayed the body of the woman, hushing her babe. Almost as suddenly as the darkness had fallen, it lifted. The lightning ceased to threaten, and almost frolicked—

little wayward flashes of white and yellow dancing in mid-air. The wind wailed less frequently, like a child who sobs in his sleep. And at last Henderson could make his voice heard.

"Is there anything with which to build a fire?" he shouted. "The children are shivering so."

The woman pointed to a basket of buffalo chips in the corner, and he wrapped his little companions up in a blanket while he made a fire in the cooking-stove. The baby was sleeping by this time, and the woman began tidying the cabin, and when the fire was burning brightly, she put some coffee on.

"I wish I had some clothes to offer you," she said, when the wind had subsided sufficiently to make talking possible. "I'm afraid you'll have to let them get dry on you."

"Oh, that's of no consequence at all! We're lucky to get off with our lives. I never saw anything so terrible. Fancy! half an hour ago it was summer; now it is winter!"

"It seems rather sudden when you're not used to it," the woman admitted. "I've lived in the West six years now; you can't frighten me any more. We never die out here before our time comes."

"You seem to know that I haven't been here long," said Henderson, with some chagrin.

"Yes," admitted the woman; "you have the ear-marks of a man from the East."

She was a tall woman, with large blue eyes, and a remarkable quantity of yellow hair braided on top of her head. Her gown was of calico, of such a pattern as a widow might wear.

"I haven't been out of town a week yet," she said. "We're not half settled. Not having any one to help makes it harder; and the baby is rather fretful."

"But you're not alone with all these little coppers?" cried Henderson in dismay.

The woman turned toward him with a sort of defiance. "Yes, I am," she said; "and I'm as strong as a horse, and I mean to get through all right. Here were the three children in my arms, you may say, and no way to get in a cent. I wasn't going to stand it just to please other folk. I said, let them talk if they want to, but I'm going to hold down a claim, and be accumulating something while the children are getting up a bit. Oh, I'm not afraid!"

In spite of this bold assertion of bravery, there was a sort of break in her voice. She was putting dishes on the table as she talked, and turned some ham in the skillet, and got the children up before the fire, and dropped some eggs in water—all with a rapidity that bewildered Henderson.

"How long have you been alone?" he asked, softly.

"Three months before baby was born, and he's five months old now. I—I—you think I can get on here, don't you? There was nothing else to do."

She was folding another blanket over the sleeping baby now, and the action brought to her guest the recollection of a thousand tender moments of his dimly remembered youth.

"You'll get on if we have anything to do with it," he cried, suppressing an oath with difficulty just from his tongue.

And he told her about the three Johns' ranch, and found it was only three miles distant, and that both were on the same road; only her cabin, having been put up during the past week, had of course been unknown to him. So it ended in a sort of compact that they were to help each other in such ways as they could. Meanwhile the fire got genial, and the coffee filled the cabin with its comfortable scent, and all of them ate together quite merrily, Henderson cutting up the ham for the youngsters; and he told how he chanced to come out, and she entertained him with stories of what she thought at first when she was brought a bride to Hamilton, the adjacent village; and convulsed him with stories of the people, whom she saw with humorous eyes.

Henderson marvelled how she could in those few minutes have rescued the cabin from the desolation in which the storm had plunged it. Out of the window he could see the stricken grasses dripping cold moisture, and the sky still angrily plunging forward like a disturbed sea. Not a tree of a house broke the view. The desolation of it swept over him as it never had before. But within the little ones were chattering to themselves in odd baby dialect, and the mother was laughing with them.

"Women aren't always useless," she said at last; "and you tell your chums that when they get hungry for a slice of home-made bread they can get it here. And the next time they go by, I want them to stop in and look at the children. It'll do them good. They may think they won't enjoy themselves, but they will."

"Oh, I'll answer for that!" cried he, shaking hands with her. "I'll tell them we have just the right sort of a neighbor."

"Thank you," said she, heartily. "And you may tell them that her name is Catherine Ford."

Once at home, he told his story.

"H'm!" said Gillespie. "I guess I'll have to go to town myself to-morrow."

Henderson looked at him blackly. "She's a woman alone, Gillespie," said he, severely, "trying to make her way with handicaps—"

"Shet up, can't ye, ye darned fool!" roared Gillespie. "What do ye take me for?"

Waite was putting on his rubber coat pre-

paratory to going out for his night with the cattle. "Guess you're makin' a mistake, my boy," he said, gently. "There ain't no danger of any woman bein' treated rude in these parts."

"I know it, by Jove!" cried Henderson, in quick contrition.

"All right," grunted Gillespie, in tacit acceptance of this apology. "I guess you thought you was in civilized parts."

Two days after this Waite came in late to his supper. "Well, I seen her," he announced.

"Oh! did you?" cried Henderson, knowing perfectly well whom he meant. "What was she doing?"

"Killin' snakes, b' gosh!" She says th' baby's crazy fur um, an' so she takes aroun' a hoe on her shoulder wherever she goes, an' when she sees a snake, she has it out with 'im then an' there. I says 'er, 'Ye don't expect 't git all th' snakes outed in this here country, d' yeh? 'Well, she says, 'I'm as good a man as St. Patrick any day.' She is a jolly one, Henderson. She tuk me in an' showed me th' kids, and give me a loaf of gingerbread to bring home. Here it is, see?"

"Hu!" said Gillespie. "I'm not in it." But for all of his scorn he was not above eating the gingerbread.

It was gardening time, and the three Johns were putting in every spare moment in the little pair made of willow twigs behind the house. It was little enough time they had, though, for the cattle were new to each other and to the country, and they were hard to manage.

It was generally conceded that Waite had a genius for herding, and he could take the "mad" out of a fractious animal in a way that the others looked on as little less than superhuman. Thus it was that one day, when the clay had been well turned, and the seeds arranged on the kitchen table, and all things prepared for an afternoon of busy planting, that Waite and Henderson, who were needed out with the cattle, felt no little irritation at the inexplicable absence of Gillespie, who was to look after the garden.

It was quite nightfall when he at last returned. "Supper was ready, although it had been Gillespie's turn to prepare it."

Henderson was sore from his saddle, and cross at having to do more than his share of the work. "Dam yeh!" he cried, as Gillespie appeared. "Where yeh been?"

"Making garden," responded Gillespie, slowly.

"Making garden!" Henderson indulged in some more harmless outbursts, but he said no more. Just then Gillespie drew under his coat a large and friendly looking apple.

"Yes," he said, with emphasis; "I've bin a-makin' garden fur Mis' Ford."

And so it came about that the three Johns knew her and served her, and that she never had a need that they were not ready to supply if they could, and that one of them would have thought of going to town without stopping to inquire what was needed at the village.

As for Catherine Ford, she was fighting her way with native pluck and maternal unselfishness. If she had feared solitude, she did not suffer from it. The activity of her life stifled her fresh sorrow. She was pleasantly excited by the rumors that a railroad was soon to be built near the place, which would raise the value of the claim she was "holding down" many thousand dollars.

It is marvellous how sorrow shrinks when one is very healthy and very much occupied. Although poverty was her close companion, Catherine never regretted it in this primitive manner of living. She had come out there, with the independence and determination of a Western woman, for the purpose of living at the least possible expense, and making the most she could while the baby was "getting out of her arms." That process has its pleasures, which every mother feels in the unkempt little prairie cemetery, and she sat down to coax her sorrow into proper prominence. But the baby cooing at her from his bunk, the low of the cattle from the corral begging her to relieve their heavy bags, the familiar call of one of her neighbors from without, even the burning sky of the summer dawn, broke the spell of this conjured sorrow, and in spite of herself she was again a very hearty and happy young woman. Besides, if one has a liking for comedy, it is impossible to be dull on a Nebraska prairie. The people are a merrier divertisement than the theatre with its hackneyed stories. Catherine Ford laughed a good deal, and she took her three Johns into her confidence, and they laughed with her. There was Minerva Fitch, who insisted on coming over to tell Catherine how to raise her children, and who was almost offended that the children wouldn't die of sunstroke when she predicted. And there was Bob

Ackerman, who had inflammatory rheumatism and a Past, and who confided the latter to Mrs. Ford while she doctored the former with homeopathic medicines. And there were all the strange visionaries who came out prospecting, and quite naturally drifted to Mrs. Ford's cabin for a meal, and paid her in compliments of a peculiarly Western type. And there were the three Johns themselves. Catherine considered it no treason to laugh at them a little.

Yet at Waite she did not much laugh. There had come to be something pathetic in the constant service he rendered her. The beginning of his more particular devotion had begun in a peculiar way. Malaria was very bad in the country. It had carried off some of the most vigorous on the prairie, and twice that summer Catherine herself had laid out the cold forms of her neighbors on ironing boards, and with the assistance of Bill Deems of Missouri, had read the burial service over them. She had averted several other fatal runs of fever by the contents of her little medicine case. These remedies she dealt out with an intelligence that astonished her patients, until it was learned that she was studying medicine at the time that she met her husband, and she was persuaded to assume the responsibilities of matrimony instead of those of the medical profession.

One day in midsummer, when the sun was focussing itself on the raw pine boards of her shanty, and Catherine had the shades drawn for coolness and the water-pitcher swathed in wet rags, East Indian fashion, she heard the familiar halloo of Waite down the road. This greeting, which was usually sent to her from the point where the dipping road lifted itself into the first view of the house, did not contain its usual note of cheerfulness. Catherine, wiping her hands on her checked apron, ran out to crave a welcome, and Waite, his stout body looking more distorted than ever, his huge shoulders lurching as he walked, came fairly plunging down the hill.

"It's all up with Henderson," he cried as Catherine approached. "He's got the malery, an' he says he's dyin'."

"That's no sign, he's dying, because he says so," retorted Catherine, angrily.

"He wants to see yeh," panted Waite, mopping his big ugly head. "I think he's got somethin' particular to say."

"How long has he been down?"

"Three days; an' yeh wouldn't know 'im."

The children were playing on the floor at the foot of the house where it was least hot. Catherine poured out three bowls of milk and cut some bread, meanwhile telling Kitty how to feed the baby.

"She's a sensible thing, is the little daughter," said Catherine, as she tied on her sun-bonnet and packed a little basket with things from the cupboard. She kissed the babies tenderly, flung her hoe—her only weapon of defence—over her shoulder, and the two started off.

They did not speak, for their throats were soon too parched. The prairie was burned brown with the heat; the grasses curled as if they had been on a gridiron. A strong wind was blowing, but it brought no comfort, for it was heavy with a scorching heat. The skin smarted and blistered under it, and the eyes felt as if they were filled with sand. The sun seemed to swing but a little way above the earth, and though the sky was intense blue, around about this burning ball there was a halo of copper, as if the very ether were being consumed in yellow fire.

Waite put some big buckskin leaves on Catherine's head under her bonnet, and now and then he took a bottle of water from his pocket and made her swallow a mouthful. She staggered often as she walked, and the road was black before her. Still, it was not very long before the oddly shaped shack of the three Johns came in sight, and as he came, a glimpse of it, Waite quickened his footsteps.

"What if he should be gone?" he said, under his breath.

"Oh, come off!" said Catherine, angrily. "He's not gone. You make me tired!"

But she was trembling when she stopped just before the door to compose herself for a moment. Indeed, she trembled so very much that Waite put out his sprawling hand to steady her. She gently felt the pressure tightening, and Waite whispered in her ear:

"I guess I'd stand by him as well as anybody, except you, Mis' Ford. He's been my best friend. But I guess you like him better, eh?"

Henderson raised her finger. She could hear Henderson's voice within; it was pitifully querulous. He was half sitting up in his bunk, and Gillespie had just handed him a plate on which two cakes were swimming in black molasses and pork gravy. Henderson looked at it a moment; then over his face came a look of utter despair. He dropped his head in his arms and broke into uncontrolled crying.

"Oh, my God, Gillespie," he sobbed, "I shall die out here in this wretched hole! I want my mother. Great God, Gillespie, am I going to die without ever seeing my mother?"

Gillespie, maddened at this anguish, which he could in no way alleviate, sought comfort by first lighting his pipe and then taking his revolver out of his hip pocket and playing with it. Henderson continued to shake with sobs, and Catherine, who had never before in her life heard a man cry, leaned against the

door for a moment to gather courage. Then she ran into the house quickly, laughing as she came. She took Henderson's arms away from his face and laid him back on the pillow, and she stooped over him and kissed his forehead in the most matter-of-factly manner.

"That's what your mother would do if she were here," she cried, merrily. "Where's the water?"

She washed his face and hands a long time till they were cool and his convulsive sobs had ceased. Then she took a slice of thin bread from her basket and a spoonful of amber jelly. She beat an egg, and some milk and dropped a little liquor within it, and served them together on the first clean napkin that had been in the cabin of the three Johns since it was built.

At this the great fool on the bed cried again, only quietly, tears of weak helplessness running from his feverish eyes. And Catherine straightened the disorderly cabin. She came every day for two weeks, and by that time Henderson, very uncertain as to the strength of his legs, but once more accoutred in his native pluck, sat up in a chair, for which she had made clean soft cushions, writing a letter to his mother. The floor was scrubbed; the cabin had taken to itself cups and saucers of packing-boxes; it had clothes-presses and shelves; curtains at the windows; boxes for all sorts of necessities, from flour to tobacco; and a cook-book on the wall, with an inscription within which was more appropriate than respectful.

The day that she announced that she would have no further call to come back, Waite, who was looking after the house while Gillespie was afield, made a little speech.

"After this here," he said, "we four stands er falls together. Now look here, there's lots of things can happen to a person on this cussed prairie, and no one be none th' wiser. So see here, Mis' Ford, every night one of us is a-goin' to th' roof of this shack. From there we can see your place. If anything is th' matter—it don't signify how little er how big—you hang a lantern on th' stick that I'll put alongside th' house to-morrow. Yeh can h't th' light up with a string, and every mornin' before we go out we'll look too, and a white rag 'll bring us quick as we can git there. We don't say nothin' about what we owe yeh, fur that ain't our way, but we sticks to each other from this on."

Catherine's eyes were moist. She looked at Henderson. His face had no expression in it at all. He did not even say good-by to her, and she turned, with the tears suddenly dried under her lids, and walked down the road in the twilight.

Weeks went by, and though Gillespie and Waite were often at Catherine's, Henderson never came. Gillespie gave it out as his opinion that Henderson was an ungrateful puppy, but Waite said nothing. This strange man, who seemed like a mere untoward accident of nature, had changed during the summer. His big ill-shaped body had grown more gaunt; his deep-set gray eyes had sunk deeper; the gentleness which had distinguished him even on the wild ranges of Montana became more marked. Late in August he volunteered to take on himself the entire charge of the night watch.

"It's better, to be out at night," he said to Catherine. "Then you don't keep looking off at things; you can look inside;" and he struck his breast with his splay hand.

Cattle are timorous under the stars. The vastness of the plains, the sweep of the wind under the unbroken arch, frighten them; they are made for the close comforts of the barn-yard; and the apprehension is contagious as every ranchman knows. Waite realized the need of becoming good friends with his animals. Night after night, riding up and down in the twilight of the stars, or dozing, rolled in his blanket, in the shelter of a knoll, he would hear a low roar; it was the cry of the alarmist. Then from every direction the cattle would rise with trembling awe, and nuzzle on their knees, and answer giving out sudden bellowings. Some of them would begin to move from place to place, spreading the baseless alarm, and then came the time for action, else over the plain in mere fruitless frenzy would go the whole frantic band, lashed to madness by their own fears, trampling each other, heedless of any obstacle, in pitiable, deadly rout. Waite knew the preliminary signs well, and at the first warning below he was on his feet, alert and determined, his energy nerved for a struggle in which he always conquered.

Waite had a secret which he told to none, knowing, in his unsanitary fashion, that it would not be believed. But soon as ever the dark heads of the cattle began to lift themselves, he sent a resonant voice out into the stillness. The songs he sang were hymns, and he made them into a sort of imperative lullaby. Waite let his lungs and soul fill with the breath of the night; he gave himself up to the exaltation of mastering those trembling brutes. Mounting, mellowing, and even powerful swing he let his full notes fall on the air in the confidence of power, and one by one the reassured cattle would lie down again, lowing in soft contentment, and so fall asleep with noses stretched out in mute attention, till their presence could hardly be guessed except for the sweet aroma of their coats.

One night in the early dusk he saw Catherine Ford hastening across the prairie with Bill Deems. He sent a halloo out to them, which they both answered as they ran on. Waite knew on what errand of mercy Cat-

erine was bent, and he thought of the children over at the cabin alone. The cattle were quiet, the night beautiful, and he concluded that it was safe enough, since he was on his pony, to ride down there about midnight and see that the little ones were safe. The dark sky, pricked with points of innumerable light, hung over him so beneficently that in his heart there leaped a joy which even his ever-present sorrow could not disturb. This sorrow Waite openly admitted not only to himself, but to others. He had said to Catherine: "You see, I'll always have to love yeh. An' yeh'll not get cross with me, I'm not goin' to be in the way." And Catherine had told him, with tears in her eyes, that his love could never be but a comfort to any woman. And these words, which the poor fellow had in no sense mistaken, comforted him always, became part of his joy as he rode there, under those piercing stars, to look after his little ones. He found them sleeping in their bunks, the baby tight in Kitty's arms, the little boy above them in the upper bunk, with his hand in the long hair of his brown spaniel. Waite softly kissed each of them, so Kitty, who was half waking, told her mother afterwards, and then, bethinking him that Catherine might not be able to return in time for their breakfast, found the milk and bread, and set it for them on the table. Catherine had been writing, and her unfinished letter lay open beside the ink. He took up the pen and wrote,

"The children were all asleep at twelve."
"J. W."

He had not more than got on his pony again before he heard an ominous sound that made his heart leap. It was a frantic dull pounding of hoofs. He knew in a second what it meant. There was a stampede among the cattle. If the animals had all been his, he would not have lost his sense of judgment. But the realization that he had voluntarily undertaken the care of them, and that the larger part of them belonged to his friends, put him in a passion of apprehension that, as a ranchman, was almost inexplicable. He did the very thing of all others that no cattleman in his right senses would think of doing. Gillispie and Henderson, talking it over afterward, were never able to understand it. It is possible—just barely possible—that Waite, still drunk on his solitary dreams, knew what he was doing, and chose to bring his little chapter to an end while the lines were pleasant. At any rate, he rode straight forward, shouting and waving his arms in an insane endeavor to head off that frantic mob. The noise woke the children, and they peered from the window as the pawing and belowing herd plunged by, trampling the young steers under their feet.

In the early morning Catherine Ford, spent both in mind and body, came walking slowly home. In her heart was a prayer of thanksgiving. Mary Deems lay sleeping back in her comfortless shack, with her little son by her side.

"The wonder of God is in it," said Catherine to herself as she walked home. "All the ministers of all the world could not have preached me such a sermon as I've had tonight."

So dim had been the light and so perturbed her mind that she had not noticed how torn and trampled was the road. But suddenly a bulk in her pathway startled her. It was the dead and mangled body of a steer. She stooped over it to read the brand on its flank. "It's one of the things over there," she cried out, looking anxiously about her. "How could that have happened?"

The direction which the cattle had taken toward her house, and she hastened homeward. And not a quarter of a mile from her door she found the body of Waite beside that of his pony, crushed out of its familiar form into something unrecognizably shapeless. In her excitement she half dragged, half carried that mutilated body home, and then ran up her signal of alarm on the stick that Waite himself had erected for her convenience. She thought it would be a long time before any one reached her, but she had hardly had time to bathe the disfigured face and straighten the disfigured body before Henderson was pounding at her door. Outside stood his pony panting from its terrific exertions. Henderson had not seen her before for six weeks. Now he stared at her with frightened eyes.

"What is it? What is it?" he cried. "What has happened to you, and to the boy?"

At least afterward, thinking it over as she worked by day or tossed in her narrow bunk at night, it seemed to Catherine that those were the words he spoke. Yet she could never feel sure; nothing in his manner after that justified the impassioned anxiety of his manner in those first few uncertain moments; for a second he had sat at the body of his friend and learned the little that Catherine knew. They buried him the next day in a little hollow where there was a spring and some wild aspens.

"He never liked the prairie," Catherine said, when she selected the spot. "And I want him to lie as sheltered as possible."

After he had been laid at rest, and she was back, busy with tidying her neglected shack, she felt to crying so that the children were scared.

"There's no one left to care what becomes of us," she told them, bitterly. "We might starve out here for all that any one cares."

And all through the night her tears fell, and she told herself that they were all for the man whose last thought was for her and her babies; she told herself over and over again that her tears were all for him. After this the autumn began to hurry on, and the snow fell, capriciously, days of biting cold giving place to retrospective glances at summer. The last of the vegetables were taken out of the garden and buried in the cellar, and a few tons of coal—dear almost as diamonds—were brought out to provide against the severest weather. Ordinarily buffalo chips were the fuel. Catherine was alarmed at the way her wretched little store of money began to vanish. The baby was fretful with its teething, and was really more care than when she nursed it. The days shortened, and it seemed to her that she was forever working by lamp light. The prairies were brown and forbidding, the sky often a mere gray pall. The monotony of the life began to seem terrible. Sometimes her ears ached for a sound. For a time in the summer so many had seemed to need her that she had been happy in spite of her poverty and her loneliness. Now, suddenly, no one wanted her. She could find no source of inspiration. She wondered how she was going to live through the winter, and keep her patience and her good-nature.

"You'll love me," she said, almost fiercely, one night to the children—"you'll love mamma, no matter how cross and homely she gets, won't you?"

The cold grew day by day. A strong winter was setting in. Catherine took up her study of medicine again, and sat over her books till midnight. It occurred to her that she might fit herself for nursing by spring, and that the children could be put with some one—she did not dare to think with whom. But this was the only solution she could find to her problem of existence.

November settled down drearily. Few passed the shack. Catherine, who had no one to speak with excepting the children, continually devised amusements for them. They got to living in a world of fantasy, and were never themselves, but always wild Indians, or arctic explorers, or Robinson Crusoes. Kitty and Roderick, young as they were, found a never-ending source of amusement in these little grotesque dreams and dramas. The fund of money was getting so low that Catherine was obliged to economize even in the necessities. If it had not been for her two cows, she would hardly have known how to find food for her little ones. But she had a wonderful way of making things with eggs and milk, and she kept her little table always inviting. The day before Thanksgiving she determined that they should all have a frolic.

"By Christmas," she said to Kitty, "the snow may be so bad that I cannot get to town. We'll have our high old time now." There is no denying that Catherine used slang even in talking to the children. The little pony had been sold long ago, and going to town meant a walk of twelve miles. But Catherine started out early in the morning, and was back by nightfall, not so very much the worse, and carrying in her arms bundles which might have fatigued a bronco.

The next morning she was up early, and was as happy and ridiculously excited over the prospect of the day's merry-making as if she had been Kitty. Busy as she was, she noticed a peculiar oppression in the air, which intensified as the day went on. The sky seemed to hang but a little way above the rolling stretch of frost-bitten grass. But Kitty, laughing over her new dog, Roderick, startling the sullen silence with his drum, the smell of the chicken, slaughtered to make a prairie holiday, browning in the oven, drove all apprehensions from Catherine's mind. She was a common creature. Such very little things could make her happy. She sang as she worked, and what with the drumming of her boy and the little exulting shrieks of her baby, the shack was filled with a deafening and exhilarating din.

It was a little past noon, when she became conscious that there was sweeping down on her a gray sheet of snow and ice, and not till then did she realize what those lowering clouds had signified. For one moment she stood half paralyzed. She thought of everything—of the cattle, of the chance for provisions, of the power of endurance of the children. While she was still thinking, the first ice needles of the blizzard came peppering the windows. The cattle ran belowing to the lee side of the house and the chickens and the chickens scurried for the coop. Catherine seized such blankets and bits of carpet as she could find, and crammed them at windows and doors. Then she piled coal on the fire, and clothed the children in all they had that was warmest, their outer-door garments included, and with them close about her, she sat and waited. The wind seemed to push steadily at the walls of the house. The howling became horrible. She could see that the children were crying with fright, but she could not hear them. The air was dusky; the cold, in spite of the fire, intolerable. In every crevice of the wretched structure the ice and snow made their way. It came through the roof, and began piling up in little pointed strips under the eaves. Catherine put the children all together in one bunk, covered them with all the bedclothes she had, and then stood before them defiantly, facing the west, from whence the wind was driving. Not suddenly, but by

mere resistance, at length the window sash yielded, and the next moment that whirlwind was in the house—a maddening tumult of ice and wind, leaving no room for resistance; a killing cold, against which it was futile to fight. Catherine flung the bedclothes over the heads of the children, and then flung herself across the bunk, gasping and choking for breath. Her body would not have yielded to the suffering yet, so strongly made and sustained was it. But her dismay stifled her. She saw in one horrified moment the frozen forms of her babies, now so pink and pleasant to the sense, and oblivion came to save her from further misery.

She was alive—just barely alive—when Gillispie and Henderson got there, three hours later, the very balls of their eyes almost frozen into blindness. But for an instinct stronger than reason they would never have been able to have found their way across that trackless stretch. The children lying unconscious under their coverings were neither dead nor actually frozen, although the men putting their hands on their little hearts could not at first discover the beating. Stiff and suffering as these young fellows were, it was no easy matter to get the window back into place and relight the fire. They had tied flasks of liquor about their waists, and this beneficent fluid they used with that sense of appreciation which only a pioneer can feel toward whiskey. It was hours before Catherine rewarded them with a gleam of consciousness. Her body had been frozen in many places. Her arms, outstretched over her children and holding the clothes down about them, were rigid. But consciousness

came at length dimly struggling up through her brain, and over her she saw her friends rubbing and rubbing those strong firm arms of her with snow.

She half raised her head, with a horror of comprehension in her eyes, and listened. A cry answered her—a cry of dull pain from the baby. Henderson dropped on his knees beside her.

"They are all safe," he said. "And we will never leave you again. I have been afraid to tell you how I love you. I thought I might offend you. I thought I ought to wait—you know why. But I will never let you run the risks of this awful life alone again. You must rename the baby. From this day his name is John. And we will have the three Johns again back at the old ranch. It doesn't matter whether you love me or not, Catherine, I am going to take care of you just the same. Gillispie agrees with me."

"Dammie, yes," muttered Gillispie, feeling of his hip pocket for consolation in his old manner.

Catherine struggled to find her voice, but it would not come.

"Do not speak," whispered John. "Tell me with your eyes whether you will come as my wife or only as my sister."

Catherine told him.

"This is Thanksgiving day," said he. "And we don't know much about praying, but I guess we all have something in our hearts that does just as well."

"Dammie, yes," said Gillispie again, who was lifting from the stove a boiler of warm water in which to put the baby.



THE HON. STEPHEN BENTON ELKINS, THE NEW SECRETARY OF WAR

STEPHEN BENTON ELKINS.

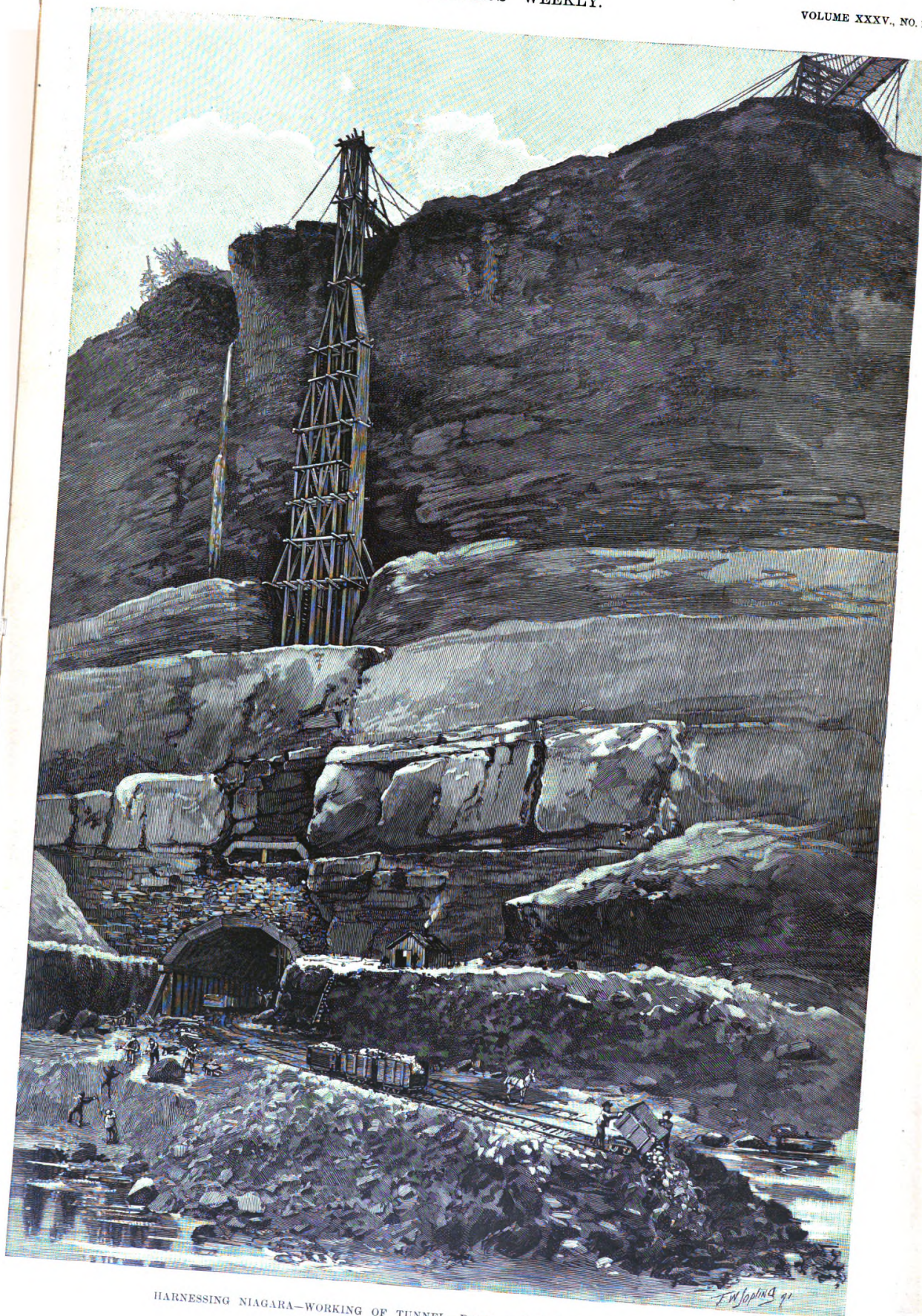
On Thursday, December 17th, President Harrison sent to the Senate the nomination of Stephen B. Elkins as Secretary of War in the place of the Hon. Redfield Proctor, whose resignation as Secretary and election as Senator from Vermont were lately chronicled in the WEEKLY. Mr. Elkins is credited to West Virginia, but he was born in Perry County, Ohio, on the 26th of September, fifty years ago. From thence he went to Missouri at an early age, and made it his home for several years, graduating from the Missouri University in 1860. He then took up the study of law, but the late war broke out about that time and fired the spirit of the young man, who took to soldiering. During 1862, and a part of the following year, he served as Captain in the Seventy-seventh Missouri regiment, but in the latter portion of 1863 he went to New Mexico as a cattle driver at fifteen dollars a month. He became very popular with the ranchmen, and was rated by them as the smartest "tenderfoot" who had ever been in that section. He had learned Spanish before going to the Southwest, and this enabled him to know the Mexicans who lived in New Mexico and Arizona. Mr. Elkins studied law with Asher & Cleaver, of Arizona, and soon after his admission to the bar was made a member of the firm, Mr. Cleaver having been sent to Congress as a Delegate. At that time pretty nearly every Mexican in these Territories held a peon—an Indian, half-breed, or Mexican—in bondage or virtual slavery. This was against the United States law, which provided that twenty-five dollars be given to any one who should secure the indictment of any such slave-holder. Mr. Elkins, it is said, secured the indictment of quite 10,000 Mexicans, and in this way he became a capitalist. His action, at any rate, broke up slavery in Arizona and New Mexico. With this capital, he turned his attention to mining and stock-raising with great success, and for many years he has been considered one of the richest men in the United States. In 1865-6 Mr. Elkins was a member

of the Legislature, and in 1868-9 Attorney-General for the Territory of New Mexico. For three years following he was United States District Attorney, after which he was elected as a Republican Delegate to Congress, and served two terms, finishing in 1877.

During his term in Congress he married the daughter of Senator Davis, of West Virginia, and in partnership with his father-in-law became deeply interested in the development of property in that State and in the West Virginia system of railroads. When Mr. Elkins's term in Congress had expired he made his home in West Virginia, though he also had a house in New York, where he has lived in the winter, and where, also, he has had his business office. Indeed, he has been so much in New York that he has become to be one of the best-known men on the streets of this city.

Mr. Elkins has long been identified as an active politician. From 1872 until 1884 he was a member of the National Republican Committee, and was a prominent figure in the Chicago Convention of 1884, which nominated James O. Blaine for the Presidency. During the canvass Mr. Elkins was most active, giving an earnest support to Mr. Blaine, and working in his interests. Since that time, however, though he has not taken such an active part in politics, he has always been considered a most powerful member of the Republican party, and soon after Mr. Proctor had been named to succeed Mr. Edmunds, Mr. Elkins's name was suggested as the probable nominee for the War Secretaryship.

Mr. Elkins has never let his politics interfere with his business, but, on the other hand, has often been charged with using his politics to help his business. "Steve" Dorsey used to say that no one knew as much about the Star Route postal contracts as "Steve" Elkins. In other matters, too, in which the government was interested he has had business connection. This is notably so with the North American Commercial Company, which secured the right to kill seals in the Bering Sea.



HARNESSING NIAGARA—WORKING OF TUNNEL.—DRAWN BY F. W. JOPLING.—[SEE PAGE 1042.]

THE RICH AND THE POOR.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM S. RAINSFORD, D.D.

NONE do so little for the very poor of New York as its very rich. Splendid exceptions to this rule, of course, we find, and here, in Mr. Smedley's picture, evident-ly is one of these few attempting to make up the arrears due to her less-fortunate fellows from her order. And to be frank with her—for her earnestness deserves to be met with earnest frankness—since she desires to do effectual work, it will be better for her to leave her brougham, behind her when she visits the "slums." Efficient workers among the poor are at present generally drawn from the poor themselves, or from the middle and professional class. No one need wonder at this. Effectual charity work and the requirements of modern society do not easily consort. A very small proportion of those who possess enormous wealth in the city subscribe liberally to its various charities; comparatively few can be counted on for a ready support in any properly conducted and hopeful philanthropic movement; and fewer still are found willing to fulfil the more difficult, the more necessary duty of gaining personal knowledge of the needs and wrongs of the poor through personal study of their situation, and friendly intercourse with themselves.

I say, such attention, such knowledge, are not likely to be given by the very rich. To win fortune to-day implies a singleness of purpose, a concentration of all the faculties of the man to the doing of one thing. The very rich man must be a very busy man if he would make large sums or keep large sums of money. The difficulties presenting themselves to his ambition are like tough wood, that nothing but the keen edge of an axe can deal with, and to be sharp means almost of necessity to be narrow. Great riches are apt, as time wears on, to engender a reverence for the soul, and make the attainment and development of an ideal or truly sympathetic life always difficult, sometimes wellnigh impossible. I say, therefore, we expect too much from our very rich men and women when we call upon them to lead the crusade against poverty and vice. Certainly if we have expectation of their doing so, we in New York have been disappointed.

I believe the time may not be far distant when the immense sums of money that are absolutely necessary to deal radically and successfully with the peculiarly entrenched evils that abound on Manhattan Island will be willingly and gladly forthcoming. But it seems to me that at present what is especially needed is a time of education, an intermingling of class with class, an understanding of difficulties and causes of difficulties, a deeper and truer view of the situation, which will enable all who minister to their fellow-men to deal not so much with the effects of evil and misery as with their causes.

It seems an ungracious and unkindly task to criticise or belittle any work that has for its object the cheering and bettering of our kind. But surely in matters so important and difficult as the ministration of life to life by man sentiment must be laid aside. And it is worse than folly, in the nineteenth century, to reproach the mistake of a darker time, and to seek "to heal lightly the hurt of our people." In a few days very striking illustrations of the emotional and mistaken efforts at kindness which I refer to will be seen on all hands. Poor children will be at a premium, and with many good things and more bad things, they will be stuffed and crammed. A veritable Christmas orgy will be upon us, in which a premium is really paid to childish gluttony and untruth. Three, four, nay six Christmas treats squeezed into one week can do children no good; and usually those who are least worthy manage to get together the largest pile of spoils. All sorts of mushroom charities will be bidding for them—daily papers must be duly advertised thereby, social magnates must be given an opportunity of bestowing on poverty (poverty, remember, that pretends to be becomingly grateful, not that real undeserved poverty with too much self respect to display its need) that wretched Christmas trappings. In short, a certain store of used to read is being retold in actual life—the rich man commands that the crumbs of his table be duly given to his fellow-citizen Lazarus.

But worse than this. The effect on those that give is no less unfortunate than on those that receive. People think that if they subscribe liberally to Christmas festivals they have at least in part discharged the duty that they owe to all that are poor and oppressed. And thus it comes that a dole thoughtlessly given is made to do duty for the study of a great problem and the solemn responsibility to alleviate a great need as well as to right a great wrong.

This brings me to the point I am first anxious to dwell upon—the absolute necessity of the employment of an intelligent knowledge by those who would do any effectual work in the great crusade. Emotion may move kind hearts to spurts of energy, but

men and women equipped with emotion alone and good intention are no more fitted to contend with the evils with which we must battle than a brave mob are fitted to hold the field against a trained soldiery. Only a knowledge of the real state of things, of the awful yet removable evils under which tens of thousands live and die, can in time kindle and develop the enthusiasm that when linked to knowledge makes success certain.

So much for the first requisite to future success. Is there any prospect of our gaining it? I answer, every prospect. I have lived in New York only ten years, but the change in that time is nothing less than extraordinary. On all hands have sprung up groups of educated men and women who reckon it part of the business of life to know how their neighbors live and die, who accept it as axiomatic that what others are called upon to bear it is at least their duty to know. The knowledge they have gained and are gaining is invaluable, and has already begun to take shape in organized effort successful beyond all precedent.

Who can overestimate, for instance, the good accomplished by that one man, brave as he was wise and tender as he was strong, Charles Loring Brace? The societies that he formed and for many years controlled were and are chiefly responsible for the enormous decrease of juvenile crime in the city—a decrease apparent to any one who knows anything of poorer New York. Who can overestimate the value to our society at large of such settlements as the little one on Rivington Street, where intelligent and refined women come into direct touch with life under as poor and depressing conditions as our city knows? Who, again, I say, can overestimate the advantages to the thousands of poor sick, who for weeks and sometimes for months at a time are seeking health in our hospitals, from the ministrations of those intelligent and generally refined women who, as trained nurses, are giving their lives to the alleviation of pain?

I know many will reply, this is a slow and roundabout way to reach the difficulty. They cry out for vast organizations and large professions of immediate return. Let it be clearly understood by all who wish to render real aid to the poor that no work that is effectual can be quick work. If good is to come, it will come slowly. If intelligence and education are to do their work, it will be a slow work. For the problem of man's relationship to man is of all problems most difficult.

Let me once again say, would you be a helper? Then you must know. You should know. You must seek to overcome in yourself, in your friends, and in those whom you would influence to aid you, prejudice. You must go among the poor, and not go as Lady Bountifuls. You must go remembering that you will learn things you never dreamed of, that the interests of your life will enlarge, the experiences of your life deepen, and so you will at last receive more than you give. You may go cheerfully, for any one who knows anything of the poor will assure you that among them you will be met by a courtesy at least as real as any you will receive from people in your own class. Surely, least worth having of all life's gifts are the gifts of a friend, and you will make friends you never dreamed of—truer and more loyal, more considerate, and more patient among the poor often than you will among the rich. Unselfishness is the coin of friendship, and it is only to the unselfish Lady Bountiful that the poor appear as grasping or selfish. The men and women in so-called society are far more selfish in their intercourse with each other than are the poor.

Go resolutely; give up a certain time—so many hours in one day in the week, if you cannot do more. Seek out among your acquaintances some one who has done more than play with the fringes of this great question, who has experience as well as zeal. Go first, I advise you, to the great series of institutions on the islands. Begin at the first of them, and go to the last, and see what the waste and cast-off scum of humanity, the froth tossed aside from the great city life, really is. Go to the free wards in the hospitals. Go to the few kindergartens we have, or to the boys' clubs that are beginning to spring up. In your own church you are almost certain to find at least a few who are doing thorough work. Go to these, and ask them to put you in touch with some society that must be carried before we can see the unclouded sun and feel the warmth of a better day. There is one word that explains the first of these. To-day you hear it in everybody's mouth. It is the word *environment*. Long ago men may have suspected

that environment had much to do with growth of character, with development for good or evil. Now we know it. You might as well expect to destroy a field of thistles, the evil seed of which was carried by every passing wind over the neighboring country, by cutting off a few thistle heads as to overcome the manifold evils that spring from a childhood spent in the worst of our modern tenement-houses by leaving these sources of evil unchanged.

Almost all New York tenement-house surroundings provoke to drunkenness. They combine and embody all the evils of crowding—heat, stench, and utter ugliness. In them privacy, decency, purity, have a hard struggle for their very existence. But, of course, all tenement-houses are not alike. Roughly speaking, there are about ten thousand in New York, and of these about five hundred are very bad, and should be and must be pulled down. One of the troubles with tenement-house property is, it is good property for the landlord. It yields immense returns; and the landlord who is content to take four per cent. for his money instead of twelve, and by so doing give a chance to his poorer brother to live as well as exist, while he is present with us, thank God! is still rare. Some readers of HARPER'S may be startled to know that even in poor streets east of the Bowery floor space is worth double what it is in such apartments as the Dalhousie overlooking the Park; and if, instead of overlooking the floor space, you took the cubic content of the rooms in these apartments, in such splendid flats as this to which I have referred, a cubic foot of space is worth in these hovels nearly three times what it is in those overlooking the Park. How can the poor head of a family, an unskilled laborer, or for that matter, even the poorly paid mill laborer, whose wages do not average to the year round more than from eight to twelve dollars a week, how can he afford to pay for space enough in which to bring up his children in necessary decency? Do you want to illustrate to yourself the importance of environment? Come with me to one of the hospitals, and let us interview the nurses there, and ask them in what state the children are when they come to the free wards, and they will tell you that from baby lips flow ribald blasphemy and obscene words of which it is impossible for them—the children—to have the faintest understanding. They will also tell you that after two or three months in the bright ward, misnamed by kindness, there seems to fall from their childish natures, all too soon marked by filth and sin, the false shell of themselves, as it were, which was born of the inhuman home in which they were cradled, and in mind as well as body they go forth pure and whole. But, oh! to think of sending them back to breathe that fetid atmosphere again! One thing seems certain: if the children of the city are to be saved from vice, their environment must be improved.

Rapid transit may help us in the future. A noble-hearted philanthropy we may surely look for in the future. Surely, soon men will be willing to spend at least part of the vast fortunes that New York's thriving millions have helped them to make, in making life tolerable to the children of the less-fortunate brethren, whose toil has gone to aid in erecting their great pile. Surely, soon it will be regarded as an illegitimate and disgraceful act—an act that no worthy citizen, to say nothing of a professor of religion, would be guilty of—to make a vast fortune in New York, and not remember the cruel needs of the most crowded city in the world when that fortune is to be disposed of. Play-grounds will cost money, but play-grounds the children must have, and near their homes, too. Public baths will cost money, but they want pure water as they need pure air. Kindergartens will cost money, but kindergartens that are available for the thousands of children who cannot possibly be properly occupied in the two or three rooms of the lodging must quickly be provided, and kindergartens, too, that are not placed under any arbitrary political control. Philanthropy must lead the way; but the state must do the work.

So far, I speak of the children alone. I put them first, because if we cannot put the salt of better things into these fresh springs of life, we will leave our children to face a condition of things wellnigh intolerable. If there were no other difficulties in front of us than those I have suggested, our task would not be an easy one. But all know that I have only touched on a few of our many municipal problems. Crowding into our city from almost all lands there come long trains of men and women to seek means for living that have been denied them in their distant homes. To suppose that they are the least intelligent and least ambitious from among their own kith and kin is to make a great mistake. It requires no small amount of energy to bid good-by to the fatherland, whether it be German, Irish, or Italian. But

their coming complicates the problem of our city's life. Whether we welcome or do not welcome them, it seems at least unlikely that we can keep them out. America cannot be the only land that closes her doors against the poor. The republic of the United States cannot be the only form of government under which the cabin passenger is welcomed, while the steerage passenger must have a consular certificate. It is easy to talk about limiting immigration, but very hard to cast such limitation into forms of legislation. At such times seems to be the opinion of some of the wisest among us.

Moreover, the coming of these peoples has in the past largely helped to make us what we are, and must in the future develop our enormous resources. The ordinary American citizen may not take kindly to begging, but he is certainly almost as unwilling to dig (unless it be for gold). He must have some one to dig for him, and so he first imported the Irishman. And he now, expressing strong disinclination to digging, has taken to politics, and lets the Italian do the tasks he used to perform. Therefore, I say, we cannot readily check, whether we like it or do not like it, the flow of immigration that is setting to our shores, and which affects our city more than any other city in the United States.

Come, then, I say, since these things are so, to any whose eyes may read these words, and determine to play your part and take your share in the most interesting work that God has given to the intelligent and richly endowed people—come and vote how the world in which you do not live, lives. But do not come to give it your dole. Do not think that your service to it may be to you simply an added luxury, one more new emotion, new sensation, new experience. But go forth in the noble purpose in which we go forth the men who, ages ago, uprooted the ills of an evil time. Go forth strong in the purpose to give what you have got to give, and at least to know—and, where you can, to help—what others are called to suffer and endure. If you work thus, you will deepen and enlarge your own life, while you do not demoralize or pauperize the life of your brother. Give something of your own to the happiest, sweetest, holiest work—the service of the ignorant, lonely, sickened, sad, and sinful parts of humanity.

Here in your own city, at your very door, is a field of entrancing interest. Here life's great stream flows by, sometimes with sparkle and bright foaming, now, very calm and eddy of which you perhaps know well, and sometimes with tide as Kingsley wrote of it, "dank and foul" enough. Yet, even at its damkest and foulest, the cleansing sand and a plunge in the wide kindly sea are not impossible to it, for the divine element is in us. Here the mystery of the human life is that to restore it to its lost clarity, man is dependent on his brother man; dependent not on his dole, but on his service; that he can be fed and succored not by his gifts alone, but by the sharing of his life.

Let us recall at this Christmas season the immortal story, that story of the poor, low, and beautifully wrote, full of strength and youth and kindness too. Clothed right royally for the struggle, Sir Launfal leaves his home, never doubting but that he at last would win the Holy Grail. He mounts his horse, he quits his castle, and thinks he has done his duty in throwing a coin to the beggar from whose sorrowful plight he turns away with a shiver of disgust as much as of pity. But years pass, and in the large school of life he learns the lesson that we believe all must learn, and unsuccessful and broken, he at last turns homeward, to find himself forgotten and thrust forth from his own. The beggar that years ago he threw the coin to still sits in the snow by his door. He draws forth his last crust, he breaks the ice in the stream hard by, and side by side they share the scanty fare. When, lo! 'tis no longer a leprous beggar, but the living Christ that stands beside him, and he hears Him say,

"In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
Behold, it is here—this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now;
This crust is My body broken for thee;
This water His blood that died on the tree;
The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In what we share with another's need;
Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his aims feeds three—
Himself, his hungry neighbor, and Me."

All who have education ought to give part of their life and time up to this work. Those who are supposed to be busiest always do most. But remember you can accomplish but little worth doing if you do not give yourself. Let this giving of the best of your purpose, seriously arrived at, bravely, persistently pushed through, and it will be most true that many a darkened day will grow bright at your coming, and many an arid wilderness grow greener where you tread.

NOT ALL ARE GLAD.

Nor every carol sounds a note of joy;
Some homes there are where every Christmas
chime
Brings back an echo of sweet laughter stilled—
Not every heart is glad at Christmas-time.

When the gay jingle of the festive bells
Fills the chill air with music and with rhyme,
Some look and long with hollow, hungry eyes,
For suffering poor there are at Christmas-time.

Bright are the thoughts that hope and having
bring,
Merry the laughter of lips in their prime;
But some have lost, and more may never have,
And many are alone and old at Christmas-
time.

ADA NICHOLS MAS.

THE MINSTREL'S LOT.

My lady, when thy cavaliers
About thy footstool bend,
And wait thy words with eager ears,
Thou dost not condescend
To look on me. My faithful lute,
That soothed thee with its song,
Hath lost its charm; the strings are mute
Amid the knightly throng.

Thou givest one thy sleeve to wear,
And one thy hand to press.
Thou dost believe them when they swear
Eternal faithfulness.
Their vows thou dost not seek to prove,
Thou art content the while;
And yet to me, whose life is love,
Thou grantest not one smile.

Yet when, perchance, some feat of arms
Doth call thy knights away,
And they, forgetful of thy charms,
Ride forth to join the fray,
Ere the last pennoned lance is hid
By hills that lie beyond,
To soothe thy sorrow I am bid,
And gladly I respond.

Thy thought is with the cavaliers
Who laughing rode away;
And to dispel thy lonely tears
I tune my loving lay.
I am forgot in love's sweet song,
All happiness is thine;
But love is true, my love is strong,
Thy griefs are doubly mine.

Thou knowest not this love I hold.
Thou dost not understand
The love that in my songs is told—
Love beautiful and grand.
Songs serve to hasten lagging time,
Thy dreams are dreams of pride;
The lover pictured in my rhyme
Unknown waits at thy side.

FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

HARNESSING NIAGARA.

BY JNO. GILMER SPEED.

EVER since engineers began to comprehend to what an extent power could be transmitted by electricity or other agents, the opinion has been expressed that in a little while the vast volumes of water which go to waste over the falls of the Niagara River would be utilized not only to do a great amount of work in the immediate neighborhood, but would be carried long distances, and be utilized in all the great cities within four or five hundred miles of the immense cataract. Indeed, it was not many years ago that Sir William Thomson, the great English scientist and engineer, ventured to express the opinion that the time was not far distant when the city of New York and other distant cities would be lighted from the falls of Niagara. This prophecy has not been fulfilled as yet, and it would be difficult to determine how much nearer we are to the time when it will be so than we were when Sir William spoke with such hopeful confidence. But the scientists are learning something every day as to the transmission of power by electricity, and if this progress be kept

up, the power of the great falls may soon be harnessed for the benefit of those who will use the power hundreds of miles away. It is difficult, probably impossible, to say what is the amount of the power at Niagara Falls. Some engineers have made estimates which they believed to be at least an approximation, while others have said that it was impossible to do more than guess at the amount. These guesses and estimates vary very greatly, but all of them agree that the amount can only be reckoned by the million horse-power. Of course not all of this could be utilized, for to do this the whole volume of water would have to be diverted from its natural channels, but a large percentage of it could be used. Suppose some day 6,000,000 horse-power should come to be used for utilitarian purposes. Dr. Coleman Sellers, of Philadelphia, estimates that each horse-power used in the running of machinery to be operated by men gives employment to two men. Therefore this much of the power of Niagara Falls would run mills and factories and shops which would have the capacity to employ 12,000,000 men. But we need not discuss such a possibility of development as this. That which will soon be done at Niagara is large enough for the present, though in comparison with what might be it seems insignificant indeed.

THE FIRST EFFORTS TO USE THE POWER.

The first account of any interest written of the falls was that of Father Hennepin, who visited them in 1682. He probably exaggerated what he saw and tried to describe. But his observations, together with what has since been learned, have enabled us to discover that the falls are wearing back. Careful surveys have now been made, and by the monuments erected it can be accurately measured from time to time how much wear is taking place upon the breast of the dam that forms this wonderful fall. Up to 1725, when the first rude saw-mill was erected at the falls, nothing was done to utilize this great natural power. And even after this first pioneer effort it was more than a hundred years before any considerable effort was made to reduce this mighty force to obedient and useful service. The locality was far in the backwoods, and although the pioneers thereabouts contemplated the probability of doing great things with the waters, they were unable to demonstrate its practicability. From 1846 to 1856 the question of doing something on an extensive scale at Niagara was continuously agitated, and at length, in the latter year, John Miller acquired from the heirs of Augustus Porter, who in 1804 had taken up the land adjacent to Niagara Falls, and the falls, too, so far as his government could let him, "a right for canalizing for hydraulic purposes." But nothing was actually done until the late Horace H. Day acquired the rights of John Miller, and constructed the present Hydraulic Canal in 1873. This canal has a capacity sufficiently large to furnish 6000 horse-power, and since it was first opened it has leased power to several large mills, which have been uniformly prosperous. The prosperity of this enterprise demonstrated that a very much larger undertaking could be made to pay, and works are now in process of completion which will have a capacity of 120,000 horse-power, and the pictures published in this number of the WEEKLY illustrate to a certain extent the work now under way.

BEGINNING OF PRESENT SCHEME.

When the State of New York and the Dominion of Canada determined to acquire the property immediately adjacent to the great falls, and convert the banks into a public park where visitors could go freely and unmolested by the "fakirs" and pirates who formerly exacted tribute from all who visited the cataract, Mr. Thomas Evershed was one of the engineers employed by the commission to make the surveys and advise what was best to be done so as to preserve the magnificent natural wonder from vandalism and utilitarian desecration. For more than forty years Mr. Evershed has been a hydraulic engineer in charge of public work in the lo-

cality, and he entered with enthusiasm upon the work of restoration and of preservation of the natural beauty of the river banks and islands. But he did not lose sight of the fact that much of the power of the falls could be utilized without in the least affecting their beauty or impressiveness. After a conference with Mr. Evershed, Captain Charles B. Gaskill, the oldest user of power on the Hydraulic Canal, together with several other local men and others who commanded large capital and influence, secured a special charter from the New York Legislature, and under the provisions of this charter was formed the Niagara Falls Power Company, which is now building the great work which is the subject of this article. The company was given the power to sell stock to the amount of \$10,000,000, and to construct, maintain, and operate tunnels, conduits, and sewers in, through, and under the town of Niagara and the village of Niagara Falls. These privileges were given with the provisions that none of the tunnels should infringe upon the State Reservation, and that the townspeople should have the right, under proper regulations, to drain their houses and streets into the tunnels of the company. The charter, as a whole, is liberal and comprehensive, and also gives the company the right to buy, sell, and lease lands, a most important consideration when it is borne in mind that the company proposes not only to lease power, but to furnish mill sites as well.

As is usual nowadays in America, the contract for doing pretty much all the actual work was given by the original company to a construction company—in this instance known as the Cataract Construction Company. Those interested in the construction company, a New Jersey corporation, are, I presume, pretty nearly identical with those who will operate the Power Company when the works shall have been finished. The first thing that was done was to acquire land on which the canal could be built, and for the location of mill sites. The first purchase was of two hundred acres, but this was found to be inadequate. By the time the company had got its finances in such shape that it could buy what was needed, there had been a most material advance in the value of lands all the way from Niagara to Buffalo; but the company was obliged to purchase even at these high figures, though the appreciation was entirely due to the efforts of the company to construct the works which were to give cheap, constant, and permanent water-power to manufacturers in the neighborhood. Last January title to more than twelve hundred additional acres was acquired, and these lands are marked out on the plan given below of the village, showing the river, the falls, the canal, and the tunnel.

THE CANAL AND TUNNEL.

As to the work itself, it was determined to build a large canal at the upper river level above the falls. This canal is 1200 feet long, 200 feet wide at the river, and narrows to 100 feet at its inland end. By means of pits in which turbine wheels will be placed, the power will be obtained, which will be transmitted to the various mills, and also to points as distant as it will be found to be economical to send it. For a long while men have been working night and day, and the progress has been gratifying and in accordance with the estimates of the engineers. The building of this canal was a matter of course, and there were no considerable engineering difficulties in the way. The same may be said of the immense tunnel which goes from the canal to the lower river, and serves as a tail-race to take off the water which has communicated its power to the turbines and needs an outlet. This tunnel is elliptical in shape and is 29 feet high and 18 feet wide. It is through solid rock, directly under the village of Niagara Falls, and empties into the river below the falls. This spot is most picturesque, as will be seen by the picture, and is quite easily reached by a foot-path over the rocks from the foot of the elevator stairs to the *Maid of the Mist* landing. The end of the tunnel is 214 feet below the top of the high bank of the river, and it ascends to the

point where the canal empties into it at a grade of 36 feet to the mile. The head of water thus obtained is 140 feet. Though the tunnel goes through the solid rock, it has been thought best by the engineers, so as to make assurance doubly sure, to line it with a casing of hard brick. When the work on this great tunnel was begun, two shafts were sunk to the proper level, and work begun on the headings in both directions from each shaft, and also from the end of the tunnel on the lower river. Thus five gangs of men have been kept at work, and the progress has been satisfactory. Without mishaps and unforeseen detentions the whole 7000 feet of tunnel will be finished by September of 1892, and the managers are so satisfied that the present progress will be maintained, that they have already entered into a contract to deliver 3000 horse-power to one corporation next autumn, and they are willing to make other similar contracts.

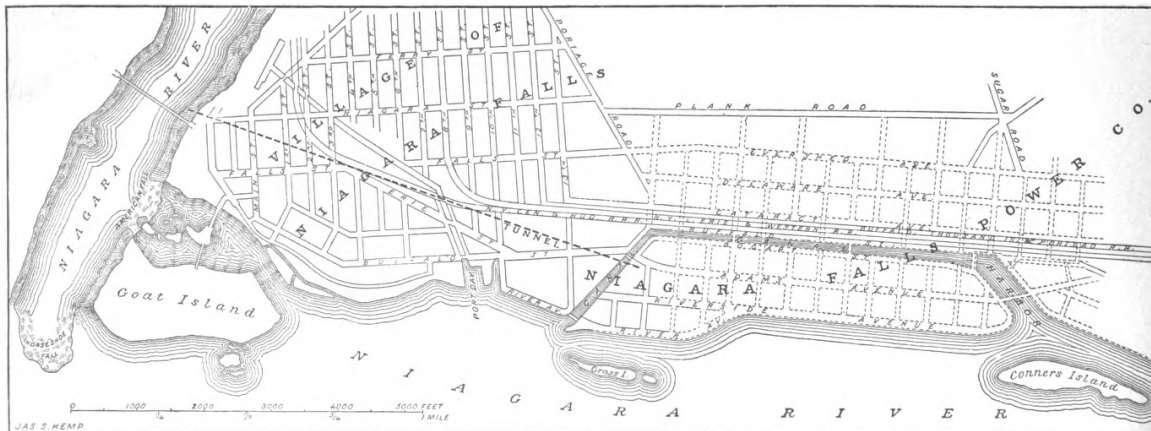
TRANSMISSION AND DISTRIBUTION OF POWER.

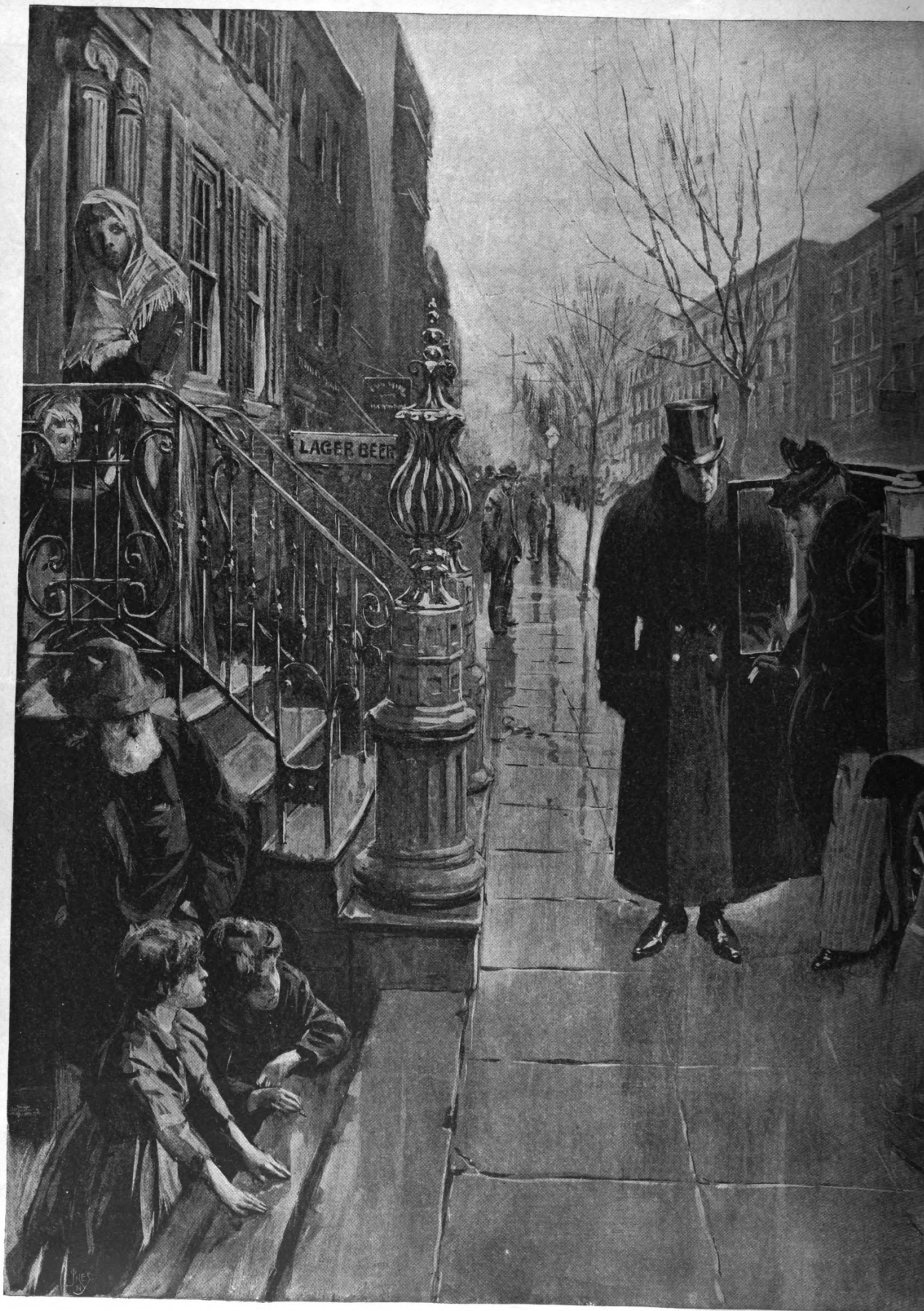
While, as has been said, the building of the canal and tunnel was a matter of course, which did not require great investigations to be determined upon, the other great question of how best to distribute and transmit the power was one which could not be hurriedly determined, and which even now has not been finally decided upon. Last year Mr. Edward D. Adams, of New York, the president of the construction company, visited Europe, and in his examinations in England, France, and Switzerland of the modes of transmitting power in those countries, became convinced that in America, in this branch of mechanics at least, our engineers had very much to learn. He determined to try and find which was the cheapest and best method known before any plan was adopted. He telegraphed to Dr. Coleman Sellers, and asked that distinguished engineer to meet him in London. Here is what Dr. Sellers has recently said before the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia of his meeting with Mr. Adams and the result. In preface to this it may be said that Dr. Sellers had been previously consulted by the company, and had examined and approved Mr. Evershed's plans, with some modifications. Said Dr. Sellers: "I met Mr. Adams in London in May, 1890, and found that he was more enthusiastic than ever in the scheme, but that he was impressed with the idea that as there is not land enough around Niagara to use the power proposed to be developed for the inhabitants, the operatives, and the mill sites, it would be advisable to make the market larger by transmitting the power to a greater distance. With Mr. Adams I visited some parts of Switzerland and Paris, in the latter city to see the plan or system that had been adopted by M. Popp, who, having introduced compressed air as a means of moving the works of the tower and other clocks of Paris, had begun to supply air to and work other small motors. The enterprise has increased to such an extent that eventually 120,000 feet of pipe had been laid through the streets of Paris, and more than 10,000 horse-power might be generated by compressed air at his stations, to be transmitted to drive engines from 45 or 50 to 200 horse-power, and down to the smallest dental machines that are used in any establishment, and also operate the cooling chambers where provisions are kept. In Birmingham, England, extensive works had been erected, and power was being successfully transmitted by compressed air. The main thing, however, was to find out what would be the best means of transmitting the power of Niagara Falls to Buffalo, etc., and to get at a knowledge of the exact state of the art of developing water-power as well as transmitting the power. For that purpose it was proposed to interest Sir William Thomson, and make him president of a commission to consider plans to be submitted by selected engineers."

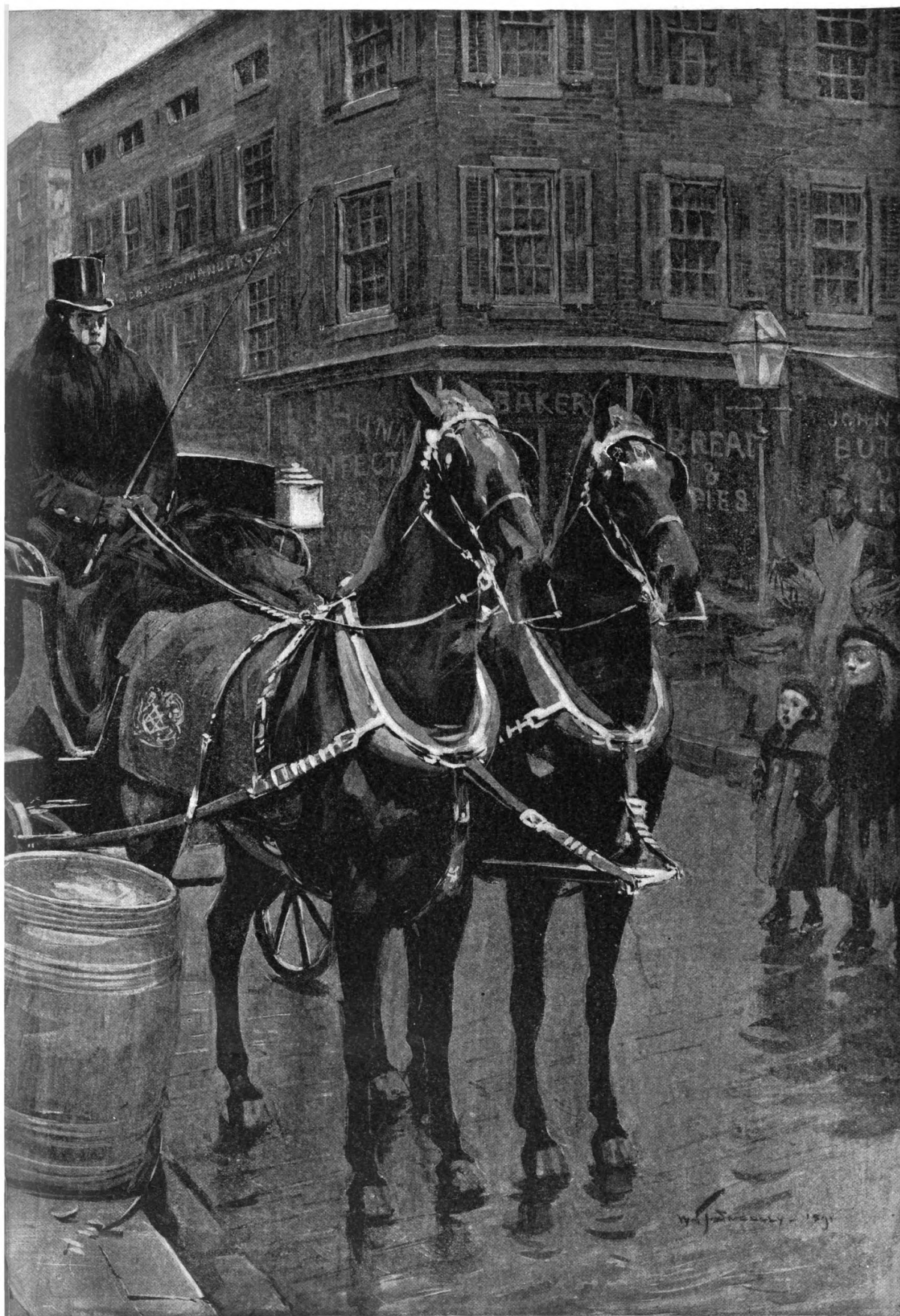
AN INTERNATIONAL COMMISSION.

For the purpose of paying the expenses of the commission, and also rewarding the engineers who should make plans for transmit-

(Continued on page 1047.)







W. T. SMEDLEY.—[SEE PAGE 1041.]

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PENN STATE

HARNESSING NIAGARA.

(Continued from page 1042.)

ting the power, twenty-five thousand dollars was appropriated by the company. But it was difficult even then to get men to act on the commission with Sir William Thomson and consider the subject. The majority of those who were noted for scientific pursuits were already retained by one or the other of the various electrical companies, or companies for the transmission of power, and it was not very easy to get any who were free and could act without bias in a commission of this character. Finally it was decided to select Colonel Theodore Turrettini, the Mayor of the city of Geneva, as the representative of Switzerland. Colonel Turrettini was noted as a hydraulic engineer, and had made the plans and supervised the erection of the improvements on the river Rhone at Geneva. Professor E. Mascart, of Paris, the head of the Meteorological Bureau of France, professor at the College of France, and member

Sautter, & Co., who acted in association. Several third prizes not contemplated at first, and of £200 each, were given as follows: Messrs. Hillairet & Bouvier, Paris; M. Victor Popp, of Paris, and Professor Reider, of Berlin; Messrs. Vigreux & Lévy, Paris; the Pelton Water-wheel Company, San Francisco; and the Norwalk Iron-works Company, of Norwalk, Connecticut.

SOMETHING OF THE GENEVA PLANS.

The two firms which received the second prize were acting in association, and produced two complete projects of similar character for the hydraulic utilization of 125,000 horse-power, and its distribution electrically both to Cataract City—the name of the new town springing up on the lands of the company—and to Buffalo. The general features of both projects are the adoption of Girard or impulse turbines, with complete admission and back vanes, permitting the use of suction pipes, so that the fall below the turbines is not wasted; a unit of power of 3500

volts between the conductors and earth is not too great to be safely contained. The machines can be adequately insulated by porcelain and oil, and the attendants can be protected by platforms insulated on porcelain, and provided with India-rubber carpets. But in the construction of a single potential, continuous-current dynamo machines and motors greater difficulties occur, and here they limit the difference of potential at the terminals to 5000 volts. They assume that for a rate of power exceeding 50 horse-power motors can be used with a current of 4500 volts; smaller motors they would limit to 500 volts. As to the next most important question—the greatest power of a single dynamo machine—they have adopted 1250 horse-power in one project, and 2500 horse-power in another.

It should be said that the project of these two distinguished firms of Geneva engineers was elaborated with great care. Their memoir was carefully rechecked. Prof. E. Mascart, in England, put together, will probably affect the depth of water passing over the falls about one inch, and no more. Hardly perceptible when you think of the great volume of water, but the slightest change of level loaded with timber has gone over the centre of the Horseshoe Falls seemingly without touching. Have you have become familiar with the strange little hole learned how to realize its immensity, you will not lose of volume of water by reason of this hole in the rock, large as it is in fact, that will be required to take away the water that has developed 120,000 horse-power."

FLOW OF WATER OVER THE FALLS.

As to the variation in the river level and the effect of this canal in the flow of water over the falls, Dr. Sellers has said:

"Niagara offers a wonderful opportunity for a water-power of a stable character, more stable than any river that has been heretofore utilized. The difference of river level from time to time is slight; there is little more than three feet variation at the most in the river above the falls. Whatever change takes place in the upper river to the extent of a foot means a change of five feet in the lower river, because there the channel is so much narrower and deeper that this vast width of about 6000 feet above the falls is forced into a narrow gorge only a few hundred feet wide. It is not known exactly how much water there is going over Niagara Falls. There has been a great many guesses, and some computations that are more or less accurate, but they differ so much that doubt is expressed in regard to all of them.

"The most careful examination goes to show that the amount of water taken by the Niagara Power Company, if they find people who can use 120,000 horse-power, which means a great many Lowells and Holyokes or a great many of the water-turbines of England put together, will probably affect the depth of water passing over the falls about one inch, and no more. Hardly perceptible when you think of the great volume of water, but the slightest change of level loaded with timber has gone over the centre of the Horseshoe Falls seemingly without touching. Have you have become familiar with the strange little hole learned how to realize its immensity, you will not lose of volume of water by reason of this hole in the rock, large as it is in fact, that will be required to take away the water that has developed 120,000 horse-power."

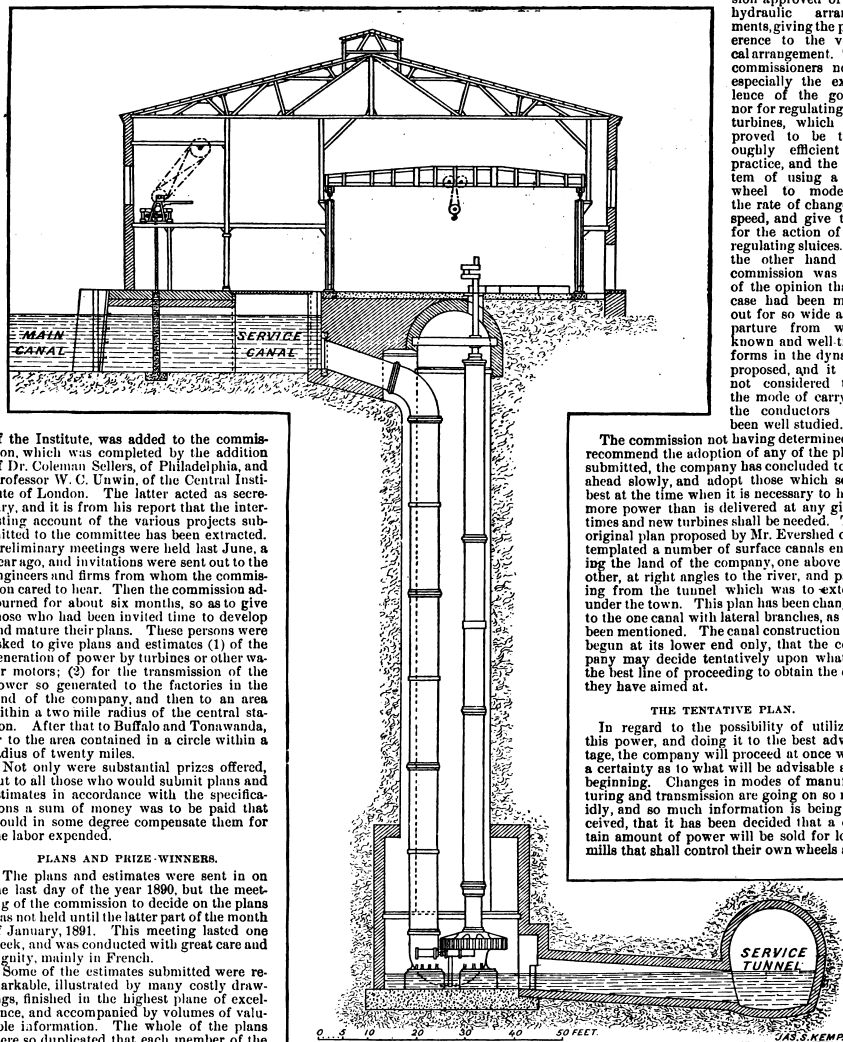
COMPRESSED AIR.

The two powers of 5000 horse each to be first generated will enable the company to fill the immediate demands upon it, and at the same time test the two methods and discover which is the cheaper. The best engineers are inclined to believe that electricity is the most perfect and economical method of transmitting power, but so long as people are not ready to set aside their steam-engines and at once substitute electric motors for them a company dealing in power will have to count with this indisposition to sacrifice the old plant. Manufacturers will take air that will be given to them in place of steam when they find that a handful of coal will very much increase the power of that air at their works, and enable air motors to be used close to the machines to be driven. Dr. Sellers tells of this use he saw of compressed air in Birmingham:

"I was in one establishment at Birmingham where there were many horses united together that had been added one after another to form an establishment for making bedsteads. Formerly power was transmitted to each by shafting from a central engine. A very wasteful process—but when compressed air was put into Birmingham by Mr. Sturgeon and Professor Lippin, this bedstead factory took this compressed air from the station, passed it through a coil boiler over an ordinary fire made of coke that was cheaper than the fire tended by a boy. The air passing through this boiler is carried to engines, and the engines run without any attention whatever. The engines are warm—the air is exhausted at a temperature a little point, the pressure of air is at most only one or two pounds above that of the outside air, and does not become freezing-seventy points, and they have something to work steam-engines. Cylinders are driven by a jet to drive pressure air in a jet blast; so are blacksmith forges in the same way, and so on all the different parts of the establishment; everything is done by compressed air, and with absolute satisfaction."

ULTIMATE PROSPECTS.

It is quite likely that the first large contract the company will take for the delivery of power at a distance from its central station will be to light the city of Buffalo. This will require 3000 horse-power. The present value of a horse-power generated from steam in Buffalo is \$35 per annum. The company is now willing to contract to furnish on its grounds at Niagara Falls horse-power per annum of twenty-four-hour days at these rates: For 5000 horse-power, \$10 per horse-power; for 4500, \$10.50; for 4000, \$11; and so on down to 300 horse-power, for which there will be charged \$21 per horse-power per annum. If there be not a very great loss of power in the transmission to Buffalo, it seems very likely that the company will have no difficulty in underbidding any concern now using steam as the motive power for the electric lights, as the loss by transmission is considerably less than twenty per cent. About the use of water-power of the great falls in Buffalo within a year or so there can be no doubt. When it shall be brought to New York is another matter, but about that there are not so many elements of improbability as to excite men to scoff. For power has already been transmitted electrically a great distance, and that too with reasonable economy. At the recently held electrical exposition at Frankfurt-on-the-Main, power to operate some of the machinery was transmitted by electricity from Lauffen-on-the-Neckar, a distance of 108 miles. At Lauffen there was a waterfall from which a turbine was operated, and a dynamo on the shaft of the turbine generated the current which was transmitted to Frankfurt over a wire of an inch in diameter. It was found here that the loss in transmission was only twenty-five per cent. Therefore it is likely that the power can be transmitted four times the distance without a loss so great as to make the scheme impracticable. When it does reach the great city, and by the water which leaves its natural channel for a brief space in the Niagara River, our streets lighted, our factories run, the machine of the steamship kept in motion, and the very drill the dentist uses to bore our teeth impelled by it, then we shall more than ever feel that around the earth has been placed a girdle, a living belt that throbs and pulsates at the bidding of science, an encircling band rich in the potentialities of mighty but well-regulated movement.



of the Institute, was added to the commission, which was completed by the addition of Dr. Coleman Sellers, of Philadelphia, and Professor W. C. Unwin, of the Central Institute of London. The latter acted as secretary, and it is from his report that the interesting account of the various projects submitted to the committee has been extracted. Preliminary meetings were held last June, a year ago, and invitations were sent out to the engineers and firms from whom the commission cared to hear. Then the commission adjourned for about six months, so as to give those who had been invited time to develop and mature their plans. These persons were asked to give plans and estimates (1) of the generation of power by turbines or other water motors; (2) for the transmission of the power so generated to the factories in the land of the company, and then to an area within a two mile radius of the central station. After that to Buffalo and Tonawanda, or to the area contained in a circle within a radius of twenty miles.

Not only were substantial prizes offered, but to all those who would submit plans and estimates in accordance with the specifications a sum of money was to be paid that would in some degree compensate them for the labor expended.

PLANS AND PRIZE-WINNERS.

The plans and estimates were sent in on the last day of the year 1890, but the meeting of the commission to decide on the plans was not held until the latter part of the month of January, 1891. This meeting lasted one week, and was conducted with great care and dignity, mainly in French.

Some of the estimates submitted were remarkable, illustrated by many costly drawings, finished in the highest plane of excellence, and accompanied by volumes of valuable information. The whole of the plans were so duplicated that each member of the commission became possessed of a set of the drawings, specifications, and estimates, as also of the written explanations that accompanied them.

All these schemes were based upon the work that the company had already done, some account of which has already been given. Many of the plans were for distribution and transmission of power by electricity, and some for the use of compressed air. The commission fully felt the importance and value of the compressed air transmission, for the reason that it could be used wherever steam had been used without any duplication of plant, whereas with electricity in most instances new motors would be needed. No plans were received of the old method of transmitting power by cables or shafts. Both methods would be out of the question. The first prize of £600 for a combined project for hydraulic development and distribution of power was not awarded, the commissioners evidently feeling that they could not recommend any of the plans in their entirety. The second prize of £500 was divided between two firms of Geneva, Switzerland—Messrs. Fuesch & Piccard, and Messrs. Cuénod,

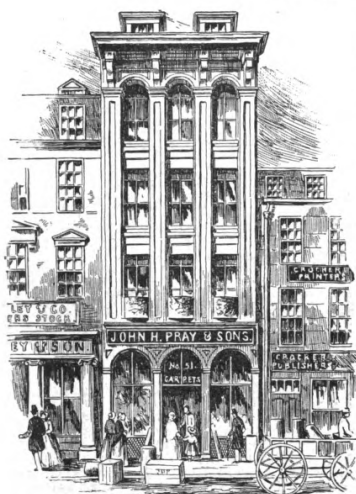
horses for each turbine, as the maximum size which it is practically prudent to construct, and as capable of convenient arrangement to give the speed of rotation most suitable for the dynamos; in the electrical distribution, the adoption of continuous currents at constant potential, on the ground that that method has proved in practice safe, easy, and simple. The method of continuous currents is preferred as being simpler, exacting less apparatus, and permitting the attainment of a high efficiency. The method of constant potential is preferred to constant current, because in the latter plan the intensity of current would be too great for one circuit, and several circuits would involve complications.

In the consideration of the problem of electrical distribution the most fundamental question is the maximum difference of potential which is practically permissible, because the higher the potential the less in general will be the cost of distribution. With regard to this, these Geneva engineers have assumed that a difference of potential of 10,000

deliver water into the tunnel. This is to satisfy those people who wish to conduct their own manufacturing establishments in the old-fashioned manner.

There will be a central station first for the generation of about 5000 horse-power by compressed air, another one of 5000 horse-power by electricity, with the possible extension of either one of these to the amount of 100,000 horse-power, added in units of 2500 to 5000 horse-power to either, one by one, in whichever direction proves the most profitable and is called for by the manufacturers. The company is anxious to do this work cautiously, economically, and thoroughly, so as to avoid mistakes. With this intent the matter has been placed in the hands of a Board of Engineers, of which Dr. Coleman Sellers is chairman; Colonel Turrettini, foreign consulting engineer; Mr. John Bogart, State Engineer of New York, consulting engineer; Mr. Clemens Herschel, the hydraulic engineer of the company; and Mr. Albert H. Porter and Mr. George B. Burbank, resident engineers at Niagara Falls.

A SOLID OLD BOSTON HOUSE.



STORE OF MESSRS. JOHN H. PRAY & SONS IN 1854.
(REPRODUCED FROM "BALLOU'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.")

characteristic of all sound and healthy growth. The sale of cloths was abandoned many years since, and the "side issue" of seventy-four years ago has now come to be the principal business of a firm whose books bear the names of the children, the grandchildren, and even the great-grandchildren of some of its original customers—names known and honored in city, state, and nation.

Three quarters of a century ago there was no such thing as a carpet factory in this country. The bulk of the floor coverings in use were of the home-made variety, composed of remnants of cast-off clothing, gaily trimmed with strips of red or yellow flannel. They were more rugs than carpets. The rich imported their carpets, and these came chiefly from England or from France, with here and there a highly prized specimen of the work of Oriental looms—happily brought home among the treasures of far-off lands stowed snugly in the hold of a stanch East-Indiaman, owned by one of the early merchant princes of Boston or Salem.

It would require a good-sized volume to properly detail the successive steps by which the carpet industry of this country has developed to its present vast proportions; but it may be said that the firm to which allusion is now made has not only kept abreast of all its onward movements, but that it has even aided, to no inconsiderable extent, by the influence of its sagacity and its enterprise, in stimulating the growth of one of the most important and prosperous branches of business within our national borders.

As the years have passed they have seen the firm successively outgrow one store after another, changing its location gradually southward along Washington Street from the first little shop near Cornhill—and, to adapt Goldsmith to the occasion, dragging at each "remove" a lengthening chain (of customers). In December, 1854, the firm of John H. Pray & Sons (such was its style then) was to be found at No. 51 Washington Street. A subsequent issue of *Ballou's Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion* devoted some space to describing this building, accompanying it with an engraving.

The *Companion* itself, by the way, is deserving of a word or two just here. It was one of the earliest of illustrated weeklies, and was of a high standard in all respects. The copy not before the writer bears the name of Maturin M. Ballou as editor and proprietor, and that of Francis A. Durivage as assistant editor. Its circulation was placed at over 100,000 copies—enormous for those times—and in appearance and literary tone it was not much behind so excellent a publication as the *HARPER'S WEEKLY* of our own day and generation.

The *Companion*, however, was suspended long ago, while the firm of which its editor good-naturedly wrote some pleasant words is not only in existence, but has attained a standing in the commercial world undreamed of then. The *Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion*—really, what is there in a name?—spoke of No. 51 Washington Street as "a modern structure," and alluded to it as a "striking illustration of the progress of the age" in respect to the construction and fitting up of commercial buildings. "Half a century ago," says the *Companion*, "many of the shops and stores in Washington Street had no warming apparatus; and it was only because the preceding generation was harder than ours that customers did not actually get frost-bitten while making their purchases." Elsewhere in the *Companion* article is the following:

"When we reflect that but a few hundred years ago the palaces of the kings of England were strewn with rushes, or, 'like the worst inn's worst room,' besprinkled with sand, we realize, in looking around on the splendid Axminster and Wilton carpetings, the thick, elastic Brussels, the serviceable Kidderminster, the oil-cloth, and other manufactures of carpeting, both domestic and imported, and destined not only for the rich man's residence, but the poor man's dwelling, we realize, we say, the immense advance which the arts of civilization have made. The humble laborer of to-day has more actual comforts than the crowned head three centuries ago. It is a source of pride, also, to an American, in visiting this establishment, to see how closely our manufactures, yet in their infancy, approach those of other countries, with the accumulated wealth and the experience of centuries to back them."

The Boston of 1817 presented an appearance far different from that of the Boston of to-day. Its population was only about 40,000. It was not yet a city. Oil lamps feebly glimmered in the streets at night, and hand engines raced with one another to the occasional fires. Houses were not numbered, and streets bore no signs for the wayfarer's guidance. The Beacon Street mall of the Common was but just laid out, and the Public Garden, like Bunker Hill Monument, was a thing of the dim future. Of course there were no street railroads or steam cars, and as for telegraphs, telephones, and electric lights—

Yet an event of some consequence happened in 1817. It was in that year that Mr. John H. Pray—who, as we now look back upon him, is seen to have been a typical merchant of the old school—added to his modest business as a dealer in cloths a department for the sale of carpets. Young, energetic, and active, of pleasing appearance and agreeable manners, his cheerful bearing towards customers, and his honorable treatment of them, soon secured him a valuable patronage, and his trade rapidly increased. It was from this small beginning that the present great firm of John H. Pray, Sons & Co. has risen, with that slow but steady progress which is the invariable

progress of a growing business, and Messrs. John H. Pray, Sons & Co. are now to be found in a new establishment, owned by them, and given up entirely to their use, at Nos. 646 to 658 Washington Street. It will be observed that this location is another step southward, and it is significant as showing the trend of retail business in Boston away from those portions of the city which half a century or more ago were thought to be most central, and therefore most advantageous.

The great fire of 1872 found the firm opposite the old Marlboro Hotel, where it had been for a dozen years or so. Building and contents yielded to the terrible onslaught of flame, and when once more the familiar sign was displayed to Bostonians it hung above a large block bounded by four streets, with its main entrance numbered 558 and 560 Washington Street.

The firm's quarters there, however, though very extensive, once more proved inadequate to satisfy the demands of a growing business, and Messrs. John H. Pray, Sons & Co. are now to be found in a new establishment, owned by them, and given up entirely to their use, at Nos. 646 to 658 Washington Street. It will be observed that this location is another step southward, and it is significant as showing the trend of retail business in Boston away from those portions of the city which half a century or more ago were thought to be most central, and therefore most advantageous.

The new store is on historic ground. Near its site once stood the famous "Liberty Tree," while on the opposite side of the street was to be seen, for many years, the old Boylston Market, long a familiar Boston landmark. The building is six stories high above the basement, and stands upon a lot of land containing 24,000 square feet. The total cost of the edifice and its site is \$750,000. The structure, it is hardly necessary to state, is fitted with every modern convenience for the transaction of the firm's business and the comfort of its occupants. There are four elevators, two of which are for freight purposes solely, and in the spacious basement is a powerful electric-lighting plant. There is also an automatic fire-alarm system, covering the entire building, in connection with which is a self-acting sprinkling apparatus which is considered sufficient to hold in check, if not to extinguish, any incipient blaze.

It was early the policy of the firm to



JOHN H. PRAY,
FOUNDER OF THE FIRM.

identify itself with such standard makes of goods as those of the Lowell, the Roxbury, and the Bigelow companies, and it is probably not too much to say that a part of the success of those corporations is due to the push and enterprise always characteristic of the Pray establishment—albeit the latter freely recognizes the advantage to it of acting as the leading distributor of the excellent products of those mills.

Some five years ago an extensive upholstery department was added to the firm's carpet business, and it has proved a highly successful enterprise. A specialty is made of the complete fitting up of hotels in all respects, the firm having exceptionally favorable opportunities to carry out such contracts through its ownership of the old-established house-furnishing business conducted under the name of H. R. Plimpton & Co., at No. 1077 Washington Street. A wholesale branch, chiefly for the convenience of the Southern and Western carpet trade, has, for several years, been located at No. 113 Worth Street, New York.

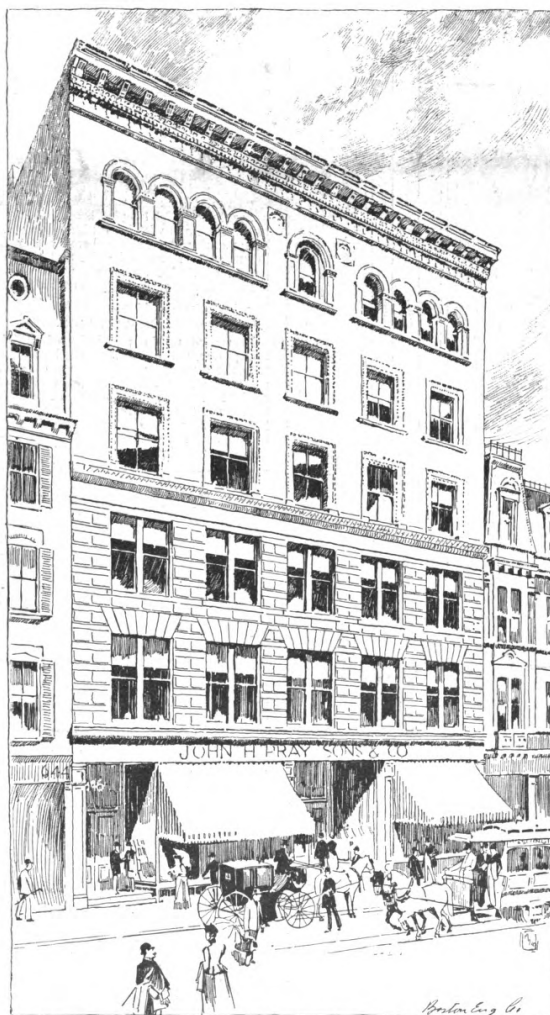
The firm's commercial status is well indicated by two significant facts: first, its rating in "Bradstreet's" is the highest known to that standard publication, being indicated by the cabalistic letters, well known to merchants, "G-a-a"; second, the statistics of the Boston Custom-House show that its consignments of rugs, carpets, and matings exceed those of all other importers combined.

In accordance with the custom of many old-established and conservative firms, the son and the grandson of the founder have been successively taken into the business. Mr. John H. Pray died in 1864. His son, the present senior partner, Mr. John A. Pray, is 67 years of age, and resides in Boston. He is possessed of ample means, and is largely interested in various outside enterprises of a non-speculative character. He is president of the South End National Bank, a large owner in the Union Carpet-Lining Company, a trustee of the Penny Savings Bank, and a director in the Newton Street Railroad Company, and in several other corporations. His duties in connection with his various private interests are so pressing that the active management of the firm's great business devolves upon the two younger partners, Messrs. J. C. Randall and I. W. Chick; and if any one asks for their monument, he has only to visit the new establishment and "look around him."

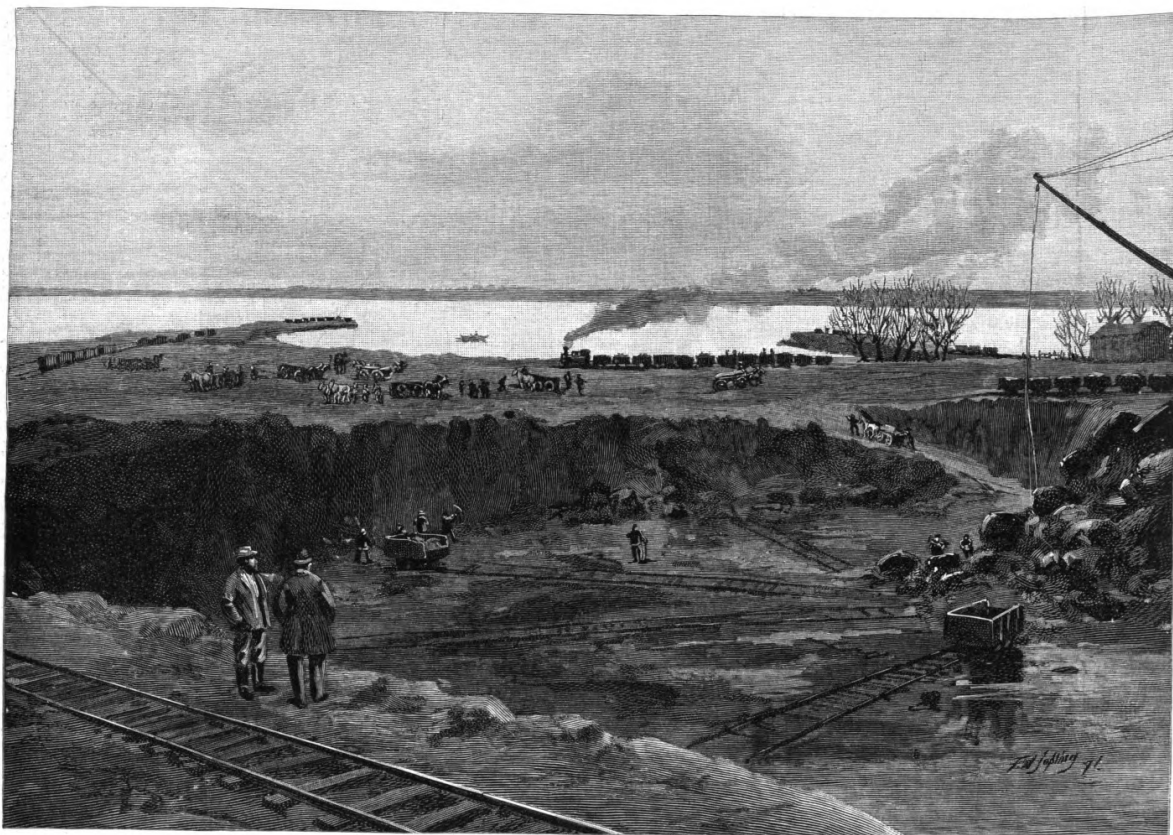
A striking characteristic of the firm is the large number of old employees to be found in its service. Many of its salesmen have been with the house for over twenty years, while several have more than thirty years to their credit. The head book-keeper is to be counted in this latter category, while one man—practically a pensioner now—has done faithful duty for thirty-six years.

A member of the firm who was recently asked to state the reasons, in his opinion, for its notable growth and prosperity, phrased his answer thus: "Entire reliability in goods; absolute accuracy in statements to purchasers; uniform courtesy in dealing with all customers; careful study of our business in a large way; printer's ink."

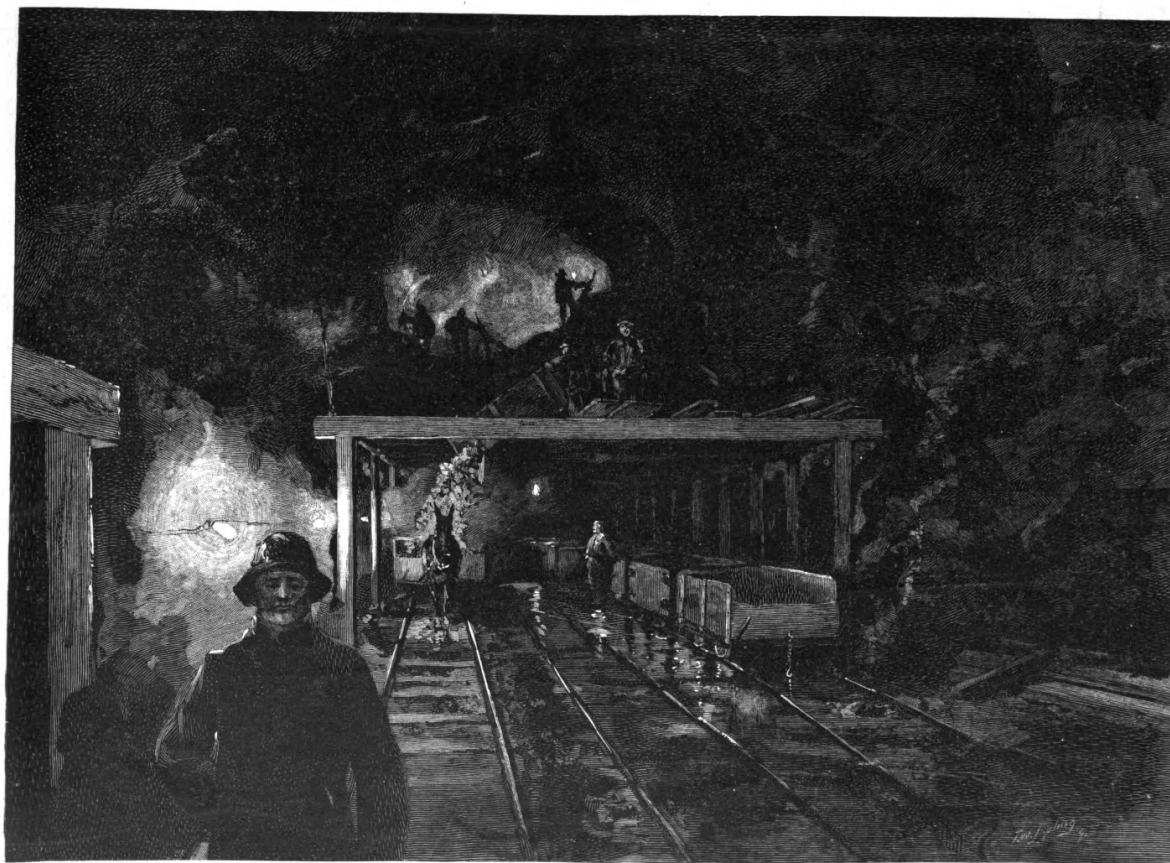
Surely that way should indeed lie success!



NEW STORE OF MESSRS. JOHN H. PRAY, SONS & CO., 646 TO 658 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.



DIGGING THE CANAL



INTERIOR OF TUNNEL IN DAYTIME (7300 FEET FROM THE RIVER).

HARNESSING NIAGARA.—DRAWN BY F. W. JOPLING.—[SEE PAGE 1042.]

A WARNING.

He formed a certain plan to make him great,
Which rigidly he followed all his days;
And when he breathed his last—a common
fate—
He, dying, got a mighty lot of praise.

A decade subsequent to this his name
By all mankind was totally forgot.
His spirit, reading over the scroll of Fame,
Wept sure to find that there his name was
not.

And now he sits dejected on a cloud,
In dark oblivion, and constant grieves
To find himself one of the common crowd,
And deep sad sighs his spirit bosom heaves.

"I might have known that immortality
Can be achieved by scheming," so he wails,
"No more than robins can be caught—ah me!—
By putting salt upon their little tails."

And when I heard him make this sage remark,
It seemed to me—who still am but a youth—
In its veracity 'twas truly stark;
In other words, a bit of naked truth.

And I resolved upon that very day
That scheming for the laurel is best.
I'll press whatever buttons come my way,
And let relentless Fate do all the rest.

JOHN KENDRICK BANKS.

A RECORD OF MONKEY TALK.

BY BARNET PHILLIPS.

WHEN I was a child, seated on my great-grandmother's knee, she told me of the Hessians that she had seen marching through Philadelphia streets, and also of a monkey that she once saw in Surinam, whose business it was to carry pails of water on its head to an exacting Dutch housewife. My patriotism might have been latent as far as the Hessians were concerned, but my curiosity in regard to monkeys probably dated from that early age. My mind, it may be said, has always been in a *tabula rasa* condition, prepared to accept at least this much, that monkeys were not to do things "out of the way," but in the way of humanity. When, upon what I believe to be the most unimpeachable authority, I am told that Sally, the chimpanzee of the London Zoo, when she held ten straws in her hand, and you asked her for seven, would take away three, and unhesitatingly give you the remainder, after the first mental stagger I accept Sally as the developer of simian arithmetical faculties. I have lingered for a long time over a certain page in one of Miss Birkin's books of travel, where she tells of dining in company with an ape or two somewhere in Malacca, and how the creatures behaved with singular decorum, with just as much propriety as well-bred children. The fact of the tempering of the strongest of animal instincts—that ravening greed for food common to brutes, and particularly to monkeys—made a strong impression on me. I was not, then, completely bowled over when Mr. F. S. Church, the artist, telegraphed me about as follows: "Come to the Zoo, and attend *conversations* between Mr. Garner and monkeys."

Curiosity was naturally awakened to understand first by what processes of reasoning Mr. Garner had been led to the strange study of the existence of a series of distinguishable sounds peculiar to monkeys, by means of which they could communicate with their kind. The comic side of the situation, which always must assert itself, became secondary to the scientific part of it.

Evidently no one could undertake to handle such a subject without being an enthusiast, but there would be a wide distinction between the man contented to plod and another who, seeing much in the future, would be carried away, as it were, on the wings of his subject, floating into the realms of the unknown and unattainable.

If only on the threshold of finding out what might be the first articulate sounds uttered by apes, Mr. Garner's efforts are deserving of the highest praise. This was the question distinctly asked by Darwin: "From whence comes man, if not from the anthropoid apes?" To prove it, Darwin took what was the more tangible proof—the physical conditions. Here is a man from Virginia, some forty-four years old, who with infinite pains and patience is working backwards in another direction, one never before attempted. In archeology a splinter of flint represents the first tool primitive man may have used. Farther back than man, Mr. Garner is looking for the first understood syllable.

The many arguments, the *pros* and *cons*, in regard to the possibilities of a monkey vernacular, etc., will be forthcoming before long, but need not be presented here. If we accept the Darwinian theory, and should Mr. Garner's life work be accomplished, the advocates of evolution will have found a new and strong argument in their favor. Mr. Garner claims no priority of discovery as to the fact that animals use certain sounds for expressing certain emotions, for Darwin wrote,

"Quadrupeds use their voices for various purposes, as a signal of danger, as a call from one member of a troop to another, or from the mother to her lost offspring, or from the latter for protection to their mother." Taking monkeys as a study, any comparative

anatomist will tell you that the throat of the simian shows by laryngeal adaptation capabilities for sound vibrations, and even for singing. The gibbon may not be a vocalist adapted to Wagnerian requirements, but he warbles in his way, much to the disgust of men of sensitive ears who have followed him in the tropical jungle. Evidently the instruments are there, about as well keyed in monkeys as in birds, and nature never made any apparatus which was not to be utilized, otherwise in time atrophy must come.

Mr. Garner's approaches have been slowly made, and his self-preparation long. The man who proposes to untangle monkey chatter tells me of his hard work for years as a village school-master, where he paid most attention to the study of phonetics. He had been somewhat of an artist, and worked long with those undecipherable Mexican and South American hieroglyphics in the National Museum, endeavoring to interpret them. Trusting that certain profiles made by the aboriginal South American sculptors would give us the secrets of the glyphs, he delved deep into the study of human expression. Early in life, having been bred on a stock farm, he conceived the childish idea that horses had a language, and as a boy, though he had never read Dean Swift, he conceived the possibility of a Houyhnhnms dialect. Many distinct and apparently diverging studies all focussed, however, on this one point—the possibilities of formulating something intelligible to us from the talk of monkeys. Had they language? His mission was to understand it.

Some ten years ago, in the Cincinnati Zoological Garden, Mr. Garner sat studying a cage containing a mandrill and numerous smaller monkeys. The mandrill, the big baboon with the upholstered face, the most disagreeable creature of his kind, was the bully and torment of the smaller monkeys. The cage had a partition with an opening through which the smaller monkeys could escape, and a box into which they could retire. Tired of bothering the little monkeys, every now and then the mandrill would be quiet. Then a little monkey would peep out, give a certain cry, as much as to say, "The big brute is asleep now, come along, you fellows," and out would troop the small ones. The instant the mandrill began to annoy one of them, another and a different cry would be heard, and away would scamper the whole party out of his reach. But that was not all. There came suppressed cries from the hidden chamber, where the monkeys were huddled, and then no one budged.

"I sat hours by that cage," said Mr. Garner, "reveling that scene in my mind. The fright of the monkeys, their signaling, the difference of the vocal sounds. I was lost in a daze of thought. I never knew how long I sat there. That was years ago, and from that hour and day began this particular study."

The effort made first by Mr. Garner was to produce by our alphabet the sounds which monkeys uttered. The difficulties were immense. The subjects themselves were not ready at hand. The toil was constant. He visited all zoological collections, and, as he expressed himself, "I am on speaking acquaintance with every monkey in the United States." Superintendents of Zoological gardens or keepers were not always courteous. For instance, "I was to hear your monkeys talk," was sure to be met with a rebuff. Evidently the supposition was entertained that it was not safe to permit a man bent on such an errand in too close proximity with monkeys.

Desirous of familiarizing himself with monkey speech, Mr. Garner tried to form with letters some of the simian sounds, and made by the monkey, "There is one sound, 'egck,' with a Polish terminal, which no letters will define. I have certainly repeated 'egck' five hundred times consecutively, with varying inflections, so as to get it right. Then there is an o— or a dominant sound monkeys make of ô ô preceded by a wh— something like in 'who'. Now the Saxon made a distinct w, not a vanishing w as we do. Make it wh-u-w, as an equivalent to a monkey 'oo,'" said Mr. Garner.

"It was terrible work to fix these sounds when I began. Results were often barely appreciable, even to a trained ear. The monkeys were not always inclined to give utterance to any sound. The most promising subject regarded me as a stranger and would sulk. Monkeys, unless they know you, are not loquacious. I have at least one talent—unlimited patience. At last came the Edison phonograph. I was being shipwrecked when this wonderful machine saved me. I spent a sleepless night when the possibilities of such a recording instrument were first mooted. I made use of it at once. It simplified matters. What I do now is to receive the sounds monkeys make on a cylinder. I may use a dozen cylinders and only get one worthy of preservation, but when I do get that one I take a day or a week not wasted. Having a good cylinder record, I take it to my study. Then at night, when all is still and quiet, I listen to its sounds. It may have the same cylinder turn for me for hours in a stretch. I cannot always isolate one monkey. I have many sounds imparted to the same cylinder. I analyze them all. Having such a collection of monkey talk, I have been able to classify it. At once I must say that too much is not to be expected of a monkey. I

am not to create what does not exist. The gamut a monkey has is limited. The expressions he uses are indicative of his wants or his emotions, are but few. He has no ideas on the tariff, silver, or civil service. What I believe he says may be equivalent to these expressions: 'I am hungry,' 'I am thirsty,' 'Watch out, now,' 'I am frightened,' 'I would tear you to pieces if I could.'

These are not phrased, of course. Man was highly developed when he first uttered, together with a single sound expressing something sufficient a monkey. He may intensify his different calls according to varying conditions. He may be comparative or superlative with his 'egck,' or his 'w-h-o-o-w.' Now I insist that by your ear, as imparted by means of the phonograph, you will hear that monkeys in St. Louis or in New York are the same species as the monkeys who had things over and over again when they are hungry, thirsty, or afraid. That much, at least, lays something like a positive foundation for future study. Who shall say to me that the mental development of all monkeys is the same? Have I exhausted monkey individuality? Take the common, ordinary monkey, the Rhesus monkey, the baboon. They may be the Bushmen of their race. Why should I not find in the chimpanzee the Aryan, the highest development? What is to prevent educated simians, as were the late lamented Sally and Crowley, from having more distinct or enlarged or complicated qualities of speech expressive of new wants? May I not expect from long groping in the dark to come on to a more luminous condition? That is where I shall try to get to."

Mr. Garner's manner in saying this much was cool and quiet. There was not the hardness of the man who sought what was an abstraction; there was neither dogmatism nor asseveration. The basis of scientific research was present. He had, he believed, found the clue, and he would follow it to the very end.

The time for the experiment at the New York Zoological Department at Central Park was early in the morning. Acting on the general broad principle that a bird who will not sing must be made to sing, hungry monkeys, impatient for breakfast, were the most likely to say something in Garnerian equivalent to "Hurry up them cakes." Mr. Garner, Mr. F. S. Church, Mr. Conklin, and the writer were assembled in the monkey-house. Mr. Garner's back was toward the largest monkey cage, and he held in his hand a ruddy apple and a knife. "You will notice that some one of these Rhesus monkeys will certainly try and signal me," said Mr. Garner. "Some one will utter his distinct cry for food later on, but it will be preceded by something else."

We all listened. Then there was heard a series of sharp taps on the floor of the cage. A monkey was rapping. He seemed to do it in three taps with his little clinched fore paws. "That is the signal," said Mr. Garner. "They did not all of them ask for apple, for there is only one very greedy monkey, who was the most importunate, and he kept to the front and tried to bully the others. Sometimes three or four would cry; then they would cease, and the tapping at the floor would begin again. At last the apple, cut in small bits, was given to the monkeys, and the call for food was content. One lateral apple was given, and many was hardly a snack, but the monkeys' appetites were whetted. Now the phonograph was brought into play."

The monkeys did not seem to mind the apparatus. It was apple they were after. Perhaps if less keen set, the brass funnel with its open mouth might have frightened them. More lateral apples were given, and their replies, directly over the big recipient of the phonograph, were recorded on the revolving cylinder.

It was a Barmecidian feast, but satisfactory, at least to Mr. Garner, for a cylinder was obtained. Next in order was the recording of the monkey sound for thirst. Jake, the keeper, poured out milk into the pan in a signifying manner. The twitter the monkeys made was a less positive sound than when the apple was visible. The whole company had, however, either recognized the milkman or his tin can, or had smelt the milk. The poor little chaps rushed to the pan, where there was barely enough for one, and now a clatter of monkeys, like Oliver, cried for "more." At once the phonograph was put in position, and a second page in the simian vocabulary was set up in sounding type. The final chapter was a copy in shorthand of monkeys in a tip-top rage. A few passes made by the keeper sent the whole cage into an ecstasy of passion. The creatures screeched, raved, scolded, and their bad temper seemed infectious, for distant monkeys participated in the row, and bounced about, and were in paroxysms of anger. The revolving cylinder took in all the clamor in an untroubled manner.

Presently all was quiet. "At least in studying the monkey I have discovered this," said Mr. Garner: "he is a prey to transient emotions. With most of them anger lasts but a moment. The monkey will pass from his feeling to another with the utmost rapidity. Fixity of purpose is somewhat wanting. You will notice that we are all his good friends just now. They might be mad with me one moment, and friendly with you the next, and change just as suddenly. But this they seem to want in their captivity—somebody who would be good to them, to

protect them. They have what might be designated as receptivity for kindness, but do not in their brains know how to return it—that is to say, among the lower grades of simians."

After the apparatus and cylinders had been removed and carried to Mr. Conklin's office, and we were getting better informed, an Italian entered who was in want of a monkey for the organ-grinding business. He was short, squat, chunky, and had the perfect padrone make-up. His English was the accepted lingo of the comic Italian. At once, for his special benefit, a particular cylinder was put in the machine, and across the room by means of the funnel came the sounds. The Italian's beady eyes sparkled; his big mouth, his square white teeth, were disclosed. He looked amazed, and simply said, "Monk-he mad." It was the cylinder which had recorded monkeys on the rampage. On all the cylinders Mr. Garner first dictates the date and the character of the experiment. Thus on this particular one there was: "New York, Dec. 16, 1891. Central Park collection. Cage of Rhesus, capucine monkeys. Cries of temper."

The day before, as Mr. Conklin and Mr. Church told me, a pretty experiment had been made. The hunger cry of the monkeys, the regular denizens of Central Park, had been taken. A batch of brand-new monkeys had been bought some days before, and they had not been put in the regular monkey quarters, but in another room. The cylinders were turned before the new-comers with the hunger cry, and at once all the strangers understood it, and began to beg in their turn, making all the sounds and gestures of famine.

The common school of monkeys in the United States Mr. Garner has exhausted. How does he propose to sit down as a humble student at the feet of the more distinguished of the simian race, and familiarize himself with their "use utterances"? What academic grove will give shelter to this new disciple? To change metaphors, Mr. Garner proposes taking the bull by the horns. He is going to track the gorilla to his lair, to follow the chimpanzee to his native fastness. It is in Africa, the Gaboon River, the stamping-ground of Du Chavall, where Mr. Garner is to begin his graver work. His preparations are being made. At present such time as he has at his disposal he is devoting to the study and perfecting of his equipments. He has had built a cage seven feet square, made of light steel bars, in which he is prepared to ensconce himself, and there await developments. His idea is to lure (if he can) a gorilla in the proximity of a phonograph, and to get him, without his knowing it, to talk into the funnel. The chimpanzee is to be baited to soliloquy.

"It will take a passionate patience to do all I propose doing," said Mr. Garner. "I shall stay so long in the haunts of the chimpanzee that he will not be afraid of me. I trust to get on speaking terms with him. Before I know it, I shall have the original native discourse in chimpanzee, pure and undefiled. More than that. With the actual scientific apparatus I shall take with me I will not only record his voice, but by electrical communication will snap a camera on him. I shall photograph him just as he is, free, never having been cramped by confinement, and capture him afterwards if I can. But there is one thing more than that. Say I have in my cylinders the sounds the gorilla or the chimpanzee make. Is that all? Granted that I have got to the bottom of monkey talk, my task would be but half accomplished. I have but forged a single link in the chain. I want another. I propose taking down the speech of the most perfect specimen of the human race—the pygmy, the Bushman. Perhaps men will be less amenable to reason than apes. The phonograph will record the variations of human speech, impossible to obtain otherwise. At least I can get the Hottentot cluck and click. If there be family resemblance, structural relationship, between the Rhesus monkey, the chimpanzee, and the lower grades of humanity, there may be correlation of speech, philological kinship, and then—and then—the origin of man's talk might be found."

There was something greswome in a surmise like this—the further pinning down of humanity to his anthropoid apish origin; but it was not said in an airy or irreverent manner. Then somebody who wanted to flaunt his erudition said:

"And what's to become of the Max Müller business about Sanskrit? As a lover of dogs, I never quite forgave him sitting down on the imitative source of language, and killing the bow-wow theory."

Then somebody else remarked, "Why, don't you know that monkeys are sacred in India, and may they not be revered because a lost tradition had made them the source from whence language sprang?"

"And that," said the artist, sententiously, "only increases my respect for the monkey."

It all seems like a Jules Verne excursion into the animal kingdom; but with a man as a directing spirit who will go to Africa, taking with him all those scientific implements which have positive and practical effectiveness, much may be expected. No one can know what Mr. Garner may not accomplish. He may advance only by one footprint into the realm of the long past, where all has been heretofore hazy, confused, indistinct. Certainly he is a brave man who has the courage to try and solve nature's greatest mystery.



IT IS HARDLY WORTH WHILE wasting either time or space in commenting on any alleged amateur boxing tournament that is held in New York city under the auspices of the Amateur Athletic Union. So far as boxing goes, the A. A. U. is a gigantic fraud. It makes rules with one hand and violates them with the other. It stares you out of countenance in its virtuous complacency one minute, and the next plays hobs with your peace of mind by the very seductiveness of its factitious winks. It roars like an outraged lion in one instance, and cooes like a fluttering dove returned to its mate in another. In plain every-day American, the Amateur Athletic Union and the officers thereof know as well as I do that they are tolerating professionalism in boxing. They excuse their inaction because of "lack of evidence"; but it is not that, it's because these boxing tournaments make money, because they fear to wring the official neck of the breeding dens of these pests to decent sport. It's a toleration that amounts to harboring the worst type of the professional. There is no cause of complaint against the honest professional; he will never injure amateur sport; he is, indeed, in his way, an aid to its furtherance; it is these things chartered by the Amateur Athletic Union which infest amateur boxing that are dragging down to their own fifth one of the most enjoyable and health-giving of all the sports—these things that masquerade as amateurs enveloped in the A. A. U.'s domino.

THE REORGANIZATION SCHEME and that resolution to enlarge the Metropolitan Board to twenty-five, are the two causes of the present state of affairs, for they have combined to give the control into the hands of the promoters of this boxing element. But the supreme body of the A. A. U., the Board of Managers, still holds the balance of power, and its inaction under the present state of affairs—of which the Butler-Cahill fight is a shining example—is the more disgraceful because of their higher order of intelligence. The A. A. U. has absolutely taken in clubs that it must have known were formed, controlled, and run by a few saloon-keepers and the like for the sole purpose of making money. The Butler-Cahill fight, for instance, was under the auspices of the Eagle Athletic Club, which is reported to be composed of nine men, including Butler and Cahill. The club took in about \$2000. What became of it? But writing on this subject is like telling a man the sewer runs filled with filth—he knows it—and so every one with three grains of common-sense likewise knows the disreputable condition of this so-called amateur boxing. The Metropolitan district is filled with clubs like the Eagle, that literally exist to make money out of the boxing, and have their headquarters over some saloon, whose owner is likely enough the club's patron saint. These men are well enough in their way, and there is no reason on earth why they should not have their scraps and make money out of them; but their way is not our way, and the Amateur Athletic Union is a recreant to the trust imposed in it when it foists this element on us.

THE A. A. U. HAS ONE RESOURCE by which to restore itself in our good opinion. It must strike off boxing from its list of sport. It's an outrage to drag so good a sport through so much slime, but only a worthy one. The Eagle clubs and their kind will resign from the A. A. U., and we may then start anew. The organization a few days since of the University Athletic Club sounds the death-knell of any athletic organization that does not live up to its amateur standard. We shall no longer be dependent on the A. A. U., and if it does not clear its skirts of all such pests as this boxing element, it will find its athletic usefulness in this vicinity taken from it. In the championship on Saturday night the men sent over by the Athletic Club of the Schuylkill Navy were a pleasing contrast to the local entries. It is the last team the A. C. S. N. will send here. There were a couple of clever exhibitions, but the majority of boxers were of the conventional slugger type. The wrestling was very good, and the judging of Hugh Leonard especially noteworthy.

THE ICE-YACHTING SEASON last year was a dismal disappointment. Opening with great promise, it actually did not furnish one day's sport from the first day of sailing, viz., January 13th, to the opening of the river, March 11th. There was thick ice and plenty of it all winter, but rain, thaw, and snowstorms followed one another with a relentless frequency that kept yachtsmen in a continual state of despair. Three distinct attempts were made to race for the Challenge Pennant of America, the ice-yachting trophy of the world, but the wind was invariably too light to make the twenty miles in the time limit of one hour and fifteen minutes. After all the raising of hopes for a meeting of the North Shrewsbury Club's yachts *Scud* and *Haze* with the *Icele*, *Jack Frost*, *Avantone*, and *Northern Light*, of the Hudson River Club, none came to race, and the season of '91-2 finds the rivalry not a bit decreased. The only decisive race of last season was for the Van Nostrand Challenge Cup between the

Shrewsbury and Orange Lake clubs, in which the former won.

ALTHOUGH THE WEATHER is not very promising, unless last Thursday is a forerunner of what we may expect, for an early closing of the Hudson, there is already great activity in the clubs for the approaching season. Norman Wright, of the Hudson River Club, has bought the fast yacht *Dragon* from the Orange Lake Club, and rumor has it that a member of the latter club is building a large yacht to race against the North Shrewsbury Club, for what these two have been pleased to call the Challenge Cup of America. The history of the trials and tribulations of that cup is worth relating, but then that is another story. Irving Grinnell, of New Hamburg, has built a large cat-rigged boat on some new plan, and is expecting to make a show of the others in the same class.

ARCHIE ROGERS is NOT SATISFIED with prospective conquests on the water, but intends as well to improve every opportunity for them on the ice. He has rebuilt *Jack Frost* so that it will be smaller than last winter, but he expects a considerable improvement in speed. Commodore John A. Roosevelt has given *Vizen* a new runner plank and box, and the boat will unquestionably make a good record in her class. With his other flyer, *Icele*, if there is any racing at all, Mr. Roosevelt will be seen in the van. Dr. Barron is quite as enthusiastic as ever, and will have the *Northern Light* in racing trim. James L. Breese evidently intends inaugurating a season of ice yachting at Tuxedo, for he has recently had an excellent third-class yacht built by Buckland. The winter is the sport is not more general, for it is the most exhilarating likewise the most fascinating of the winter category. It has the further advantage of not being very expensive, for after the initial purchase, the outfit, except, of course, for the ordinary repair of wear and tear, is not considerable. You are owner, captain, and crew in one, and once you have experienced the sensation of swiftly gliding over the surface of smooth ice, of skimming along apparently on air, you will guard the helm as jealously as a boy does his first drum.

BECAUSE OF THE DEMAND on our space here by other matters more widely interesting, it has been impossible to follow the drag-hunting season as closely as it would have been our pleasure to do. Now that the season is over, a brief résumé will be found both instructive and timely. Through the skill and management of Mr. Thomas Hitchcock, Jun., the Meadow Brook hounds are undoubtedly the stoutest and fastest pack in America. During the three years of its Mastership the weaker and slower hounds have been drafted, until now the hard-riding men of Meadow Brook can point with pride to hounds and horses and a line of country that is scarcely equalled. A great advantage which hunting on Long Island offers over other sections near New York is the spring season, usually lasting the six weeks from March 15th to May 1st. The second season of the present year has been the longest known in the history of the club. It began at Southampton August 28th, and lasted until the cold snap of last week put an end to the sport. Mr. Hitchcock's stable of hunters is in keeping with the form and quality of the hounds. There are eight of them, and none but thoroughbreds of the highest type. Until recently they have all been of one color, chestnut; but lately he has added four clean-bred grays. It's a curious fact of some hunting men to have mounts of one color; but this and other little odd fancies may be traced to many of the hardest-riding men in the country.

IT REQUIRES GREAT SKILL and the most resolute riding to make thoroughbred horses face the high timber fences which abound on the north side of Long Island; and yet it seldom happens that the Master of the M. B. is not in the same field with the hounds, no matter how fast the pace nor how big the line; and the field must be well mounted and hard going to be with them at the finish. The month at Southampton was experimental to some extent, and to condition hounds for the faster and harder work of the regular season. The runs were greatly enjoyed by a number of residents, as well as the club members, and Mrs. John A. Stewart, Jun., Miss Eloise Stevenson, Miss Kate Cary, Mrs. Alexander, Mrs. Stevens, and Miss Roby when out were usually found among those that followed straight, and were always with the hounds. With few exceptions the runs of the regular season, beginning October 1st, have been most brilliant, and all have proclaimed the sport of the highest order. The following is a list of those who have hunted quite regularly during the season of 1891:

C. C. Baldwin, F. F. Collier, C. Carroll, E. T. Cashing, R. L. Cottenet, C. L. Cottenet, Ralph N. Ellis, C. E. Havemeyer, H. L. Herbert, T. Hitchcock, Jun., J. L. Kermochan, H. Kennedy, J. D. F. Lanier, Stanley Mortimer, Richard Palmer, D. Ripley, E. Willard Roby, N. C. Reynal, Albert Stevens, Robert Stevens, John A. Stewart, Jun., J. B. Van Scholck, R. D. Winthrop, George Work, F. Gray Griswold, G. Beresford, Harry Page, F. C. Magoon, J. Clifton Smith.

THE RADNOR HUNT CLUB has been making many improvements in the last season or two. The order of the hunt is much more serious, but, after all, proved to be a blessing in disguise, for the new pack of thirty-two couple is a draft from the celebrated Belvoir

pack of Leicestershire, England, and greatly superior in quality to the old one. The real show feature of the club, however, is the new kennels, complete in every detail, and probably unexcelled even in Great Britain. The anise-seed bag, by-the-way, is an almost unknown quantity to the Radnor men, Reynard himself furnishing sport in abundance. Mr. Charles E. Mather has proved to be a most efficient Master, and appears to show better sport with each season of his incumbency. The general interest in hunting about Philadelphia is growing very materially. The fields are increasing steadily, the horses taking kindly to their work, and of a far better class than those shown two or three years ago, and the club is in a most prosperous condition. There is none more flourishing, in fact. A feature which gives the Master much peace of mind is the appearance of farmers among the riders. This class is very friendly, and offers at the runs no objection to the crossing of their land. On an especial instance several members of the Meadow Brook, Rockaway, and Essex clubs hunted with the Radnors one day two weeks ago, and the sport afforded by following an actual fox was a very pleasing innovation.

THE ROCKAWAY HOUNDS have been hunted regularly during the past season, but the club is not in a flourishing condition, and it is quite likely that another year may bring about a consolidation with the Meadow Brooks. Lack of funds is the sole cause of languishment, and it really seems too bad that with fine country, a good pack of hounds, and some of the best riders in the field, more encouragement should not be given the sport. In the little band that followed the Rockaways, crowds hard and straight are three of the best cross-country riders in the American hunting-field. John E. Cowdin and Foxhall Keene have no superiors among the men, while Miss Mabel Metcalf has no equal among the women for either cool judgment or hot work when advisable. Besides these there are the La Montagnes, the La Montagnes, from the father down to the youngest son, and Farley Clark, who as Master has gone deep into his pocket for the maintenance of the kennels. But the call on these and a few other willing ones has been frequent, and the encouragement from the residents slight. Cedarhurst people somehow have noticed their names to the subscription list with either alacrity or liberality, and in consequence the hunt is going to the rival colony at Meadow Brook. To think that we should live to see the day when Rockaway hounds would cringe under the lash of a Meadow Brook whipper-in! The fields have been small, but those seen very regularly are:

Farley Clark (Master), Miss Metcalf, René and Albert La Montagne, Foxhall Keene, John E. Cowdin, A. C. Tower, H. F. Case, Leonard Jacob, and Fletcher Harper.

THE WESTCHESTER HUNT CLUB has grown to be a very close rival of the Meadow Brook, and for several good reasons. There is, first of all, a fine country to hunt over, with residents in sympathy with the sport, and stone walls enough to make the runs exhilarating. The fields are always nicely filled, and every rider is a sportsman. Each year the club finds additions, while none of the old fancies disappear. Then the club is blessed by having an excellent Master, T. A. Havemeyer, Jun., who has just closed a season which in every respect has been the most successful in Westchester County. Particularly pleasing has been in point of speed, good jumping, and fine time hunting. It is a fact that is not generally appreciated that a stone-wall country (as is Westchester), where not too cramped, is, perhaps, after all, the safest for the riders. Horses fear stone walls, and will jump clear if they possibly can. There is big jumping at times in this section, and, early in the season, very blind work on account of the golden-rods and other weeds that mark the walls. The Westchester pack has been steadily improved, and goes well and without straggling. Those who have followed the hounds pretty regularly this season are:

T. A. Havemeyer, Jun. (Master), C. L. Cottenet (acting as whip), Miss Kate Cary (one of the cleverest horsewomen in the field), Lawrence Jacob, H. N. Potter, H. L. Beckman, C. E. Reynal, H. Leonard, E. Potter, E. C. Randolph, B. L. Sackett, E. C. Potter, E. Gray, C. A. Appleton, Percy Chubb, L. Safford, H. M. Falls.

THE RICHMOND COUNTY HUNT has had the most successful season in the history of the club, and that it has been so is due entirely to the energy and sportsmanship of the Master, C. D. Freeman. Much care falls on the Master of this hunt that is unknown to the members of the older clubs in the vicinity of New York. Hunting on Staten Island was, until the last season or two, more or less of an experiment. The members, generally speaking, knew little of the sport and less of horseflesh, while property-holders stood aghast at the threatened devastation of their lands. Such sportsmen as C. D. Freeman, Eugene Outeridge, and Clarence Whitman found the task of educating Staten Island to a full appreciation of hunting something of an undertaking; but they have stuck manfully to the task, and the season just closed is a gratifying and substantial reward of their efforts. The pack consists of fifteen couples, of which two and a half couple, that have done excellent work, are of the club's own raising from the imported hounds. The country hunted in the Northfield territory has afforded every

variety of jumps, including stone walls, two, three, and four rail-fences, and blind and broad ditches. At the lower end of the Island, in the vicinity of Huguenot, the country is more level and open, and the fox often gives them a good run. The success of the hunt this season no longer leaves room to doubt that it is well established in the community, and is supported by subscription, and a club of general interest to both riding and driving members. Those who have followed pretty regularly are:

Charles D. Freeman (Master), Miss Bonner and Mrs. Charles D. Freeman, Bryce Whyte, Edward W. Brown, James Brown, J. Harper Bonnell, Dr. F. E. Clark, F. H. Calcut, George Cronwell, Charles F. M. T. W. Lewis, E. Norton, Jun., H. M. Dunn, Morton Smith, W. B. Thomas, Frank Wiman, and Dr. John Vanderpool.

LAST WEEK'S COMMENTS in this column on the election of graduates to the captaincy appear to have had some effect in one direction at least. Before the holiday vacation set in at Yale it was definitely decided to postpone the election of a football captain to next term, and take Heffelfinger and Barbour off the list of eligibles. This leaves Bliss and McCormick, either one of whom would make an excellent man. The experience of the two is not greatly different one from the other. Bliss has played longer, but McCormick captained his Freshman team, and will very likely be the choice, particularly as it is probable he will play at quarter next year. If this be the result, we shall see both Yale and Princeton captained by quarter backs, something which has not happened since Beecher's day at New Haven, with the exception of Poe's team, at Princeton for even a longer period. In the boating department Yale has not followed so closely the doctrine preached herein, for it looks very much as though Hartwell will captain the crew. There is nothing the matter with Hartwell; on the contrary, he is a good swimmer, a hard worker, and an athlete of excellent judgment. Yale could not have done better, but I very much question the wisdom of electing a graduate to the captaincy of a crew or any team. It is hard to resist temptation in a year when competent undergraduate material is scarce; but yielding now is only postponing the day of reckoning. It is not likely that skilful graduates will always be conveniently at hand.

THE HARVARD ATHLETIC COMMITTEE is nothing if not unique. What could be more fitting than that it should choose this "Peace on earth, good-will toward men" season for a reconciliation with Princeton, and such a happy ending of the much too long estrangement is actually in sight. Princeton under the mistletoe, displaying her most bewitching graces, was a temptation not to be resisted, and Harvard has not slighted the privileges of the season. The Harvard and Princeton teams will once again meet on the diamond and gridiron field. Negotiations are just now pending between the two universities for a series of contests extending over two or three years. Harvard has made overtures to Princeton, which the latter wants made public, and which, if it is so, is nonsense. When the peace has finally been declared and agreements signed, it will be time enough to think of publicity. There has already been too much rushing into print and misconstruction. It would be the height of boyish folly for either Princeton or Harvard to publish whatever correspondence may eventually lead up to a definite treaty. Keep all your letters, etc., where they belong—under lock and key—and when definite arrangements have been made, it will be time enough to publish the nature. In the mean time HARPER'S WEEKLY is the first to send its warmest congratulations to Harvard on its good sense, and Princeton on its good luck.

THE CONTINUAL GROWTH and widening of interest in amateur sport among men and women of culture is an almost daily recognition of its actual necessity to a healthy and peaceful existence. The most valuable club properties in this country are supported to furnish recreation for its subscribers; the social whirligig at Newport, Bar Harbor, Tuxedo, and Lenox, would collapse from light-headedness were the monotony of its giddy spinning not relieved by yachting, tennis, riding, and driving. There is scarcely an out-of-town club with any pretensions whatever that does not father some branch of sport directly or indirectly. So strong has the sport-loving sentiment developed in the last two or three years, that what was at one time the club's side issue has become its *raison d'être*. The first of the out-of-town clubs to recognize the popular drift is the Country Club of Westchester County, New York. Probably no club in any country is at once so picturesquely and practically situated for fulfilling the wishes of its members. It is proposed to build an ell to the club-house, which shall be spacious enough for whatever in-door games the members wish, and with a floor that will permit roller-skating (one of the very best of sports), hockey, etc. It is not impossible that in the coming spring an athletic field may be constructed. Certain it is that track and field athletics, which have suffered much under managements that permitted a preponderance of the great unwashed elements, are finally telling in the proper channel. The light of refinement is at least showing up the athletic parasite in all his greswome defects.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

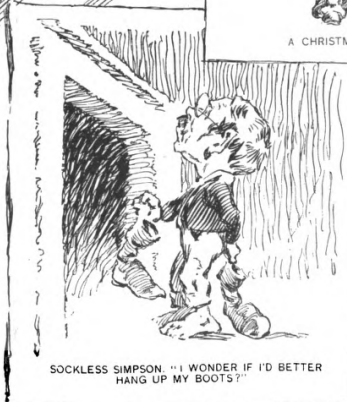
A DIFFICULT TASK FOR SANTA
CLAUS CRISP.

CHRISTMAS GREENS FROM THE COUNTRY.

"I WAS AWFULLY
AFRAID THAT 'GOOSE
WOULD SPOIL'."CHRISTMAS EVE IN MADISON SQUARE. MISS
DIANA: "PLEASE EXCUSE ME, MR. MOONMAN,
BUT COULD YOU LOAN ME A PAIR OF—ER—
STOCKINGS JUST FOR TO-NIGHT?"

A CHRISTMAS LESSON FOR NEW YORK.

A PAIR OF CHRISTMAS SLIPPERS.

SOCKLESS SIMPSON: "I WONDER IF I'D BETTER
HANG UP MY BOOTS?"

UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

THINGS OF THE DAY.—DRAWN BY BERT WILDER.



THE UNIVERSITY TRACK ATHLETIC CUP.

The consummation last March of an agreement for a series of annual competitive track and field athletic events from 1891 to 1899 between Yale and Harvard, was highly pleasing to both alumni and undergraduates of the two universities. Beginning as far back as '82, when Evert Jansen Wendell, then president of the Harvard Athletic Association, made the first proposition for such an arrangement, it has been the dearest wish of students and graduates that the track athletes of the universities meet each year. In support of such a plan, it was pointed out that the baseball and football teams and crews meet annually, and so strong grew the feeling that the additional athletic event would greatly increase and sustain the interest in the respective *alma mater*, that finally at the beginning of this year a handful of prominent members of the University Club went earnestly to work with a subscription paper, and inside of a week had money enough to buy several cups. The result was the Deed of Gift, which was first made public in HARPER'S WEEKLY, March 28th, and set forth that the Cup was to be given "for the encouragement of track athletics, and to foster a friendly rivalry between the students of the two universities in track and field athletics." It would not be amiss to state here that no university from making other agreements when deemed desirable. Neither was it the intention of those who fathered this movement to make possible the materialization of that much-advertised bugaboo, the dual league. There was a time, several years ago, when such a scheme was discussed from every point of view, and came very near being a reality. But that attack of fever passed, leaving the patients in fairly normal condition. Since then some of the most sorely afflicted have cut their wisdom teeth, and that fact, together with the undergraduate sentiment, has made a relapse wellnigh impossible. The idea of an *exclusif* dual league is not popular, not even with the few that once bowed down before it.

The cup and medal presented herewith are exquisite pieces of work—the former designed and made by Tiffany, the latter by Stoll. The cup is severely classical, covered



with emblematic figures representing athletics and victory. The trumpeter or announcer of ancient days has a prominent place, while around the neck of the cup, forming a border, is the inscription "University Track Athletic Cup." Below the figures is the palm branch, with the seals of Harvard and Yale, while on the body of the cup is the Greek word *AGONIKIA*, signifying victory in the games.

On the reverse side of the cup are nine laurel leaves, in which will be engraved from year to year the name of the winning university. There is also a large wreath for the

name of the one which shall eventually hold the cup by winning the majority of the nine annual contests. The individual medals, in gold and silver, are given to the firsts and seconds in the events, and are the most unique ever made. On one side are the shields of the two universities, and on the other a laurel wreath, inside of which the event and name of winner will be engraved.

Not the least charming souvenir of the annual event, however, is the record book now being made by Tiffany. It is to be about eight by ten inches, and bound in pigskin. On the cover is the inscription: "The University Track Athletic Cup." Inside on the first page is engraved, "For the encouragement of track athletics," etc.; then follow the declaration of objects, the subscribers to the Cup, and the names of the trustees—Robert Bacon, Henry S. Van Duzer for Harvard, and J. Frederick Kerochman and George A. Ade for Yale. The Deed of Gift, and the acceptance of the conditions by Wendell Baker and George S. Morrison for Harvard, and Walter Camp and H. S. Brooks for Yale are next found. Following this is the record table, giving first, second, and third men in every event, with their colleges, the points scored by Harvard and Yale, and the record. The first contest was held May 16, 1891, at Cambridge, and resulted in Harvard scoring in the book 85 points to Yale's 27. The record table is complete for this contest, and there are eight blank pages remaining for the others. It is most artistic, and as useful as ornamental. The contest next year will be held in New York, each university having choice of location alternate years.

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